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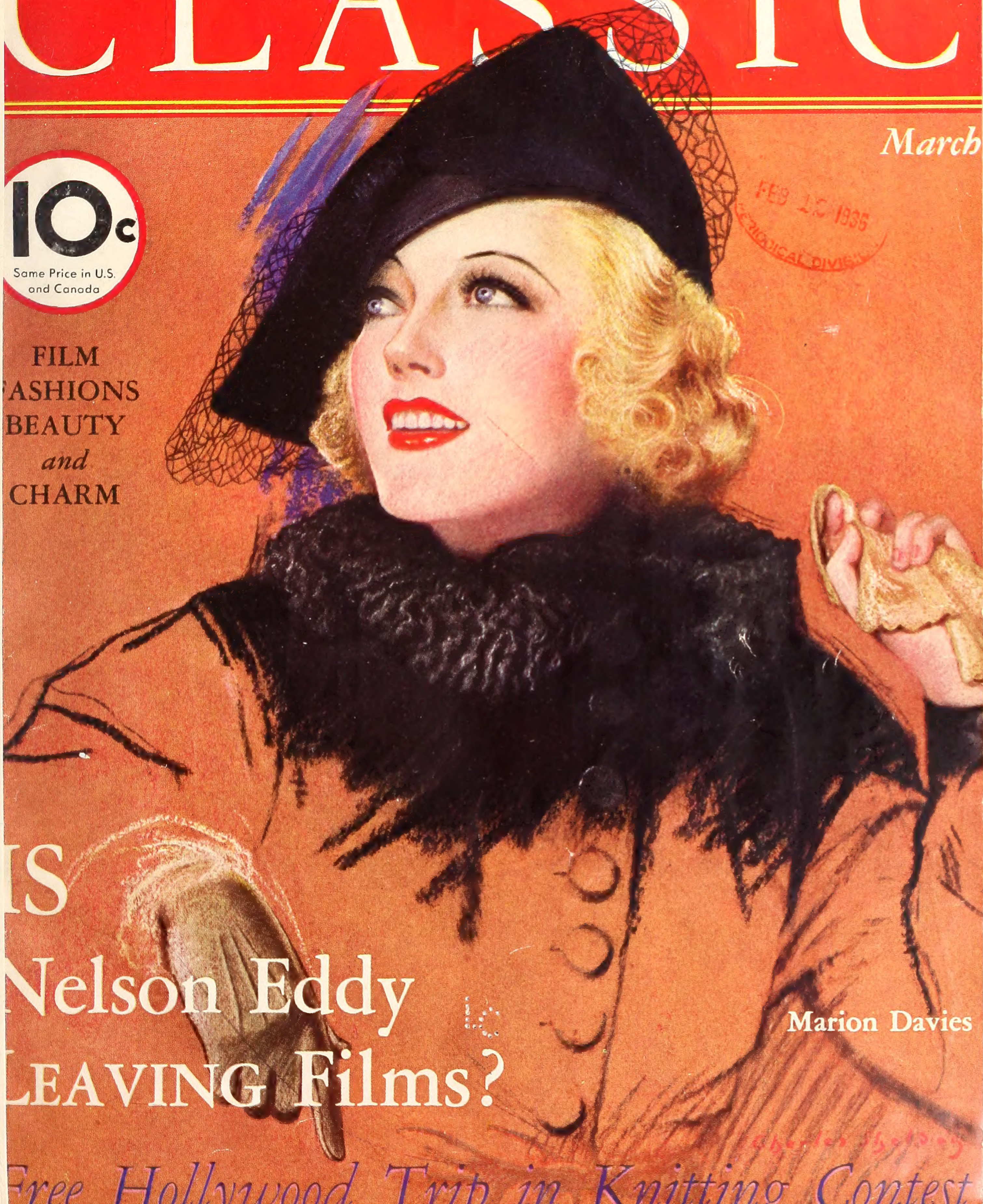
MOVIE CLASSIC



March

10c
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FILM
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BEAUTY
and
CHARM

FEB 12 1935
PERIODICAL DIVISION

IS
Nelson Eddy
LEAVING Films?

Marion Davies

Free Hollywood Trip in Knitting Contest

10

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Savage!

SAYS DEBUTANTE

A DEBUTANTE AND A DENTIST QUARREL ABOUT A RIB OF BEEF

Sensible!

SAYS DENTIST

75—

(*But the civilized way to combat* "PINK TOOTH BRUSH" *is* IPANA *and* MASSAGE)

IN THIS PICTURE, you see a girl chewing vigorously on a rib of beef. Viewed from the angle of good manners, it's pretty bad . . . And the debutante is right when she says, "It's simply savage!"

But the dentist is right, too. And it needn't surprise you to hear *any* dentist say: "That's a good, common-sense demonstration of the *healthy* way to use teeth and gums."

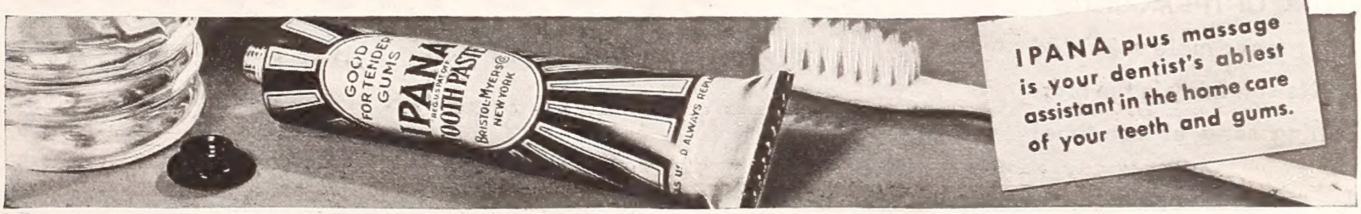
In modern dental circles, it is freely admitted that the lack of coarse foods and vigorous chewing is largely responsible for a host of gum disorders. Naturally, gums grow sensitive on a soft food diet. Naturally, they grow flabby, weak and tender. And, naturally, that warning "tinge of pink" eventually appears upon your tooth brush.

"Pink Tooth Brush" Tells the Truth

And the truth is—your teeth and gums need better care. You should change to Ipana plus massage . . . You should begin, today, the double duty you must practice for complete oral health. So start now to massage your gums with Ipana every time you brush your teeth. Rub a little extra Ipana into your gums, on brush or fingertip—and do it regularly.

For Ipana plus massage helps stimulate circulation. It helps your gums win back their firmness. It helps them recover their strength and their resistance. They feel livelier, better, healthier. And healthy gums have little to fear from the really serious gum troubles—gingivitis, pyorrhea and Vincent's disease.

So be reasonable. For your smile's sake, for the sake of your good looks and your good health—begin today with Ipana plus massage.


GOOD FOR TENDER GUMS
IPANA TOOTH PASTE
BRISTOL-MYERS CO. NEW YORK
IPANA plus massage is your dentist's ablest assistant in the home care of your teeth and gums.

"YOU BELONG TO ME! I BELONG TO YOU!"

Again they thrill you with Glorious Melody!

The singing stars of "Naughty Marietta" now lift their golden voices to excite all the world with the immortal melodies of the most vibrant and stirring musical of our time — "Rose Marie" . . . The romantic drama of a pampered pet of the opera and a rugged "Mountie" torn between love and duty, whose hearts met where mountains touched the sky . . . How you'll thrill with delight as they fill the air with *your* love songs — "Rose Marie, I Love You", and "Indian Love Call"! It's the first big musical hit of 1936—another triumph for the M-G-M studios!

Thrill to Jeanette MacDonald as she sings "The Waltz Song" from Romeo and Juliet, and with Nelson Eddy, the immortal duet "Indian Love Call"

Jeanette MacDONALD
NELSON EDDY
IN
Rose Marie

'SONG OF THE MOUNTIES!' 300 rugged male voices led by Nelson Eddy in the most stirring song of our time!

A Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer Picture
with
REGINALD OWEN • ALLAN JONES
Directed by W. S. Van Dyke • Produced by Hunt Stromberg

JAN 29 1936
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JAMES E. REID
Editor

LAURENCE REID
Managing Editor

MARCH, 1936 VOL. 10 No. 1

MOVIE CLASSIC

EDITED IN HOLLYWOOD AND NEW YORK

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Cover Portrait of Marion Davies painted by Charles Sheldon

Speaking of March, Ginger Rogers is marching toward top rating as a box-office attraction. Along with Fred Astaire, she now is fourth. Incidentally, she talks about Fred in this issue

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"My complexion cleared up like Magic!"

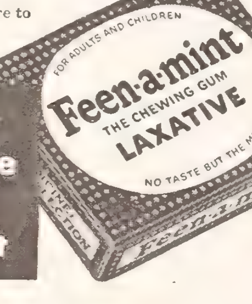
THE 3 MINUTE WAY

"I RELY ON THIS TRULY MODERN LAXATIVE"

A dull skin, blotches, and bad breath—these may be warnings of constipation—accumulated poisons in your system. When you notice such telltale signs, do as millions of others do—place your confidence in FEEN-A-MINT and the "three-minute way." The "three-minute way" means that you simply chew delicious FEEN-A-MINT for three minutes,* preferably while going to bed—and in the morning you will find gentle but thorough relief. The very act of chewing makes FEEN-A-MINT better. Its tasteless, medicinal content mixes thoroughly with saliva and goes to work easily, gradually—not all at once. No unpleasant after-effects. And the children love it for its clean, refreshing taste. Get a box for the whole family, 15 cents and 25 cents—slightly higher in Canada.

* Longer, if you care to

better because you chew it



Jesse Lasky, famed producer

What trade mark would you suggest for PICKFORD-LASKY

. . and partner, Mary Pickford

MARY PICKFORD *Offers* $1,000 *for* Trademark Ideas!

Put on your thinking cap—and win a fortune! Suggest a symbol to identify the new Pickford-Lasky Productions!

ONE thousand dollars in prizes for a trademark idea! That's the offer of the newly organized Pickford-Lasky Productions, in cooperation with MOVIE CLASSIC and the Fawcett Motion Picture Group of magazines!

Seeking a trademark that is distinctive and unusual, Mary Pickford and Jesse Lasky offer *you* the glory of creating a major studio trademark and winning a grand prize of $500! In addition, they will award five $100 prizes to the winners of individual contests appearing in MOVIE CLASSIC and four other Fawcett film magazines. From this group of five, the $500 winner will be chosen.

You can enter the contest right now. Merely send in a clear description of your trademark idea. A drawing may or may not accompany the description. All you have to do is to get the idea across! Fancy embellishments or professional drawings will NOT influence the judges!

"The importance of trademarks in advertising products cannot be over-estimated," says Miss Pickford in discussing the decision to launch the contest. "Intelligently created trademarks become so definitely associated with some products that often the buyer seeks the trademark rather than the name of the product. Mr. Lasky and I have prepared an ambitious film production program. Naturally, we anticipate better-than-average pictures, and it is necessary that we have a better-than-average trademark."

The history of motion picture trademarks that have become world-famous offers good tips in thinking of one for the Pickford-Lasky Productions. Nearly every good trademark was born of sudden inspiration. Perhaps *you* will be the one who puts down a fleeting idea on paper, an idea so good that it will become the trademark of Pickford-Lasky Productions.

One of the newest trademarks on the screen is that of RKO-Radio Pictures. You have seen it many times—a jagged flash of lightning searing through a black triangle surmounted by the name, Radio Pictures. The design came from one of RKO's staff of artists after the group had been told to find something that could have only one association—and that with Radio Pictures.

The trademark of Paramount Pictures is an outstanding example of a brain-child that grew to maturity. W. W. Hodkinson, one of Paramount's driving forces even in its early days, was born in Colorado. Thinking of the inspiring mountains of his native state one day, he sketched the picture of a mountain peak on a desk blotter and placed the name Paramount over it. That was the humble beginning of a world-famous trademark!

PERHAPS some inspiration flashing through *your* mind is destined to take its place on the screen! You never had a better opportunity to get one of your ideas used by films!

20th Century-Fox Studios wanted a trademark with a modern connotation. Putting their heads together, producers Darryl Zanuck and Joseph Schenck evolved the idea of 20th Century in huge lettering with an array of spotlights playing across the design. When the 20th Century-Fox merger occurred, Fox became the foundation of the design.

Harry Cohn, [*Continued on page* 61]

"DESIRE"

• **MARLENE DIETRICH,** more alluring than ever, **GARY COOPER,** more casually exciting than ever, in their first picture together since *Morocco* . . . a yarn about a beautiful lady with a very bad habit of stealing very expensive jewels and a young American motor car engineer who steals the lady's heart.

Just an old European custom . . . but we'd like to be John Halliday, the gentleman who's doing the hand kissing.

Marlene seems to be going in for jewels in a big way . . . also note the pom-pom hat. It'll set a style.

This ought to be in color, for those star like spots in the crisp black taffeta jacket are a really ravishing shade of pink.

. . . A Paramount Picture Directed by Frank Borzage from a comedy by Hans Szekely and R. A. Stemmle.

This shot is from the picture. Gary apparently has said something pretty tough, for that's a real handkerchief and those are real tears.

Marlene shows she's still loyal to the beret, this time, a novel black antelope affair, designed by Travis Banton Paramount's Fashion Expert.

Frank Borzage talks over a scene from "Desire" with Marlene and Gary.

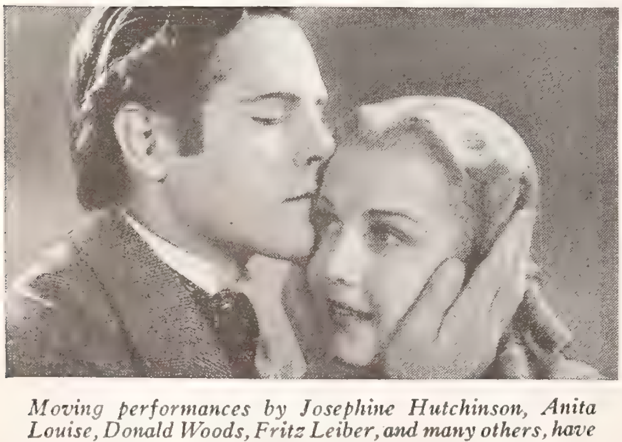
Advertisement

EXCITEMENT RIDES THE *Hollywood* RANGE . . . AS THE "TRADE" CRITICS *Preview*

*"THE LOUIS

PAUL MUNI's sensational new success throws the spotlight on some important personalities you never knew till now.

The story of Pasteur's historic battle with the ruthless killers of an unseen world has roused the experts of the film trade press to a very uncharacteristic frenzy of praise



Moving performances by Josephine Hutchinson, Anita Louise, Donald Woods, Fritz Leiber, and many others, have been a vital factor in the salvos of applause for "Pasteur"

WHAT is it that even the most conscientious film fan never hears about—yet is as well known and important in "picture business" as famous stars, directors, or producers?

Answer—a movie "trade paper" publisher.

If you were in the movie business the publications presided over by these gentry would be as familiar to you as your daily newspaper. Their reviews of new pictures are the first impartial comments published anywhere and usually have an important influence in determining at what theatres a production will be shown and for how long.

Being steeped in picture affairs to the eyebrows, these "inside" reviewers never hesitate to call a spade a spade and a flop a flop. Praise is the exception rather than the rule and it's rare indeed for the boys to agree unanimously in favor of any one production.

So you can understand why the film industry practically *in toto* sat up with a jerk one recent morning when they picked up paper after paper and found every one of them not only praising, but gushing like schoolgirls about the same picture—Paul Muni in *The Story of Louis Pasteur.*

FOR instance, they found seasoned, cynical Jack Alicoate's *Film Daily* notifying the world that "*The Story of Louis Pasteur* is distinguished and gripping drama that blazes a new trail in pictures. Warner Bros have fashioned a story that grips from the start. Muni's performance is something to cheer about William Dieterle's direction deserves lavish praise."

Veteran publisher Martin Quigley's *Motion Picture*

STORY OF PASTEUR"

Magnificently Muni re-creates the famous hero of humanity who fought a jeering world that we might live

JACK ALICOATE

Herald simultaneously informed the industry that "in *The Story of Louis Pasteur* the screen makes a great departure from prosaic formula.... There is not a single trace of theatrical artificiality. . . . Expertly acted and directed, . . its power to create and hold interest immediately, gripped the preview audience and kept it in hushed silence all the way through. . . . Here is a picture the worth of which is almost certain to impress both class and mass alike."

MARTIN QUIGLEY

At the same moment *Motion Picture Daily* under the editorship of peppery, astute Maurice Kann was broadcasting the news that "the theme of *The Story of Louis Pasteur* is so absorbing that the film is sure to win terrific word-of-mouth endorsement."

The daily edition of youthful, aggressive Sid Silverman's famous *Variety* chimed in with the unqualified statement that "in *The Story of Louis Pasteur* Warner Bros. have made a truly great picture. . It stands among the significant works of the screen . . . Told in such fashion as to grip every audience it will reach, *The Story of Louis Pasteur* is headed for big acclaim. Profoundly stirring as sheer drama, it will widen the range of picture venturings. . . . Muni is superb. . . . Seldom has a picture preview shown so strongly-shared interest of men and women. Men were openly in tears of emotional response throughout the audience."

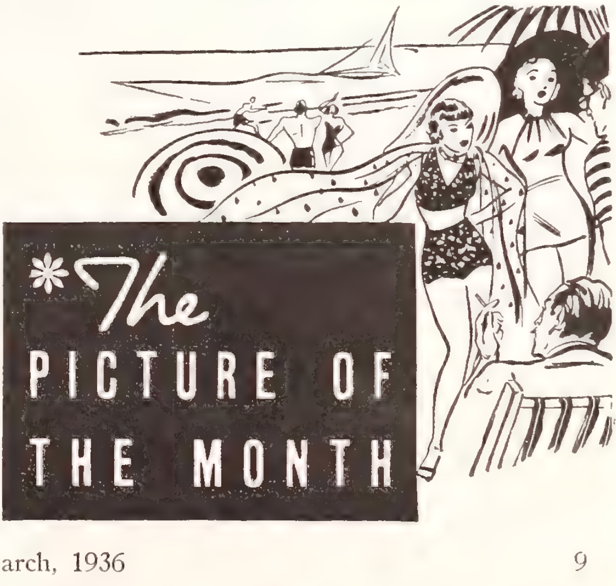
MAURICE KANN

And dynamic, hard-hitting "Chick" Lewis of the *Showmen's Trade Review* informed his followers that this outstanding hit will send patrons away talking A powerful production, impressive entertainment and a stand-out characterization by Paul Muni make this a prestige picture of importance with world-wide appeal"

"CHICK" LEWIS

THESE are strong words, dear listeners. But we subscribe to every one of them! And we've reprinted them here as the most impressive tip-off we can give you on the extraordinary importance of this brilliant Cosmopolitan production.

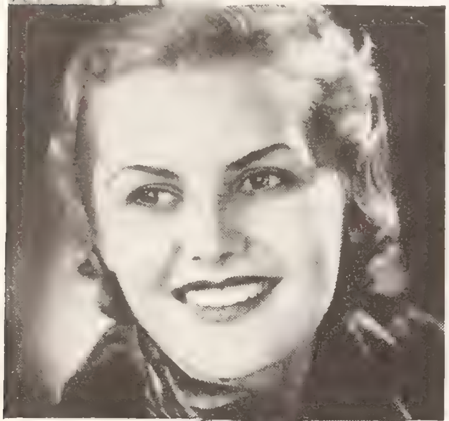
Naturally it's been the talk of film circles ever since these remarkable reviews appeared. And *you're* going to hear a lot more about it before it's released by First National late this month.



*The PICTURE OF THE MONTH

"SHE HAD THE KIND OF LIPS MEN LIKE TO KISS"

SAID **GARY COOPER**



Popular male star gives his reasons for choosing the Tangee Girl

GARY COOPER, star of "Desire", a Paramount Picture, picks the most kissable lips in lipstick test.

● We presented three lovely girls to Gary Cooper. One wore *the ordinary lipstick* ... one, no lipstick ... the third, Tangee.

"Her lips look kissable," he said, choosing the Tangee girl, "because they look natural."

And other men agree. They don't like to kiss lipstick either, and that's why Tangee is so much in vogue today. Tangee makes your lips glow with natural color, but it avoids "that painted look," because *Tangee isn't paint.* If you prefer more color for evening, use Tangee Theatrical. Try Tangee. In two sizes, 39c and $1.10. Or, for a quick trial, send 10c for the special 4-Piece Miracle Make-Up Set offered below.

● **BEWARE OF SUBSTITUTES** ... *when you buy. Don't let some sharp sales person switch you to an imitation ... there's only one Tangee.*

World's Most Famous Lipstick

TANGEE

ENDS THAT PAINTED LOOK

New **FACE POWDER** now contains the magic Tangee color principle

TANGEE
TANGEE ROUGE
TANGEE
TANGEE CREME ROUGE

★ 4-PIECE MIRACLE MAKE-UP SET

THE GEORGE W. LUFT COMPANY F-36
417 Fifth Avenue, New York City

Rush Miracle Make-Up Set of miniature Tangee Lipstick, Rouge Compact, Creme Rouge, Face Powder. I enclose 10¢ (stamps or coin). 15¢ in Canada.

Check Shade ☐ Flesh ☐ Rachel ☐ Light Rachel

*Name*____________________
(Please Print)
*Address*____________________
*City*__________ *State*__________

Let's Talk

Here's Hollywood Romance! Comedy! Drama! LIFE!

"Forget the diet! This is *my* party!" Dick Powell seems to be telling Joan Blondell, cutting another slice of birthday cake. It's romance!

THE way Hollywood is "riding" Joan Crawford over her new liking for privacy ("sudden snootiness," Hollywood calls it) is a caution. Joan has always been swell to the press and public. Recently, feeling that at least *some* of her life was her own, she tempered a bit of her previous excess cordiality. Forthwith she was vigorously jumped upon—most viciously by women writers who had previously basked proudly in her reflected glamor. With her usual serenity, Joan publicly ignores the cutting thrusts—but knowing her as we do, we aren't a bit fooled; we know she feels them deeply. But why should she worry—as long as her real friends, you fans yourselves, stand by? ... Her marriage to Franchot Tone, naturally, is a new experience in real happiness. The honeymoon has switched to the set of *Exclusive Story,* on which Franchot is working with one of Joan's best friends, Madge Evans. ... Speaking of Franchot, he has a new conditioning secret—two singing lessons a day. Since he started, a few weeks ago, he has gained five pounds, added an inch chest expansion.

Even though John ("Caliban") Barrymore has allegedly turned woman-hater since Dolores Costello bounced him and Elaine Barrie jounced him, the reverse is certainly not true of Dolores. Since shedding the Barrymore name and returning to films (in Little Lord Fauntleroy) *she has reblossomed into one of Hollywood's most popular girls, and is seen repeatedly at night clubs and other danceries. As yet, no one man seems to be her favored companion.*

● When Nelson Eddy sang in concert in Los Angeles recently, they even had to fill the *stage* with chairs to accommodate all comers. And yet they say something about a prophet without honor in his own territory, etc.! ... The other day at a party, Nelson had a cold. He couldn't sing, but wowed the gathering by doing a fast tap-dance routine with Ginger Rogers as his partner. And that was the first time that Hollywood knew that the erudite and dignified Mr. Eddy was a hoofer, too! ...

Pat O'Brien has a deal with his wife. When he comes home late (or early in the morning), he has to buy wifie a gift in relation to the lateness of the hour. So the other night Pat went out with some of the boys—and didn't get home until so late that now Mrs. O'Brien is driving a nice, new car!

● Danny Cupidities of Filmland: It will be midsummer before Myrna Loy can marry producer Arthur Hornblow, because it will be that long before the current Mrs. H. is "ex" ... Even though Barbara Stanwyck says she is through, *through* THROUGH with him, Frank Fay insists on serenading her under her windows o' nights! ... Are Pasquale di Cicco (ex-husband of the late Thelma Todd) and Margaret Lindsay secretly married, as Hollywood knowitalls insist? ... David Niven has moved next door to Merle Oberon, and if she will only listen to his elope-

Photo by Rhodes, CLASSIC *Photographer*

When you see Fred Astaire and Randolph Scott as buddies in *Follow the Fleet,* don't think they're just acting. They aren't. Here is off-screen evidence they're pals.

about STARS!

ment plans they'll soon be sharing the same house... Not only is Cecilia Parker on Noah Beery, Jr.'s pitter-patter list, but so is Buck Jones' daughter, Maxine, who recently went around the world because her mama wanted her to wait before eloping with young Noah... Ah, these honeymooners! Bennett Cerf has just presented his bride (Sylvia Sidney, to you) with a brand-new canary-yellow coupé...

Lyle Talbot's new girl-friend is Eleanor Troy—and he hardly over his heart-break about Peggy Watters' becoming Mrs. D. Howell!... The Patricia Ellis-Henry Willson romance is on again... One night, Jackie Coogan and Betty Grable finally announced their engagement; and the next, they were off on a personal appearance tour across the country . . . Betty Burgess is a smart girl, because for her boy-friend she has picked Ray Cato, who's boss of *all* of California's motor cops . . . The Sultan of Johore sent jewels to Jeanette MacDonald, whom he met on his recent Hollywood visit, but Jeanette couldn't be excited, what with Bob Ritchie and Gene Raymond claiming her attention... Henry Fonda and Shirley Ross are eye-gazing again... and Dorothy Lee is positively FUrious at those who say she's gonna make up with ex-hubby Marshall Duffield ... Just to set the record straight, it's Anne Shirley and Johnny Downs, and Steffi Duna and Johnny Carroll... And is Janet Gaynor freezing out Al Scott? Because she has been here, there and everywhere with a rich young business man named Harold Anderson!...

Jan Kiepura was to stand in the water and sing in one scene of Give Us This Night. *For days he had been followed by an attendant with throat sprays, gargles and other cold-preventives, so when they told him to stand in water and sing, he blew right straight up into the stratosphere. But—the funniest part is that it didn't hurt a bit, because singing warms up the blood, and so Jan didn't catch pee-new-monia, as he was sure he would.*

Oh, to be in Palm Springs, now that winter's here! Una Merkel and Madge Evans, who both have sunny dispositions, are keeping them by vacationing at the desert resort

● Al Jolson recently counted up his shekels and discovered that since he began his public career in 1902, he has taken in a total of $15,000,000! And if that isn't reason for yellin' MAMMY?... His top week was in 1929, when he received $23,000. He lost seven millions in the 1929 panic. Al has just taken on a new job—producing. *Three Men on a Horse,* starring Joe E. Brown, will be the first film he produces. The most fun of all to Jolson is hoss-race betting (which the hilarious comedy is about). That's why funny story No. 1 in Hollywood at the moment concerns Al. Going on location, he left word at home not to bother him with any wires save life or death matters. When he reached home that night, he found a wire they hadn't bothered him about. It was from his betting agent, telling him to bet on a horse that later won, 19 to 1. And Al, unbothered, hadn't put a penny on the nag, of course... Laugh: Al and Ruby chew gum *in unison* when they watch the Hollywood fights.

Did You Know That Ginger Rogers has gone blonde? Yep, the red hair is gone, and Ginger is copper-gold now. Maybe to match what her mother just did to Ginger's baby shoes. (She had them gold-plated, to last forever.) And Ginger is golden at the box-office, too, as the 1935 compilations prove. Honor-of-the-month for Ginger was being appointed Honorary Admiral of the Texas Navy by Texas' Governor Allred. And if that's not going Kentucky-Colonelcy one better, what is it?

● Director John Ford is so nervous that he chews up about three dozen handkerchiefs per picture. He's on his third dozen on 20th Century-Fox's *Prisoner of Shark Island* now!... When Lona Andre divorced Edward Norris, she said he had misrepresented himself as successful and rich. Now that he's free, he's making a hit in movies, and Lona's complaint would not hold today! ... Stepin Fetchit, so the legend runs, gets so tired taking bows at his personal appearances, that he hires a stooge to take his bows for him!... Betty Compson, who began her career as a violin player in San Francisco, is playing the violin again in a San Francisco cafe, as this is written... Because Gregory Ratoff had to lose thirty pounds in thirty days for a picture, he went on a nothing-but-buttermilk diet until he mooed sour!... Wham! goes another illusion: Boris Karloff's favorite dish is corned beef-and-cabbage... The Alan Dineharts have two dogs; they've named 'em Mussolini and Selassie... Virginia Bruce has bobbed her hair at last. That's *news!*

Director Ernest Schoedsack, experimenting with Technicolor, predicts that color films will mean the end of platinum blondes, because they can't be color-photographed well. Maybe Jean Harlow knew that all the time!

It's always suntan weather in Hollywood! Anita Louise and Dolores Del Rio—blonde and brunette—do a little relaxing in shorts between tennis games

● Ordered to stay thin, Patricia Ellis has taken to roller skating and tap dancing ... A fast-struck ball in a squash game hit George O'Brien's eye and for three days physicians could not tell whether he would lose the sight of the eye or not; George barely escaped blindness! . . . Leland Hayward loves Katharine Hepburn (Mrs. Hayward?) so much that when he had to be operated on, he and Katie made a special trip all the way to Hartford, Conn., so that Katie's dad, Dr. Thomas N. Hepburn, could perform the operation—and Katie stayed right at the bedside!... Ann Sothern has a horror of being locked in small rooms. So has Norma Shearer. The psychiatrists call the phobia claustrophobia—a fear of closed places . . . Sally Eilers has just bought the late Lew Cody's Spanish-style house and has transformed it, like *that,* into a French-type farmhouse... The same day Ida Lupino bought a new car, she parked it on a hill without the brake on, and now it's between Ida and the insurance company...

In *Colleen,* Jack Oakie wears the same pair of shoes he wore when he hoofed the Boulevard nine years ago, looking for a job . . . the late John Gilbert (his sudden death shocked filmland) is reported to have cleaned up on shrewd market operations during the past few months; anyway, he had taken a house in Palm Springs, thinking Lady Luck had smiled on him, for a change! . . . Don't worry, Grace Moore fans—her tonsillectomy came out all right and so did the darling li'l tonsils ... So excited were Errol Flynn and the Mrs., (Lili Damita, y'know) when they started on their [*Continued on page* 58]

Now! *two forms of Winx Mascara which gives you*

LONG, LOVELY LASHES

so fascinating to men!

by LOUISE ROSS

FROM Paris comes the secret of this super-mascara called Winx. Instantly, it gives your lashes a natural accent. It makes skimpy, pale lashes look luxurious, sparkling, alive!

You'll never realize the power of beautiful eyes until you try either Cake or Creamy Winx—my perfected formula of mascara that keeps lashes soft, alluring. Your eyes—framed with lashes darkened by Winx—will have new mystery, new charm.

So safe—smudge-proof, non-smarting, tear-proof—Winx is refined to the last degree. Yet so quick to apply—a morning application lasts until bed-time.

Millions of women prefer Winx to ordinary mascara. New friends are adopting Winx every day. Without delay, you, too, should learn the easy art of having lustrous lashes. Just go to any toilet counter and buy Winx. Darken your lashes—note the instant improvement.

Winx is presented in two convenient forms—the ever-popular Cake (in a box) and the new Creamy (in a tube). Each includes my perfected formula. They differ only in form. Each form has its enthusiasts—hence I offer both. They are for sale at all 10c counters.★

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WINX

for Lovely Eyes

★If you are not near a 10c store, you may order direct from Ross Company, 243 West 17th Street, New York City, by sending 10c, checking whether you wish ☐ Creamy ☐ Cake ☐ Black ☐ Brown ☐ Blue.

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The greatest star-maker of them all—who is planning another great film spectacle, "Samson and Delilah"—says: "If you want to be outstanding, don't try to be beautiful!"

My Ten Commandments for PERSONALITY

By CECIL B. DE MILLE

As told to Helen Harrison

IF YOU want to be a truly outstanding personality, *don't try to be beautiful!* That is the first and foremost of my Ten Commandments for personality.

I do not always choose beautiful women for the leading rôles in my film spectacles. I may create an *illusion* of beauty, but it is achieved, mainly, by developing personality highly. Of course, there must be certain physical foundations on which to build such illusions. A woman must have fine bone structure, trim ankles, slender shoulders and neck and arms. But I never demand a beautiful face—because sometimes it is an actual hindrance!

There are stars in the Hollywood heavens—and there have been meteors, which flashed across the sky, then quickly faded. Without exception, these meteors have been almost perfect beauties who lacked the warm glow of personality—which is another word for glamor—and who were as fascinating as a marble statue and as alive!

The illusion of beauty is best achieved by developing personality to the utmost. Yet I have never *changed* a personality, and never will. This should be the Second Commandment: *Don't change your personality!*

As perhaps the most outstanding example of what personality development can do, there is the case of Gloria Swanson, who first starred under my direction. She had dynamic emotion and remarkable potentialities. She was not a real beauty, but her glamorous personality enveloped everything about her and created a lasting illusion of physical perfection.

For my latest film, *The Crusades,* I did not [*Continued on page* 76]

The Happiest Girl in the World...

AND why shouldn't she be . . . for she holds romance in her hands —hands that reflect the perfection of her grooming and the fastidiousness of her nature. For hands *do* express things that mere words cannot say. If you would be irresistible (yes, hands *can* be irresistible) with graceful, tapering, satin-smooth nails, then use PLAT-NUM, the favorite nail polish of millions of lovely women. Whether you prefer a creme or transparent polish, you may choose from 12 different true-tone shades, any one of which will blend with gown, complexion, lipstick or rouge. PLAT-NUM is really a superior polish. It goes on smoothly, sets evenly and has a lasting quality. It conceals nail imperfections and does not crack, chip, peel or discolor. Gives to your nails a soft, shimmering, shell-like surface. Try a generous, over-size 10c bottle of your own particular shade today. PLAT-NUM is on sale at any 5 and 10 cent store. See the newest shades.

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Unprintable
...but TRUE!

[*They're unprintable! The things that happen to your system when you take a harsh, quick-acting cathartic. Good taste forbids a detailed description*]

YOU OUGHT TO KNOW . . . for your health's sake . . . what happens when you introduce a harsh, drastic laxative into your system. One that works too quickly. One that upsets you . . . that rushes unassimilated food through your system . . . that rips and tears its way, leaving you weak, dragged down—internally abused. But, we cannot tell you the graphic details here because they are *too* graphic. This is a family magazine, not a medical textbook.

This much we can say: whenever you need a laxative, be sure the one you take is *correctly timed.* Be sure it is mild and gentle. Ex-Lax meets these important specifications.

Avoid quick-acting cathartics!

Ex-Lax takes from 6 to 8 hours to accomplish its purpose. It relieves constipation without violence, yet it is completely effective. Elimination is thorough. And so close to normal you hardly know you've taken a laxative.

Because of its gentle action, Ex-Lax doesn't leave you weak, as harsh cathartics do. It doesn't cause stomach pains. It doesn't nauseate you. And you don't need to fear any embarrassment afterwards. It is best to take Ex-Lax at night, when you go to bed. In the morning you will enjoy complete and thorough relief.

A joy to take!

Another thing people like about Ex-Lax is the fact that it is equally good for children and adults. Thus, you need only *one* laxative in your medicine chest.

And here is still another pleasant thing about Ex-Lax . . . it tastes just like delicious chocolate. Don't ever again offend your palate with some bitter, nasty-tasting laxative!

Get a box of Ex-Lax today. It costs only 10c. There is a big, convenient family size at 25c, too.

GUARD AGAINST COLDS!...Remember these common-sense rules for fighting colds — get enough sleep, eat sensibly, dress warmly, avoid drafts, keep your feet dry, and *keep regular,* with Ex-Lax, the delicious chocolated laxative.

When Nature forgets—remember

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THE ORIGINAL CHOCOLATED LAXATIVE

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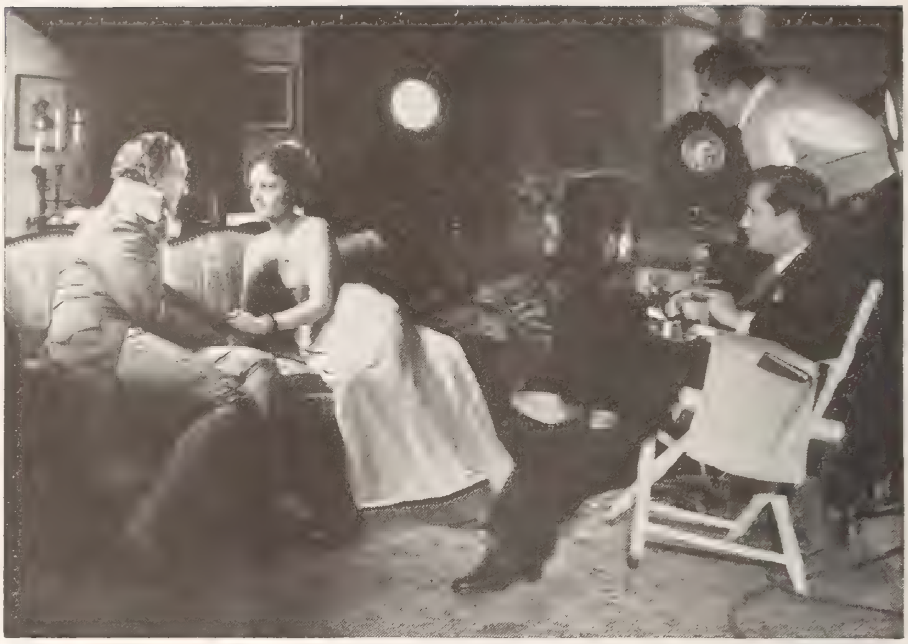
Tune in on "Strange as it Seems," new Ex-Lax Radio Program. See local newspaper for station and time.



Here you are looking in on a scene being filmed for one of the year's biggest pictures—*Anthony Adverse*—with Fredric March as *Anthony,* and Olivia de Havilland as *Angela.* At the right is Director Mervyn Le Roy and the cameraman. Study this picture for a moment, then turn to page 68 and see if you can pass the observation test there without referring back to the picture!

WHAT YOUR FAVORITES ARE DOING—*NOW!*

BY ERIC L. ERGENBRIGHT

Hollywood Editor *of MOVIE CLASSIC*

Do you want to know what's doing in the studios—what pictures and what stars you will soon be seeing on the screens of your local theatres? If so, then come with MOVIE CLASSIC—each month—"behind the scenes" of Hollywood.—Editor.

● "The bigger the picture, the bigger the attendance" isn't always true. But it has been true often enough of late to give every studio big-picture ambitions. And 'way up at the head of the producing parade are Warner Brothers-First National, with *A Midsummer Night's Dream* and *Captain Blood* behind them, and *Anthony Adverse* ahead—not to mention *The Green Pastures.*

Fredric March, who had some of the biggest rôles of 1935, has walked off with the prize rôle of 1936 to date—the title rôle of *Anthony Adverse.* As the moody, adventurous hero of Hervey Allen's modern classic, he has a part far different from anything he has recently played and leads a varied screen love-life. Gale Sondergaard, as *Faith,* whose name is ironic; Olivia de Havilland, as his boyhood sweetheart whom he meets and loves in later life; and Steffi Duna, as the half-caste *Neleta,* who is passionately jealous of him, are vying to outshine each other in their emotional opportunities—and their opportunities *are* opportunities. The picture is an actors' and actresses' dream of drama. Every rôle has color. March's part is monumental, calling for constant verve and a sustained mood, day after day, week after week, month after month. At this writing, the picture is nowhere near the finishing point.

Warners are about to offer you a new dancing hero—one hailed as the equal of Fred Astaire. His name is Paul Draper and he was imported from the New York stage to share top billing with Ruby Keeler, Dick Powell, Joan Blondell (Dick's new off-screen interest) and Jack Oakie in *Colleen.*

Bette Davis is busily at work on *Men on Her Mind* with Warren William. Al Jolson is turning in a great performance in *The Singing Kid.* A big surprise is in store for you when you see Boris Karloff in *The Walking Dead*—in which he wears no horrific make-up and has a tense drama, not a horror story, to work with. When Joan Blondell isn't busy on *Colleen,* she is working on *Snowed Under* with George Brent and Patricia Ellis—a picture which, despite its title, looks to be of the warmish variety. Anita Louise is playing a title rôle in *Every Girl for Herself,* with Gene Raymond and Ross Alexander making a triangle situation.

● AT Twentieth Century-Fox, Shirley Temple has just finished what looks like her best picture yet—*Captain January*—and is enjoying a vacation. Guy Kibbee,

[*Continued on page* 16]

FLORENCE RICE in COLUMBIA PICTURES

Double the beauty of your hair with a DUART wave

It's Hollywood's choice - it can be yours, too!

When you see a beautiful permanent wave on the screen, don't envy it — copy it! Simply follow the advice you would get from any Hollywood star. Ask for—and insist that you get—a genuine Duart Wave. It is easy to be certain. Duart waving pads come in individual **SEALED** packages. One for each patron. Your permanent waver will let you break the seal yourself. Then you'll know the pads are fresh, clean, never used on another person's hair. You'll know that *your wave* is to be a *genuine* Duart — the choice of the Hollywood stars. The same snug little curls, and soft lustrous waves, that everyone admires on the screen, will adorn your own pretty head.

To copy a screen star's hairstyle, send for the **FREE BOOKLET** showing the Hollywood stars' newest spring coiffures. Sent free with a full size, two rinse package of Duart's Hollywood Hair Rinse. It adds attractive glint and sparkle. Choose from 12 lovely tints. Not a dye. Send 10 cents to cover cost of wrapping and mailing.

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☐ Black
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☐ Medium Brown
☐ Golden Blonde
☐ White or Gray (Platinum)
☐ Light Golden Blonde

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What Your Favorites Are Doing—*Now!*

[*Continued from page* 14]

adorned with a ruff of chin whiskers, is the lighthouse keeper and Shirley is the ray of sunshine in his lonely existence. As usual, she will sing and dance—but one of her dance numbers tops any of her previous efforts. In it, she taps down a long circular staircase (it reaches from floor to ceiling of the huge sound stage) and with each step she recites her multiplication tables. Also present, disguised as a fisherman, is Buddy Ebsen, whose eccentric dancing in *Broadway Melody of 1936* made such a hit. And you will get a "kick" out of Shirley's freckled boy-friend, Jerry Tucker.

A Message to Garcia, co-starring Wallace Beery, John Boles and Barbara Stanwyck, is a red-blooded drama with a Spanish-American War background.

Another big 20th Century-Fox picture in production is *The Prisoner of Shark Island,* which tells the dramatic and true story of Dr. Mudd, the tragically misunderstood man who sheltered John Wilkes Booth after Lincoln's assassination. In the title rôle is Warner Baxter. Opposite him is Gloria Stuart.

George Raft, on loan from Paramount, is completing *It Had to Happen,* in which he sheds the "sinister" aura that has surrounded him, and has amusing misadventures with Leo Carrillo, not to mention Rosalind Russell. Paul Kelly, who has been making one of the greatest comebacks in film history, is on the verge of stardom in *Black Gang,* an unusual and interesting story—with the title rôle of *Song and Dance Man* his next. Irvin S. Cobb, the humorist, who proved himself an actor with his performance alongside the late Will Rogers in *Steamboat 'Round the Bend,* is now starring in *Everybody's Old Man,* with Rochelle Hudson as his leading lady.

● At Paramount, three "super" productions—Mae West's new chuckle-fest, *Klondike Lou,* the new Gary Cooper-Marlene Dietrich picture, *Desire,* and the ambitious musical, *Give Us This Night,* starring Gladys Swarthout and Jan Kiepura—have just been finished. And *The Trail of the Lonesome Pine* is nearing completion. This picture, which has Sylvia Sidney, Fred MacMurray, Henry Fonda and Fred Stone in the four principal rôles, is the first big dramatic picture to be filmed in color outdoors. And if the color and the drama both are good, watch for a succession of big color pictures!

Just starting is a murder mystery titled *Preview,* which has a movie studio locale, a cast that includes Gail Patrick, Reginald Denny, Rod La Rocque, Ian Keith and Conway Tearle.

● And now to the Radio Pictures Studio, where Fred Astaire and Ginger Rogers have just made the final scenes for *Follow the Fleet* and Ann Harding and Herbert Marshall have just been co-starring in *The Lady Consents.* Anent *Follow the Fleet,* jot down this very interesting note: Harriet Hilliard, the radio favorite who will make her screen debut as Ginger's sister, proved so outstanding in the few scenes originally allotted to her that her rôle has been built to major importance.

The Lady Consents is another of those sophisticated, sparkling comedy-dramas with which both Ann Harding and Herbert Marshall always have been identified.

On the same lot, Bert Wheeler and Robert Woolsey have just started a burlesque entitled *The Wild West.* Their fans will learn with regret that it may be their last movie for some time, as their contract is expiring and they plan a lengthy personal appearance tour. Also just starting is Katharine Hepburn's first historical picture, *Mary of Scotland.*

● At Columbia, the biggest little studio in Hollywood, three noteworthy productions are just starting. Grace Moore is making her third picture for Columbia—*Cissy,* from a Viennese operetta of the same name, in which Michael Bartlett is

[*Continued on page* 60]

Photo by Rhodes, CLASSIC Photographer

Time out for relaxation! Three of the shapely chorines in *Anything Goes,* the new Bing Crosby musical (just completed), find three different ways of resting. Our candid cameraman performed a feat, getting on the guarded set

Don't hesitate...always choose the lamps that *stay brighter longer...* You'll know them by this mark

It is a scientific fact that lamps marked with the ㊎ monogram stay brighter longer than so-called "cheap" lamps. 480 checks and inspections in manufacture guard against the imperfections found in poor lamps—imperfections resulting in dollars being wasted for current which is not converted into light. General Electric's research and development have resulted in lamps of greatly improved efficiency and lower price. Edison MAZDA lamps now cost as little as 15c — only 20c for the popular 100-watt size. For good light at low cost—for sight-saving light—always ask for these good lamps by name.

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Mary Pauline Callender *Author of "Marjorie May's Twelfth Birthday"*

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Because the sides of Kotex are cushioned in a special, soft, downy cotton—all chafing, all irritation is prevented. Thus Wondersoft Kotex provides lasting comfort and freedom. But sides only are cushioned—the center surface is left free to absorb.

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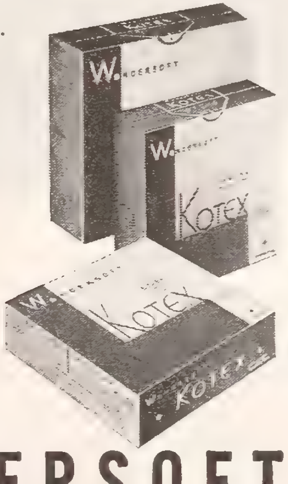
Because the ends of Kotex are not only rounded, but flattened and tapered besides. Absolute invisibility — no tiny wrinkles whatsoever. Even the sheerest dress, the closest-fitting gown, reveals no telltale lines.



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All at the Same Low Price

IN THE BLUE BOX—*Regular Kotex.* Ideal for the ordinary needs of most women. Combines full protection with utmost comfort. The millions who are completely satisfied with Regular Kotex will have no reason to change.

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A SANITARY NAPKIN
made from Cellucotton (not cotton)

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from the heart of
WINTER!

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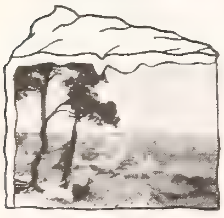
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Mail this coupon to nearest Greyhound office listed above, for pictorial booklet, rates, all information on any winter trip. Be sure to jot down place you would like to visit, on margin, below.

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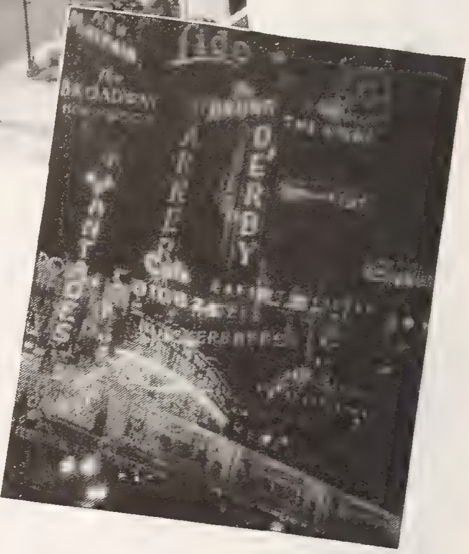
Left, a few of the sound stages at 20th Century-Fox. You will go inside them!



Right, a photo-montage of famous Hollywood signs whose bright lights you will see

You may see Claire Trevor, among others, appearing before cameras

See Hollywood *Yourself!*

By
Jack Smalley

Here's the chance of a lifetime! Take the Second Annual Movieland Tour!

WOULDN'T *you* like to go to Hollywood this coming summer? Wouldn't *you* like to meet some of your favorite stars personally, visit their homes, watch them at work and join them at play? Start planning now—and this is the kind of vacation you can have this year. The vacation of a lifetime, spent in Vacationland . . . sunny California!

Plan now to go on the second annual Movieland Tour, starting from Chicago on July 19th—or plan to be aboard the Movieland Special when it leaves Chicago on August 9th. Take your choice of the month you would like to go. Two separate trips are being planned. And whichever one you take, you will have the most exciting two weeks that you have ever lived. You will see Hollywood, yourself, as the insiders know it—and on the way to and from the movie city you will cover most of the other sights worth seeing in the West and Far West!

And the low all-expense cost of the entire trip will amaze you. If you are able to set aside a few dollars each week from now until the first of July (or August), the trip can be yours—for very little more than you might spend on a prosaic vacation near home. Large group purchasing of railroad and Pullman tickets and hotel accommodations is what makes the total expense for each member of the Movieland Tour so low.

When you board the special train, bound for Hollywood, you won't have to worry about "extra expenses" unless you plan to shop en route. So you can sit back in comfort and enjoy the scenery.

Magnificent scenery, it will be, too. The luxurious special train will pass through

[*Continued on page* 63]

Three Columbia Stars Reveal Hollywood's *Beauty Secret*

Blonde, brunette, brownette, redhead!... here is a new make-up to emphasize the individual color attraction of your type.

WHAT a thrill to see a new, a more beautiful, a more charming personality reflected in your own mirror. And this is what you may confidently expect with your own personalized color harmony in this new make-up created by Max Factor, Hollywood's make-up genius. For imagine how perfect it must be ... each shade of face powder, rouge and lipstick actually created to flatter the beauty of famous screen star types.

Face Powder Creates a Satin-Smooth Make-Up

As you may know, screen stars will entrust their beauty only to a face powder that adheres perfectly...so you may be sure Max Factor's Face Powder will create for you a satin-smooth make-up that will cling for hours. And the lifelike color harmony shade will actually enliven the beauty of your skin, creating an appealing loveliness that will delight you.

Rouge, Like Artist's Color Tones, Beautifies Naturally

Actual lifelike color tones, that is the secret of Max Factor's color harmony Rouge ... and you will discover the difference in the natural beauty it brings to your cheeks. Your correct shade harmonizes with your powder and complexion colorings...as you blend it, you'll note how creamy-smooth it is, like finest skin texture.

Lip Make-Up That Lasts and Lasts

Because it's moisture-proof, because it gives to the inner and outer surface of your lips the same alluring, beautiful color harmony tone ... Max Factor's Super-Indelible Lipstick is the one that keeps lips lovely for hours; yes, it is the lipstick that Hollywood knows will withstand every test.

NOW the luxury of color harmony make-up, created originally for the screen stars by Hollywood's make-up genius, is available to you at nominal prices...Max Factor's Face Powder, one dollar; Max Factor's Rouge, fifty cents; Max Factor's Super-Indelible Lipstick, one dollar ... featured by all leading stores.

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in
Columbia's
"CRIME AND PUNISHMENT"
using
Max Factor's
Face Powder

FLORENCE RICE
in Columbia's
"ESCAPE FROM DEVIL'S ISLAND"
using
Max Factor's Rouge

TALA BIRELL
in Columbia's
"CRIME AND PUNISHMENT"
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Max Factor's Lipstick

GENIUS CANNOT BE IMITATED ...

And it is Max Factor's name only, that assures you of true color harmony tones in Face Powder, Rouge and Lipstick. Remember ... that the Award of the Academy of Motion Picture Arts and Sciences, and the Seal of Approval of Good Housekeeping Magazine, is recognition that must have been deserved.

Max Factor ★ Hollywood

SOCIETY MAKE-UP: *Face Powder, Rouge, Lipstick In Color Harmony*

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FOR personal make-up advice ...and to test your own color harmony shades in powder and lipstick, mail this coupon.

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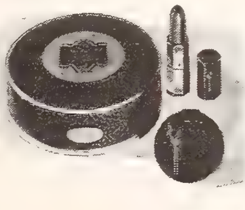

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MAX FACTOR, Max Factor's Make-Up Studio, Hollywood:
Send Purse-Size Box of Powder and Rouge Sampler in my color harmony shade; also Lipstick Color Sampler, four shades. I enclose ten cents for postage and handling. Also send me my Color Harmony Make-Up Chart and 48-page Illustrated Instruction book, *"The New Art of Society Make-Up"* ... FREE.

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COMPLEXIONS	*EYES*	*HAIR*
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Fair ☐	Gray ☐	Light ☐ Dark ☐
Creamy ☐	Green ☐	BROWNETTE
Medium ☐	Hazel ☐	Light ☐ Dark ☐
Ruddy ☐	Brown ☐	BRUNETTE
Sallow ☐	Black ☐	Light ☐ Dark ☐
Freckled ☐	*LASHES* (Color)	REDHEAD
Olive ☐	Light ☐ Dark ☐	Light ☐ Dark ☐
SKIN Dry ☐ Oily ☐ Normal ☐	*AGE*	*If Hair is Gray, check type above and here* ☐

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MOVIE CLASSIC'S reviewers, for your guidance, rate the new pictures as follows:

★ ★ ★ ★ Exceptional
★ ★ ★ Excellent
★ ★ Passing fair
★ Why bother?

Here she is — the ex-platinum-blonde, now-brownette Jean Harlow, as you will see her in "Riff Raff"

Victor McLaglen and Freddie Bartholomew in *Professional Soldier*

Pat O'Brien, James Cagney, Isabel Jewell, June Travis in *Ceiling Zero*

Irene Dunne and Robert Taylor in *Magnificent Obsession*

Alice Faye, Warner Baxter, Arline Judge in *King of Burlesque*

The Latest Reviews...

★ ★ ★ ★

Riff Raff is not a great picture, but out of its smooth mixture of comedy and drama emerges a new Jean Harlow. The girl who became famous as THE platinum blonde has made a courageous move; she has changed to "brownette." And from the change she has gained new attractiveness and—what is more important—new credibility as an actress. No matter what talents she may have shown before this, her exotic-hued hair has always kept her from appearing completely real; now, with her hair of such a color that her acting can outshine it, she should begin going places as a dramatic actress.

She is already on her way in *Riff Raff*, in which she has Spencer Tracy, always one of Hollywood's most believable actors, as her co-star. The setting is a colorful one—that section of California devoted to the canning of tunafish. She is a cannery belle; he is a champion fisherman—and they are naturally attracted to each other, even though they don't want to admit it. They have some comic combat before they marry. Then, after some tough breaks, they encounter trouble of a melodramatic order. Once the story curdles slightly; that is when the scenarist rings in a prison-born baby for some sob effects. The rest of the time, the tale has forceful sincerity and honesty, with both Jean and Spencer living their rôles. As Jean's tattered sister, Una Merkel, stands out. (M-G-M)

Professional Soldier is a surprise picture. You expect it to be some sort of war story, and it turns out to be an exciting and amusing fantasy. Victor McLaglen and Freddie Bartholomew are the stars. McLaglen is a rough-and-ready ex-Marine looking for trouble, so that he can get into it. And when he takes an assignment from some revolutionists to kidnap a Balkan king, he gets into plenty. For the king turns out to be a boy—a very human boy, with all of a boy's inclinations. The man doesn't want to kidnap him; the boy insists. He wants to escape his kingly confinement and be "regular." And "regular" he becomes, with amusing developments and with the embarrassment of his reluctant captor, who has become his model of a man worth copying. And, despite himself, the likable roughneck works up a real liking for the youngster—such a liking that he finally risks his life for him. Ring up another hit for each one of them! (20th Century-Fox)

Ceiling Zero packs the biggest dramatic wallop of any James Cagney-Pat O'Brien picture yet produced. It isn't a picture that will keep you occupied for an evening and then let you forget it; memory of it will stay with you for days, weeks, months. Beside it, their previous aviation picture, *Devil Dogs of the Air*, seems minor and inconsequential. *Ceiling Zero* plays on every one of your emotions, not just a scattered few. This time there is no flag-waving for emotional effect; they are commercial aviators, and the major setting is Newark Airport. O'Brien is manager of the airport, which is the base of operations for Cagney a daredevil aviator who fears neither foul weather nor fair women, but has all due respect for O'Brien. To keep a date with June Travis, he plays sick to get out of a flying assignment, and Stuart Erwin takes out his plane, runs into a storm, and crashes. Torturing himself as the cause of Erwin's death, Cagney goes aloft to test new ice-resisting equipment, radios tips for improving the device, and then finds the wings of his plane becoming heavy—too heavy. Both stars are superbly real; so are Erwin, as the slow-talking, unlucky flier, who is afraid of his wife—Isabel Jewell, in a poignant, dramatic bit as his widow—Gary Owen, as a victim of a crack-up—and June Travis, as the girl who thinks Cagney means what he tells her. (Warners)

Magnificent Obsession is the kind of picture that is hard to find these days—a picture that glorifies faith, hope and charity in the magnificent manner. It stars Irene Dunne and Robert Taylor, both of whom reach new heights in their respective roles. . . . Based on the best-selling novel of the same name by Lloyd C. Douglas, it keeps the spirit of the novel; and it keeps the romance of the story in its place, never letting it dwarf the main theme. Taylor, in the beginning is a young playboy whose practically worthless life is saved by a pulmotor—while another man's valuable life is lost. Irene is the young widow of that man, a surgeon. The irresponsible playboy later meets her, makes romantic advances, and sees her step out of his car into the path of another. The accident causes the loss of her sight. Taylor, sobered now, dedicates himself to the "magnificent obsession" her late husband had had—helping others secretly. Never exciting, but always absorbing, it has a mood that is transmitted to every onlooker. (Universal)

King of Burlesque has a thin story, but reason: it also has a clever cast, clever scenes, and music that demands humming. The titular star is Warner Baxter, but Jack Oakie, with a richer role, walks away with the picture . . . which practically demands your attendance, if you enjoy musicals. This one, like too many, has a backstage atmosphere—but it changes that atmosphere, as few do. Baxter plays a producer of burlesque shows, who has Oakie for a stooge and pal, and Alice Faye for a girlfriend. They persuade him to branch out in a big way and then see him topple for a once-wealthy widow (Mona Barrie) who has her eyes on his bankroll. When he loses that bankroll, Oakie and Alice see that he makes a comeback. The story will hardly have you in a dither. But you are likely to have hysterics, watching Oakie, not to mention *his* marriage-minded girlfriend, Arline Judge; you will have to admit that Alice Faye, as a singer, tops all her previous efforts; and you will go into raves about the dancing of 12-year-old Gareth Joplin. (20th Century-Fox)

Modern Times is Charlie Chaplin's latest. Like every other Chaplin picture, it is something not to be missed. It has all the ingredients of entertainment that all of his previous pictures have had, plus satire of modern conditions. The story is by Chaplin, himself, as are the incidental music, the direction . . . and the silence. The picture opens with Charlie as a worker in a vast factory—a worker who screws nuts to plates on an endless conveyor belt. The monotony of his work finally makes him balmy and he has to take a rest cure. When the cure is over, so is his job. Arrested mistakenly as a Red, he discovers the comforts of jail, but changes his mind about wanting to stay there when he meets Paulette Goddard, a waif who needs a friend. Trying to help her, he encounters comic-pathetic difficulties, finds himself in and out of jail. The best and funniest part of the picture is that dealing with the factory—a setting seldom (too seldom) satirized on the screen before. The Chaplin pantomime throughout the picture is as eloquent, as flawless, as it ever was. And Paulette Goddard, who has a "straight" (not a comic) rôle, is pert, pretty and honest in her protrayal of the waif. (Chaplin-United Artists)

The Passing of the Third Floor Back is an unusual picture, unusually affecting. It tells a simple story simply, but with such quiet power, such inspiration, that it glows with emotion. Into an ordinary boarding house, inhabited by a small group of ordi-

[*Please turn to next page*]

They also were lovely to look at...but

Sylvia
Joan
Gail

She was so Dainty... so *Alluringly Fragrant*

She knew this lovelier way to avoid offending . . . fragrant baths with Cashmere Bouquet!

HOW wise to guard your personal daintiness this lovelier, more feminine way! Bathe with this exquisite scented soap that keeps you always *fragrantly dainty!*

Cashmere Bouquet's deep-cleansing lather frees you completely from any danger of body odor . . . Makes you so *immaculately* sweet and clean.

Then—long after your bath—the delicate, flower-like perfume of this creamy-white soap still lingers . . . Clings about you glamorously, giving you new, appealing charm.

You will want to use this fine, pure soap for your complexion, too. Its rich, luxurious lather is so gentle and caressing. Yet it goes down into each pore and removes every bit of dirt and cosmetics . . . Keeps your skin radiantly clear, alluringly smooth.

And Cashmere Bouquet now costs only 10¢ a cake. The same superb soap which, for generations, has been 25¢. The same size cake, hard-milled and long-lasting . . . Scented with the same delicate blend of 17 rare and costly perfumes.

Why not order three cakes today? Sold at all drug, department, and 10¢ stores.

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*Street*____________________

*P. O.*____________________

The Latest Reviews . . .

[*Continued from page* 21]

nary people who live ordinary lives, comes a man who is known only as The Stranger. And his coming has a strange effect upon all the lives there. Sordidness goes out of those lives, along with unhappiness. But after all the changes are wrought, after his magnetic presence has brought new light into dark hallways, The Stranger quietly departs. He cannot stay. Impossible to escape is this impression: This man is Christ come back to earth as a modern. . . . Conrad Veidt, one of today's few great actors, plays the rôle with such hypnotic fascination that it is impossible to imagine any other actor in the part. This is the final test of great acting. (G-B)

If You Could Only Cook is one of the most delightful comedies that 1936 has brought us—or will bring us. It has a light, inconsequential story, but it also has rare charm and reality and continuous action and smart dialogue. Herbert Marshall and Jean Arthur (at last Hollywood is beginning to appreciate her!) are the stars. He is a millionaire auto manufacturer, world-weary, who takes his woes to a park bench, where he is mistaken for one of the unemployed by Jean, who has no job. She suggests pretending they are married and apply for positions as butler and cook in the ménage of Leo Carrillo, big-time racketeer. Marshall, considering the idea a lark, accepts her suggestion—and then the fun begins. (Columbia)

★ ★ ★

Sylvia Scarlett presents Katharine Hepburn as a girl, born to be an actress, who disguises herself as a boy in order to help her knavish father, becomes a member of a wandering troupe of players, and eventually reveals her womanliness. The story is colorful, if episodic, but the acting far outshines it. First honors go to Hepburn. However, the big surprise of the picture is Cary Grant, who rises to the front rank of screen actors with his performance of a petty cockney smuggler who turns trouper. Less effective is Brian Aherne, as an artist with whom *Sylvia* falls in love. Edmund Gwenn, as her rapscallion father, gives a fine characterization. (RKO-Radio)

Whipsaw brings Myrna Loy back to the screen after an absence of too many months, with Spencer Tracy as her co-star. It is exciting melodrama—nothing more, nothing less—revolving around a battle of wits between G-Men and a band of jewel thieves. Myrna is the fascinating feminine foil of the sparkler-snatchers, whose mental duel with G-Man Tracy is complicated by love. It's not a new story, but the characters are more interesting than they used to be. (M-G-M)

Paddy O'Day is the latest effort of Shirley Temple's closest rival, Jane Withers, and an entertaining little picture it is, giving Jane plenty of opportunity to sing and dance. She plays the part of an orphaned waif who is smuggled into the country, becomes an entertainer in a cafe, and sees her new-found friends (patriots, all!) work hard to win citizenship for her. The youngster has genuine talent, plus a robust, mischievous appeal that is never artificial. (20th Century-Fox)

Chatterbox makes a star of Anne Shirley, proving that she is the best actress of all the screen ingenues. Sweet, simple and sentimental, the story has warm human interest and Anne is refreshing in her emotional honesty and lack of affectations. She leads a lonely life on a Vermont farm with her grandfather, who had disowned her mother for becoming an actress; but the longing to act is in the girl's blood, and she finally tries to make her dream come true. Her performance is compelling in its simplicity and sincerity. Neat restraint is shown also by Phillips Holmes, as a young artist who cannot force himself to destroy the girl's self-made illusion. (RKO-Radio)

First a Girl helps to explain why Hollywood has been making frantic efforts to obtain the services of Jessie Matthews, the

In *Modern Times*, you will see Charlie Chaplin go through the motions of singing a song in a night-club. He can't remember the words, so Paulette Goddard writes them on his cuff. And in his first gesture, he shoots his cuff!

pert little English star. With her chic individuality, her piquant charm, her talents as a comedienne, singer and dancer, she can glorify the slightest of stories. This time she plays a girl who want to go on the stage—but gets her chance in an unexpected manner. She takes the place of a "hammy" female impersonator (amusingly played by Sonnie Hale) and is so realistically feminine that she has audiences debating whether she is a boy or a girl. Then she falls in love, and complications (of an adult order) appear, between her songs and dances. Her dancing is spectacular, her singing delightful, and her personality potent. (G-B)

Lady of Secrets brings back the talkies' first successful star—Ruth Chatterton. And, in story, the well-produced picture is reminiscent of those early successes. It is heavily emotional, problem-drama. Again, she plays an unwed mother, whose child is raised as her sister, until the girl is eighteen and is on the verge of marrying an older man—with whom her mother suddenly discovers she, herself, is in love. Marian Marsh also shines, as the pretty daughter; Otto Kruger, as the man they both want to marry; and Lionel Atwill, as Ruth's stern father, who really suffers the most. (Columbia)

Fang and Claw is typical of all of Frank Buck's pictures—exciting, straight-forward, candid-camera drama with a jungle setting and a real-life flavor. He still is bringing 'em back alive ingeniously and despite the fact that a camera is never far away, you get the illusion of watching incidents that were unplanned. (RKO-Radio)

Two in the Dark is a suspenseful, unusual mystery drama—distinctly out of the ordinary. Partly, that is because of the story; mostly, it is because of the acting—chiefly by Walter Abel and Margot Grahame. Abel indicates screen possibilities a la Paul Muni; and Margot delivers another cameo characterization. Abel, a victim of amnesia, is befriended by a lonely girl, who leads him back into his past, in which, they discover, he was involved in a murder mystery. (RKO-Radio)

Rose of the Rancho, in its newest film form, will be chiefly remembered for one thing: it marks the screen debut of the loveliest of all the opera stars and the one with the greatest natural voice—Gladys Swarthout. Her picture is not everything that it should be, but that is not her fault. Too many writers had a hand in the script—managing, among them, to bury the original story under a carload of trivial dialogue and haphazard scenes; a colorful story of the California of 1852. John Boles plays the handsome hero. Their singing is something to hear and to cherish. Not only does the darkly beautiful Swarthout have a magnificent voice; her use of it is utterly effortless. (Paramount)

Hitch-Hike Lady has an unfortunate title, but down-to-earth humor like *It Happened One Night,* even if it is a bit more folksy. Alison Skipworth, a naive Englishwoman, has a devoted son who writes to her from "Rancho San Quentin, California." Thinking he is a rancher, she sets out to pay him a visit, not realizing that California is 3,000 miles from New York. Finally, she teams up with a young American girl (Mae Clarke) and becomes a hitch-hiker. James Ellison gives them a lift and later the party is joined by a

[*Continued on page* 81]

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your WAIST THREE INCHES
AND HIPS IN TEN DAYS
with the PERFOLASTIC GIRDLE
or it won't cost you one cent!
. . . . Read how Miss Jean Healy reduced her hips 9 INCHES!
"Why Jean! What a gorgeous figure, how did you get so thin?"
"I read an 'ad' of the Perfolastic Co. and sent for their FREE folder".
"They actually allowed me to wear the Perfolastic for 10 days on trial . . .
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■ You can prove to yourself quickly and definitely whether or not this very efficient girdle and brassiere will reduce *you.* You do not need to risk one penny . . . try them for 10 days . . . at our expense!

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Without obligation on my part, please send me FREE booklet describing and illustrating the new Perfolastic Girdle and Brassiere, also sample of perforated rubber and particulars of your 10-DAY FREE TRIAL OFFER!

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THAT DOESN'T STREAK OR PEEL

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WHAT are the things that every smart woman expects of her nail polish? It must be outstandingly lovely! It must apply easily and evenly, without streaking. It must wear long and gracefully, without peeling or chipping—or your nails will soon look shabby.

Glazo's glorious colors are approved by beauty and fashion authorities. Glazo has solved the streaking problem—and it's the easiest to apply, with its special, improved brush. And because Glazo is so superior in quality, it wears days longer than you've been accustomed to expect.

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New Love Teams!

Margaret Sullavan is hugged by James Stewart in *Next Time We Love*

George Raft and Rosalind Russell are ultra-close friends in *It Had to Happen*

Victor McLaglen and Mae West love each other (gr-r-r!) in *Klondike Annie*

Society-girl Mary Taylor and John Howard are palsy-walsy in *Soak the Rich*

THE STAR OF "DAVID COPPERFIELD!"... THE HERO OF "WHAT PRICE GLORY!"

THE DIRECTOR OF "CHINA SEAS!"

Together they give their greatest in Damon Runyon's story of rollicking and exciting adventure!

"I TAKE MY FIGHTS WHERE I FIND 'EM!
I CAN LICK THE COCKEYED WORLD!"
20th CENTURY FOX

VICTOR McLAGLEN

Freddie BARTHOLOMEW

IN

PROFESSIONAL SOLDIER

Timely as a radio news flash! Tender as a big brother's love! Thrilling as a machine-gun's rat-tat-tat! Uproarious and romantic as only a Damon Runyon yarn can be!

with

GLORIA STUART • CONSTANCE COLLIER
MICHAEL WHALEN • C. HENRY GORDON

A **DARRYL F. ZANUCK**
TWENTIETH CENTURY PRODUCTION

Presented by Joseph M. Schenck
Associate Producer Raymond Griffith • Directed by Tay Garnett

Looking Them Over

The greatest movie favorites of the year just past were a pretty little girl, aged six, and a homely, homespun, middle-aged man. Shirley Temple and the late Will Rogers, in that order. Two of the least affected, most natural stars who ever adorned the screen.

There is food for thought there for the posturers and poseurs and publicity-seekers (who sometimes pretend they are publicity-dodgers). The actors and actresses who aren't anything but actors and actresses.

Shirley and Will were so supremely the "tops" in popular appeal that their closest pursuers were hardly within whistling distance of them. And who *were* the next greatest favorites? The theatre managers of America—who take their soundings from the box-office cash registers—list them in this order: Clark Gable, Fred Astaire and Ginger Rogers (as a team), Joan Crawford, Claudette Colbert, Dick Powell, Wallace Beery, Joe E. Brown and James Cagney.

There isn't one in the crowd who is famous for temperament, for headline-crashing, for publicity stunts. They're "regular." They're human. They're honest. They're real.

A provocative footnote to the theatre managers' story is that, separately, Fred Astaire and Ginger Rogers have only a little more than half of the appeal that they have together. They are the most satisfactory movie match in a whole generation of moviegoers, with each a neat counterbalance of the other. A reader phrases it succinctly on page 90; "Ginger without Fred is like a landscape without an artist, and Fred without Ginger is like an artist without a hand."

Everybody's wondering at this writing, who will win the Academy award for the best acting of the year. Why doesn't someone step up and wonder why the Academy doesn't give a special award for the best dancing of the year? Fred Astaire would win it, and everybody would be happy, with the satisfaction of seeing a little credit bestowed where great credit is due—upon the man who has done more for imaginative dancing, smart comedy and lilting music on the screen than ten other men have done.

There isn't a chance of Fred's being considered for the Academy award for "the best acting of the year." The gifted comedian, who can tickle the fancy of the world whenever he wills to do so, doesn't rate—for some strange, unaccountable reason—with the dramatic actor who rises to one magnificent performance.

Consider the case of Charlie Chaplin (whose latest picture, *Modern Times,* is at last on view). Master of pantomime, originator of the character he enacts, admittedly a genius of entertainment, he never has won the Academy award—even though his pictures and performances are shown (and remembered) year after year, the world over. Chaplin can make any audience, in any part of the world, rise out of itself and laugh—and, moreover, cherish its laughter. Yet the Academy of Motion Picture Arts and Sciences passes him by.

There's no doubt about it now. Shirley Temple is America's Public Favorite No. 1 . . . .

The first big outdoor picture to be filmed in "natural color"—*The Trail of the Lonesome Pine*—is almost upon us. And Henry Fonda, who plays the role of the mountain boy, told me the other day, "This time I think they've done it—made a color picture that people will accept as natural. Director Henry Hathaway was smart. He made the color secondary to the story, never let it get in the way of the story—and saw to it that there weren't any bright, glaring colors. The other night, one of the Technicolor people was introduced to him. 'Is Hathaway the name?' he asked. '*Henry* Hathaway?' He salaamed to him. 'You're the man we've been looking for, for fifteen years'!"

If Fonda, Hathaway and the Technicolor people are right, we're in for a treat. One of these days, certainly, some color picture will be both a visual delight and a dramatic masterpiece.

There isn't a producer in Hollywood who isn't ripe with envy over the latest achievement of fast-thinking, fast-moving Darryl Zanuck, production head of 20th Century-Fox. Other producers had sensed the box-office value of having the Dionne quintuplets appear briefly in a movie, but Zanuck—and Zanuck alone—saw the box office possibilities of having an entire feature picture revolve around them. And where other producers had failed to interest the quints' official guardians, Zanuck succeeded. The front-page publicity that *The Country Doctor* already has received is worth millions of dollars; there isn't a newspaper reader anywhere in the world who isn't conscious that the quints' are to be the stars of a coming picture; and nine of every ten of those newspaper readers intend to see the picture. And with this one brilliant "scoop" Zanuck emphasizes to the world at large that the new merger of 20th Century-Fox is going to produce pictures that the world at large won't want to miss. . . .

James E. Reid

THIS DRAMATIC WORLD

—Portrait by Richee

They'll Show Their True Colors!

A colorful story with a colorful setting, starring three colorful people, deserves to be filmed in color. And "The Trail of the Lonesome Pine" IS being photographed with a color-camera. You will see Sylvia Sidney, Henry Fonda and Fred MacMurray as people, not gray shadows. When Henry and Sylvia stand beneath the tree "where she carved her name and I carved mine," you will appreciate doubly why they are attracted to each other. And when Fred, as an engineer from "outside," looks into Sylvia's eyes, you will have a new kind of thrill. For never before has a great story been filmed in natural color outdoors—where all colors are natural!

Follow the Hilliard!

Harriet Hilliard is the full name, and she is This Month's Big News to Star-Discoverers. You will see her in the new Astaire-Rogers musical, "Follow the Fleet"—you will have the hunch that she is going far—and you will want to follow her all the way. The girl has glamor, personality and talent. Where does she come from? New York and radio, where she has starred as soloist with Ozzie Nelson's orchestra

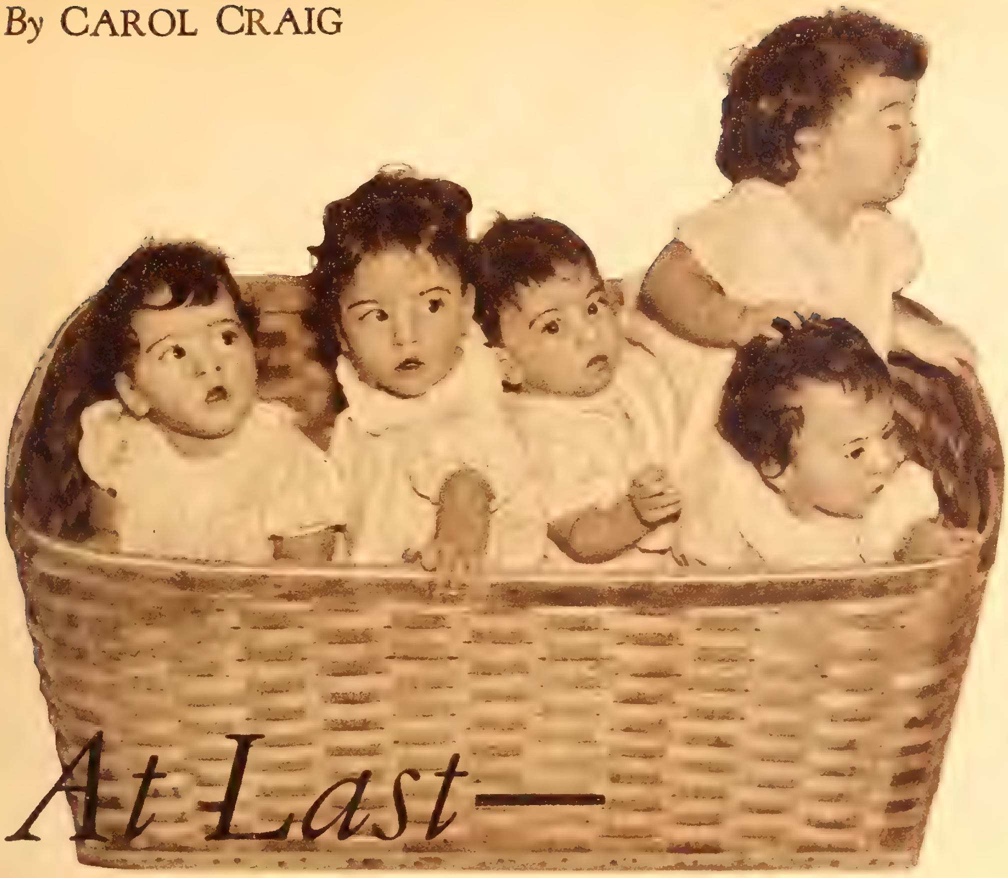
—*Photo by Ernest Bachrach*

—*Photo by Otto Dyar*

La Faye, She Is There!

While doing a bit of silken lounging between pictures, Alice Faye has just won the right to be known as Alice Faye in real—as well as reel—life. The courts have decided that she has reached the point where the whole world knows her by her stage name. So it is hers now for keeps. And who hasn't decided that she has reached the point of stardom? Particularly, after her portrayal with Warner Baxter in the big musical picture, "King of Burlesque"!

By CAROL CRAIG



A great big basket is about to be left on the world's doorstep, and the world will adopt all five of the baby stars in it. They are the five famous Dionne sisters of Callander, Ontario, stars of the picture, *The Country Doctor*. We're taking the photographer's word for it that, left to right, they are Cecile, Emilie, Marie, Annette and Yvonne (standing). Not all of the moviemakers could tell them apart!

World Copyright, 1935, NEA Service, Inc.

At Last— a Five-Star Picture!

(The Quints Are in It)

Here is the full story of the filming of one movie that the whole world wants to see—one movie that has no equal!

CAN you think of any one picture in the history of the movies that every person in the civilized world has wanted to see? Well, one is coming to your theatre soon! A picture with five stars, all of whom will receive equal billing. A picture called *The Country Doctor* —starring the Dionne Quintuplets of Callander, Ontario, Canada.

They were not taken to Hollywood to appear in the picture. Hollywood was taken to them.

Ever since the Miracle of May 28, 1934, when five little girls were born to Oliva and Elzire Dionne, a French-Canadian couple who lived in Northern Ontario, the interest of the world in these five mites of humanity has been intense and unabated. In fact, it has constantly increased. Here has been real-life drama—drama such as the world has never seen before. For never before have quintuplets survived for even as long as one hour.

At first, as day succeeded day and the babies still breathed, the newspaper readers of the world discovered a new kind of suspense. Could Dr. Dafoe, the country doctor who had brought them into the world, do what no physician had accomplished before? Could he keep all five of these tiny pulses beating? As week succeeded week, and month followed month, and the babies grew and thrived, the world gave this kindly, commonsense, country doctor the applause of awe. It clamored for more and more pictures of Marie, Emilie, Cecile, Annette and Yvonne. Every new photograph of them made home editions of newspapers sell like extras. Every new brief newsreel of them made theatres hang out the "Standing Room Only" signs. People couldn't see enough of the Dionne quintuplets. They wanted more!

Maybe they didn't know it then, but they know it now—they wanted to see a full-length motion picture of the quintuplets, a picture dramatically showing their daily life. And now it is on the way. Hollywood has been to Callander, Ontario. And the story of that trip

[*Continued on page 78*]

Money isn't important to Nelson Eddy. Singing great music is!

Is Nelson Eddy Leaving the Screen?

The movies' most sensational singing star has turned down a fabulous film offer and has gone on a concert tour. What does it mean? He tells you!

By ERIC L. ERGENBRIGHT

IN LESS than one year, Nelson Eddy has risen from comparative obscurity to a pre-eminent position on the screen. A year ago, he was Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer's forgotten man, shunted into unimportant rôles; today, he receives more fan mail than any other Metro star—and there is no sign of a letdown.

Were he the average actor, that phenomenal one-picture rise to fame and stardom would, in itself, be completely satisfying success. Few actors, even in this hectic maelstrom of overnight triumphs, have ever leaped to so lofty a pinnacle in so brief a span of time. Few have ever been in a more strategic position to demand—and command—all of the financial rewards that the screen is willing to lavish on popularity.

To Nelson, however, that success, in itself alone, would be failure, a disappointing compromise with a greater ambition. He came to pictures regarding them as the means to a desired end. In his estimation—the thousands of fan letters notwithstanding—they remain exactly that. And the "end" is not in Hollywood—at least, not now.

Years ago he conceived an ambition and set for himself a certain artistic goal. He charted his course, step by step, with that goal in view and neither the many setbacks that he met prior to his triumph in *Naughty Marietta,* nor his great popularity since his appearance in that picture, have altered in the least his vision of that desired destination.

He set out to be a great singer and, moreover, to be a singer of *great music.* Financial considerations were secondary then and they still are secondary today.

● When he first signed with Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer, he was already winning a distinguished position on the concert stage. The studio executives wanted control of all

In "Rose Marie," Nelson Eddy and Jeanette MacDonald sing "The Indian Love Call" in an unusual setting — a canoe

his time: he refused to give them more than six months out of each year. The other half-year he reserved for concert work. After his great success in *Naughty Marietta,* the picture producers became more insistent in their bids for a year-long contract. They offered him extravagant salary raises if he would only give up "that concert foolishness." What did he want to fiddle around with that for when he had an almost unbelievably brilliant screen career right in his grasp?

And, to all of their arguments, he remained adamant. Only eight months out of each year would he consent to devote to pictures. The other four months *must* remain his. The screen would not permit him to sing such music as he wanted to sing; consequently, the screen must give way to concerts in which it *could* be sung.

For his allegiance to his ambition, he has paid a price—a price of thousands of dollars a week.

His almost unheard-of attitude has provoked a storm of questions, and the one that is asked most insistently is this:

"Does Nelson Eddy plan to quit Hollywood? Has he used the screen merely as a stepping stone?"

And here's the answer:

● HE NEITHER proposes to quit the screen nor to abandon his annual concert tours. Not long ago, just after completing *Rose Marie* and just before launching his present tour, he told me:

"I am deeply grateful for the screen success I've had. In a year's time, it has carried me five years nearer the realization of my ambition. I still find it hard to believe that one picture could do for anyone what *Naughty Marietta* did for me.

"Before, I was fairly well-known in certain musical circles; now I am known everywhere and my concert tours are in the nature of personal appearances. I am in demand, and, whether the demand is based on curiosity or an honest appreciation of music, it enables me to sing the music I want to sing—to larger audiences.

"On this tour, I'm booked to sing in approximately fifty cities and my managers advise me that virtually every concert is already sold out. That would have been impossible two years ago . . . I think there is a definite upswing in the public's appreciation of good music and I think the screen deserves a large measure of the credit, in spite of the fact that the first really great musical picture still remains to be produced.

"In my opinion, great musical pictures cannot be produced successfully—yet. The public is not yet ready to accept the best in music and no studio dares to risk the tremendous financial losses that might be involved.

"Hollywood has been content thus far to copy the stage. Most of our pretentious musical pictures have been 'backstage' subjects. The public is certain to tire of the same theme rehashed over and over again, especially when every song sequence is limited by the narrow boundaries of the stage. The movie camera has such mobility that music *could* be taken outdoors. In *Naughty Marietta,* it was, to a certain degree. *Rose Marie* is even more of an outdoor operetta. It's a step, I think, in the right direction.

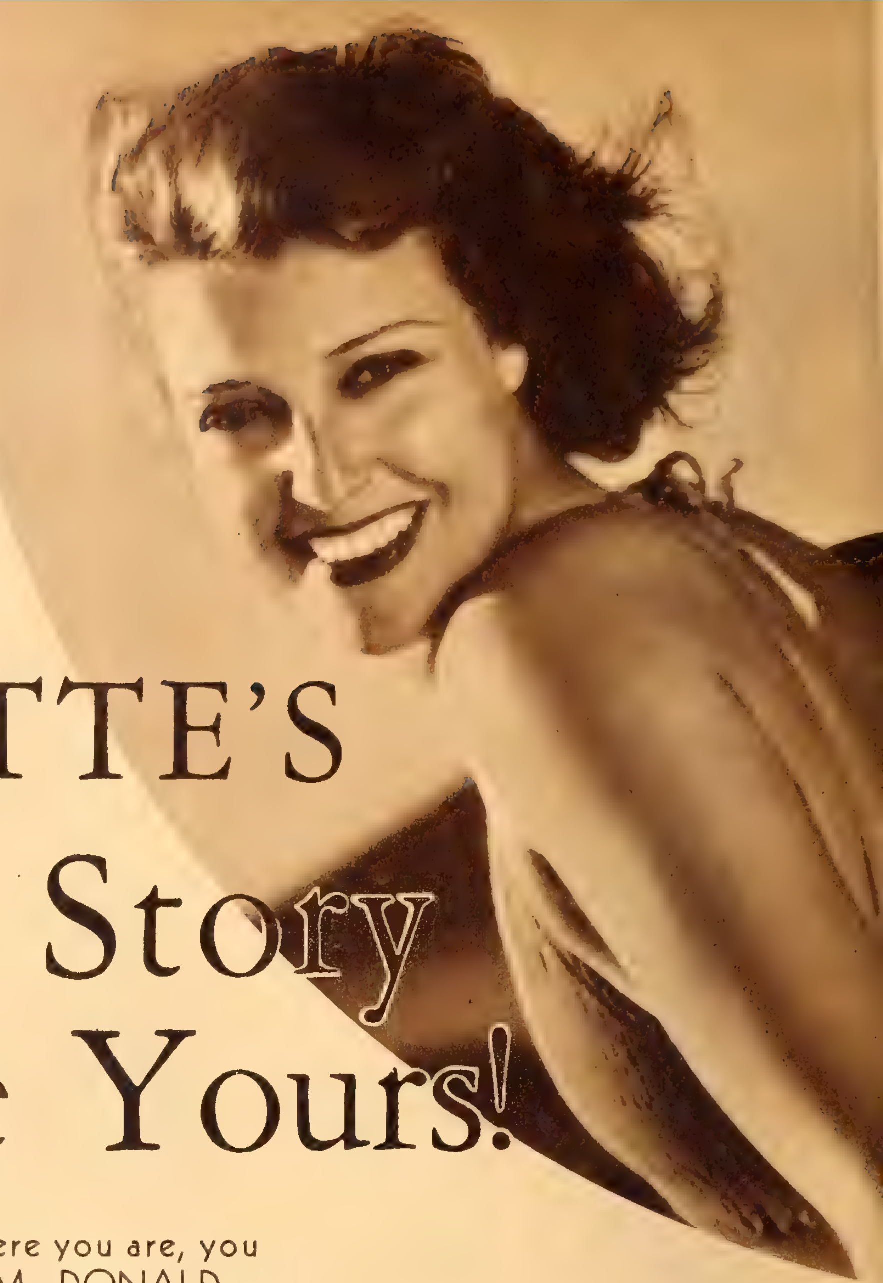
● "There has been a lot of talk about presenting existing operas in their entirety on the screen. That, I believe, would be folly. In the first place, any argument that the public has displayed its willingness to accept opera is erroneous. Only operatic arias—the 'hit' songs—have been attempted. The intervening music—the meat of the opera—has been studiously avoided.

[*Continued on page* 73]

In his new picture, *Rose Marie,* Nels
Eddy has an opportunity that he fe
too few singers have had in films.
sings in an outdoor setting. And, mor
over, the setting is the real thing.
outdoor sequences of the picture we
filmed at beautiful Lake Tahoe, in t
high Sierras. And, for the second ti
he and Jeanette MacDonald ar
stars. He plays a member of the
west Mounted Police; she plays a
who is trying to aid her fugitive
(played by a new "find," James S

Nelson Eddy is serious abou
his singing career—but he'
a down-to-earth person, too.

Jeanette MacDonald sings opera—arias from *La Tosca* and *Romeo et Juliet*—in her new picture with Nelson Eddy, *Rose Marie*. And, ironically, she had to fight to gain that operatic opportunity. Producers reasoned, very simply, that she could not sing opera because she never had sung it. They did not know the story behind Jeanette's success—her will to succeed. Read that story here!



JEANETTE'S Success Story *Could* Be Yours!

No matter who you are, or where you are, you can take cues from JEANETTE MacDONALD—who makes her abilities match her ambitions!

By JOHN KENT

THERE'S a girl I know who wants to be a screen star. Probably you know her, too, for she lives in every block, in every street, in every hamlet, town and city. Let's call her Mary Doe.

She's always *talking* about her "great ambition." She likes to sigh because unkind Fate deprives her of "her chance." She's sure that if someone would only give her "an opportunity," she would become famous overnight—and live very, very happily ever afterward, surrounded by adulation, wealth, leisure and romance. Poor Mary! You all know her—she talks so much and does so little!

It's Mary, especially, for whom this story is written. I want to tell her about Jeanette MacDonald. I want to try to prove, by citing the example of one of the most successful women on the screen today, just how much hard, hard labor is involved in the climb to stardom—and just how much harder work is needed to maintain that position. I want to show Mary just what "great ambition" really means, when it is converted from talk into action.

Jeanette has won her way to most of the pinnacles from which Mary would like to view the world. And she started from scratch, with nothing to carry her forward except her own abilities, her own courageous determination and her own hard work.

Today she earns a tremendous amount of money every week. She has a beautiful home, a beautiful car, a magnificent wardrobe. She is acclaimed a great singer, a great actress, a brilliant personality.

Jeanette, in short, has everything that Mary vaguely wants—everything but leisure! She never has time to *talk* much about her ambitions, for she is too busy toiling to fulfill them. She has worked—as few people ever work—to reach her place in the sun, and, now, having reached it, she still works, constantly, to climb still higher. You see, she knows that. . . .

". . . this is the most competitive profession in the world. One can only press forward or skid backward. I don't know the meaning of leisure. If I

[*Continued on page* 68]

Don't Misunderstand the CLARK GABLES!

Before you talk about the parting of Clark and Ria Gable, read this understanding story and ask yourself what you would have done in the situation they have just faced!

By RUTH BIERY

If you had been in Clark Gable's place, what would you have done?

CLARK GABLE stood at the rail of a steamship coming from South America. His dark hair caught the mist from the sea and went unnoticed. His eyes watched the emptiness of the horizon and brooded. Water and then more water; sky and then more sky—trying to meet, seeming to meet, yet never touching. Is life like that? Do we roll along—along—trying to reach for a sky?

We all have such thoughts when we stand on a ship and gaze at the endless blue above and beneath us. There was not a passenger on that liner who did not stand thus and ponder. Yet there was not one who did not wonder why Clark Gable stood at the rail and brooded.

Clark Gable! Surely he was one man whose sea and sky *had* met. What more could one man have—what more could he want? He was handsome, virile, a world hero. Why, in South America no man had had such adulation since Rudolph Valentino! "He makes five thousand dollars a week," the travelers whispered to each other.

One passenger spoke for all of them when he said, "If I were Clark Gable, I don't think I'd be brooding."

If he had been Clark Gable! If any one of them had been! They knew what they would do! . . . But did they? What *would* they have done? What would *you* have done if you had been Clark Gable then? I wonder.

I wonder also how widely scattered those passengers were when they picked up their morning papers three weeks after that South American liner had docked. To each, the faces of the other travelers already were blurred, perhaps for- [*Continued on page 70*]

. . . Or if you had been in Ria Gable's place, what would you have done?

This is the FRED ASTAIRE We Know—

Ginger Rogers and five other co-workers, who see the amazing Fred as he really is, break a long silence about the man . . .

Fred Astaire wears a gob hat, not a top hat, in *Follow the Fleet,* and he does some neat and nifty dancing in what might be called jig-time—sailor's jig-time. On the screen, that dancing will look utterly effortless. And, reading this story, you will understand how Fred gains that effect—to the amazement even of his co-workers

By MARIAN RHEA

THIS Fred Astaire—what is he like? You have seen him dance, perhaps on both stage and screen—and have thrilled to the magic of his winged feet. You have seen him act in pictures. You have chuckled at his wit and perhaps have sensed the wistful poignancy of his comedy. You are probably an Astaire fan. Most people are.

But Fred, himself—what of him? What of the Fred who appears behind the scenes? What of Fred, the man, not the dancer or the actor? Is he "human"? Is he likeable? Is he popular? Is he respected by those who know him? . . . What is he *really* like? . . .

Six persons at the RKO Radio Studios have answered this question for you and me—*for the first time.* They are not Fred's personal friends in the usual sense of the word. They are people with whom he works. They have been chosen to work with him, not because of his personal inclinations, but because of their own particular capabilities in this business of picture-making. They see Fred as he is, therefore, without bias for or against him. They are a famous screen star, a director, a script girl, a studio "grip," a cameraman and a dance director. They are, respectively, Ginger Rogers, Mark Sandrich, Gertrude Wellman, James Kirley, David Abel and Hermes Pan.

It was Ginger whom I first asked about Fred. I found her on the *Follow the Fleet* set, working hard on a solo dance for the picture. But she took a little time out to talk about this other half of the renowned Astaire-Rogers dancing team.

"Fred is—tops," she told me. "That is the best word I can find to describe him. He is tops as a dancer and tops as a person. He is talented and clever. His style in dancing is his own and he never seems at a loss for a new idea. If you are a dancer, you can appreciate what that means—being able to think up and execute something new all of the time. Fred and I have made three pictures together and are working on a fourth.

[*Continued on page* 64]

"Fred Astaire is a hard taskmaster—toward himself!"—Dance Director Hermes Pan

—Wide World

Charlie Chaplin, dressed as the character the whole world loves and will see in a new setting in *Modern Times*, gazes fondly at the girl he loves—Paulette Goddard. This girl who plays opposite him holds his attention as no other woman ever has. And, after reading this pen-picture of her, you will appreciate doubly their screen love scenes.

By
SONIA LEE

PAULETTE GODDARD—*Chaplin's Mystery Girl*

THREE years ago, on a week-end yachting party, Charlie Chaplin met a Glorified Goldwyn Girl who was currently appearing in *The Kid from Spain*. Her name was Paulette Goddard.

Since then this girl has commanded attention—first as the constant companion and rumored wife of Chaplin, and later because of her own arresting personality. She attracts instant interest wherever she goes, yet remains a woman of mystery. Few really know her.

Before very long the entire world will see her on the screen as Chaplin's leading woman in his newest picture, *Modern Times*. Then her talents as an actress will be there on the silver sheet for all to judge. Whether or not artistic fame will be her destiny is in the lap of the gods. And until they pass their verdict, she will not discuss her own qualifications as an actress, her private life, or her hopes and her desires.

"Why should I talk about myself for publication?" she said to me very recently. "If I should prove to be mediocre in the rôle opposite Mr. Chaplin, then I would be stupid to talk of a future. If the public accepts me as an actress after the picture is released, then they will be entitled to know whatever they wish to know about me. Until I have their opinion, I must remain silent."

What is she like—this girl who has won Chaplin? Now, at last, it can be told!

Paulette Goddard is young, American and arrestingly lovely. Not with the loveliness of the Hollywood star who dazzles with her immediate and conventional brilliance, but with a permeating beauty that never is dimmed by acquaintance. Her hair, worn loose to her shoulders, is not distinguished. It is a fairish brown, which blends into the sun-tan of her face. Her nose is slim and straight. Her mouth is wide and well-formed. In themselves, the features are by no means startling, or classical. And yet, in assembly, they contrive to give an impression of great beauty. Her body is youngly round, with not one ounce of superfluous flesh. She has great vitality—great strength. She gives the impression of a physical sturdiness, and with it a spiritual delicacy. She radiates vitality, enjoyment of life. She is well prepared to battle life on its own terms.

● In many respects, she is very like Charles Chaplin, the man who has discovered her and sponsored her. Perhaps in that fact lies the secret of their seem- [*Continued on page 72*]

If FREDDIE BARTHOLOMEW *Were* KING—

A great interview with a great boy—who has ideas of his own

"IF I were king and could do anything in the world I wanted—?" Freddie Bartholomew cocked his curly head, considered the question for a moment, then took the bit between his teeth and pranced off. You would have thought, to hear him, that he had been cogitating the point for a month, so swiftly did his plans trip from his tongue. Perhaps he had, inasmuch as he has just played a boy-king of a mythical Balkan kingdom, in *Professional Soldier*. But whether he ever had considered the notion before or not (personally, I suspect he had not), there can be no question about his ability to handle with grace and good sense whatever comes along—be it elevation to movie stardom or an imaginary throne.

Since it would be folly to substitute any words for Freddie's, I'll give his story to you exactly as it tumbled from his lips, addressed indiscriminately to me, his aunt Cis and his black-and-white spaniel, Concol—who needed a little roughhouse, which his master supplied expertly while talking.

"If I were king—well, first of all, I'd get a hatterer for hats and a clotherer for ladies' clothes and set Cis loose. She wouldn't have to think about money at all, you see, but just pick and choose and hang it all up in her closet. Then I'd buy her a nice big mansion and give her a car or two. You'd like two, wouldn't you, Cis?—then you could send your friends scooting around when you were busy with me. And I'd like her to have croquet and clock-golf and [*Continued on page* 66]

By
IDA
ZEITLIN

In *Professional Soldier*, Freddie *is* a king—an all-boy one. There he is, in full regalia, saluting you. At the near right, you see him with Prince, his pal in his next picture, *Little Lord Fauntleroy*. Freddie will see to it that the *Little Lord* is all-boy, too!

Above, you see Margo as herself. Below, you see her with Warner Baxter in M-G-M's powerful picture, *Robin Hood of El Dorado*. Their love is as unforgetable as it is tragic. Margo, in reality a high-born Mexican, plays a peon girl in early California who loves and weds a poor farmer (Baxter). When cold-blooded invaders kill her, Baxter turns bandit, seeking revenge—becoming, to other peons, *Robin Hood of El Dorado*.

It's Time You Knew MARGO!

This sensational young Mexican dancer is becoming one of the screen's most promising dramatic actresses!

By GRANT JACKSON

WHO is this vivid, vivacious young dancer—this young and gifted dramatic actress—who is known only by the name of Margo? It's time you knew!

Her full name is Margarite Bolado. As she pronounces it with a Spanish accent the name is charming. But she changed it to Margo because so many Americans found the pronunciation difficult. Margo, she felt, was a name that could not be mispronounced.

She was born in Mexico City, of pure Spanish ancestry. Her father, who was a famous surgeon, died before her first birthday. He left her mother very well-to-do.

By the time that Margo was five years old, she liked nothing so much as dancing. She told her mother and her uncle, Xavier Cugat (who leads an orchestra in New York's Waldorf-Astoria today) that she was going to be a dancer when she grew up. As the years passed, she did not relinquish the idea, though her mother frowned upon it. She wanted her daughter to become a surgeon—as a son might have.

But the sight of blood sickens Margo. It was the sight of blood that made her a vegetarian, almost two years ago. She tells the story: "I had ordered a steak in my favorite restaurant, asking the waiter to hurry my order. He hurried, all right! When I cut into the steak, it was raw. Looking at it, there on the plate, took away my appetite completely. Ugh! I've never been able to touch meat since. Yet I know I should have meat. Every dancer should."

For years, even after it became evident that Margo would never be able to study surgery, her mother still was unwilling to sanction a dancing career for her. Especially, a professional career. Even the steps that the child performed to every bit of music she heard, from hand organ to grand piano, elicited parental disapproval.

But in her grandmother, Margo discovered a kindred spirit—one who encouraged the little girl and is still her greatest source of inspiration.

Because of ill health, Margo's grandmother was forced to leave Mexico. She went to New York City where, in a few months, Margo joined her. Meanwhile, the family had suffered reverses and, as Margo says, "were impossibly poor." Yet her grandmother would allow nothing to interfere with the child's dancing. Thus

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Why Those POWELL-LOY Marriages Are Happy!

When William Powell and Myrna Loy play husband and wife on the screen, the whole world enjoys watching them. And this story tells what makes them such an ideal match!

As "Nora" and "Nick" in "The Thin Man," Myrna Loy and William Powell gave the world new ideas about mixing humor with marriage

In "Evelyn Prentice," with Cora Sue Collins as their child, Myrna and Bill gave Mr. and Mrs. America more healthy setting-up exercises

By WILLIAM A. ULMAN, JR.

MYRNA LOY has shattered another old adage. "Three times a bridesmaid and never a bride" doesn't mean a thing to her. With Myrna, it's a question of "Three times a bride and never really married."

For the third and, perhaps, the most spectacular time in their careers, William Powell and Myrna are Mr. and Mrs. again in *The Great Ziegfeld*. The first time moviegoers saw them together—as *Nick* and *Nora* in *The Thin Man*—they said, "Now *there's* a perfectly mated couple." In fact, you may be one of the thousands who wrote in to Bill and Myrna, suggesting that they marry each other in real life and practically insisting that they remain married on the screen. With this encouragement, they went into *Evelyn Prentice* and sent the world into another furore of match-making. What will happen after *The Great Ziegfeld,* heaven only knows! They have been so well married on the screen that if they don't follow through in private life, it will probably start talk!

There is one thing that will doubtless please the moviegoing match-makers: when Bill and Myrna are married

Now, in "The Great Ziegfeld," Myrna and Bill are interpreting the happy marriage of a famous couple—Billie Burke and Florenz Ziegfeld—with Joan Holland as their daughter, Patricia Ziegfeld

on the screen, they don't have to *act* as if they are fond of each other—they really are! You ought to hear them go on!

Of course, there's one very important advantage that these two have—each gives the other credit for a grand sense of humor. Not that they go around playing practical jokes or constantly exchanging quips; they don't. Theirs is that quiet, restrained humor that is completely effortless. But, most important, they both have learned to use that gift for something else besides delightful comedy. When anything happens on the set, a difference of opinion on how to play a scene, for example, and it looks as though the situation is becoming a bit tense, Bill has developed an almost uncanny ability to turn the whole thing into a laugh—and to make all the others laugh even when they don't want to. He has won his point that way time and again. You can't be very firm with a guy when you're giggling, you know.

● "One reason why Bill would be an ideal sort for a husband," Myrna was telling me the other day, "is that he has really learned how to live. Life with Bill would involve neither sloppy sentimentality nor annoying independence. The sense of humor that you've talked about is important, of course, but remember this—a sense of humor is valuable only when you can use it on yourself and understand how ridiculous you can be in various situations. Any nitwit can laugh at somebody else and then accuse him of having no sense of humor because he doesn't laugh, too.

"Bill, for example, is never sarcastic. He has a fine understanding of the limits of a witty wisecrack and just when the words or inflection are about to shift into sarcasm."

William Powell is not smooth-shaven like the late Great Glorifier, Florenz Ziegfeld, and Myrna Loy is not a carbon copy of Billie Burke. But in *The Great Ziegfeld*, they are completely real, portraying the famous Ziegfeld-Burke marriage. Gathered around them in the ambitious picture are many of the former "Follies" favorites, helping to tell the dramatic story of the great showman's life. (P. S. Luise Rainer plays the first Mrs. Ziegfeld—actress Anna Held.)

On the other side of the House of Powell-Loy, Bill doesn't let Myrna top him in the compliment-tossing. Not only does he emphasize that Myrna has a gorgeous sense of humor; he adds that a sense of humor is rarer in women than it is in men, despite his suspicion—so help him!—that women need a sense of humor in this world far more than men do. But more (far more) than just her sense of humor qualifies Myrna for the title of "a perfect wife."

"It's a grand habit," he claims, "this being married to Myrna. Every picture we've played in together has been a pleasure, my dear sir, a pleasure! Myrna can project the ideal wife on the screen so well that even *playing* the part of the groom is a delightful experience.

"From the very beginning, Myrna has had a sound understanding of what an ideal wife should be, but I think she has learned still more from the three grand women she has played in *The Thin Man, Evelyn Prentice* and *The Great Ziegfeld.* Myrna isn't what some people call pretty, but she has subtle attraction and charm and natural vividness. As a matter of fact, Myrna would be a grand wife for anybody aside from the screen angle. She is intelligent and has a smoothly logical mind, but she never lets a man become conscious of the fact that she is a jump ahead of him.

● "How she ever became such a perfect wife is beyond me—a problem I can't cope with. After years and years of playing courtesans and exotic ladies who meant no good to anybody, she suddenly emerged into adult life as the paragon of the perfect wife. . . . But, perhaps, it's not so surprising. As The Other Woman in her early pictures, she learned all about 'misunderstood husbands'—so [*Continued on page* 80]

PATIENT *is the word for* HELEN MACK

"It's easy to get a break," says Helen. "What's hard is waiting for the right one"

Helen Mack, who is "like Joan Crawford in many ways," usually plays intensely dramatic rôles. But her newest picture is a comedy. It is *The Milky Way*, starring Harold Lloyd, who is famous for spotting ability 5,280 feet away—even without his horn-rimmed specs. Along with Adolphe Menjou, Verree Teasdale and Ida Lupino, Helen helps to convert Harold from a harmless milkman into an alleged prize-fight champion. And has a good time doing it. As you will have, watching her—particularly after reading this revealing story.

By GRACE McKENZIE

WHAT does an ambitious young actress think about when all the breaks don't develop as they might and stardom still is in the distant future? . . . MOVIE CLASSIC decided to ask Helen Mack—ambitious, talented sincere, and not yet a star, though recently voted the most popular of all the younger Hollywood actresses in a CLASSIC reader poll.

"I'd rather play a tiny bit in a good picture than to be starred in just an ordinary program picture," says Helen, with an earnestness that could never be mistaken for irony.

"The best work I've ever done on the screen has been in pictures that failed to attract any attention. That's why I was thrilled to have the opportunity to play with Harold Lloyd in his new picture, *The Milky Way*. A Harold Lloyd picture is sure to be good—and popular. While my rôle is not particularly important, I'll probably be seen by people who have never seen me before. And perhaps," she added, holding up a pair of crossed fingers, "it may turn out to be a springboard to something bigger. If it doesn't—well, at least Hollywood has taught me to be patient."

And because patience is a sort of *un*-glamorous virtue, which most girls are inclined to overlook, and because many a girl feels that if *she* could just get a "break," everything else would be easy, I am going to tell Helen Mack's unusual story.

Her career began, actually, before she was born—when her mother, sitting in a little movie theatre in Rock Island, Illinois, watched such stars as Norma Talmadge and Mary Pickford and Marguerite Clark, and offered up a daily prayer that she would one day have a daughter who would grow up to be a movie star. It was more than just an idle wish. Mrs. McDougall poured her heart and soul into that prayer. And when eventually she gave birth to a tiny dark-eyed, dark-haired daughter with a heart-shaped face, she was convinced that her prayer had been answered.

Long before Helen was old enough to understand her mother's words, she was told: *"You are going to be an actress."* When she was little more than a baby, she was taken to the movies several times a week. When they arrived home, she was put through a catechism that went something like this: "Tell Mother what Mary Pickford said . . . show me how she walked." Or if it was a Norma Talmadge picture, then Helen had to give an imitation of Norma.

Crude training perhaps, but it bore results. By the time Helen was six, Mrs. McDougall was convinced that her daughter had talent. Her problem was: What to do about it? Where to go to get the child a hearing?

Vera Gordon, that grand old actress of *Humoresque* fame, was playing in a local theatre.

[*Continued on page* 84]

Leslie Howard *Breaks the Rules*

He doesn't do things that Hollywood expect of stars. But he enjoys life!

Most people don't know that polo-playing is one of Leslie Howard's favorite sports. And most people don't know the things about him that this story reveals. In private life, he is a striking contrast to the character he plays in *The Petrified Forest*—a man who thinks he is tired of living. (And then he meets Bette Davis. And this time they both discover what great love is like—in a picture you aren't likely to forget.)

By WILLIAM ANTHONY

LESLIE HOWARD is the suppressed desire of at least ten million women. Maybe fifty million. He has a subtle something that other screen heroes lack—or did lack, until he appeared on the screen. He broke a rule and became something new in screen lovers. He made the caveman type of love-making look coarse, shallow and common. Without any obvious effort, he could approach a delicate situation delicately, not demonstrating every romantic impulse he was supposed to feel, but giving every woman who saw him the sensation of seeing a man heart-breakingly in love.

Women wanted to know more about this sensitive, fine-featured, blond chap who spoke the King's English. And the very discovery that he was from far-off England gave him added allure. There are legends in America to the effect that every Englishman is a gentleman. And when one Englishman after another came to the American screen, and their love-making was in the Howard pattern, the suspicion grew that Leslie must be the epitome of the typical Englishman.

But in his latest picture, *The Petrified Forest,* he plays a modern American—a world-weary Easterner who has to wander all the way to Arizona to find a girl like Bette Davis and to live one of the strangest (*and* strongest) love stories ever filmed. Next he is to play *Romeo* on the screen—to Norma Shearer's *Juliet.* And *Romeo* is not one specific kind of lover; he is a combination of all sensitive lovers, the world over, as long as the world lasts. So, obviously, Leslie can't be the typical Englishman. In fact, he denies that any such type exists. He probably wouldn't go out of his way to deny it, but put him on the spot and pin him down, as I did at a recent dressing-room luncheon, and he *will* deliver.

He told me: "There is no such being as a typical Englishman. Or a typical American, either. I've played in every major town of the States, I think, but I've never yet met the chap that I could point to with pride and say, 'Ah! Eureka! The typical *homo Americanus!*' I've met the New England Yankee who would have drawn blood in Georgia, had he been proposed for the title of representing the American male—and vice versa!

"Now we Britons," he continued, "are a singularly unconventional lot, in a manner of speaking. We don't conform to any pattern. We have as many distinct types as you'd find here. Moreover, our colonials are as different, say, from a Yorkshire man as a tabby cat differs from a cheetah. I suppose we're susceptible to the influence of whatever region we're living in. They've always been great colonizers, the British. Look at the 'English colony' in Hollywood!"

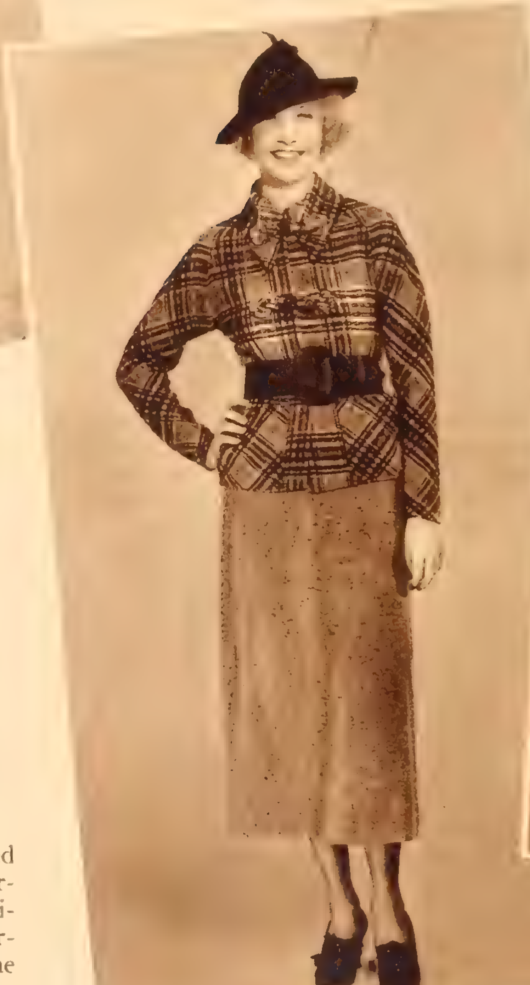
● "By the way, what do you think of this town?"

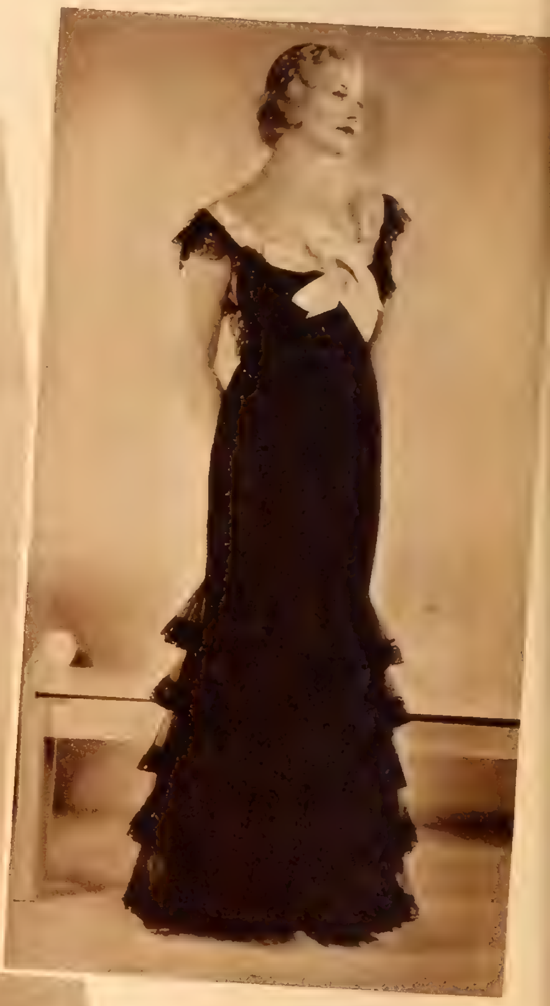
"Eh?" commented Mr. Howard as a great apathy descended upon him. Leslie Howard has a reputation hereabouts for wandering. He likes

[*Continued on page 86*]

UNA MERKEL'S Wardrobe Fits the *Business Girl!*

Left, Una suggests a "dressy" blouse—and novelty gloves





Left, Una Merkel in her tweed - skirt - and - plaid - blouse outfit. Above, her preference in evening gowns—"black lace with a touch of pink or two"

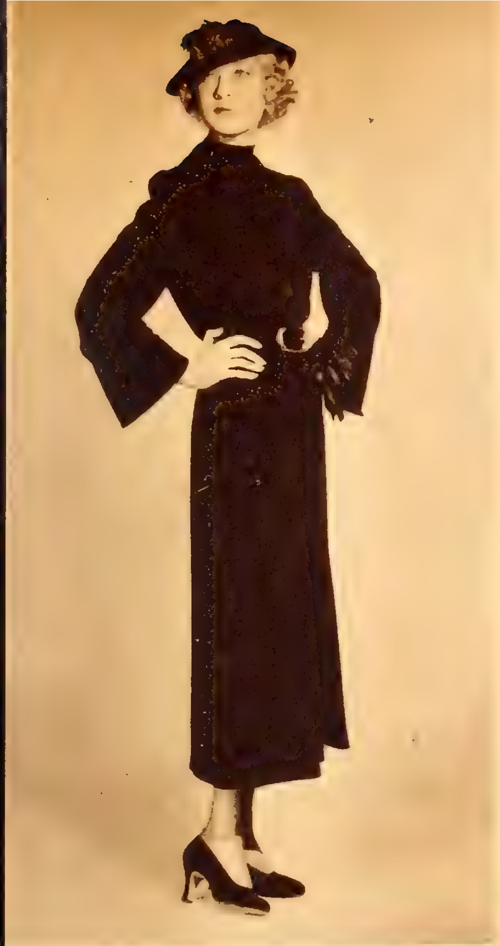
So you buy your clothes on a budget? . . Take a few tips from Una—who proves that "style doesn't cost big money"!

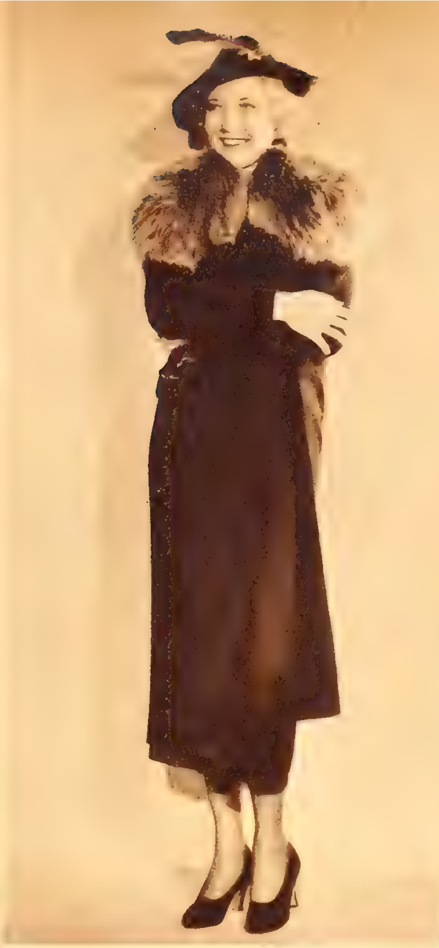
By VIRGINIA LANE

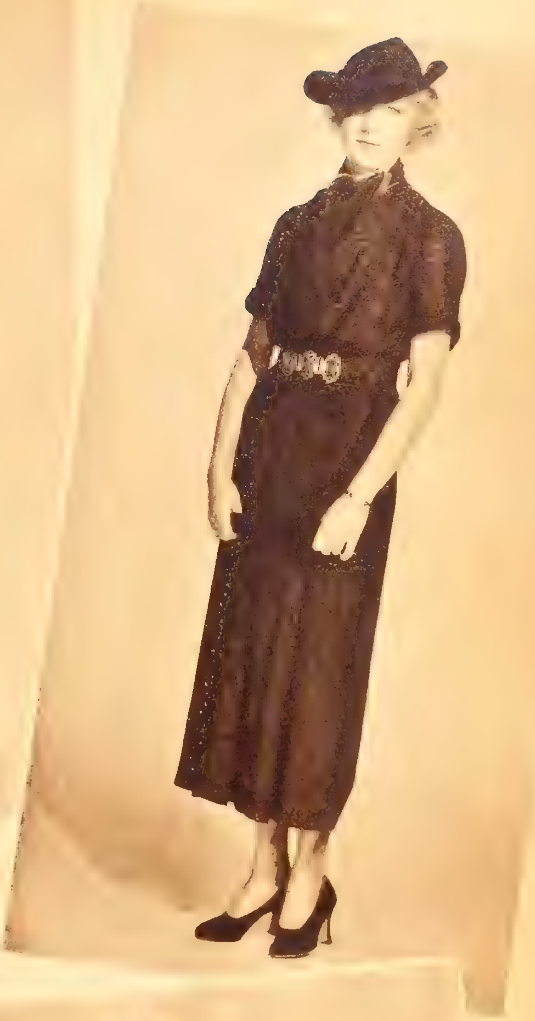
UNA MERKEL (pronounced "You-na *Mer*'kl") is the perfect prototype of the business girl. She has been five different kinds of secretaries on the screen, a student nurse, and a superplus saleswoman, to mention just a few of her activities. And did you ever notice how appropriate, how utterly smart, her clothes were?

"Humph! I'm a business woman off the screen, too," she told me. "For years I've budgeted. When you start out in the theatrical business, you know, the first thing you learn is to put up the best possible 'front' for the least possible money. To help along the good work, I always did my shopping on paper before I did it on foot. I still do that. It saves me from buying things I don't need and things that don't dovetail in with the rest of my clothes. I write down what I want and the colors I'd like to get. Then I follow the list as closely as I can . . ."

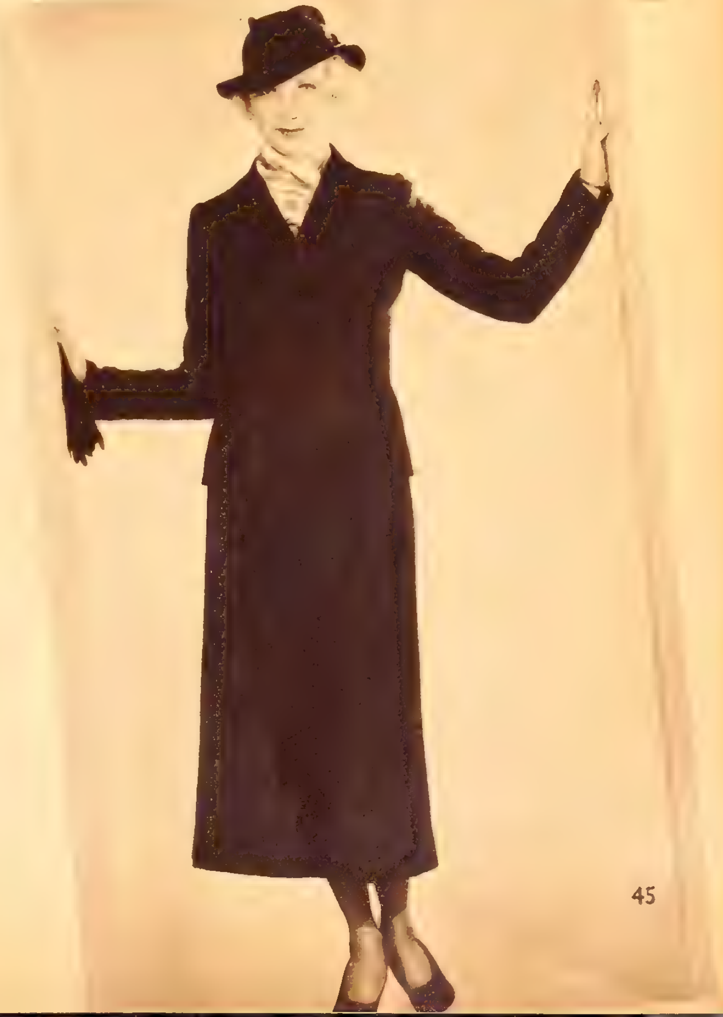
"Suppose you were charting a new wardrobe for that cute little secretary you played in *Broadway Melody of*







Starting at the left above and proceeding in a clockwise direction, you see Una Merkel in her black coat-dress (ultra-svelte!) . . . in her snug, "everyday" coat, fox-trimmed . . . in her gold-flecked black crêpe, simple enough for daytime, chic enough for a dinner date . . . and in her smartly tailored blue suit



1936," I suggested. "How would you go about it?"

And then Una did settle down to business! There's a good deal besides fun in that pretty head of hers. She wrote: *Coat, $25.00 . . . Tailored Dress, $14.75 . . . Dressier-type frock, $16.50 . . . Semi-sport outfit, $12.00 . . . Suit, $20.00 . . . Evening dress, $18.00 . . . Evening wrap, $15.00.*

"Naturally, the purchase of these items would be stretched over a long period of time," she observed. "And several will last for a long time. Both the suit and coat can be worn for three or four years if you get the right kind. And the evening wrap has an indefinite life.

"These prices I have set down can be bettered considerably at times, especially if you are a clever end-of-the-season buyer and can pick up some things at half-price, during the sales, that will be just as good next year. A coat, for instance. A smart coat is absolutely the backbone of a girl's wardrobe. That's why I put it first on the list.

"What color? Well, I'm partial to black—because it harmonizes with so many things. Right now, I have a heavy black wool, trimmed with fox fur . . . But soon I'll be scouting around for a lighter coat, and I think it will be one of those new tweedy mixtures—maybe a gray-and-black or a brown-and-beige. If I could get a swanky three-piece ensemble—suit *and* topcoat to match—for just a weeny bit more money, why I'd jump at it! Then I'd get a couple of frocks in blending colors so that they would form other costumes with the coat.

"If I bought the gray-and-black coat," continued Una, warming to her subject, "I'd [*Continued on page* 88]

Win a Trip to HOLLYWOOD

By Knitting Something New For Yourself!

Wouldn't you like to dress as attractively as a movie star? Here is your chance. And your chance to win a free trip to the movie capital!

YOU never had an opportunity like this before! By following a few simple knitting instructions, you can dress like a movie star! *And, at the same time, you may win a free trip to Hollywood, the capital of glamor!*

TWO women in America are going to win trips to Hollywood in this contest—one by railroad, one by air. And one of these winners *can* be you!

MOVIE CLASSIC—in conjunction with MOTION PICTURE Magazine, Warner Brothers-First National Pictures, and the manufacturers of Fleisher, Bear Brand and Bucilla yarns—gives you this chance of a lifetime.

All that you have to do to be eligible for a free trip to Hollywood is to knit, *for yourself,* an attractive garment modeled by a famous Warner Brothers or First National star. On the opposite page are three samples of new, hand-knit, star styles. Wouldn't you like to have one of them?

In the MOTION PICTURE-MOVIE CLASSIC Knitting Instruction Book—first such book ever to feature styles worn by movie stars—you will find the directions for knitting each of these three dresses. And twenty other garments. This book may be obtained at any store selling Fleisher, Bear Brand or Bucilla yarns.

You will *want* to knit one of the styles, whether you think you will enter the contest or not. But once you start knitting, you *will* want to enter.

You do not have to be a fast knitter or even an expert knitter to compete. If you take pride in knitting carefully and well, you stand a good chance of winning a free trip to Hollywood!

The prizes and rules are listed below.

THE PRIZES

The sponsors of this great nationwide knitting contest offer these fourteen valuable prizes: (1) One railroad trip, with all expenses paid, to Hollywood and return; (2) one airplane trip from New York to Hollywood, *or* Hollywood to New York, value $288; (3) Mendoza beaver coat, value $100; (4) Tavanne wrist watch, value $100; (5) one year's supply of shoes (A. C. Lawrence), value $75; (6) one hand-hooked rug (Fleisher), value $75; (7) one hand-made Afghan (Bernhard-Ulmann Co.), value $75; (8) and (9) one year's supply of Mojud Clari-phane silk stockings—each supply valued at $54; (10) one year's supply of Lentheric Perfume and Cosmetics, value $50.70; (11) evening ensemble of Coro Pearls (Cohn and Rosenberg), consisting of necklace and bracelet to match, value $50; (12) one year's supply of Maiden Form brassieres and girdles, value $50; (13) one Gruen wrist watch, value $50; (14) one year's supply of Corday perfume (Voyage à Paris), value $32.50.

THE RULES

1. To compete in this contest, you may knit any garment pictured on the opposite page or in the MOTION PICTURE-MOVIE CLASSIC Knitting Instruction Book.

2. This instruction book may be obtained in any department store selling Fleisher, Bear Brand or Bucilla yarns. The price of the book is 25c.

3. The contest opens February 1, 1936, and closes May 1, 1936.

4. The garment that you knit will be your entry in the contest—and it will be judged solely for quality of workmanship, by the nationally famous women named below.

5. The prizes will be as listed at left.

6. At any time between April 1 and May 1, 1936, wrap your entry carefully and mail it parcel post, insured, to Knitting Contest Editor, 20-22 Greene St., New York City, enclosing stamps for its return to you by parcel post, insured. Every dress will be returned. The sponsors of this contest will not be held liable in case of loss or damage to the garment submitted, but will take every reasonable precaution to return it safely.

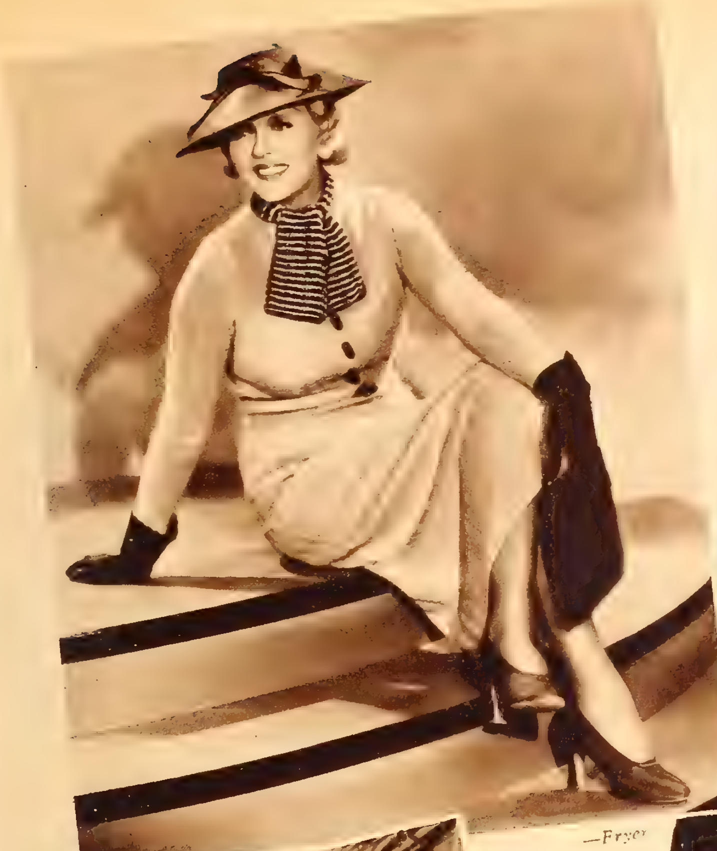
7. All entries must be accompanied by all the bands from Fleisher, Bear Brand or Bucilla yarns used in knitting your garment, or by facsimiles of the bands.

8. Before sending your garment as an entry in the contest, you must reserve space for it by mailing the application blank (or facsimile) on page 47. This does not obligate you to send a garment later. It merely reserves space for your garment, if you do send one.

9. In case of ties, duplicate prizes will be awarded.

10. Among the judges are: Mrs. James Roosevelt, the President's mother, Grand Duchess Marie, Tobé, fashion authority, Miss Winifred Ovitte, fashion authority, and Mrs. William W. Hoppin, society leader. Their decision will be final.

11. This contest is open to everyone except employees, or relatives of employees, of Motion Picture Publications, Inc., Fawcett Publications, Inc., Warner Brothers-First National Pictures, and the manufacturers of Fleisher, Bear Brand and Bucilla yarns.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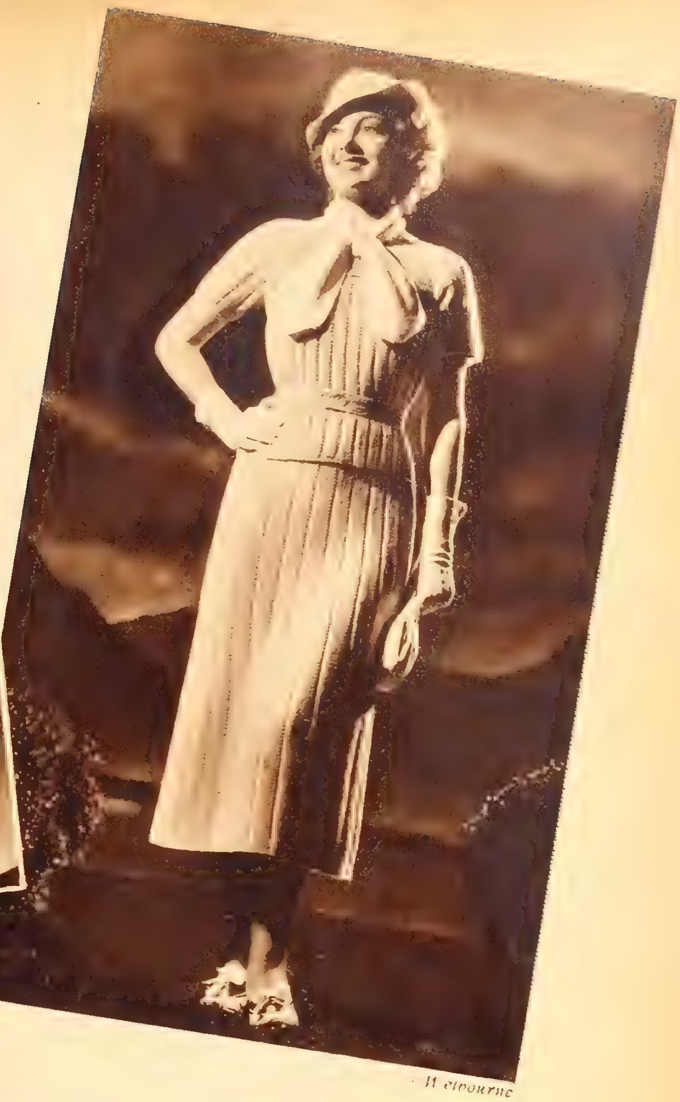
—Fryer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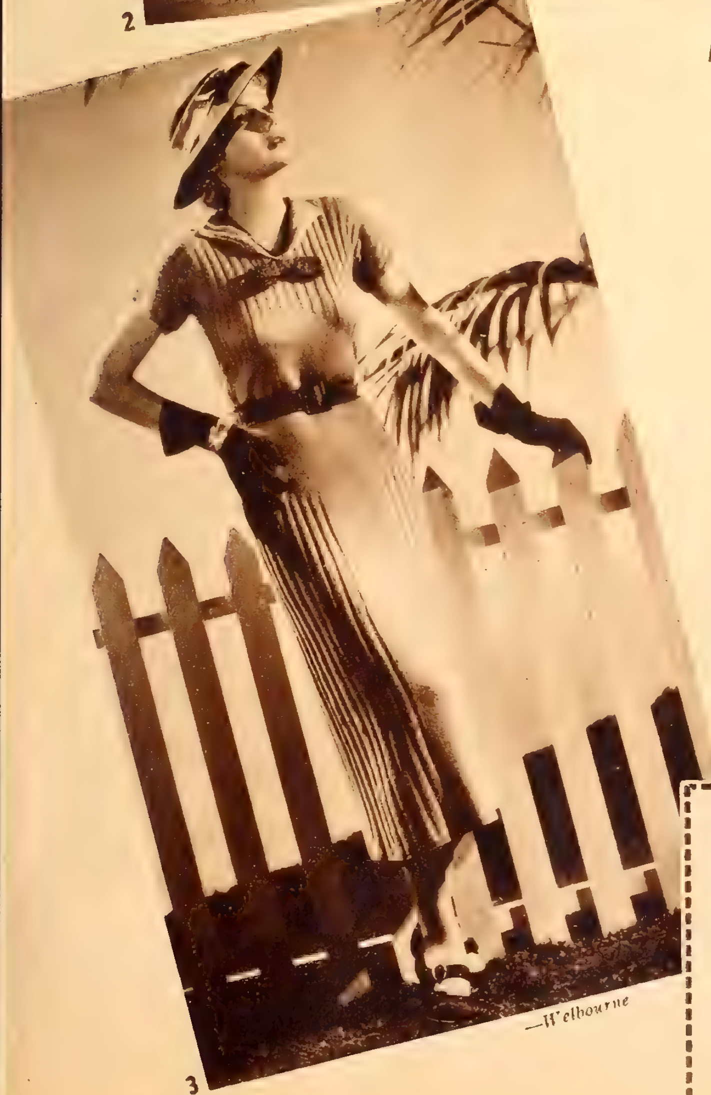
Welbourne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—Welbourne

1. You can be just as attractive as Olivia de Havilland, featured in "Anthony Adverse," if you have as charming a hand-knit ensemble as hers. Cleverly designed, it has trim, simple lines. The dress is knitted of Fleisher's Cassimere Sport Yarn; the smart scarf, of Fleisher's French Zephyr

2. Patricia Ellis, now playing in "Snowed Under," owns a hand-knit dress that you can copy exactly—and easily. It is two-piece, features the new "windbreaker" type of jacket blouse, and has a scarf in contrasting colors. It is made of Fleisher's Shetland Floss, on a circular needle

3. Marie Wilson, who is featured in "Men on Her Mind," also has style on her mind—as every smart young modern should have. And her one-piece hand-knit dress, with simulated pleats and panels, is the last word in 1936 knitwear fashion. It is made of Fleisher's Twinkle Crêpe

Application Blank

Knitting Contest Editor
20-22 Greene Street
New York City

I would like you to know that your knitting contest interests me and that I am likely to submit an entry. In case I do, I wish you would reserve space for my entry—putting me under no obligation in any way, whether I try for a trip to Hollywood or not.

Name ....

Street ....

City ....

Comfort, with Glamor

New Hollywood Hints for Leisure Loveliness

Truly feminine is this peach chiffon negligée worn by Marlene Dietrich in her new picture, "Desire." The bodice is shirred and chiffon falls softly from the shoulders

Astrid Allwyn, pretty starlet of "It Had to Happen," symbolizes feminine fondness for the drapery of satin. Her chic new lounging pajamas are of blue satin, with bolero jacket

Ruth Chatterton—who returns to films in "No More Yesterdays"—wears a dramatic luxurious hostess gown, its front fulness caught at the bodice by a large jeweled clasp

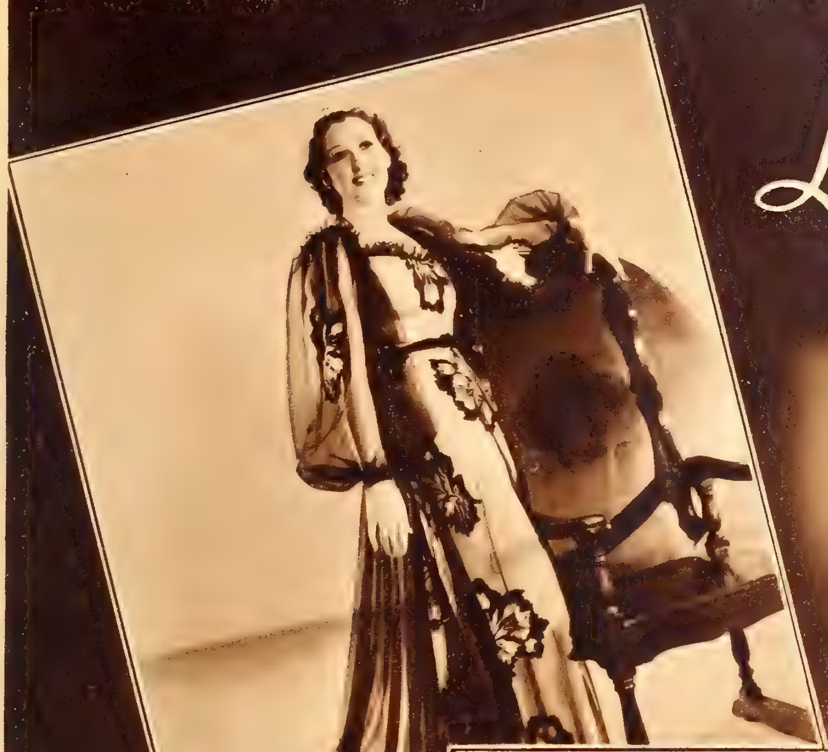
Claire Trevor, star of "My Marriage," lounges in entrancing hostess pajamas. Her matelassé striped trousers and white soufflé blouse are solidly banded with tiny beads

CREATED BY . . .

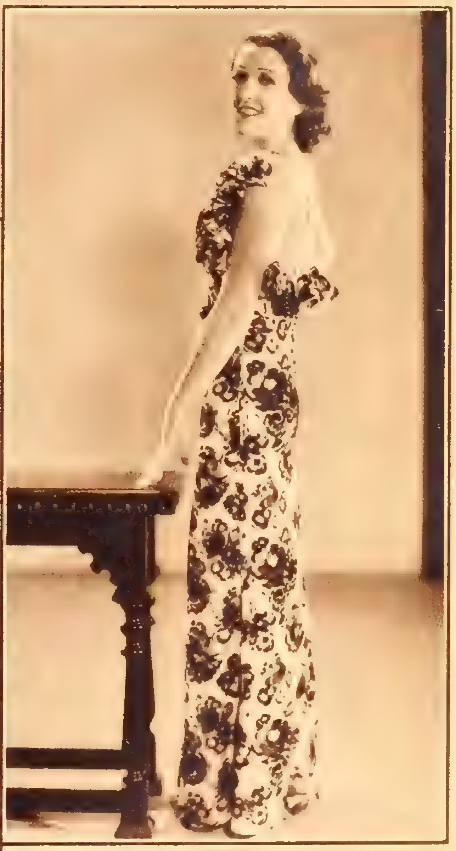
Lettie Lee

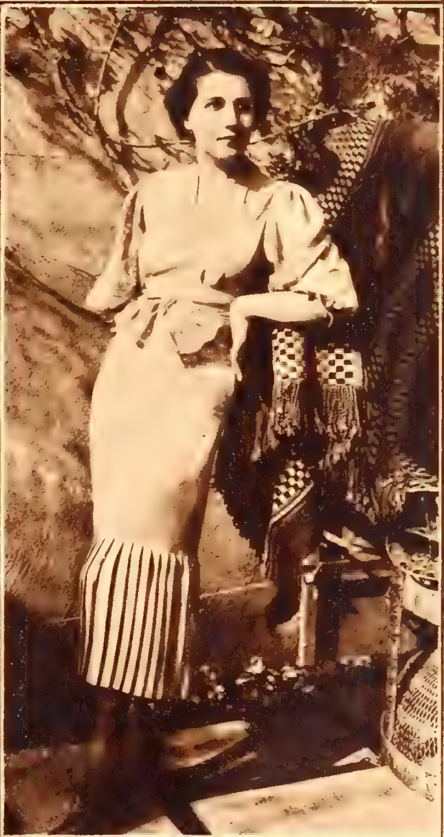
OF

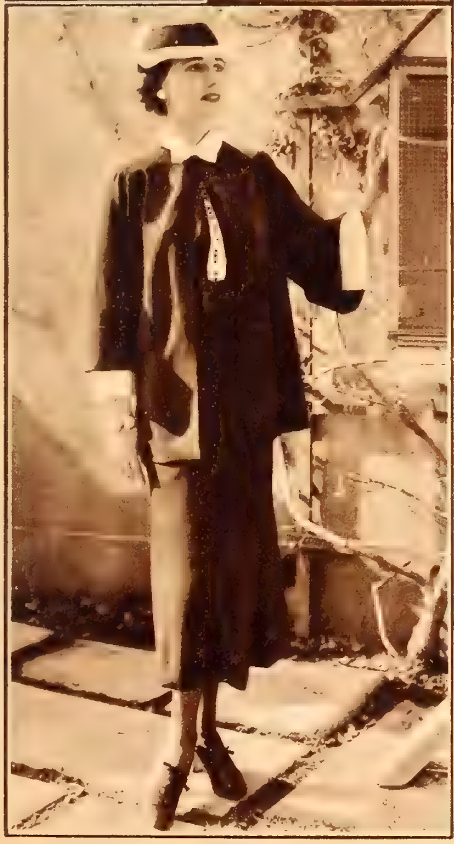
HOLLYWOOD



(Left) **LETTIE LEE**, the famous Hollywood couturiere, designs a Spring formal of black Marlexa over a hand blocked silk print of red and black on white by FRANK ASSOCIATES INC., NEW YORK. Note the very new applique touches on the sleeves. Glamorous! Worn by Anne Grey.







(Left) **LETTIE LEE** combines navy sheer crepe and white pique in a Spring ensemble whose flared hip length jacket features a double cuff and a bodice of white pique with tiny navy buttons. Worn by Mona Barrie.

(Above) **LETTIE LEE** creates the perfect Bridge frock of soft gray crepe with inserts of gray Chantilly lace. The skirt is slim with pleated hem line—the sleeves gracefully full. Worn by Mona Barrie.

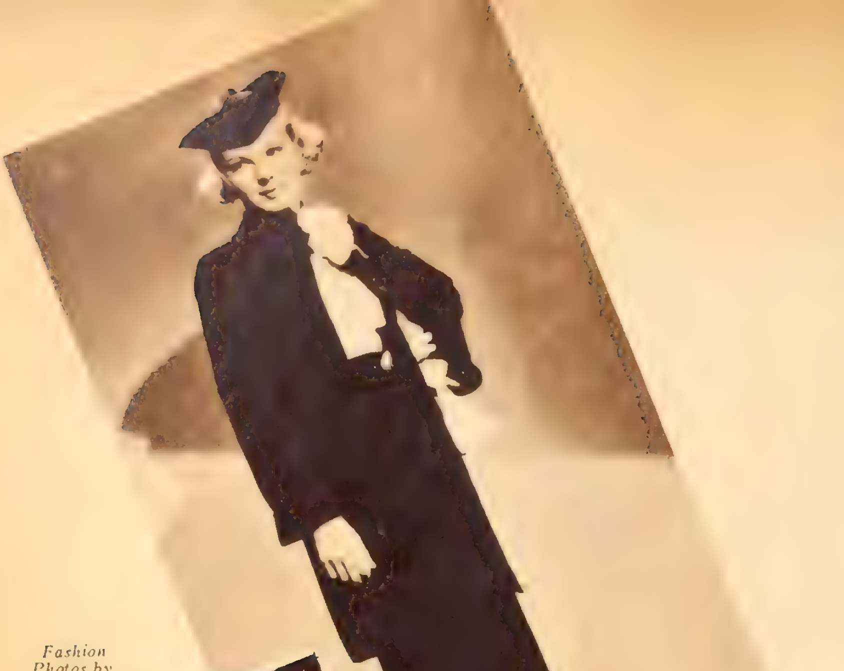
(Above) **LETTIE LEE** brings the brilliance of a thousand flowers in this gay dance frock of hand blocked silk print in orange, red and green on a white background, by Frank Associates Inc., New York. The ruffled front, bare back, save for four narrow straps, and slim waisted effect are most flattering. Worn by Anne Grey.

Only original **LETTIE LEE** creations bear this label. Look for it.

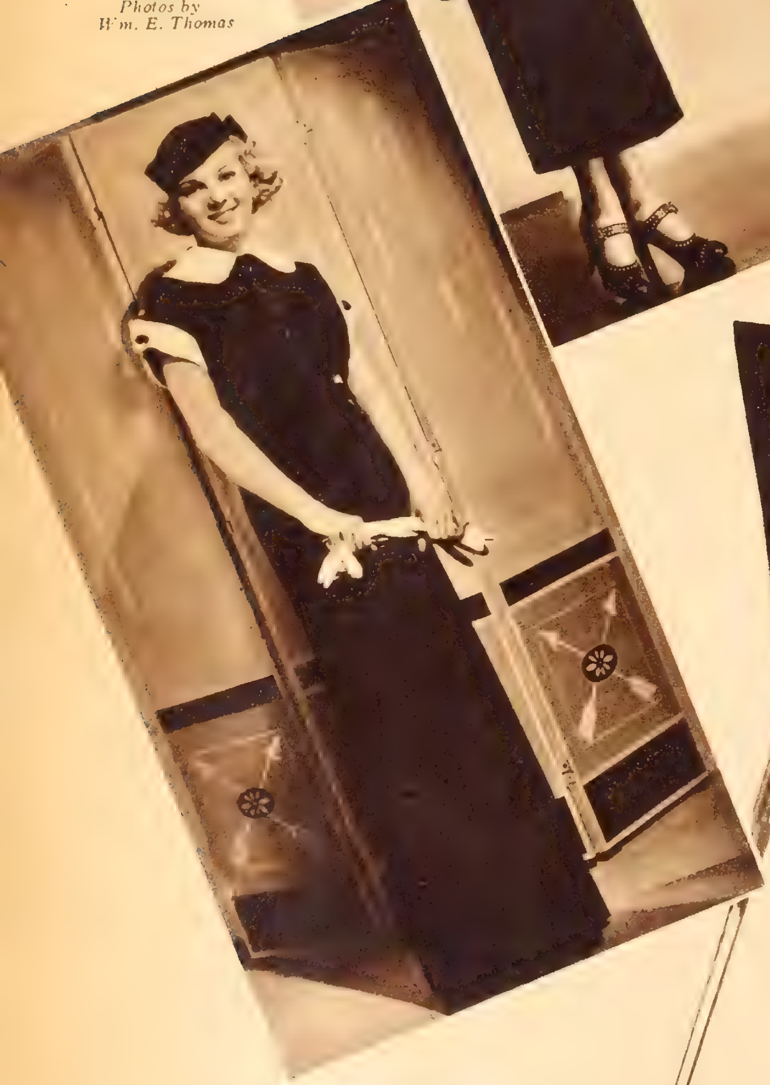
ORIGINAL By
Lettie Lee
HOLLYWOOD COUTURIERE

A list of stores in your city who feature **LETTIE LEE** gowns will be found on Page 59

Smart Simplicity



Fashion Photos by Wm. E. Thomas



Anya Taranda, who appears with Eddie Cantor in "Strike Me Pink," wears two attractive new models designed by Lettie Lee. The street ensemble is of blue sheer crêpe with white piqué vesteed frock and knee-length jacket. The cocktail dress is of navy blue sheer crêpe. It is buttoned high to the neck, belted trimly at the waistline, and smartly adorned with white piqué collar and cuffs. Both the suit and frock worn by Miss Taranda may be purchased in leading department stores in many leading cities. (On page 59, you will find list of stores carrying Lettie Lee Fashions.)

Lettie Lee at work

Lettie Lee, young, blonde and vivacious, is something new in success stories. Not only does she design clothes for Republic Pictures and individual Hollywood stars, but owns and directs a dress manufacturing concern, and is soon to appear in a weekly fashion newsreel. (Fashion-Ciné News.) You see two of her latest designs on this page. Note that they are glamorous in the movie manner, yet simple and practical—the sort of clothes that every American girl can wear effectively.

A Miracle Happened to RICHARD DIX

Richard Dix and The Right Girl
—the former Virginia Webster

He can say today that he has found the right girl at last —the girl he once said he would meet only by a miracle!

BY DOROTHY CALHOUN

DO YOU remember when Richard Dix was known as Hollywood's "perennial bachelor"? And why? . . . He once said to me: "What chance has an actor to meet a sweet, home-loving, practical sort of girl such as a man wants to marry? The only women I know are crazy about acting or else women who are crazy about actors. I'll never marry either type, and I'll never have a chance to know the kind of girl I want for a wife. The glamor that envelops an actor spoils his chance for simple human relationships. As Ernest Brimmer of Minneapolis, I might have met The Right Girl; as Richard Dix of Hollywood, I can't. I'm not a born bachelor, but unless a miracle happens, *I'll stay one till the end of my days.*"

Once a "perennial bachelor," Richard Dix still is a perennial screen hero. His newest picture, *Mother Lode*, finds him in the hills of Arizona, reliving the gold-rush days. It isn't another epic of the early West as *Cimarron* was, but it offers exciting entertainment.

In 1931, he thought that he had found The Right Girl, and threw his cynicism overboard. Her name was Winifred Coe; she was a San Francisco débutante; and in October of that year they were married. In June, 1933, they were divorced, after months of separation—and Hollywood suspected Richard Dix of being more the cynic than ever. But in June, 1934, the onetime "perennial bachelor" again eloped—again with a girl whose name was unfamiliar to Hollywood. The name was Virginia Webster. And not only are they still married, but Richard Dix says:

"Yes, a miracle did happen to me. I have found happiness for the first time in my life. If this marriage doesn't last, then nothing can last in heaven or on earth. . . . In 1933, after my divorce, I put all thoughts of another marriage away from me. I said to myself, 'Rich, you're going alone to the end of the chapter.' But now—the only shadow there is over my happiness is the thought that something might happen to Virginia or one of the children."

(He has a small daughter by his first wife, twin sons by his second.)

THERE is nothing of the pomaded movie sheik about this big, broad-shouldered Middle Westerner with a comfortable, average American background behind him. Yet women always have been mad about Richard Dix. Ripley is welcome to this information: Dix has probably received more sentimental fan letters than any romantic screen lover except Valentino. One lovelorn maiden who had never met him [*Continued on page* 74]

New

"MARVELOX"

Grip

found exclusively

in

HICKORY

Sanitary Belts

Adjusts in an instant—is permanently secure — you'll appreciate its marvelous convenience. This "Marvelox" grip, found only on Hickory Sanitary Belts, is tiny, lightweight, without bulk, unobtrusive.

The easy stretch Lastex webbing, too, is a revelation in comfort. Gently hugs the figure—won't bind or slip. Ask for "Marvelox" at your favorite notions counter. Lastex styles 50c. Other styles 25c.

If your dealer hasn't "Marvelox" send us his name with your remittance and we will supply you. Specify Small, Medium or Large size. Address 1143 West Congress Street, Chicago, Illinois

A. STEIN & COMPANY
CHICAGO · NEW YORK

Get *Your* FREE PORTRAIT of NORMA SHEARER *as Juliet*

Just Answer Ten Interesting Questions—and You May Win a Cash Prize, Too!

● On page 28 of this issue, you see the first full-length portrait of Norma Shearer as *Juliet*, in her newest, most ambitious and long-awaited picture, *Romeo and Juliet*. Now MOVIE CLASSIC—and MOVIE CLASSIC alone—offers you the chance to obtain, free, an exclusive close-up photograph of Norma as *Juliet* . . . an 8" by 10" photograph suitable for framing!

This offer is made possible by the cooperation of Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer Studios. You cannot *buy* this photograph from Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer, from MOVIE CLASSIC, or from any other source. But you may obtain it free simply by entering this third MOVIE CLASSIC Questionnaire Contest. . . . And you may win a cash prize, in addition, with your answer to Question 10! The cash prizes are: (1) $25.00; (2) $10.00; (3) $5.00. And each of the ten next-best titles will win one dollar apiece. What's *your* idea for a title?

We want to know what you like about MOVIE CLASSIC—and we take this way of finding out. An interesting way for both of us!

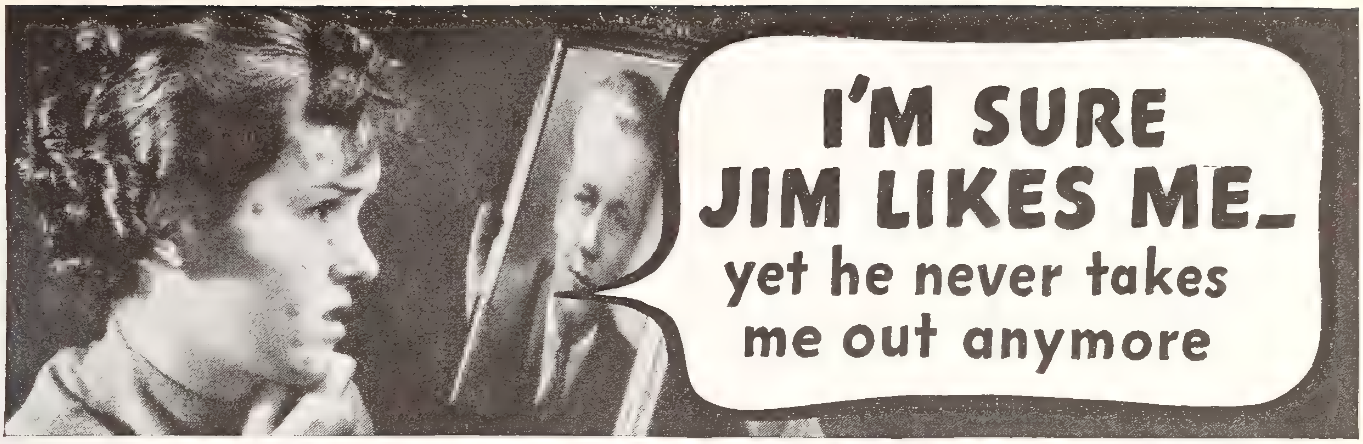
These are the simple rules: (1) Your entry must be addressed to Contest Editor, MOVIE CLASSIC, 1501 Broadway, New York City—submitted on coupon below, or facsimile—and accompanied by a three-cent stamp, to defray mailing costs and clerical expenses in sending the Norma Shearer photograph. The photograph, itself, costs you nothing. (2) Entries must be in our office not later than February 20, 1936. (3) All entries, to be eligible, must have answers to all ten questions. (4) The decision of the judges—the editors of MOVIE CLASSIC—will be final. (5) In case of ties, duplicate prizes will be awarded. (6) This contest is open to everyone except employees, or relatives of employees, of Motion Picture Publications, Inc. and Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer Studios and affiliates.

Winners will be announced in May MOVIE CLASSIC.

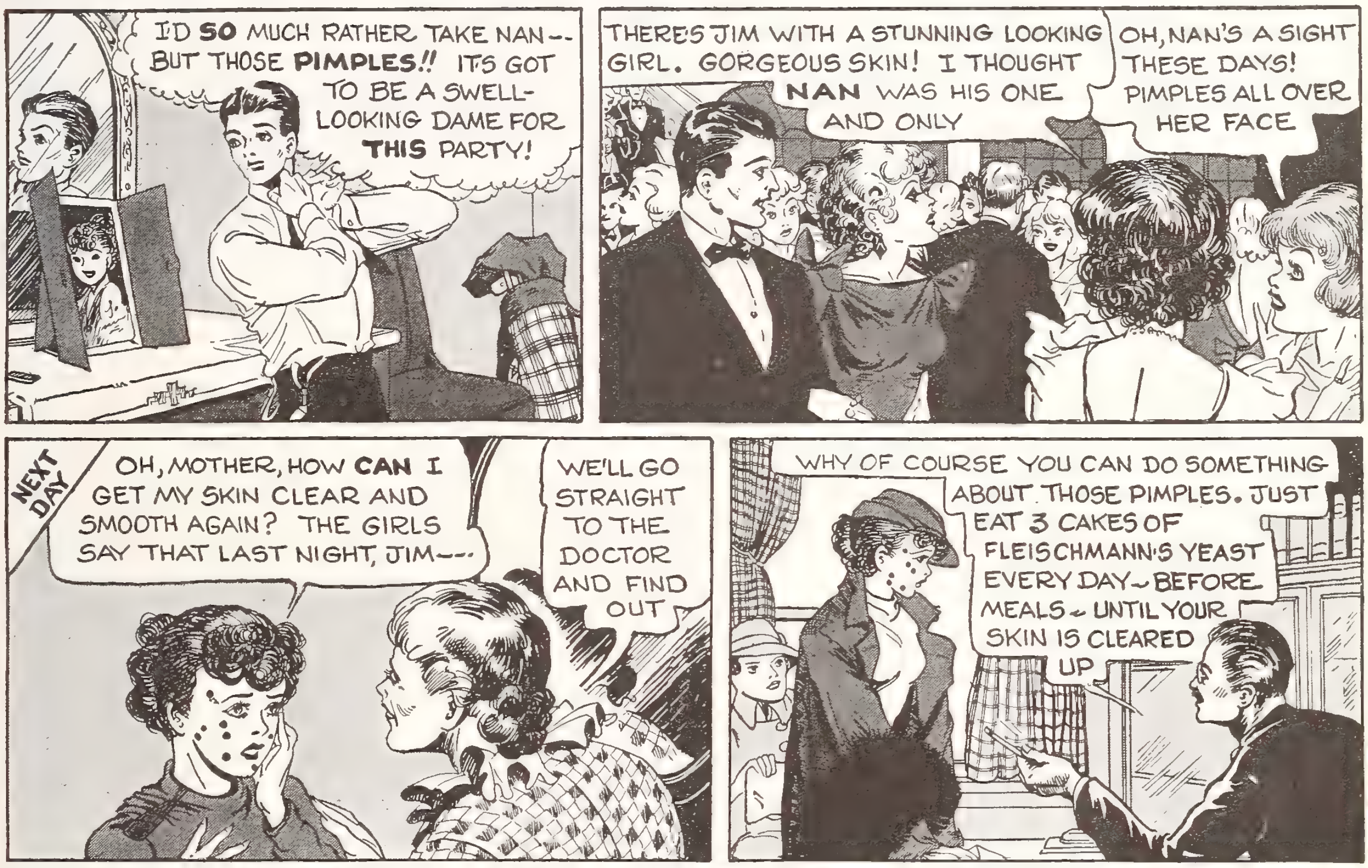
1. What is your name?……………………
2. Your full address?……………………
3. In what picture have you liked Norma Shearer most?……………………
4. What led you to buy this issue of MOVIE CLASSIC?……………………
5. Did the cover portrait influence your purchase?……………………
6. What three features do you like best in this issue?……………………
7. What three photographs?……………………
8. Who are your five favorite feminine players?……………………
9. Your five favorite masculine players?……………………
10. What title would you suggest for an exclusive MOVIE CLASSIC story about one of them?……………………

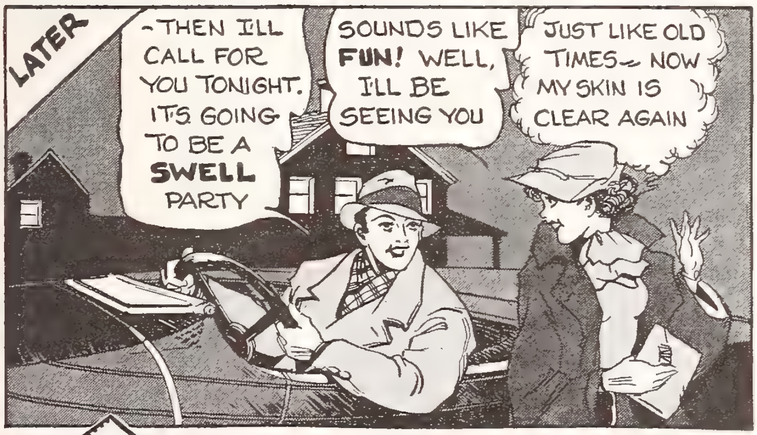
Clip and Mail to

Contest Editor • MOVIE CLASSIC • 1501 Broadway • New York City


I'M SURE JIM LIKES ME – yet he never takes me out anymore

BOYS CAN'T BE PROUD OF A GIRL WITH PIMPLY SKIN—


I'D SO MUCH RATHER TAKE NAN-- BUT THOSE PIMPLES!! IT'S GOT TO BE A SWELL-LOOKING DAME FOR THIS PARTY!
THERE'S JIM WITH A STUNNING LOOKING GIRL. GORGEOUS SKIN! I THOUGHT NAN WAS HIS ONE AND ONLY
OH, NAN'S A SIGHT THESE DAYS! PIMPLES ALL OVER HER FACE
NEXT DAY
OH, MOTHER, HOW CAN I GET MY SKIN CLEAR AND SMOOTH AGAIN? THE GIRLS SAY THAT LAST NIGHT, JIM---
WE'LL GO STRAIGHT TO THE DOCTOR AND FIND OUT
WHY OF COURSE YOU CAN DO SOMETHING ABOUT THOSE PIMPLES. JUST EAT 3 CAKES OF FLEISCHMANN'S YEAST EVERY DAY – BEFORE MEALS – UNTIL YOUR SKIN IS CLEARED UP


LATER
-THEN I'LL CALL FOR YOU TONIGHT. IT'S GOING TO BE A SWELL PARTY
SOUNDS LIKE FUN! WELL, I'LL BE SEEING YOU
JUST LIKE OLD TIMES – NOW MY SKIN IS CLEAR AGAIN

Don't let Adolescent Pimples keep YOUR boy friend away

PIMPLES are all too common in the years that follow the beginning of adolescence—from about 13 to the age of 25, or even longer. Important glands develop and final growth takes place during this time. This causes disturbances throughout the body. The skin becomes oversensitive. Waste poisons in the blood irritate this sensitive skin, causing pimples.

Clear up these adolescent pimples—with Fleischmann's Yeast. This fresh yeast clears the skin irritants out of your blood. Pimples go. Your skin is fresh and smooth again . . .

Eat Fleischmann's Yeast 3 times a day, before meals—plain, or in a little water—until your skin clears. Start today!

Supplies Vitamins B·D·G FLEISCHMANN'S YEAST
Eat 3 cakes daily

—clears the skin

by clearing skin irritants out of the blood

Copyright, 1936, Standard Brands Incorporated

CONSPICUOUS NOSE SHINE!

CLOGGED PORES! FLOURY STREAKS! Millions of women combat all 3 with Luxor Moisture-Proof Powder

● Ugly nose shine! Dirty yawning pores! Floury streaks! Don't tolerate them. Combat "conspicuous nose" trouble once and for all. Change to Luxor, the face powder that 6,000,000 women use to combat skin-moisture.

Because every face gives off skin moisture. That's a natural function of the skin, especially around the nose where glands are highly active and where skin moisture waits in each pore opening to mix with face powder. To cause shine, to clog pores, to make floury blotches—to make your nose conspicuous.

So change at once to Luxor. It's so moisture-proof that it won't even mix with water in a glass. Try it and see for yourself. Then try it on your face. Notice the fine moisture-proof protection it gives the skin—effective, attractive, lasting.

Luxor's many smart new shades are flattering with a natural effect. They are carefully blended to enhance skin tones. Luxor powder bears the Seal of Good Housekeeping because it is so pure and does everything we say.

Insist on Luxor by name and get

FREE! 2 drams of French perfume

A generous flacon of La Richesse, a smart new intriguing fragrance. An enchanting gift to win new friends for Luxor. Powder and perfume together for 55c, the price of Luxor powder alone. Insist on Luxor.

55c Luxor

Coupon brings 4-piece make-up kit!

Try Amazing New Luxor Hand Cream

This marvelous new skin softener keeps hands soft, white, smooth. It is guaranteed non-sticky and dries instantly. At all cosmetic counters.

LUXOR, LTD., 1335 W. 31st Street
Chicago, Illinois H-3

Please send me your 4-piece make-up kit including generous amount of Luxor Moisture-Proof Powder, Luxor Rouge, Luxor Special Formula Cream and Luxor Hand Cream. Here is 10c to help cover mailing. (Offer not good in Canada). Check,

POWDER: Rose Rachel ☐ Rachel ☐ Flesh ☐
ROUGE: Radiant ☐ Medium ☐ Sunglow ☐ Pastel ☐ Vivid ☐ Roseblush ☐

Name ....
Address......................................
City ....

HELEN VINSON'S Beauty Secrets

They are the secrets of an outdoor girl!

By *Alison Alden*

HELEN VINSON, star of G-B's *King of the Damned,* uses cosmetics—and uses them beautifully—despite the fact that she is the only actress yet found who does not *need* make-up when being photographed in color. Her beauty secrets should be worth knowing!

"Simplicity is the keynote to good taste," Helen told me, when I asked her about those secrets. "The more natural the make-up—the more beautiful the girl."

Helen, whose skin is amazingly fair, was wearing a delicate peach-color powder, plus a suspicion of rose-petal rouge, the day I interviewed her.

"My weakness is iridescent eyeshadow," she told me. "I use blue-green with silver flecks, or rose lavender with bronze flecks, depending on the color of my frock."

She likes the brightness this gives her dark-brown eyes. Dark carnation-red lipstick is her final salute to color when she is dressing for the cocktail hour or a dinner dance.

Helen's beautiful complexion showed no signs of exposure to the cold weather. She explained, with a smile, "Since the first of the winter, I've been using extra-rich creams and lotions generously. Girls need no longer fret about chapped skin as their grandmothers did—or be afraid that cold winds will play havoc with their complexions. Extra dabs of cream before going out, and generous applications before going to bed, will keep the skin smooth, soft and transparent."

To have a clear complexion, Helen also advises the use of soap and water and a good complexion brush, followed by a deep-pore cleansing cream. Night and morning, she uses a rich tissue cream. In the morning, this is used as her powder base—to give her skin added protection.

Her hands are as smooth and lovely as her face. "With the large number of perfect hand lotions that are available today, there isn't any excuse for hands that are red and chapped," she continued. "I use my hand lotion immediately after washing my hands. And I never venture outdoors on cold, windy days without gloves."

Helen's beautiful golden-blonde hair, parted on one side, falls in soft, natural waves about her face.

"The hair *should* be kept loose," she told me, "to give the scalp a chance to breathe. I brush my hair twice a day—and frequently massage my scalp with my fingertips. When I shampoo my hair, I use a small brush—and scrub vigorously to stimulate circulation."

One of the most attractive things about Helen is her healthful buoyancy. And the secret of such buoyancy is proper diet, exercise and relaxation. She is fond of horse-back-riding, and indulges in several other active outdoor sports, including tennis, golf and swimming.

Like most athletic types, Helen has a flair for tailored clothes and capitalizes on it. Her color choice is black and white—and brown and white—for daytime wear. For evening, she favors black or white—but often you will find her looking glamorously "mysterious" in the new warm shades of red.

Helen, you'll remember, recently married one of the most popular men alive—Fred Perry, the handsome English tennis champion. And many of the girls who had to "take a back seat" wondered how she did it! Well, perhaps we would all do well to listen to a few of Helen's beauty hints—and learn to be as charming and lovely as she is.

She says that girls in business should give an impression of efficiency and self-reliance. Her advice is: "See that your hair looks not only trim but lustrous and healthy. See that your make-up looks natural—not gaudy or artificial. Then forget your hair and face and attend to your work. Be as good-looking and as alert and keen at your position as you can. But, remember that chorus girl make-up is not alluring in an office or anywhere else except the stage. And a girl who wears conspicuous clothes is not smartly dressed!"

HELEN believes that if a girl can answer ten beauty questions, she is up on her beauty secrets. These are the questions:

1. Do you give your complexion the proper care during the cold winter weather?
2. Do you know *when* to use creams and lotions—and what kinds to use?
3. Do you know the correct method for massaging creams into your skin?
4. Do you give your hands and nails special attention?
5. Do you know the distinction between daytime and evening make-up?
6. Do you know how to make up your most important feature—your eyes?
7. Do you know *how* and *where* to apply your rouge and lipstick?
8. Do you give your hair the attention it should receive?
9. Do you keep your teeth sparkling white?
10. Do you get your share of exercise in the open air?

BEAUTY AIDS

THAT look of cleanness and freshness that we all like—and all strive for—is something, fortunately, that we all can achieve. There are dozens of little things that help to make a face attractive. (Four are pictured on page 58.)

One of them is having a clean, clear skin. *Lux Toilet Soap* is one of the most popular cleansing agents on the market today—and a favorite of movie stars. It is gentle and effective. Its fragrant, rich creamy lather, massaged into your pores, will keep your skin fresh and lovely. Ten cents a cake.

Even with the best daily care, your face at times persists in looking tired and dull. Often this happens just when you want to be most radiant. Then is the time to use *Campana Dreskin,* the original skin invigorator. *Dreskin* is also recommended as a pore-reducer—and a body freshener after the bath. Fifty cents for a large bottle.

Chamberlain's Hand Lotion is a clear, quick-drying liquid that soothes, freshens and revives dry, rough hands. I recommend that you use it faithfully before going outdoors and when you return—also after housework, or whenever your hands have been in water. A little is sufficient. It penetrates almost instantly—and does not leave your hands sticky. (The price is fifty cents for a generous supply.)

The beauty of *Pond's Cold Cream* lies in its protection against wind and roughness. It cleanses, softens and lubricates. I suggest that you use it to guard against dryness and creeping, insidious wrinkles. Use it to keep your skin satiny so that your make-up will stay on longer. (Only sixty cents for a 5¾ oz jar.)

Washing your own hair will be a far simpler and less sodden matter if you use *Drene,* the new shampoo recently introduced by Procter and Gamble. After you use this shampoo, your hair will glow with cleanliness, and your wave will be soft and natural. A large bottle is sixty cents.

To simplify home care of the hands, Barbara Bates has introduced the *Basic Manicure*—the answer to women's pleas that something be done about their brittle, splitting and peeling nails. A most attractive and compact Barbara Bates Set in magenta and silver is now available at $2.75. It contains a crystalite manicure stick, smoothie, zephyr nail file, professional manicure buffer, nail polish cream and cuticle cream.

HEART-BROKEN
. . . until she took her dentist's advice
I WAS A FOOL TO CALL HIM! HE'S SO COLD AND DISTANT THESE DAYS.
NO USE STRINGING HER ALONG. SHE'S A SWELL GIRL...BUT HER BREATH!
THEN SHE OVERHEARD TWO STRANGERS...
SO BAD BREATH COMES FROM THE TEETH, DOC?
RIGHT! WE DENTISTS KNOW THAT IMPROPERLY CLEANED TEETH ARE BY FAR THE COMMONEST CAUSE!
I WONDER NOW! I'LL SEE MY DENTIST!
IT'S TRUE! AND I ADVISE COLGATE DENTAL CREAM. ITS SPECIAL PENETRATING FOAM REMOVES THE CAUSE OF MOST BAD BREATH ...MAKES TEETH WHITER, TOO!
OH, THANK YOU SO MUCH...
LATER
BABS, LET'S GO OUTSIDE. ...I WANT TO ASK YOU SOMETHING.
I'D LOVE TO... WITH YOU...!
THANK HEAVENS FOR COLGATE'S!
AND NOTHING EVER MADE MY TEETH SO CLEAN AND BRIGHT, EITHER!

Most Bad Breath Begins with the Teeth!

MAKE *sure* you don't have bad breath! Use Colgate Dental Cream. Its special penetrating foam removes *all* the decaying food deposits lodged between the teeth, along the gums and around the tongue—which dentists agree are the source of most bad breath. At the same time, a unique, grit-free ingredient polishes the enamel—makes teeth sparkle.

Try Colgate Dental Cream—today! Brush your teeth . . . your gums . . . your tongue . . . with Colgate's. If you are not entirely satisfied after using one tube, send the empty tube to COLGATE, Jersey City, N. J. We will gladly refund TWICE what you paid.

Now—NO BAD BREATH behind her SPARKLING SMILE!
20¢ LARGE SIZE
Giant Size, over twice as much, 35¢
COLGATE RIBBON DENTAL CREAM
Good Housekeeping Bureau

"I know now why HOLD-BOBS *are accepted by Hollywood. The movie camera "picks up" those straggly ends that mar an otherwise perfect picture," says charming Ruth Martin Chrastka of Chicago.*

Miss Chrastka was given a screen test recently, in the nation-wide Search for Talent sponsored by Universal Pictures, HOLD-BOB *Bob Pins, Motion Picture and Screen Play.*

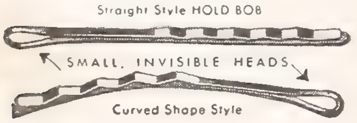
An attractive, well-groomed hairdress is just as important to a movie star as her make-up or clothes. That is why HOLD-BOBS have been chosen by Hollywood as the only bob pin that will keep their hairdress lovely at all times.

You, too, can have the lovely, well-groomed coiffure of the movie stars by using HOLD-BOBS—the only bob pin with these exclusive, patented features: small, round, invisible heads that cannot show in the hair, smooth, round points that cannot scratch the scalp, flexible tapered legs, one side crimped, which hold the hair securely in place. And—only HOLD-BOBS come in all colors to match every shade of hair.

Look for the name HOLD-BOBS. It is your assurance that your coiffure will be lovely always. Try HOLD-BOBS today.

Final winners of the Search for Talent will be announced shortly.

THE HUMP HAIRPIN MFG. CO.
Sol H. Goldberg, Pres.
1918-36 Prairie Avenue, Dept. F-36
Chicago, Illinois

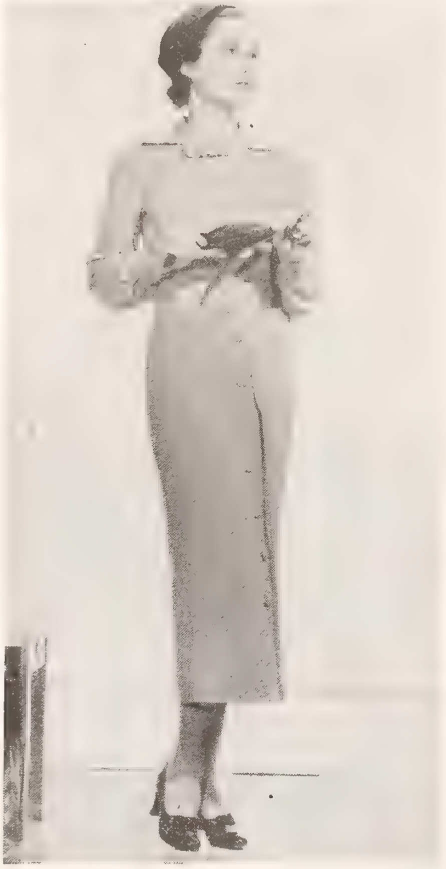


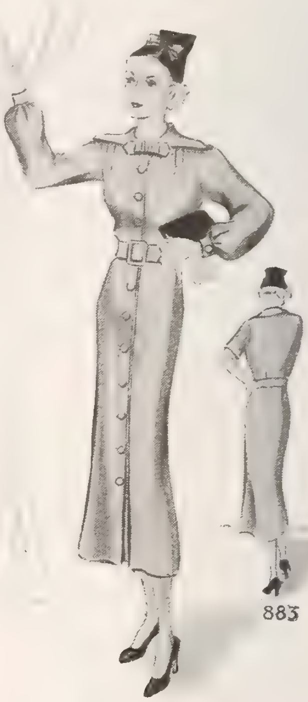
HOLD-BOBS are available everywhere . . . they're easily identified by the Gold and Silver Metal Foil Cards. Also sold under the brand name of BOB-ETTES.

Copyright 1936, by The Hump Hairpin Mfg. Company

Fashions for
—*With the Accent on YOU*

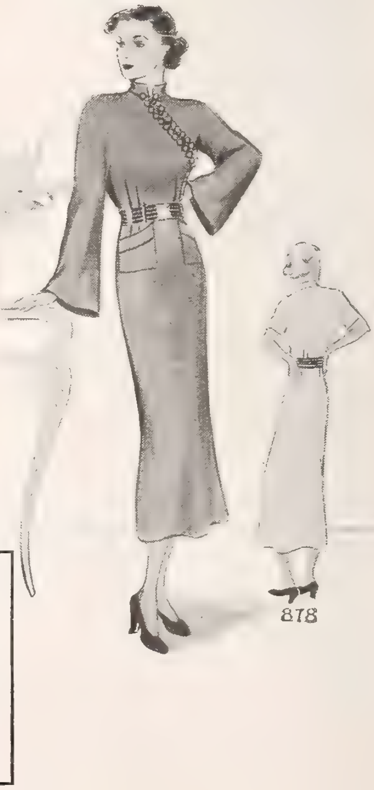
Modeled by Gail Patrick and Florence Rice





883

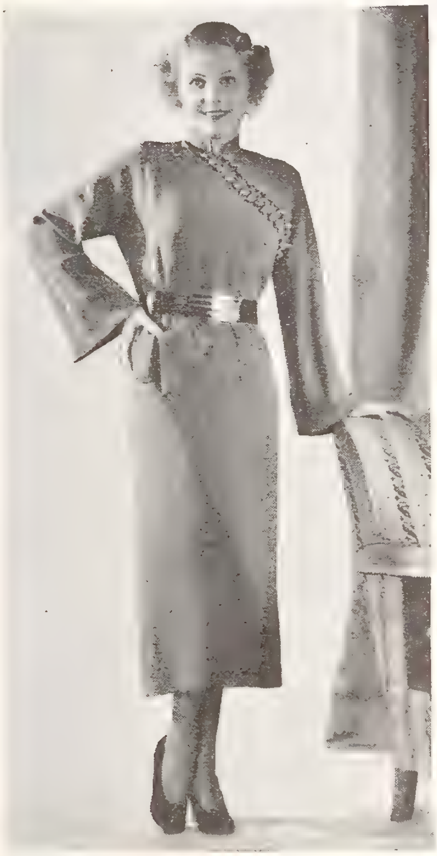
883. Gail Patrick, young Paramount player, has a "prelude to Spring" in her wardrobe in this clever shirtmaker frock, with smart tailored lines and interesting details. Gail's dress is of gold sheer wool, but would be equally smart in plain or printed crepe. And, later, the same pattern might be used for summer fabrics, with short sleeves. Designed for sizes 14, 16 and 18 years; 36, 38 and 40-inch bust. Pattern, 25c.



878

SCREEN STAR PATTERNS are expertly styled in every detail—are easy to use (with complete, clear instructions)—and are accurately cut, insuring perfect lines. They are obtainable at any store selling "Screen Star Patterns." Or you may order from us directly by using coupon on the opposite page.

Youth



878. Florence Rice, young Columbia player who appears in "Escape from Devil's Island," models this stunning, simple-to-sew frock of blue silk crêpe, with a stand-up collar and a double row of metallic buttons giving it the military dash that is so popular. This dress would be equally charming in crêpe silk print—a necessity for Spring. Designed for sizes 14, 16 and 18 years; 36, 38 and 40-inch bust. Pattern, 25c.

MOVIE CLASSIC'S Pattern Service,
Fawcett Bldg., Greenwich, Conn.

For the enclosed........................cents, please send me Florence Rice Pattern No. 878—Gail Patrick Pattern No. 883 (circle style desired).

Size.................................. Bust..

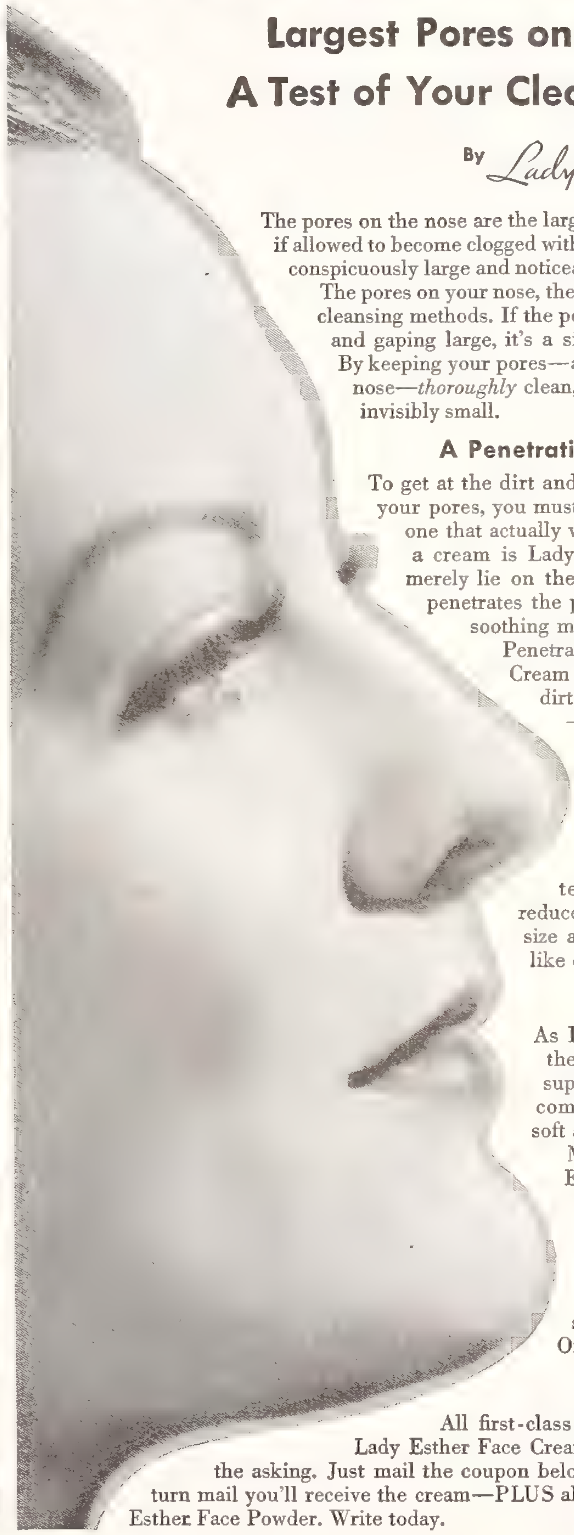
Name..

Street...

City ....

Patterns, 25c each

Canadian readers may order by mailing coupon to MOVIE CLASSIC'S Pattern Service, 133 Jarvis St., Toronto, Canada.



NOSE PORES

Largest Pores on Your Body— A Test of Your Cleansing Methods!

By *Lady Esther*

The pores on the nose are the largest on your body. For this reason, if allowed to become clogged with waxy excretions, they will become conspicuously large and noticeable.

The pores on your nose, therefore, are a good test of your skin-cleansing methods. If the pores are plugged with waste matter and gaping large, it's a sign your methods are insufficient. By keeping your pores—and this includes the pores of your nose—*thoroughly* clean, you can keep them normal in size, invisibly small.

A Penetrating Cream Required

To get at the dirt and waxy matter that accumulates in your pores, you must use a face cream that penetrates, one that actually works its way into the pores. Such a cream is Lady Esther Face Cream. It does not merely lie on the surface of your skin. It actually penetrates the pores, and does it in a gentle and soothing manner.

Penetrating the pores, Lady Esther Face Cream goes to work on the imbedded dirt and waste matter. It dissolves it—breaks it up—and makes it easily removable. In a fraction of the usual time, your skin is thoroughly clean.

Cleansed perfectly, your pores can again function freely—open and close as Nature intended. Automatically then, they reduce themselves to their normal small size and you no longer have anything like conspicuous pores.

Lubrication, Also

As Lady Esther Face Cream cleanses the skin, it *also* lubricates it. It resupplies it with a fine oil that overcomes dryness and keeps the skin soft and smooth.

Make a test on your face of Lady Esther Face Cream. See for yourself how thoroughly it cleans out the pores. Mark how quickly your pores come down in size when relieved of their choking burden. Note the new life and smoothness your skin takes on. One test will tell you volumes.

See For Yourself!

All first-class drug and department stores sell Lady Esther Face Cream, but a 7-days' supply is free for the asking. Just mail the coupon below or a penny postcard and by return mail you'll receive the cream—PLUS all five shades of my exquisite Lady Esther Face Powder. Write today.

(You can paste this on a penny postcard) (21) **FREE**

Lady Esther, 2030 Ridge Avenue, Evanston, Illinois.

Please send me by return mail your 7-days' supply of Lady Esther Four-Purpose Face Cream; also all five shades of your Face Powder.

*Name*______________________________

*Address*____________________________

*City*__________________*State*__________

(If you live in Canada, write Lady Esther, Ltd., Toronto, Ont.)

Eye make-up
DONE IN GOOD TASTE

MAYBELLINE eye beauty aids have been the choice of fastidious women the world over for more than 18 years. From chic Paris to smart Newport, these pure and harmless cosmetics may be found on the dressing tables of the most exquisitely groomed women. The name MAYBELLINE is synonymous with highest quality and absolute purity. To insist on MAYBELLINE is to be definitely assured of eye beauty at its best. All MAYBELLINE eye beauty aids are obtainable at leading ten cent stores.

Maybelline

Maybelline Mascara is prepared in Black Brown Blue

Tested and Approved
Good Housekeeping Bureau

All Maybelline preparations have this approval.

Maybelline

MASCARA . . EYE SHADOW . . EYEBROW PENCIL
EYELASH TONIC CREAM . . EYEBROW BRUSH

POND'S
Chamberlain's
Dreskin

Are you worried about winter skin? Discover these beauty aids—(1) Pond's Cold Cream, (2) Chamberlain's Lotion, (3) Dreskin, (4) Lux Toilet Soap. Alison Alden describes them on page 55

Let's Talk about STARS!

[*Continued from page* 11]

recent trip East that they left their new bags, containing most of their clothes, on the train platform in Los Angeles, and friends had to air-express them to the Flynns en route . . .

Mae West is entirely within her rights and privileges if she chooses to change her mind. Her second picture was called I'm No Angel *and was really a subtle challenge to the censors. Her current picture* Klondike Annie *reveals Mae as an "angel." In any event, she tries to be one, for one sequence shows Mae in an evangelist's uniform, pleading to a group of miners outside a saloon in the Yukon to mend their ways and cleanse their souls of sin. You'll like it!*

● Last year, the racing season at the famous Santa Anita track caught the film colony off-guard with the socialite horse-owners from New York, Palm Beach, Newport and way stations shunting the film folks to the background. But not this season. The film folks have moved right in, trotted out some gorgeous fashions, thrown some swell parties, entertained lavishly and crowned it all with one of their famous Mayfair dances, staged right in the beautiful clubhouse at the Santa Anita track—and the film players and the socialites have become well acquainted.

The film star who has the largest racing stable is Bing Crosby. Bing's racing colors are blue and gold—suggested, of course, by one of his greatest song successes, "When the Blue of the Night Meets the Gold of the Day." And Bing has a sense of humor about his hobby, for he calls one of his horses "Double Trouble"—a name, he says, suggested by his twin boys.

● One good and sufficient reason why you don't see Charles Farrell in more pictures is because he is only mildly interested in screen offers. Charlie, with that inherited Cape Cod thrift, is making plenty with his several business enterprises. This winter, they include his famous Racquet and Tennis Club at Palm Springs, filmland's desert playground; his unique cocktail bar at the same resort; his profitable business of breeding and selling polo ponies and, of course, the profits from several wisely selected investments.

So far this season, the swankiest Fashion Show at Palm Springs, and for charity, has been that presented by Bebe Daniels. Every gown in the fashion parade was a product of Bebe's own gown shop, which occupies four floors of space for workrooms in downtown Los Angeles.

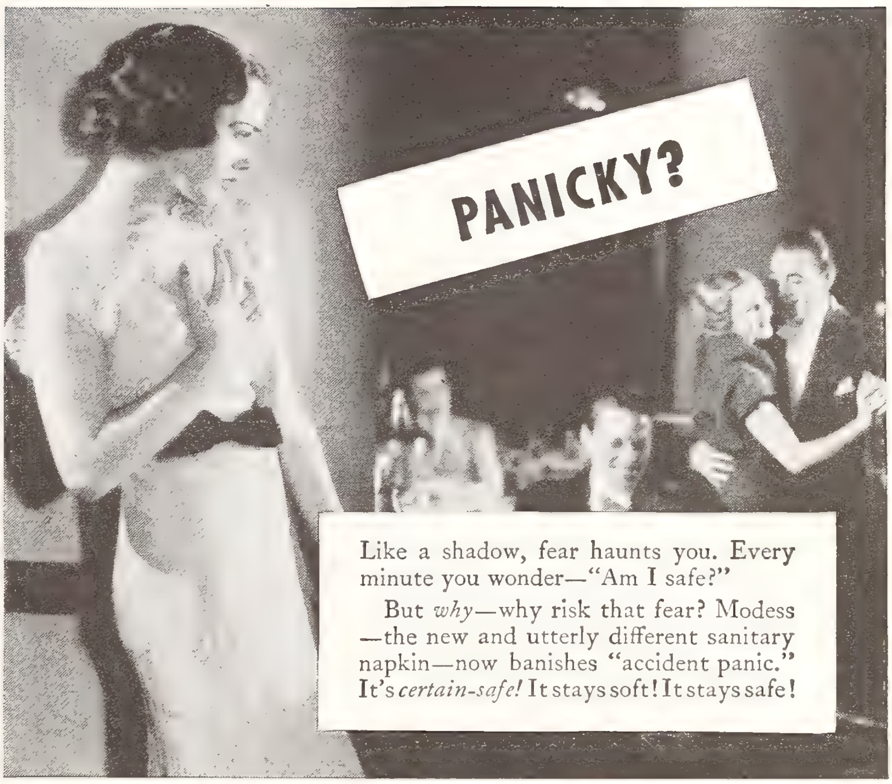
● Confusion is rampant in Hollywood. One story has it that George Brent has purchased additional acreage at his country estate and is to build a more pretentious home "when he takes Garbo to the altar." Conversely, a realtor who has selected many homes for picture stars, has been trying to find a place that would make a suitable home for Garbo. Garbo has commissioned him to buy such a home, whereas previously she leased. What do you make of that, Watson?

Exotic, plus! That's what the actress for the rôle of *Neleta* in Warner Brothers' picture, *Anthony Adverse*, had to be. Steffi Duna is!

Good Stores to Know!

● On page 50, we told you about clever Lettie Lee, who has been so successful in designing for Hollywood that now her creations may be obtained throughout the United States. Lettie Lee Fashions are on sale in these cities, and in these leading stores—one of which must be near *you:*

Atlanta, Ga., Leon Frohsin
Abilene, Tex., Ernest Grissom, Inc.
Asheville, N. C., Jean West Ladies' Shop
Austin, Tex., Marie Antoinette Shop
Amarillo, Texas, Marison Co.
Baltimore, Md., Jeanette Beck
Birmingham, Ala., Burger Phillips Co.
Billings, Mont., Doyle's
Baton Rouge, La., Ellzey Shop
Beaumont, Texas, The Fashion
Boston, Mass., Jordan Marsh Co.
Cleveland, Ohio, The Halle Bros. Co.
Cincinnati, Ohio, Jenny, Inc.
Chicago, Ill., Mandel Bros.
Chattanooga, Tenn., Pickett's, Inc.
Charleston, W. Va., The Vogue
Denver, Colo., Denver Dry Goods Co.
Daytona Beach, Fla., Irwin's
Dallas, Tex., Titche Goettinger
Des Moines, Ia., Wolf's, Inc.
Detroit, Mich., Tuttle & Clark
Enid, Okla., Klein's, Inc.
El Paso, Tex., Popular Dry Goods Co.
Fort Worth, Tex., The Fair
Fort Wayne, Ind., Wolf & Dessauer
Grand Rapids, Mich., Horpolsheimer's
Galveston, Tex., McBride's Dept. Store
Greenville, Miss., Nelm's and Blum Co.
Gladewater, Tex., Rose Shop
Great Falls, Mont., Stiles Style Shop
Houston, Tex., The Fashion
Hot Springs, Ark., Eleanor Harris
Hutchinson, Kan., Pegues Wright Dry Goods Co.
Huntington, W. Va., The Style Shop
Jackson, Miss., R. E. Kennington Co.
Joplin, Mo., Ramsay'
Jackson, Mich., Bess Winchester Gowns
Jacksonville, Fla., Sligh's Inc.
Kansas City, Mo., Herzfeld's
Lansing, Mich., The Style Shop
Lincoln, Neb., Hovland Swanson Co.
Longview, Tex., Maison Marie
Louisville, Ky., Besten & Langen
Lubbock, Tex., Craig Gholson Co.
Madison, Wis., Simpson's
Memphis, Tenn., Levy's Ladies Toggery
Miami, Okla., Rose Bud Shop
Milwaukee, Wis., Florence Danforth
Mishawaka, Ind., Milady Shop
Monroe, La., Bella Scherck Davidson
Muskogee, Okla., Calhoun Dry Goods Co.
Montgomery, Ala., A. Nachman, Inc.
Nashville, Tenn., Cain Sloan Co.
Newport News, Va., Nachman's Dept. Store, Inc.
New York City, Russek's
Norfolk, Va., Worth, Inc.
Oak Park, Ill., Bramson's
Oklahoma City, Okla., D. F. Payton Co.
Omaha, Neb., McGuires
Orlando, Fla., Louis Ladies Redy-to-Wear
Pampa, Tex., Murfees
Peoria, Ill., Block & Kuhl Co.
Phoenix, Ariz., Goldwater's
Pittsburgh, Pa., Kaufmanns
Port Arthur, Tex., Bluestein's
Raleigh, N. C., Taylor Furnishing Co.
Roanoke, Va., Samuel Spigel
Roswell, N. M., The Bray Moore Shop
Sacramento, Calif., Bon Marche
Salt Lake City, Utah, Makoff Classic Shop
San Angelo, Tex., Cos Rushing Greer Co.
San Antonio, Tex., Frost Bros.
San Diego, Calif., Ballard & Brockett
Seattle, Wash., Frederick & Nelson
Shawnee, Okla., Mammoth Dept. Store
Shreveport, La., The Fashion
Springfield, Ill., Bressmer's
Spokane, Wash., Alexanders
Springfield, Mo., Neff Petterson
St. Louis, Mo., Sonnenfeld's
St. Joseph, Mo., Hirsch Bros. D. G. Co.
Tampa, Fla., Ernest Maas, Inc.
Toledo, Ohio, Stein's
Topeka, Kans., Harry Endlich
Tucson, Ariz., Levy's
Tulsa, Okla., Seidenbach's
Tyler, Tex., Mayer & Schmidt
Waco, Tex., Cawthons
Washington, D. C., Philipsborn & Co., Inc.
West Palm Beach, Fla., Stone & Thomas
Wichita, Kans., Garfield Leichter Clothing Co.
Youngstown, Ohio, Strouss Hirshberg



Like a shadow, fear haunts you. Every minute you wonder—"Am I safe?"

But *why*—why risk that fear? Modess—the new and utterly different sanitary napkin—now banishes "accident panic." It's *certain-safe!* It stays soft! It stays safe!

SAY GOODBYE TO YOUR FEARS!

Dance and play—you're truly safe—with certain-safe Modess!

No striking through—as often happens with ordinary reversible napkins. No soggy edges! For Modess has a specially treated material on the sides and back. Wear *blue line* (the moisture-proof side) *away* from body and protection is complete!

Modess
This is the New Modess is "CERTAIN-SAFE"

End "accident panic"
—ask for Certain-Safe
Modess!

Try N-O-V-O—the new safe douche powder. Cleanses! Deodorizes! (Not a contraceptive.)
At your druggist or department store

KILL KIDNEY ACIDS

Win Back Pep,
Clear Your Skin,
Look Younger.

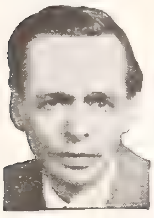
Women Need Help More Often Than Men

When Acids and poison accumulate in your blood you lose your vitality and your skin becomes coarse and cloudy—you actually feel and look years older than you are. And what is worse, functional Kidney disorders may cause more serious ailments, such as Getting Up Nights, Nervousness, Leg Pains, Lumbago, Swollen Joints, Rheumatic Pains, Dizziness, Dark Circles Under Eyes, Headaches, Frequent Colds, Burning, Smarting, Itching, and Acidity.

The only way your body can clean out the Acids, poisons, and toxins from your blood is through the function of 9 million tiny, delicate tubes or filters in your Kidneys. When your Kidneys get tired or slow down because of functional disorders, the acids and poisons accumulate and thus cause much trouble. Fortunately, it is now easy to help stimulate the diuretic action of the Kidneys with a Doctor's prescription, Cystex (pronounced Siss-Tex), which is available at all drug stores.

Doctors Praise Cystex

Dr. Geo. B. Knight, of Camden, New Jersey, recently wrote: "When Kidneys don't function properly and fail to properly throw off the waste matter strained from the blood, aches develop in the muscles and joints, the appetite suffers, sleep is disturbed, and the patient is generally run-down and suffers with lowered vitality. Cystex is an excellent prescription to help overcome this condition. It starts its beneficial action almost immediately, yet contains no harmful or injurious ingredients. I consider Cystex a prescription which men and women in all walks of life should find beneficial in the treatment of functional Kidney disorders." And Dr. T. J. Rastelli, famous Doctor, Surgeon, and Scientist, of London, says: "Cystex is one of the finest remedies I have ever known in my medical practice. Any doctor will recommend it for its definite benefits in the treatment of many functional Kidney and Bladder disorders. It is safe and harmless."



Dr. G. B. Knight

World-Wide Success

Cystex is not an experiment, but is a proven success in 31 different countries throughout the world. It is prepared with scientific accuracy and in accordance with the strict requirements of the United States Dispensatory and the United States Pharmacopoeia, and because it is intended especially for functional Kidney and Bladder disorders, it is swift, safe and sure in action.

Guaranteed To Work

Cystex is offered to all sufferers from functional Kidney and Bladder disorders under an unlimited guarantee. Put it to the test. See what it can do in your own particular case. It must bring you a new feeling of energy and vitality in 48 hours—it must make you look and feel years younger and work to your entire satisfaction in 8 days or you merely return the empty package and your money is refunded in full. You are the sole and final judge of your own satisfaction. Cystex costs only 3c a dose at all druggists, and as the guarantee protects you fully, you should not take chances with cheap, inferior, or irritating drugs or with neglect. Ask your druggist for guaranteed Cystex (pronounced Siss-Tex) today.

What SHE TOLD WORN-OUT HUSBAND

She could have reproached him for his fits of temper—his "all in" complaints. But wisely she saw in his frequent colds, his "fagged out," "on edge" condition the very trouble she herself had whipped. Constipation! The very morning after taking **NR** (Nature's Remedy), as she advised, he felt like himself again—keenly alert, peppy, cheerful. **NR**—the safe, dependable, all-vegetable laxative and corrective—works gently, thoroughly, naturally. It stimulates the eliminative tract to complete, regular functioning. Non-habit-forming. Try a box tonight. 25c—at druggists.

NR TO-NIGHT
TOMORROW ALRIGHT

FREE: Beautiful five-color 1936 Calendar-Thermometer. Also samples of **NR** and **Tums**. Send stamp for packing and postage to A. H. Lewis Co., Desk 70C-4. St. Louis, Mo.

FADED GRAY HAIR

Women, girls, men with faded, gray, streaked hair, shampoo and color your hair at the same time with my new French discovery—"**SHAMPO-KOLOR**". No fuss or muss. Takes only a few minutes to merely shampoo into your hair any natural shade with "**SHAMPO-KOLOR**". No "dyed" look, but a lovely, natural, most lasting color; unaffected by washing, or permanent waving. **Free Booklet. Monsieur L. P. Valligny, Dept. 19, 254 W. 31st St., New York City.**

WANTED!
ORIGINAL POEMS, SONGS
for immediate consideration
M. M. M. PUBLISHERS,
Dept. FD, Studio Bldg.,
Portland, Ore.

Old Leg Trouble
HEALED WHILE WORKING

Congestion from VARICOSE VEINS, SWELLING, MILK LEG, or Injuries cause itching, leg rash and most old leg ulcers. Viscose Home Method relieves pain, heals many sores or no cost for trial. Mention your trouble for a **FREE BOOK.**

DR. F. G. CLASON VISCOSE CO.
140 N. Dearborn St. Chicago, Ill.

What Your Favorites Are Doing—Now!

[*Continued from page* 16]

her leading man and duettist. Gary Cooper, on loan from Paramount, is making *Opera Hat*, with Jean Arthur as his leading lady.—and, with Frank Capra directing, it shows signs of being in the same class with the same director's *It Happened One Night*. And Richard Dix, on loan from RKO-Radio, is embarking on a big-time melodrama entitled *Devil's Squadron*.

● Out thar' in the San Fernando hills, in Universal Studios, the most interesting picture now being filmed is *Show Boat*. Irene Dunne, as *Magnolia*, will have her greatest singing opportunity in movies. Helen Morgan is playing *Julie*, the girl who sings those deep-down blues; Donald Woods has the important rôle of her husband; and Paul Robeson, the great Negro actor and singer, is prominently featured.

Another outstanding Universal picture now in production is *Sutter's Gold*, with Edward Arnold, Lee Tracy and Binnie Barnes in the leading rôles of this story of the gold rush days. . . . On a nearby set, Margaret Sullavan is being a modern maiden again in *Next Time We Love*, with the new sensation, James Stewart, as her leading man.

● At United Artists' the Chaplin lot is even more silent than a Chaplin picture. After months of work, his fine comedy, *Modern Times*, is at last finished and on view. However, there is other activity at United Artists. Freddie Bartholomew, Dolores Costello (returning to the screen after a four year-absence, as Freddie's young mother) and Mickey Rooney are making *Little Lord Fauntleroy*.

Miriam Hopkins, Merle Oberon and Joel McCrea, co-starring in *These Three*, seem to have finished the picture in perfect harmony—and it is an unusual picture, building sympathy for each member of a romantic triangle. Just starting is the first Pickford-Lasky Production, *One Rainy Afternoon*, starring Francis Lederer, who was under serious consideration for the rôle of *Romeo* opposite Norma Shearer in *Romeo and Juliet*.

● Leslie Howard won that coveted rôle at M-G-M, where the Shakespearean romance is the biggest picture in production (now that *The Great Ziegfeld* is completed). This picture brings Norma back to films after a year's absence. John Barrymore is present as *Mercutio*.

On the same lot, *Wife vs. Secretary* offers Clark Gable, Myrna Loy and Jean Harlow (still brownette!) in the eternal triangle—and with those stars teamed, what a triangle!

On the adjoining set, *The Voice of Bugle Ann*, featuring Lionel Barrymore and Eric Linden. Linden's success in *Ah, Wilderness*—one of the outstanding performances of the past year—has made him the talk of the town and it is an open secret that M-G-M will crown him with stardom if this new picture is well received.

New pictures and new stars. Every month the Hollywood scene changes. Truly, it is a business of overnight triumphs and overnight failures. And on your approval of these pictures depends the fate of stars.

Mary Pickford Offers $1,000 for Trademark Ideas!

[*Continued from page 6*]

president of Columbia Studios, conceived the emblem that fits the studio name so well. Just as the Statue of Liberty enlightens the world with [illegible] promise of democracy, so should Columbia promise better things in pictures. Such was the thought behind the design by Mr. Cohn, who was later to produce *One Night of Love* and *It Happened One Night*.

CARL LAEMMLE, Sr., founder of Universal Pictures, made a logical tie-up with the word Universal by creating the original emblem of a world with a ring around it. The design later was modernized by allowing an airplane to encircle the globe—as Universal Pictures [illegible]

Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer's [illegible] trademark had its inception when the studio was known as the Goldwyn Company, many years ago. Producer Samuel Goldwyn, an alumnus of Columbia University, was seeking a distinctive symbol. One day his thoughts turned to Columbia's mascot, the lion—and he had an artist draw up the present design with Leo, the lion, in a circle and the Latin words, "Ars Gratia Artis" (art for art's sake), inscribed above. And today the lion roars a mighty challenge to other movie companies.

From these various examples, you may gather some idea of what Miss Pickford and Mr. Lasky are seeking. Each emblem has unusual appeal and distinction. Most of them tie up well with studio names. By one device or another, each trademark carries a definite "wallop." You can use these principles yourself in trying for one of the big prizes.

Think about a Pickford-Lasky trademark in your free moments.

When you get an idea, WRITE IT DOWN! A fleeting thought may be worth $600 to you!

Pickford-Lasky Productions need the design for their first film, tentatively titled *One Rainy Afternoon*. Francis Lederer is the star, with a supporting cast that includes Ida Lupino, Edward Everett Horton, Hugh Herbert and Madame Schumann-Heink.

Put on your thinking cap! Send in your suggestion—or suggestions—for a Pickford-Lasky trademark!

Every idea you submit has a chance of winning a prize!

These Are the Rules:
(Read them carefully)

1. This contest is open to everyone with the exception of employees, or relatives of employees, of Motion Picture Publications, Inc., Fawcett Publications, Inc., Pickford-Lasky Productions and affiliates.

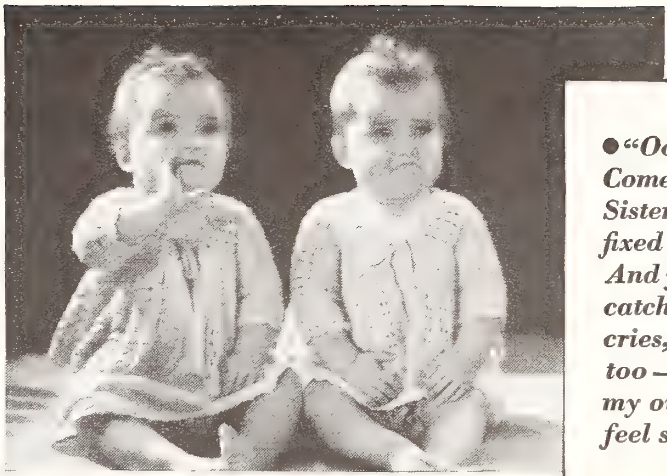
2. Entries may consist either of written descriptions of trademark ideas, or drawings of them. Drawings are not necessary. Do not submit fancy entries.

3. Contest opens February 1, 1936 and closes April 15, 1936; winners will be announced as soon thereafter as possible.

4. Entries should be addressed to Trademark Contest Editor, MOVIE CLASSIC, 7046 Hollywood Boulevard, Hollywood, Calif.

5. Judges for this contest are Mary Pickford, Jesse Lasky and Roscoe Fawcett. Their decision will be final.

6. In the event of ties, duplicate prizes will be awarded.



● *"Oo-hoo, Mother! Come right away—Sister's getting all fixed for a big cry. And you know how catching it is! If she cries, I'm going to, too—'cause she's my own twin and I feel so sorry!"*

● *"See here—this woolly sweater's making her a little bit prickly. How well I know the feeling! Wouldn't a few shakes of our slick, smooth Johnson's Baby Powder be just the thing?"*

● *"Some for me, too? Oh, how nice! I just love to feel that soft, slippery powder going all tickly down my neck. Let's not have it just at bath-time—let's have it often! Then we'd never cry!"*

Johnson's
Baby
Powder
Borated Talcum

● ***"I'm Johnson's Baby Powder . . . the best caretaker for babies' tender skins! My silky smoothness wards off chafes and rashes—for I'm made of finest Italian talc. No gritty particles and no orris-root . . . Try Johnson's Baby Soap, Baby Cream and Baby Oil, too."***

Johnson & Johnson
NEW BRUNSWICK N. J. U. S. A.

Skinny, Weak Rundown Nervous..!

How NATURAL IODINE Builds Worn-Out, Pale, Sickly Folks Into Strong, Red-Blooded Men and Women!

Kelpamalt, New Mineral Concentrate from the Sea, Rich in NATURAL PLANT IODINE, Feeds Starved Glands—Must Build Rich, Red Blood, Put on Lbs. of Solid, "Stay-There" Flesh, Give Steady Nerves and Day-Long Energy in First Week or Trial is Free!

Here's new hope and encouragement for thousands of even naturally skinny, weak, worn out, haggard-looking men and women whose energy and strength have been sapped by overwork and worry, who are nervous, irritable, always half sick and ailing. Science says the principal cause of these rundown conditions is "GLANDS STARVING FOR IODINE." When these glands don't work properly, all the food in the world can't help you. It just isn't turned into flesh. The result is, you stay skinny, pale, tired-out and rundown.

The most important gland—the one which actually controls body weight and strength—needs a definite ration of iodine all the time—NATURAL ASSIMILABLE IODINE not to be confused with chemical iodides which often prove toxic. Only when the system gets an adequate supply of iodine can you regulate metabolism—the body's process of converting digested food into firm flesh, new strength and energy.

To get NATURAL IODINE in convenient, concentrated and assimilable form, take Kelpamalt—now recognized as the world's richest source of this precious substance. It contains 1,300 times more iodine than oysters, once considered the best source. 6 tablets alone contain more NATURAL IODINE than 480 lbs. of spinach or 1,387 lbs. of lettuce.

Try Kelpamalt for a single week and notice the difference. See flattering extra pounds of "stay-there" flesh appear in place of scrawny hollows. Notice how much better you feel, and if you don't gain at least 5 lbs. in one week, the trial is free. 100 jumbo size Kelpamalt tablets—four to five times the size of ordinary tablets—cost but a few cents a day to use. Get Kelpamalt today. Kelpamalt costs but little at all good drug stores. If your dealer has not yet received his supply, send $1.00 for special introductory size bottle of 65 tablets to the address below.

SPECIAL FREE OFFER

Write today for fascinating instructive 50-page book on How to Add Weight Quickly. Mineral contents of Food and their effects on the human body. New facts about NATURAL IODINE, Standard weight and measurement charts. Daily menus for weight building. Absolutely free. No obligation. Kelpamalt Co., Dept. 680, 27-33 West 20th St., New York City.

Kelpamalt Tablets

Manufacturer's Note:—Inferior products—sold as kelp and malt preparations—in imitation of the genuine Seedol Kelpamalt are being offered as substitutes. Don't be fooled. Demand genuine Seedol Kelpamalt Tablets. They are easily assimilated, do not upset stomach nor injure teeth. Results guaranteed or money back.

New *Shopping* Finds!

You're bound to find items in this month's New Shopping Finds that will appeal to you—items whose names you will want to know. Just write to the Shopping Scouts, MOVIE CLASSIC, 1501 Broadway, New York City—and the names are promptly, freely yours. Enclose a stamped, self-addressed envelope.

1. It sounds like a De Mille inspiration—a different-colored bath every day! A set of six little drums contains six colors—pink, green, blue, yellow, mauve and white. You add a teaspoonful to your bath water and immediately it foams in a pastel shade perfumed with lilac. $1.50 a set.

2. Troubled with wispy, fly-away ends that spoil a well-groomed coiffure? Then, what you need is a supply of those grand little curlers. (They're no secret to Hollywood!) Because they are specially constructed and unlike any other curlers, their use insures soft ringlets and curls and the hair dries in double-quick time. 5c each.

3. "Dramatize your eyes with eyeshadow," the screen stars tell us. And there are new and subtle shades to lend glamor to your make-up—the gray of mist, the blue of sky, the green of Nature, the brown of earth, and amethyst to enhance the beauty of white hair. In ivory containers at $2.

4. At last—we have found a cigarette lighter without wicks, flints or wheels. It is as easy to operate as a lipstick and can be tucked into your handbag as conveniently. It works instantly when the cap is removed and a gale of wind cannot blow it out. All Hollywood is using it. Only $1.

5. When winter winds whistle, there's nothing more comforting than a good hot plate of soup. Have you tried cream of oyster? It's made from plump, salty oysters and rich cream. The master of the house will cheer for it—and so will you. 15c a can.

6. Haven't you often wished you had a knack of slicing string beans into thin, green slivers? There's a little gadget that will do the job for you and end your bean-cutting and finger-slicing labors for 59c.

7. Try cracking the ice in your drinks—both hard and soft. A new cocktail shaker-ice crusher has a sharp plunger to chop the cubes up fine and can be used to shave ice for chilled fruits and seafoods, too. $1.

8. Another clever kitchen device to gladden the heart of the housewife is the catalin-handled vegetable slicer. One deft twist of the wrist and the prosaic beet, potato or turnip will assume a flower-like shape. 10c.

9. If you have bleached your hair well, but not too wisely, you'll be glad to know that something can be done about it. It's a rinse that gives a real honey tone to blonde hair. And a few drops in the rinsing water remove yellow streaks from gray or white hair and give it a silver tone, 85c.

10. Rally 'round, you girls who complain of dry skin, while we tell you about a grand preparation. It's a rich tissue cream that gives your skin a velvety texture. Spread over your face and throat and mold lightly with your fingertips. Remove the excess and you'll be delighted with the dewy freshness of your skin. 55c a jar.

11. Have you ever smelled flowers drenched with rain? Now that elusive scent has been captured in a French cologne. When applied behind the ears, on the temples and at the nape of the neck, the delicate, yet persistent perfume gives a most alluring effect. $1.25 a bottle.

12. Intriguing new finds on the Shopping Scouts' list are the hermetically sealed ampules containing enough French perfume for one application. You may have almost any French perfume you choose in a convenient purse-size container. Of course, you get only a few drops, but what can you lose when the ampules contain rare, imported perfumes and cost only 10c?

13. No wonder Joan Marsh, of Hollywood, looks so pleased. Those stitched doeskin gloves she is pulling on are a smart new fashion note. Better still, they are guaranteed washable and launder as easily as a handkerchief. They can be obtained in twenty-one new colors. $4 a pair.

See Hollywood Yourself!

[*Continued from page* 18]

the Twin Cities (St. Paul and Minneapolis), and the beautiful lake country of Minnesota, to Yellowstone National Park and Seattle, where there will be brief stopovers, before speeding down the Pacific Coast to Hollywood . . . where the famous Roosevelt Hotel will be your headquarters.

As YOU may already know, it is no easy task for Hollywood visitors to get past studio gates these days. But members of the July Movieland Tour will find the gates of 20th Century-Fox Studios wide open to them; and those who take the August Movieland Special will have the thrill that last year's Movieland Tourists had, seeing movies made in the studio that is a city in itself—namely, Universal.

You will see and do things denied to the average visitor who is lucky enough to get past the well-guarded gates of 20th Century-Fox, whose Movietone City studios cover 110 acres. You will watch scenes being filmed, learn how movies are made, meet stars face to face. And 20th Century-Fox has a galaxy of stars you have always wanted to see in the flesh—stars like Shirley Temple, Warner Baxter, John Boles, Claire Trevor, Gloria Stuart, Rochelle Hudson, Loretta Young, Ronald Colman, Warner Oland. You will be taken inside the vast new sound stage dedicated to the memory of Will Rogers. You will see Shirley Temple's studio bungalow. You will lunch with Alice Faye in the most beautiful studio lunchroom in Hollywood—the Cafe de Paris, which is decorated with murals of famous Fox successes. You will see many of the actual sets that have been used in recent films.

Nor is this all of Hollywood that you will see. You will be shown the homes of the stars—and will be entertained at a cocktail party at the beautiful home of a well-known player. (More about this next month!) You will be taken one evening to the famous Cocoanut Grove or the equally famous Blossom Room, favorite dancing places of the stars. You will have a grand party at the Brass Rail or some other Hollywood rendezvous. You will be given the opportunity to see Catalina Island, off the Coast, where many "South Sea" scenes are filmed. You won't have an idle moment while you are in Hollywood.

One special treat in store for you is a reception given by Max Factor, famous make-up expert of Hollywood, in his new $500,000 beauty salon. You will meet many prominent and beautiful stars there—and every woman member of the Tour will receive first-hand beauty advice from Mr. Factor, beauty adviser to the stars.

A chance for a vacation like this is a chance of a lifetime. It is a vacation you will never forget—or regret. Reservations, necessarily, will be limited to about two hundred persons per tour. So, if you are at all interested, write today for full particulars about the Second Annual Movieland Tour—to Mr. J. C. Godfrey, Jr., Movieland Tour Manager, MOVIE CLASSIC, 360 N. Michigan Ave., Chicago, Ill. Send along a three-cent stamp to cover postage, and by return mail you will receive complete information about the itinerary, the low cost, the places you will see. This information, remember, costs you nothing.

All aboard for Hollywood—and a two weeks' vacation full of thrills, adventure and fun!

Do This to Ease Sore Throat Instantly

Relieve Soreness in 3 Minutes This Easy Way

1. The moment you feel a throat irritation, crush and stir 3 BAYER ASPIRIN Tablets in ⅓ glass of water. Gargle twice. Do not rinse mouth.

2. If you have a cold, take 2 BAYER ASPIRIN Tablets and drink a full glass of water. Repeat if necessary, according to directions in package.

If you want the most astonishing and quickest relief from sore throat, you have ever experienced, just do this:

Crush and dissolve three Bayer Aspirin Tablets in ⅓ glass of water for use as a gargle.

Gargle your throat *twice* with this medicated mixture, holding the head well back to allow its going deep into the throat.

That's all! Relief will come almost instantly. For the Bayer Aspirin will act like a local anesthetic to ease throat pains. And, at the same time, will soothe and quiet irritation.

People by the tens of thousands are combating sore throat this way. Doctors endorse it. And scientists acclaim it as perhaps the most effective gargle yet discovered—*for it provides a medication, and it takes medicine to combat a sore throat.*

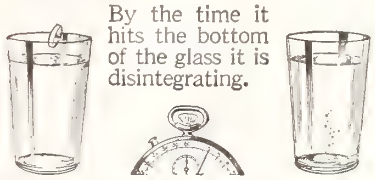
If you have a cold with your sore throat — take two Bayer Aspirin tablets with a full glass of water at the same time you gargle.

When you buy, though, be sure to get real BAYER ASPIRIN TABLETS. They dissolve fast and work fast; bringing quick relief.

Why BAYER Aspirin Works So Fast

Drop a Bayer Aspirin tablet into a glass of water.

By the time it hits the bottom of the glass it is disintegrating.



IN 2 SECONDS BY STOP WATCH

A Genuine Bayer Aspirin tablet starts to disintegrate and go to work.

What happens in these glasses happens in your stomach — Genuine BAYER Aspirin tablets start "taking hold" of pain a few minutes after taking.

NOW REDUCED TO 15¢

Bayer Tablets of Aspirin
Genuine
Tested and Approved
Good Housekeeping Bureau

for POOR COMPLEXION

NOXZEMA
Skin Cream

Nurses tell of amazing benefits with "Wonder Cream"

IF YOUR skin is marred by Large Pores—Blackheads—Pimples or any other Skin Irritation from external causes, here's good news! Thousands of women are successfully turning to famous Noxzema Medicated Skin Cream as an aid to healing and refining the skin—over 12,000,000 jars now used yearly.

Noxzema was first prescribed by doctors for relief of burns, eczema and similar skin troubles. Nurses discovered how wonderful it is for Chapped Hands and Poor Complexions.

HOW TO USE—Make this simple test. Apply Noxzema at night after removing make-up. Wash off in the morning with warm water. Then apply cold water or ice. Follow this with a light application of Noxzema as a protective foundation for powder.

Do this for ten days and note the difference—see how much softer and finer your skin is—how much clearer. Noxzema is astringent, helps reduce large pores to exquisite fineness. Its gentle medication soothes most skin irritations and aids Nature in more quickly healing many disfiguring skin flaws.

SPECIAL TRIAL OFFER—Get a jar of Noxzema at any drug or department store. If your dealer can't supply you, send 15c for a generous 25c jar to the Noxzema Chemical Company, Department. 63, Baltimore, Md.

New—NOXZEMA'S CLEANSING *and* NIGHT CREAM

A new and better way to deep-pore cleanse your skin—a heavier cream for softening and toning. Wonderful for Dry, Flaky Skin. It's called Noxzema's *Combination Cleansing and Night Cream.* Ask your druggist for inexpensive trial jar. If he can't supply you mail 25¢ to Noxzema Chemical Company, Baltimore, Md.

This Is the Fred Astaire We Know—

[*Continued from page 36*]

Throughout every one of them, I have found him friendly, sincere, courteous and the kind of person you can depend on . . . "

She paused, considering that last remark. "I think," she said, "that if anyone should ask me to describe Fred in one sentence, I should say just that . . . You can depend on him both as a dancing partner and as a friend. And, after all, what more can you ask of anyone?"

They called Ginger back to the set, then, and I turned to Mark Sandrich, Fred's director in three of his four pictures. "And if I should ask you to describe Fred Astaire in a single sentence—?" I began.

"I don't think I could do it in one sentence," he interrupted, with a smile. "There is a great deal *to* this man, Astaire, you know. . . "

"Please use as many sentences as you like. . . "

"Well, I believe I should say first that the man is an anomaly," he declared. "I mean this: No more serious person ever lived, and yet there is about him a quality of humor, a zest for mischief that at times completely dominates him. And that, I think, is an unusual contradiction of character.

"He works like a dynamo, with an intensity and striving for perfection that seem to go beyond all human desire and yet—let a break come, let something humorous happen or some slip-up occur in the routine of hard work, and he will relax into whimsical comedy that presents him as an utterly different individual.

"It actually is strange how close to the serious this comic streak is in Fred," he continued. "And yet, it is the intensity with which he works that most astounds me. Always, I have to be the one to call quits. He is *never* satisfied!

"I FIND, too, that he has the most responsive mind with which I have ever come in contact. The rapidity with which he responds to a new element, a new tone, a new situation is inexplicable. Honestly," he confided, "I've often been able to eliminate many dialogue speeches because of Fred's amazing ability to put over in a single gesture the idea involved.

"And that," he concluded, "is only Fred Astaire, the actor. Fred Astaire, the man, is still another personality. He is a most normal person in every attitude toward living. He has instinctive good taste. He is sincere. In the final analysis, if anyone should ask me what I think of Fred Astaire, I should answer this, first and last: I respect him!"

From pretty, intelligent little Gertrude Wellman, script girl on all of the Astaire pictures, came this canny, significant observation concerning the famous Fred:

"It's a funny thing, but when you go on an Astaire set, you always have to look for Fred. . . "

Better than any adjective does this one remark paint the modesty, the reserve, the antipathy to ostentation that are characteristic of this man . . . "You always have to look for Fred . . . He never seeks the limelight . . . "

"Fred Astaire? He is the most democratic guy I ever saw!" This was James Kirley, one of the studio grips, talking. "I've seen plenty of actors and actresses, too . . . High-hat ones, friendly ones, changeable ones, but Fred Astaire is really democratic. He is democratic because he doesn't *know* he is. He doesn't work at it."

I didn't ask for an example. I already had it, remembering an off-stage scene on the *Follow the Fleet* set a few days before. A slight, quiet figure in the uniform of Uncle Sam's Navy was sitting on a carpenter's bench, swinging his feet and drinking ginger ale out of a bottle. He wasn't alone. On one side sat a studio carpenter and on the other an overalled electrician. They were drinking ginger ale out of bottles, too, and laughing at the remarks of the chap in the sailor's suit . . . Fred Astaire . . . No, he wasn't working at being democratic, then. He was just being Astaire.

IT IS Fred Astaire's "camera face" that perhaps most interests David Abel, ace cameraman at RKO-Radio,

Quick! A Pencil!

Try filling in the blanks in the following sentences:

1. .... played *Amanda* in *Private Lives.*
2. .... played *Monet* in *Private Worlds.*
3. .... played *Kitty Parker* in *Dinner at Eight.*
4. .... played *Philo Vance* in *The Benson Murder Case.*
5. .... played *Philo Vance* in *The Dragon Murder Case.*
6. .... played *Philo Vance* in *The Casino Murder Case.*
7. .... played *Maude Triplett* in *Night After Night.*
8. .... played *Amy* in *Little Women.*
9. .... played *Meg* in *Little Women.*
10. .... played *Lt. Pinkerton* in *Madame Butterfly.*

Answers on page 81

who has filmed several of the Astaire pictures.

"He has a face that means something," Abel remarked, almost reverently. "You can photograph him any way you like, and he still is Fred. You don't have to worry about angles and right and wrong lighting and such things. Say, it's a pleasure to photograph a man like that. He has personality!"

"And a pleasure to know him, too?" I suggested.

"It certainly is, and I guess I should have talked about that first, except that we cameramen are pretty well inclined to talk shop on all occasions. Anyway, if you ask me what kind of chap Fred Astaire is, I should say this: He has more talent and less temperament than almost any actor I have ever known!"

"Fred Astaire? Well—"

Hermes Pan, handsome young dance director who has worked with Fred in all of the latter's pictures, paused. Then—

"If you want me to talk about the man, I can say he is swell," he declared. "And if you want me to talk about the dancer, I can say that not only is he a great dancer, but the hardest taskmaster I've ever known—yet only toward himself, never toward anyone else. He works until you'd think he would wear himself out and then, if the particular steps he has in mind don't shape up right, he'll get madder than hops at himself. He always keeps at what he wants until it is right, however—although I've never seem him wholly satisfied."

Pan, like Sandrich, is also well aware of the Astaire humor and how it is likely to crop out at various and sundry unexpected intervals.

"FOR INSTANCE," he said, "Fred and Ginger will have been rehearsing until you'd think them ready to drop in their tracks and then, suddenly, with the music still going and maybe the sequence almost ready to shoot, Fred will burlesque the thing, changing like lightning from the sublime to the ridiculous, as it were.

"And, mind you, Fred does this without warning. The clown in him will apparently allow itself to be submerged in hard and serious work just so long and no longer. I actually think," he added, "that this sort of performance is the safety valve that keeps him normal in the face of the relentless manner in which he drives himself to work, work and more work."

It was time for Pan to get back on the set, now, and he rose with an apology.

"I'm afraid I have talked too much about Fred," he said. "He doesn't like to have me, or anyone, do it. You see, he really can't understand why anyone should be interested in him except as a dancer or an actor."

The dance director smiled, then. "I guess I haven't answered your first question specifically, have I? You asked me: 'What is Fred really like?' Well, I've only one answer to that . . . Fred Astaire is like himself . . ."

Do you know anybody who deserves this tag?

She needs MUM

MEN avoid her. Girls refuse to bother with her.

"A careless, untidy person who is unpleasant to be with"—that's the way they think of the girl who carries the ugly odor of underarm perspiration on her person and clothing.

Too bad. For she misses so many good times. Her real friends would like to tell her what the trouble is, but after all, they feel, the girl of today should be alert to the danger of underarm odor in herself.

She should know that the underarms need *special daily* care. Soap and water alone are not enough.

And the modern girl knows the quick, easy way to give this care. Mum!

Half a minute, when you're dressing, is all you need to use Mum. Or use it after dressing, any time. For Mum is harmless to clothing.

It's soothing to the skin, too. You can use it right after shaving the underarms.

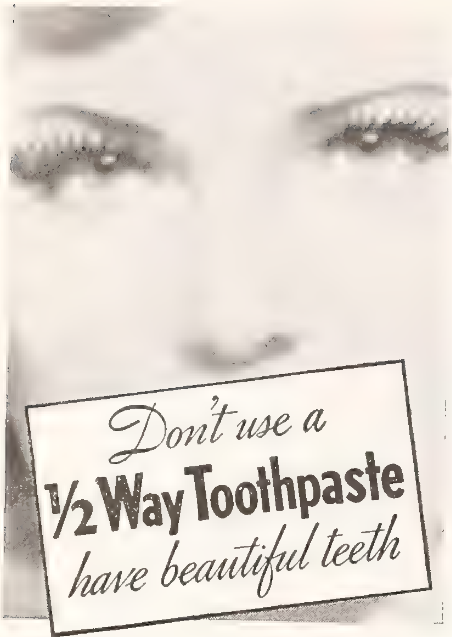
And you should know this—that Mum prevents every trace of perspiration odor without affecting perspiration itself.

Don't label yourself as *"the girl who needs Mum."* Use it regularly every day and you'll be safe! Bristol-Myers, Inc., 630 Fifth Ave., New York.

MUM

USE MUM ON SANITARY NAPKINS, TOO and you'll never have a moment's worry about this source of unpleasantness.

takes the odor out of perspiration



DOES BOTH JOBS

CLEANS TEETH

Spongy, bleeding gums reveal the dangers of half way care of your teeth. Don't wait for this to happen. Begin now to use Forhan's, the tooth paste that does both jobs—*whitens teeth* and *safeguards gums* at the same time.

SAVES GUMS

Forhan's is different from all other tooth pastes. It brings you the famous formula of Dr. Forhan—now used in concentrated form by dentists everywhere to combat gum troubles. It gives you *two-fold* protection, yet costs no more than most ordinary tooth pastes. Why take chances with half way dental care? Begin using Forhan's today.

Forhan's

The ORIGINAL TOOTH PASTE for the GUMS and TEETH by Doctor R.J. Forhan SPECIALIST IN DENTAL SURGERY NEW YORK

Your Kodak Picture

ENLARGED

FREE 8x10 Inch ENLARGEMENT of any SNAPSHOT

Your favorite snapshots of children, parents and loved ones are more enjoyable when enlarged to 8x10 inch size—suitable for framing. These beautiful, permanent enlargements bring out the details and features you love just as you remember them when the snapshots were taken. Just to get acquainted, we will enlarge any kodak picture, print or negative to 8x10 inches—FREE—if you enclose 25c to help cover our cost of packing, postage and clerical work. The enlargement itself is free. It will also be beautifully hand tinted in natural colors if you want it. We will acknowledge receiving your snapshot immediately. Your original will be returned with your free enlargement. Pick out your snapshot and send it today.

GEPPERT STUDIOS Dept. 174 Des Moines, Iowa

If Freddie Bartholomew Were King—

[*Continued from page* 38]

all those things. Not that she specially cares for them, but I think she might, if urged.

"Then I'd take care of my sisters and the rest of the family, and give my granny and grandpa a mansion, too—or maybe they'd all like to live together in a super-one. And I'd give them a touring-car to see all America. And Cis could go along, too, if she wanted.

"The-e-n—I'd send my cousin Peter to a fine school—in fact, I'd have a school specially built for him. And he's keen on flying, so I'd give him airplanes and a flying field. And I'd give Lillian and Keith—his father and mother—a mansion in England, and I'd have a shore place for them here. And for my uncle and aunt in Canada, if they wanted to stay there, I'd give them a nice big sort of Alpine home—because they live in the mountains more or less.

"And then I'd give Roland Leigh, my best friend—well, I don't know anything he wants—he has everything. Tell you what I'd do. If I were king, I'd have a sort of English-American Senate-Parliament and I'd have representatives of both countries to smooth things out, as it were. And Roly must be the head of it because, as a smoothing-out person, there's nobody better, is there, Cis?" He chuckled suddenly. "I *am* turning the country upside down with a vengeance. Let's see—what would I do next?" What he did then was to clasp Concol to his stomach and roll neatly over on the floor, lifting his flushed face to say:

"OH, YES—I'd have a great huge house built for all the poor people to go into for the time being. And I'd have all their old, shipwrecked houses torn down and rebuilt right from the foundation and made modern homes with all the modern conveniences. Then I'd give them all ten hundred dollars—let's see, that's a thousand dollars—to start out again and get new jobs. And the great big building they'd been housed in—I'd make that a school, which would economize, you see. And Miss Murphy, my tutor, should be the head of the school, walking around in a silk gown and just giving orders in her nice quiet way, making the lightest possible vocal noise, as she always does. And I'd give Ray, my friend who 'stands in' for me at the studio, a horse and a gun and any job he might fancy.

"And I might get another horse for myself—or maybe thirty-six. I don't know why—it's a number that sort of appeals to me, three being my lucky number and twice three's six and there you are. And I'd make a collection of guns. And if they knew I liked guns, they'd probably all bring me presents—I mean, if I were king. Then I'd have birthdays, of course, and I'd get more guns. I shouldn't bother with clothes, if you don't mind, Cis—I'd wear just a couple of suits. And no more dogs, because Concol would be jealous. I'd get him a nice big kennel with a sort of arrangement where he'd push a button and pop! would come a bone."

Freddie eyed my pencil, flying to keep up with him. "I'd give you a new notebook," he promised affably. I made an effort to look grateful, but he promptly sensed the absence of any real enthusiasm. "Pretty shabby present," he scoffed, "for a royal king. Tell you what we'll do—on your birthday we'll probably remember you with a couple of kingdoms," and scanned my face to see if he had hit it right this time.

"WELL—then, of course, we'd have to have some exploration. I'd send brave men and true to South America and have them navigate further in. And you know what I think would be a good idea? The North Pole. I'd build a big dynamo there to generate electricity. . . . And I'd collect all the gold and silver you could possibly get through trade and digging in our own mines. Then I'd have representatives go around, spending it at shops and fairs—buying certain small things at tremendous profit to the people, so that we got a little and gave a lot and everyone would have money.

"Then, of course, I'd have my navy. It being such a wealthy country—England and America, I'd be king of—I'd have it constantly encircled by battleships and cruisers. And G-men. You see, the way it is now, if a criminal goes to Arizona, the policemen lose control of his activities. Well, I'd dispense with all that. I'd have a sort of G-man-Scotland Yard arrangement over the whole country, drawing the net tighter and tighter, so that he couldn't just escape to Arizona and forget about it, but would certainly be caught." (What Arizona ever did to Freddie nobody knows, but he seems to have it fixed firmly in his mind as a place of dark fascination.)

"Then, you see, if the criminal really wanted to escape, he'd have to flee the country, and we'd watch the ports and he wouldn't be able to get back, and the other country would just have to do the best they could with him. And that way," said Freddie comfortably, "we'd dispense with the criminals.

"AND another thing I'd do. About cars. That's a burning question. Let's see—everyone would have to go before a certain examining board and go through a gruel of five hours. I'd have a big screen right before them and all sorts of things would happen on the screen. For instance, they'd see two people running all of a sudden in front of their car. Well, what would they do? That would be part of the gruel, d'you see? Then they'd be tested for mental ability, and if they were slow and could not say their tables, that would prove they were too dull-witted to grasp an emergency brake. Then they'd be tested for health and sight and selfishness—whether they were the type that always tooted their horn and disnerved people and scraped their fenders. And if they were, they wouldn't get a license.

"And I'd impose nothing less than one year's imprisonment for killing if there's evidence enough that a man did it through carelessness. And I'd make him do a tour of the morgue. And I'd take his license away forever—for*ever,* mind you. But if he only sort of wounds the innocent victim, I'd take it away for two years. Then people wouldn't be so quick to want licenses, because of the king's stern punishment. They'd say: 'No—I'd better not.' For instance, how about you, Cis? Would you want one? You see? she wouldn't. Cis is the first case. There you are! It's working! Right in the family." He was squealing with delight, pumping Cis's hand in vigorous gratitude for her cooperation.

"And I'd go around incognito. That must be great fun. There's no actor or actress who can go around incognito, because people know them from seeing them on the screen. For instance, if a king put on an old tie and walked into a grocery shop, he'd just be another shopper in an old tie. But if Mae West put on an old dress, they'd just say she was stingy and recognize her.

"Then, of course, there's war. I wouldn't make one, but if other kingdoms challenged me, I'd go. Oh yes, I'd go. No soft-soap stuff for me. I don't know that I'd specially care for bloodshed, however, so maybe when they saw this huge English-American army approaching, they'd just kindly surrender. But if other kingdoms challenged me, I'd *go.* And I'd lead the army myself. That's what a good king does, isn't it? And if I were king," he assured us earnestly, "I'd be a good king. And my kingdom would be a good kingdom."

As good a king as you are an actor, Freddie. As kindly and sound a king as you are a boy. No kingdom could ask more.

Test Your Movie Memory!

What were the names of the pictures in which

1. Clark Gable played *Rodney*?
2. Joan Crawford was known as *Janie*?
3. Bing Crosby played *Tom Grayson*?
4. Claudette Colbert answered to the name of *Ellie*?
5. James Cagney's name was *Tom Powers*?
6. Bette Davis was called *Marie Roark*?
7. George Arliss played *Royale*?
8. Janet Gaynor was a girl named *Joanna*?
9. Charles Farrell had the name of *Adoniram Schlump?*
10. Irene Dunne's name was *Jessica*?

(You will find the answers on page 83.)

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Jeanette's Success Story Could Be Yours

[*Continued from page* 34]

have an hour or a day free from the immediate job of today, I have to seize it to prepare for the job of tomorrow. Ambition never recognizes today; it is concerned only with tomorrow. Every accomplishment simply stimulates ambition by creating a new goal—one that is more difficult to achieve . . ."

That's what Jeanette says—and it will bear a lot of thinking. So, Mary, let's forget all this bosh about overnight success, and glamorous living. Let's talk about WORK!

PERHAPS you think of Jeanette as someone who leads a gay social life, invited here and there and everywhere. Well, you're half-right. She's invited, but she can't accept.

"It's utterly impossible for me to have many friends outside of my own profession," she explains. "The people who have no firsthand knowledge of this business and the work it involves simply cannot understand why, after I accept their invitations, I often have to send regrets. They cannot understand why I have to make myself inaccessible sometimes. They cannot understand why I dare not risk over-fatigue by keeping late hours. And, misunderstanding, they are resentful. I have never been able to have many friends. No truly ambitious actress or singer can afford the leisure to build many friendships."

Let's turn back the clock . . . back to the days of Jeanette's professional beginnings, when she was dancing in a New York chorus.

Her father permitted her to join that chorus on this condition: that she would spend her days completing her high school courses. She agreed—and carried out her agreement faithfully. She carried a full course, rehearsed her chorus numbers daily, played a show every night and still found time for a daily voice lesson!

You see, even then, she was determined to be a *singer.* Dancing was only a stop-gap, a job to be done to the best of her ability in the hope that some day it would give her the opportunity to sing. And she waited SIX YEARS before a producer gave her that opportunity. Six years of repeated disappointments, of constant study, six years of self-improvement, six years of work!

She went on to musical comedy stardom—determined that musical comedy would be only another stop-gap, another stepping stone. Her horizons had receded; she wanted to sing better music to other audiences. Work and still more work! Daily rehearsals, nightly performances, increasing business cares. And with it all, instead of resting on laurels already won, Jeanette devoted more and more time to study. She found a new and better voice teacher; she took up the study of French; she toiled to improve her acting ability. Ambition, which was increased rather than diminished by success, drove her as mercilessly as ever the whip of an overseer drove a slave.

THE screen discovered her and made her a star before she had the opportunity to achieve her musical goals. And her vastly augmented earnings meant to her, principally, greater opportunity for *work.* Screen stardom and its consequent fame meant, principally, another stepping stone toward the realization of her other and greater ambitions.

I don't know what the average outsider's conception of a screen star's work may be, but I do know that these "gilded lilies" whom Mary envies are toilers.

If the "call" is for nine o'clock in the morning—it's never later and often earlier—it means that the star must be up from bed not later than half-past six, to don make-up. The company stops

Observation Test

Can you answer correctly the following questions, without referring back to the photograph on Page 14 until you have finished? (That photograph was the one of Fredric March and Olivia de Havilland making a scene for *Anthony Adverse.*) If you *can* answer every question correctly, you would be a handy observer on a movie set!

1. How many candles are there on the table behind Fredric and Olivia?
2. How many spotlights are visible?
3. Are Freddie and Olivia holding hands?
4. Are they smiling, or are they serious?
5. Is the camera high or low?
6. Is the cameraman smiling?
7. Is Mervyn Le Roy chewing his cigar or holding it in his hand?
8. Is he sitting straight or tilted backward?
9. Where does he keep his notebook?
10. Are there any electric cables under his chair?

work for lunch at noon. By one or one-thirty, shooting is resumed and the company is seldom dismissed before six in the evening. At night, the "lines" for the next day's shooting must be studied.

What of the rare "days off?" Well, there are wardrobe fittings, and there are interviews, and there are portraits to be made, and there are story conferences, and there are a million and one other distracting duties.

And yet Jeanette, fighting for her ambition and knowing that she must either forge ahead or slip behind, has managed to squeeze out of each day extra hours for study. Every day she has spent an hour and a half with her voice teacher; until recently she spent another hour every day with a French teacher. Lately, she has studied Italian, and during the last few years, she has also studied operatic roles and acquired an extensive repertoire in French, Italian and German.

"THERE is no end to ambition and there is no end to the work of fulfilling ambition," she explains. "No singer ever reached the point where voice lessons and constant practice could be eliminated. There is always the fight to keep at a peak, always the battle to avoid bad singing habits, always the uncomfortable knowledge that others are striving for place and some one of them will take yours unless you keep in the van by constant improvement.

"No one truly ambitious can ever fully realize an ambition, for ambition changes from day to day and forever keeps ahead of achievement. Once I thought that my ambition was to earn a certain amount of money each week. When I had reached that goal, my ambition had raced on ahead and the amount seemed very unimportant. Now, I am no longer working for rewards that can be measured in money. I am working for the self-satisfaction of achieving new goals."

What are those new goals? Opera and the concert stage. She will not admit as much in so many words because she believes it bad luck to talk about definite plans for the future, but I have heard from seemingly reliable sources that she has already received offers—that her début in grand opera is in the immediate offing. It will find her ready because she has *worked* to be ready.

She once told me a story that I want to pass along for Mary's benefit. It concerns one of the highlights of her career, her concert engagement in Paris.

She was desperately anxious to succeed. Her nerves were keyed to the breaking point. She did not know whether her French audience would be friendly or inimical. And every day for a week, her nerves broke just before she gave her concert. She could not keep food on her stomach. She was physically ill. But she carried on, in spite of it, and won one of the greatest ovations a Parisian audience ever gave a star.

And that, Mary Doe, is the meaning of real ambition.

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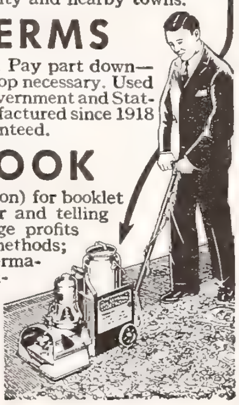


Don't Misunderstand the Clark Gables!

[*Continued from page* 35]

gotten. All but one—that of Clark Gable, standing at the rail, brooding.

"So that was it," any of them might have said. "According to this story, he and his wife were already separated. Now, I wonder what the *real trouble* was. Anyway, he wasn't happy about it!"

I do not think Clark Gable's parting from his wife is so different from the average marital separation. It does carry one extra burden. You or I could stand at a ship's rail and brood without having our little ship-world pay us too much attention. We could go through a court action without having the whole world headline it. But what we *felt*—would that be so different?

THEY were so happy when they arrived together in Hollywood—hand in hand, shoulder to shoulder. They were beginning a new adventure. Clark had tried Hollywood before, but one failure did not insure a second. Now, he had that stage triumph in *The Last Mile* to his credit. Now he had Ria—a charming, spirited, inspiring bride to help him. Now, he had two fine step-children to make success more important. Few people know how Clark liked—really liked—those young people. Few understand how proud Ria was that *her* children could respect and be respected by this man she had married.

I remember an incident that has never been recorded. Clark's young step-daughter—a lovely girl, who has recently married—decided that she would like to try motion pictures. I doubt if many step-fathers as famous as this one would have applauded such a decision. If she passed her test, she would certainly be billed as his step-daughter. No film company would overlook the publicity to be gained from the connection. But Clark was delighted by her ambition—and he was determined that she should have every advantage. . . A studio had offered a test—to be made at once. Clark stopped the rush.

He saw to it that she had a special wardrobe, a special make-up woman, a special part in a play, voice training. And he decided that the man who would play opposite her *in a test* would be: Clark Gable.

I could see, however, that Clark was perturbed, despite his enthusiasm. There were tiny creases in his brow. Some casual remarks gave me a hint of the reason: "There's a man who loves her. A fine chap. If she really loves him, she shouldn't start this acting. She's lovely. She'd make a fine wife and mother. I wouldn't want to see her try to have both marriage and a screen career." He shook his head. "No matter how hard they try, so few can succeed at both jobs." And I sincerely believe that Clark was glad when his step-daughter decided that she did love this "fine chap" and dedicated herself to one career.

CLARK and Ria Langham Gable always seemed to be inspiring others. Helen Hayes, long before she left Hollywood, told me, "You know, a few friends I have found out here make Hollywood so worthwhile—friends like Ria and Clark Gable, Norma Shearer and Irving Thalberg. Why, you feel better just to watch Ria and Clark enter a room together!" . . . Two years later, in New York City, Helen told me: "I didn't really dislike Hollywood so much. How could I when it brought me friends like Ria and Clark Gable?"

I doubt if I have heard a finer compliment paid two people. But I have heard so many compliments for these two. I remember shopping at one of Hollywood's exclusive stores, and discovering that all of the clerks in one department were crowded around one woman. Not one saw me until she rose to go. She was Ria Gable. When she had left, I chided the girl who waited on me, "I suppose you have to be Mrs. Clark Gable to get attention like that!"

She was shocked. "Oh no! We are not allowed to give more attention to one customer than another. It isn't because she's Mrs. Gable. It's because she's so charming. She is so kind to us. We didn't even know who she was when she first came here and we felt that way about her even then. She'd ask, 'And how do you like this?' in a way that made us feel that she really wanted our opinion. There's something—well, it's hard to explain, but we really forget about everyone else when she is here. She's just that kind of person. And when Mr. Gable comes with her, he is like that, too. You know, just regular people."

Only a few months after this experience, another girl told me something else about Clark Gable, whom she had met on a lot as lesser employees do meet and work with stars. She confessed to me: "I had never had a crush before. But there it was—so I tried to interest him. Do you know what he told me? He said that I was too nice a kid to be making eyes at men—especially married men. And did I get mad? I did not. He was so kind that I had to run away because I was crying. And he has been a friend, in his big-brother way, ever since he told me that I was a nice kid. And I'm staying a nice kid, too. I couldn't do anything else after what Clark Gable told me."

WHY, then, are two such grand people separating? . . . I don't know. When the rumors began, months and months ago, I asked both. There were the usual denials of any intention to separate, but through those denials I received an impression. I am going to pass it on to you.

A man and a woman who might be wonderful friends, *unmarried*, may become miserable when married, because of different temperaments.

Years ago, Clark Gable told me that he was born with wanderlust in his blood. He talked of the days when this urge to see new places and do new things had led him into the Northwest lumber country. He recounted an argument with a husky lumberman and how they had fought it out—muscle against muscle. He recalled the time he had ridden a freight train, without a ticket, across the northern part of the United States. "My hands nearly froze. I was so nearly frozen, I almost slipped from the roof of a car. *But I didn't!*"

Then, he went to Hollywood. He was ambitious. He wanted to prove to Hollywood what he had proved to the lumberman: he could fight and he could win. And when he should have proved it?—"I want to have money enough to care for my family and care for them darned well! But when I have done that and have perhaps a hundred dollars a week for myself, then I'd like to board a tramp steamer and start going."

I sometimes wonder if certain types of men—wanderers, adventurers—should be married. And yet I have never seen one of these wanderers who did not wish he were like the "other fellow," and could settle down and be happy.

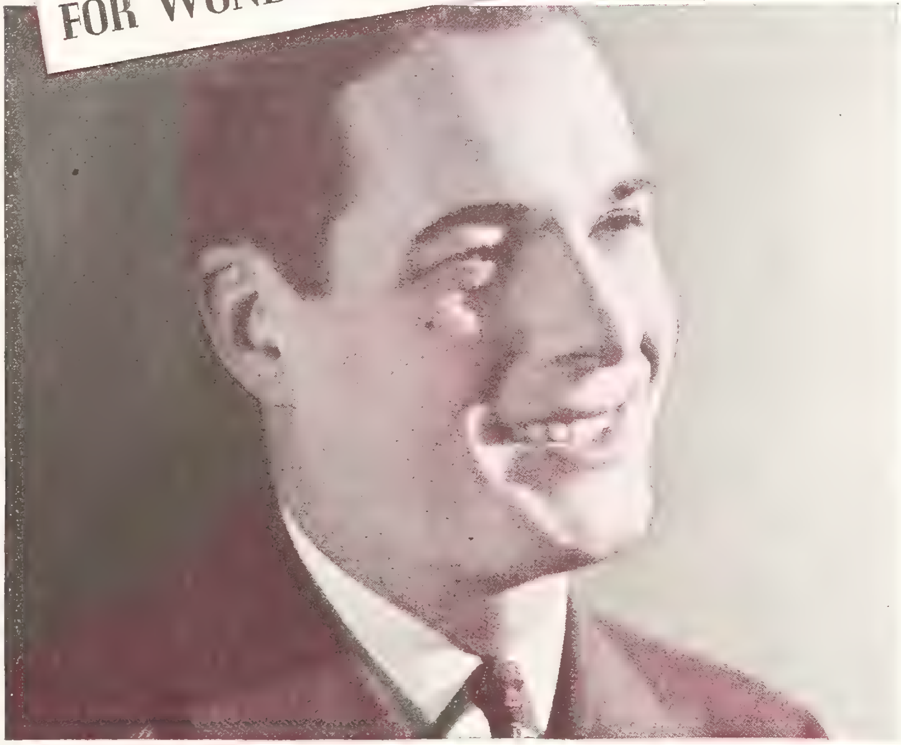
SO Clark Gable stood at the liner's rail and brooded. And Ria Gable remained in Hollywood and suffered. Two magnificent people who have done their best to become "one" when they are "two." A man and a woman who have struggled to remain together because they once believed they would live that way "forever after." An actor and his wife who worked harder than most of us to remain married because they feared a curious world might not understand if they separated.

And a world will misunderstand. It will cry, "Hollywood." It will watch every girl with whom Clark is seen; every action that Ria makes.

It would take great courage for them to remain together. It takes terrific courage for them to separate. It is not easy to break the habit of matrimony when a man and woman *like* one another. Both will be lonely. Both will feel a vacancy that may never be completely filled. Both will have memories that cannot be wholly forgotten.

Courage! The courage to continue together—unhappy, incompatible. The courage to separate—also unhappy. Which takes the more courage? What would you do if you were either Clark or Ria Gable?

In his first picture since the unforgettable *Mutiny on the Bounty*, Clark Gable returns to modern times and faces a situation that is not new to films, but is new to him. The title of the picture is *Wife vs. Secretary*. Myrna Loy and Jean Harlow are his co-stars . . . Myrna as the wife and Jean as the secretary.



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Paulette Goddard—Chaplin's Mystery Girl

[*Continued from page 37*]

ingly ideal relationship. Chaplin is a dreaming realist. He is a man who bends his dreams into the mold of achievement. He insists that he must be judged not by the things he dreams, but by the things he accomplishes—the real things that can be evaluated.

Paulette is like that, too. She has consistently refused to be interviewed because she has refused to borrow glory by her association with a famous man. She has insisted that her talents must be judged on their merits, rather than on the lucky circumstance of her relationship to this great pantomimist.

Chaplin is an ambitious man, and her own desire for accomplishment is as boundless and as urgent as his. Like Chaplin, she plans carefully and gauges wisely. She has refused rôle after rôle offered her recently in important productions, because she believes that she must know first what she has accomplished in her first picture. Then she can take stock, survey her future with intelligence. And this in itself is an index to her intelligence.

Her formal education has not been too extensive. As a child, she lived in a convent, and had private-school training in her adolescent years. But she has acquired knowledge as she has gone along. And she is acquiring it today.

Her interests are wide and varied. Many of them have been given impetus by Chaplin's varied interests. He has always been known for his delvings into philosophy and religions and history and the fine arts. He has concerned himself with social progress (as you will discover when you see *Modern Times*). Paulette's mental inquisitiveness has likewise extended to biographies and philosophies; to psychology and history; to the best in literature; to music. No other woman in Chaplin's life has ever had such deep understanding of music. And Chaplin—who composed the music that accompanies *Modern Times*—must appreciate that.

IF ANY other young actress in Hollywood expressed a desire not to talk about herself, eyebrows might be raised in doubt. But, with Paulette, sincerity is a fetish. What she says, she means.

Paulette is an only child, and yet the usual fault of only children—a lack of balance—is not hers. In all the months that she has been in Hollywood, during all the months of tedious and secret work on one picture, not once has she deviated from her balanced program.

She has an intuitive sensitiveness that is the other side of emotional stability. There is in her even a trace of that world-woe that finds kinship in the moody depths of Chaplin and that makes her the perfect work-mate for him.

In many respects, Paulette Goddard is a composite woman. She is as gentle as a child, and as shy. She is as simple in her tastes and her likes and dislikes as only the very rare person dares to be. And yet there is that intelligence of hers that cannot be discounted. She has her serious moments and her gay moments. As she loves to study, so does she love to play. Chaplin and his two boys—Charles, Jr. and Sidney—and Paulette have made a laughing quartette in many places, at many pastimes. She loves to fish, to swim, to play tennis and golf. She is an outdoor girl—no hothouse flower. And from her love of the open spaces perhaps comes this ability to keep her own counsel, to be quiet as few women can be quiet.

Perhaps her most marked characteristic is her fine understanding of those very near to her. She is a woman not only sensitively attuned to the realities of life and the phantasies of the spirit, but able to keep each in its place.

HOLLYWOOD has frequently wondered how Paulette Goddard has kept the steadfast devotion of Chaplin for so long. Yet it is no mystery when you consider that Paulette is a many-phased woman. With her beauty, undoubtedly she first attracted him, for he is a man over whom beauty casts a spell. But other women have failed to hold him with beauty alone. Paulette has held him because, in addition to her loveliness, she has those other qualities in her nature—companionableness, understanding, intelligence—qualities of the mind and the heart that genius demands.

No woman can hold a man like Chaplin with purely feminine piffle. That evaporates. She must hold him with a masculine candor, with a masculine forthrightness and an uncompromising sincerity. This girl is the sort whom a genius can love safely, for she knows how to love a genius.

And so this is the extraordinary girl whom you will shortly see in Chaplin's newest picture—a girl who is sharing equally in the interest excited by the film so long in the making. That *Modern Times* will mark another epoch in movie history goes without saying. Chaplin's pictures are always an event—with far-reaching effects. As each is begun, there is always the question whether or not he will talk at last. In this one, he again is mute. He is again the wistful figure who is a little of everyman, everywhere—the comic-pathetic under-dog, doing the best he can in every situation and under all conditions. But he is in a new setting.

This picture carries a more vital significance than any of its predecessors. It has a direct relation to the world we live in today, and the difficulties we all face today. But interesting as it is in itself, it gains interest in the presentation of a new screen personality—Paulette Goddard—who is a little of Everywoman, everywhere!

Is Nelson Eddy Leaving the Screen?

[*Continued from page* 33]

"There are only three or four of the existing grand operas that tell stories that would be acceptable to the average American audience, and there are only a half-dozen or so that offer 'hit' arias. Furthermore, existing opera is in Italian, German or French and will not readily stand translation.

"I have not been given great music to sing for the screen and I don't expect that I will in the immediate future. However, I am encouraged by the fact that there *is* a definite upswing of interest in music. I am convinced that eventually operas *will be* screened in their entirety—but they will not be the operas that are now existent. They must be operas written especially for the screen, capitalizing on the great scope offered by the screen, and based on stories suitable for American screen audiences.

"We have great composers, artists who are capable of creating great music—and almost every one of the stories screened today would be suitable for an operatic libretto. The whole difficulty lies in the fact that the public is not yet ready for great music. Our foremost composers are being business men, instead of artists. They can make fortunes every year by writing for popular taste, so why try to create great music?

"I DON'T look for such a screen development for a good many years to come, but *it is on the way!* And I am grateful to have any part in it. Even the hope that it will eventually be realized is enough to keep me interested in pictures, entirely aside from the fact that screen success is forwarding my concert ambitions.

"Meanwhile, I want more time away from the screen. I have had attractive offers of opera engagements and concert work in Europe and in South America. I want to be able to accept such offers, at least occasionally and I cannot do so if I continue to give a full eight months out of every year to pictures."

The fact is, of course, that Nelson Eddy is a crusader. Talking with him about music, one cannot miss the fact that he values a chance to sing one great song more highly than he values salary or fame.

The world may find it difficult to understand why he rejected an offer to do one picture this spring for a salary that would have established an all-time record. He refused simply because he had already arranged his concert tour and had no time for it.

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A Miracle Happened to Richard Dix

[*Continued from page* 51]

moved to Hollywood, and lived there three years just to breathe the same air as her hero. At the time of his first marriage, he disappeared for several days before the ceremony, and rumor had it that he was hiding to keep out of the way of disappointed ladies who wished to reproach him for not falling in love with them!

"It is strange, Rich," I said, "that this should have come to you after all this time—and after all the women that you have known—"

He did not speak for a moment, staring grimly before him as though seeing them pass in review—the sentimental, the neurotic, the frustrated, the scheming, the curious, all the women who try to meet a popular actor. Then he turned to me. "It wouldn't have made any difference *when* I first met Virginia," he said quietly. *"She is the girl that I have been looking for all my life—"*

Good actor though he is, Richard Dix has always seemed to me oddly out of place in the movie world. He has wanted out of life so much less than the glitter and excitement, the fine cars, immense houses and the yachts that screen fame means to so many stars. Or rather, he has wanted out of life so much *more* than these things, for what this big husky ex-football hero was really looking for in Hollywood was the sort of home he remembered as a child—a quiet place, filled with comfortable furniture, books, and affection. He was really seeking the kind of life he had left behind to become a famous screen star.

Hollywood is hardly the place to find such things and so Richard Dix became a cynic . . . Hollywood is hardly the place to discover quiet-eyed girls who have no other ambition in life than to be wives and mothers, and so Richard Dix became a bachelor again after one short sally into matrimony that left him embittered against the institution . . . And then the miracle happened.

"THE way I met Virginia was nothing less than that," Richard told me. "It seems as if it must have been *meant*, somehow. Out of all the women in Hollywood, three thousand answered my ad for a new secretary. And out of those three thousand, my Uncle Joseph picked eight for me to interview myself. After one or two of their names, he had marked a cross to show that he liked them especially. After one name—Virginia Webster—he had put five crosses. 'That girl must have made a hit with you,' I told him. And he replied, 'Yes. She seemed like a nice little thing with no nonsense about her, and pretty, too!' So I talked with her first—"

"I knew pretty early in our acquaintance that I was attracted to Virginia, but I tried not to fall in love. I had decided that I was done with all that sort of thing. Still, I dictated more letters than I ever had before. The first time I asked her out to lunch, I argued with myself about it. 'I wouldn't if I were you, Rich, old man,' I told myself. 'She might think you were getting fresh. She would probably turn you down.' And then I found myself blurting out like a great schoolboy, 'How about a bite to eat?' and she said, 'I'd love it.' So we went to a lunchroom and had chile and hamburgers."

This is not a Hollywood romance that Richard Dix relates to us, but the love story of a Minneapolis boy who called on a girl Saturday nights, carrying her gifts of flowers and candy. It is the quiet, simple love story he had dreamed of and found—after many years.

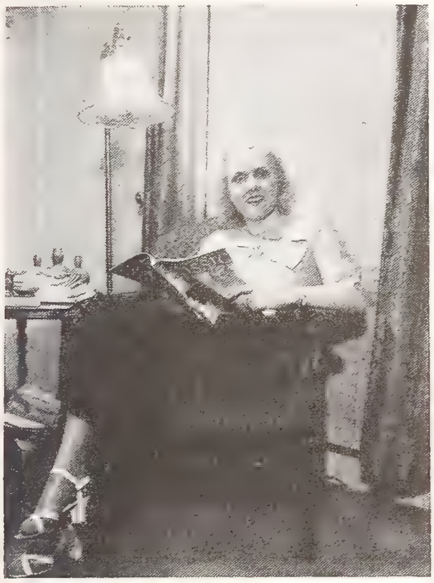
"VIRGINIA turned me down when I first proposed to her," Rich confessed. "She didn't think we knew each other well enough. She couldn't guess that I had known her always! So I decided to get away from everything and go around the world. I got as far as New York. But I just couldn't go on without one more try. I bombarded that girl with telegrams and letters until she had to get on the train, and come on and marry me to get rid of me."

They live so quietly that Hollywood seldom sees them. The movie gossipers might think that Richard Dix had retired from the screen, except for one thing. His popularity has received a strange impetus recently. His fan mail has increased. One of the first American stars invited to England by Gaumont-British, he has recently scored a big hit in G-B's *Transatlantic Tunnel.* Box-office returns prove that people have been going to see him even in such unpretentious pictures as *West of the Pecos* and *The Arizonian.* Perhaps happiness does photograph!

"Virginia and I once saw a movie called *The Man Who Reclaimed His Head,*" Rich told me. "Well, I'm The Man Who Reclaimed His Heart. I can hardly believe I am Richard Dix sometimes. Virginia hasn't any ambitions to be a screen star. She doesn't want to make a society light out of me. For some strange reason, she likes me the way *I am.* We don't go out to big parties. We lead the life of average married people—if they're lucky—in any town in the United States."

And thus one man's dream came true in Hollywood where so many dreams have smashed to glittering bits. Thus one actor has been able to have the life he wants in spite of Success, which usually foists its own scheme of things on a man. It is a life of simple human happiness, family dinners, discussions of books before an open fire, youngsters growing up in a happy atmosphere.

Handy Hints *from* Hollywood



Anita Page reveals that she achieves attractive privacy by using Clopay shades—the new, inexpensive Venetian type of shades becoming so popular in Hollywood. "They're so inexpensive," she said, "that when I tire of one particular color, I buy a whole new set." . . . Onslow Stevens is crazy about plenty of hot, buttered toast and keeps a Manning & Bowman toaster on his breakfast table to satisfy that craving—always with a golden-brown deliciousness . . . Glenda Farrell, who is an efficient little housekeeper, offers some suggestions on the uses of salt. She says that a good way to remove stains from china and earthenware is to rub the stains with salt moistened with a little water. Dirt may be removed from curtains by soaking them in water to which Worcester Salt has been added. Moths keep out of carpets if the floors are scrubbed with a strong solution of Worcester Salt and hot water . . . Marlene Dietrich, who is one of the best cooks in Hollywood, says that most American cookery is flat-tasting. Housewives, therefore, might take a tip from some of the leading hotels, which use Angostura Bitters to add flavor and zest to soups, fish, and salads . . . Studio wardrobe departments have discovered an important development in electric irons in the new Proctor & Schwartz product. With the Dial of Fabrics Heat Control, you need never burn another piece of material you are ironing. Just turn the dial to the name of the fabric to be ironed and the heat is regulated automatically . . . After polishing your furniture, can you put on a white glove and have it still white after rubbing it over the polished surface? If you can, you have used Liquid Veneer on your furniture. Try the polish that passes Hollywood's "white glove" test—Liquid Veneer . . . Maxine Doyle has just purchased one of those new Counselor Bathroom Scales—to keep a close check on gains and losses. A handy hint for *you!*—*J. S.*

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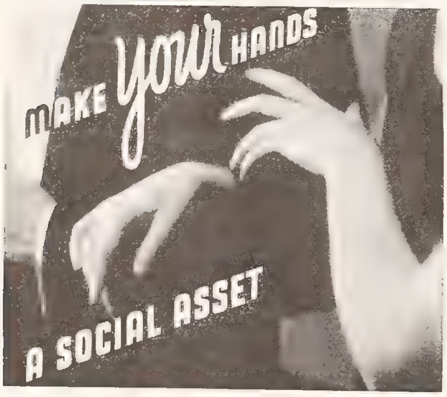

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My Ten Commandments for Personality

[*Continued from page* 12]

choose Loretta Young for the leading feminine rôle because of her beauty alone. There may be several girls working as 'extras" in this picture who are greater beauties than Miss Young. But where else, in what other actress, could one find such delicacy of feeling, with such a spirituelle quality shining from her eyes? Just looking at her will redeem faith in ideals. One can believe that she would sacrifice much to adhere to a high principle. Her outstanding personality, not just her beauty, makes one believe this, and is the reason why I chose her for so important a rôle as *Berengaria*, bride of *Richard, the Lion-Hearted.*

Perhaps your own personality goes far afield from that of either Miss Swanson's or Miss Young's. But that is no reason why you should wish to pattern yourself after these lovely ladies. Let me point out other stars who are utterly different, yet just as glamorous, and may be more your own type.

There is Ginger Rogers, the very spirit of youth and gaiety. Completely herself, and thus unlike all others, she has etched a portrait of beauty that, is an expression of the age in which we live. Such is Ginger's personality.

Norma Shearer typifies intelligence. One feels that here is a lady who has her regal head well set on her lovely shoulders. She knows her world and how to conduct herself in it. You believe that she never loses perspective, because she is fortified by inherent breeding and refinement. Yet she could no more be a Hepburn than could Hepburn be anyone but herself! And no one is so utterly herself as this girl! Beautiful? Some call her that, and justly, but hers is no beauty of feature; rather, a verve and dash infuse all that she does and make it seem important and right.

EVERY WOMAN should learn the tricks that glamorous actresses develop through years of study and training. She should realize the importance of deciding what the outstanding facets of her personality are, and then do everything to enhance them, from dressing as she should to lifting a glass to her lips "in character." That is what a director teaches an actress—the exactly fit way for a certain type of person to act in a certain situation. And, with this kind of instruction, many a director besides myself has taken many an unknown and developed what she already had so that in time she came to be world-famed as a beautiful, glamorous figure. There is no time when the illusion of beauty is not just as acceptable as genuine beauty!

Yet, as a warning, let me advise you not to make an effort merely to be "different." (Commandment Number three: *Don't try to be "different.")* Being "different" does not necessarily make you more desirable, more important, or more beautiful. Not at all. It frequently makes women silly, affected and ridiculous. Katharine Hepburn, for example, is disposed to do eccentric, often unparalleled things. But merely aping this one phase of her nature will not gain you those excellent characteristics that conspire to make her the artiste that she is. If you haven't *everything* that she has, why adopt *any* of her idiocyncrasies?

As I have said time and again, personality is just another name for glamor. But all too often people confuse opulence with both. (Commandment Number Four: *Don't confuse riches with glamor.)* The spectacular has a natural tendency to be glamorous, because it stimulates the imagination. But simplicity itself *can* be spectacular.

A woman who has been bending over a washtub all day, or one who stands for long hours in her kitchen cooking, can be as glamorous as any Hollywood star! You have seen Joan Crawford, without any outstanding physical attributes, develop into one of the most arresting women of the screen, and enact a scene in a gingham frock with every bit as much glamor and personality as in a lavish Adrian creation!

GLAMOR never changes. At least, it hasn't changed in twenty years! It is something developed from within, and *you* can have it just as surely as can anyone else on earth. So be cautioned: *Don't be a faddist!* (Commandment Number Five.) The smart girl of today develops her personality along lines that are going to outlive those of her sister-competitors, that will be as attractive next year as next week.

Some people make the mistake of thinking Mae West is part of a fad, and that her style is a thing of the moment. Do I think so? Not at all. The woman who wears trousers, smokes like a man, and who paints her fingernails a deep blood-red is slated for not-too-far-distant oblivion. But not Mae. She has that indefinable quality that attracts—a personal magnetism that instantly claims attention and admiration —an outstanding personality. But she is smart enough to build it up on the swelling curves of the eternal feminine. Femininity will never be outmoded!

The greatest trouble I find with women who are born beautiful is their inclination to be self-satisfied. By simply existing, they feel that they are contributing quite enough to the world. They are thoroughly spoiled by life and feel no urge to be pleasing, to improve themselves, or to exhibit any real emotion. Their self-satisfaction makes them too absorbed in their beauty to *be* beautiful!

So, in reality, their greatest asset becomes their most serious impediment. It is an unfortunate paradox. *Don't be* *self-satisfied!* (Commandment Six.)

ON THE other hand, a self-made beauty contributes the verve of taut energies, and the agility of her brain gives her a far more interesting expression than the blank stare of the here-I-am-come-and-take-me beauty. Don't ever feel that shortage of natural beauty will make you hopelessly unattractive. Just as long as you are anxious to improve, and determined to develop yourself to the utmost, you have every right to expect that people will be attracted to you by your personality. (Commandment Number Seven: *Don't be too indifferent to learn!)*

The beauty who is afraid to feel honest emotions is like a bird that fears to use its voice or a bud that never opens. (Commandment Number Eight: *Don't be afraid to feel emotion!)* Beauty is a promise—no more and no less. It attracts and arrests; but, without more, it cannot hold. Women should not be afraid of facial lines. By this, I don't mean seams and disfiguring creases, but those that print character on a face. Personality does that. As Galsworthy, in his *Flowering Wilderness,* said: "One's eyes are what one is; one's mouth what one becomes."

What you must guard against are not so much your hopes and aspirations, your disillusionments and disappointments, as your triumphs and successes! Nothing can spoil you so quickly or so irreparably as too sudden and complete admiration, too flattering and insincere praise. (Commandment Number Nine: *Don't let life spoil you!)*

IF I were a young woman with the whole world before me, I would make up my mind precisely on what to "buy" with my personality. A career? A husband, a home and children? Or the permanent rôle of butterfly and jolly good fellow? I couldn't have them all. I wouldn't fool myself or let anyone else fool me into thinking that I could. Knowing that beauty never lasts, I would think of charm as the most formidable barrier to those things that we fear will overtake us during middle-age.

And last, but most important of all, I would never "disguise" my personality, any more than I would mask my face. (The Tenth Commandment: *Don't disguise your personality!)* I would be essentially true to myself and what I wished to stand for. I would be as willing to use every personality aid at my command as to use cosmetics and beauty aids to enhance my looks. For, in every nature, there is some essence of charm which only needs accentuating. By dramatizing this charm in accord with the vision I have seen in my mind's eye, I have given the world what it has pleased to call beauties!

To you I say that each life, each adventure is a personal "Crusade." Therefore, through the power of *your* personality, direct your own spectacle so that you will become the top—the heroine of your own group!

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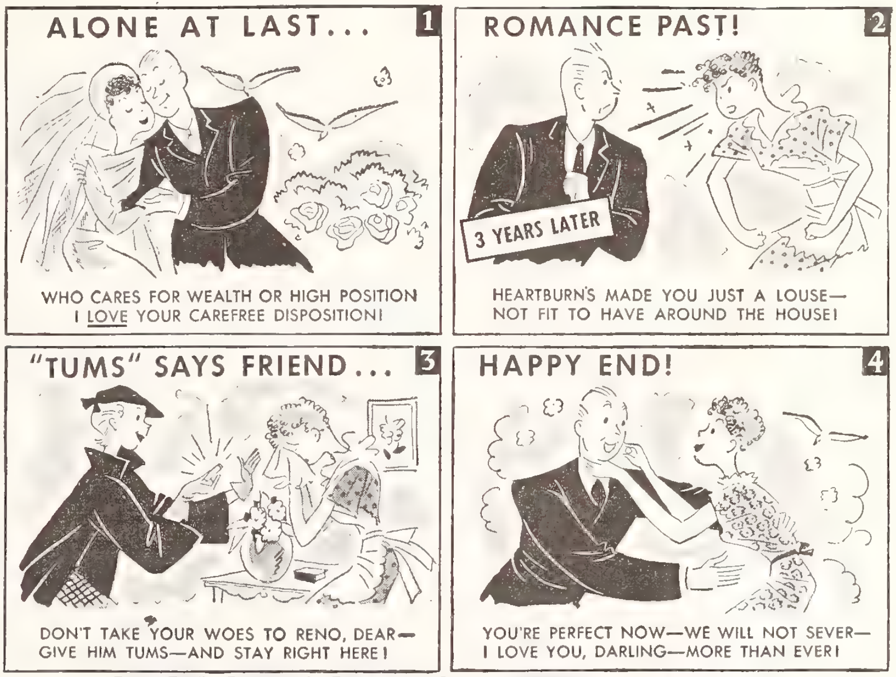

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HAPPY END! 4
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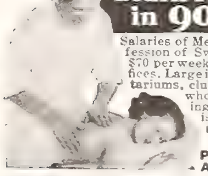

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At Last—a Five-Star Picture!

[*Continued from page* 31]

is one of the most absorbing "production stories" ever told.

It all started when Charles Blake, a Chicago newspaper reporter who had covered the quints from the beginning, conceived the idea for a motion picture story about them. Several studios had already tried, in vain, to have the quintuplets appear in brief sequences in various films—but none had yet conceived of a story revolving about them, not just exhibiting them. Blake sold his idea to Darryl Zanuck, production head of 20th Century-Fox, and famous before this for dramatizing stories behind headlines.

Zanuck dispatched his confidential agent, Joe Moscowitz, under strict orders of secrecy, to the quintuplets' official guardians in Canada. Moscowitz, empowered to make a royal offer for the privilege of starring the quintuplets, brought home the bacon—the Canadian bacon. The offer, it is reported, was $10,000 per quintuplet for the appearance of the five as the stars of *The Country Doctor*.

The instant that Joe Moscowitz returned to Hollywood with the papers signed and sealed, Darryl Zanuck worked fast. Sonya Levien, ace film writer, was asked to develop a screen treatment of Blake's story. A director was selected—Henry King, one of Hollywood's best. Jean Hersholt, short, rotund, jovial and a master of make-up, was given the title role. Dorothy Peterson, poised, alert and capable, was given the role of the nurse. Dan Clark was chosen as cameraman. And in remarkably few days the 20th Century-Fox expeditionary force was in Callander.

PART of the agreement was that Dr. Dafoe would be present at all times during the daily periods of movie-making, to safeguard the health of his five charges. So, before they could do anything else, Director King and Cameraman Clark had to interview Dr. Dafoe.

Dr. Dafoe later confessed, "I had read a great many strange things in the papers. They told me that the picture people would build a new wing on my hospital, if they didn't like the idea of doing the filming in the hospital itself, that they would bring a carload of Kleig lights—and many other things. I was agreeably surprised."

The worries of Dr. Dafoe about this business of photographing the quintuplets for the movies could not have matched the worries of the movie-makers. What if the five youngsters—or even one of them—registered fright or tears, instead of playing?

The main part of the one-story hospital consists of two rooms—one a nursery and one a playroom, which is twenty-five feet long, fourteen feet wide and nine feet high. Because of the limited space, Dr. Dafoe decreed that only five persons—Hersholt, Miss Peterson, Director King, Cameraman Clark and Sound Engineer Bernard Fredericks—could be in the room with the quintuplets. All of them were to have their throats and noses sprayed before entering the hospital. All except Hersholt were to wear surgical garments, which were to be sterilized daily. All except Hersholt and Miss Peterson were to wear special slippers on entering the room, lest their shoes should carry in germs from the outside world. And the shoes of Hersholt and Miss Peterson were never worn outside the room.

One important point on which Dr. Dafoe satisfied himself before the first scene was ever filmed was that the bright lights would not injure the babies' eyes. Clark had foreseen the raising of this question and had developed special lights with blue filters that prevented any glare.

Hersholt, his make-up so skilfully applied that he looked like a twin of Dr. Dafoe, and Miss Peterson, looking completely nurse-like in her white uniform, approached the children for the first scene. She was to dress them, while he was to stand by, man-fashion, fidgeting to help. Miss Peterson bent over the crib of Marie to pick her up, and the youngster reached out her arms to be taken—with the result that both the make-believe nurse and the make-believe doctor "went up" in their lines.

This was the only time that a retake was necessary. Discovering in a few moments that the quintuplets were not bashful before strangers or disturbed by them, the actor and actress soon shed their nervousness.

In your first glimpse of the quints in *The Country Doctor,* you will see them in diapers and little white shirts.

You will like that first glimpse of them—particularly when you remember that it was unrehearsed. They were not taught to like Actor Hersholt or Actress Peterson. Of their own accord, they accepted them as companions—instantly. And that friendliness and good nature, evidenced by all five, will amaze you all through the picture—and convince you that they are healthy.

Perhaps you expect to have difficulty telling the five apart, when there is no caption "reading left to right" to guide you. In which case, you will find Dorothy Peterson's descriptions helpful. Marie, she says, is "the tiniest." Yvonne—"the largest and most adventurous." Cecile "smiles the most." Annette is "the most mischievous." Emilie is "the most serious."

Marie was the quintuplet who took a liking to Cameraman Clark and repeatedly walked out of camera range one day to become better acquainted. Yvonne was the one who jumped up and down in rhythm when Miss Peterson softly sang. Cecile was the one who discovered the attractions of Hersholt's fountain pen and was bent on seeing

Dr. Allan Roy Dafoe, guardian of the quintuplets' health, oversees a vocal operation. Before Dorothy Peterson, who plays the quintuplets' nurse, could come in contact with the famous babies, she had her throat sprayed by Real Nurse Lamoureux. Every member of the movie company was similarly "disinfected." Dr. Dafoe was offered the title role of *The Country Doctor,* but declined it on the grounds that he was not an actor. So Jean Hersholt plays the doctor

him minus his steel-rimmed spectacles. Emilie was the one who received the unexpected kiss from Yvonne. . . .

One explanation of their activity is the nurses' rigid adherence to the schedule that Dr. Dafoe has set for the quintuplets. (A word, by the way, that he pronounces as "quin-toop-lets"). This is the story of their daily lives at the present time: They awaken at 5:30 a. m. At 6 they have cod liver oil and tomato juice, then rest until 7, when they are weighed and bathed. At 8 they have breakfast—bread and butter, milk and soft-boiled egg. At 8:30 they are placed in their outdoor cribs for their collective morning nap. (Only if the temperature drops under 20 below do they nap indoors.) At 11, they are brought in for an hour of play, followed at 12:30 by their big meal of the day—fruits, vegetables, soups, bread, butter or rusks. At 1 they are again in their outdoor cribs, napping until 3, when they have orange or tomato juice and cod liver oil. Then they play indoors until 6 p. m., when they have oatmeal or porridge, and fruit—a menu varied once a week with veal or liver. At 6:30, they are in bed.

Dr. Dafoe found that they gained while appearing before the movie cameras.

In Hollywood, according to California law, children two years old can be on a movie set for four hours a day and appear before the cameras for two of those hours. So there can be no outcry about the quintuplets "working" before the cameras—for twelve minutes a day over a period of little more than a week. (Figure out what they earned per minute!) Both 20th Century-Fox and Dr. Dafoe made sure that the lights would not injure the babies in any way. Note when you see the picture that they do not squint.

Joe Moscowitz, the man who arranged for their appearance in *The Country Doctor,* returned to Canada with the "location" company to see that there were no hitches in the scheduled movie "scoop." He says:

"Were they good actresses? Well, they were themselves—they were natural—which made them the best kind of actresses. . . . Many people have wondered why we didn't film them in color. It was because of the intensity of the lights necessary for color.

"Toys? They have all kinds, including the wind-up kind. They like anything that's new, whether it's a girl's toy or a boy's toy. Every day they get five packages from somebody. . . . They have two nurses, and two armed guards. The youngsters don't talk much yet, but I think their words are French. They 'sang' for us—I don't know what—but they sang. And it sounded like French to me.

"We didn't take any sequences showing them being bathed or fed—we were there, you see, only during their morning play hour—but one scene shows them in their high chairs, with spoons in their hands. One started knocking on her chair with her spoon—and the others took it up. One follows the other—and they change leaders constantly.

"They obey their nurses and Dr. Dafoe very well—and they're all very fond of Dr. Dafoe. They warmed up to Jean Hersholt, too. . . . No, their mother and father aren't in the picture. We would have liked to arrange it, but we ran into difficulties—financial difficulties. The parents' rôles will be played by a professional actor and actress. We didn't see the mother on this trip, but the father came over to the hotel one night and talked with us. A nice, quiet chap, who is fully aware that he has some amazing children."

And you will soon see those amazing children in action! *When?* Any time after March 20th, when *The Country Doctor*—a *five*-star picture!—is scheduled for release.

If you feel tired, nervous and out of sorts

—there is usually a definite reason for this

Now let's reason sensibly

Don't try to get well in a day . . . this is asking too much of Nature. Remember, she has certain natural processes that just cannot be hurried.

But there is a certain scientific way you can assist by starting those digestive juices in the stomach to flowing more freely and at the same time supply a balanced mineral deficiency the body needs.

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Why Those Powell-Loy Marriages Are Happy

[*Continued from page* 41]

that now, having her own homes to protect on the screen, she knows what to guard against."

Though each of them will tell you that the other is a model screen mate, I very much doubt that Myrna and Bill ever have paid each other a direct face-to-face compliment. They express their fondness for each other obliquely, with faintly derisive banter—as, you remember, *Nick* and *Nora* did. To the casual observer, they might seem casual toward each other—but a closer look would discover that beneath their casualness is humor and a full complete respect for each other.

It's that grand and easy spirit of comradeship that has made their screen union such a popular model for a modern marriage. And that same spirit, developed through their two previous pictures, is what caused their selection to portray one of the theatre's grandest couples: Mr. and Mrs. Florenz Ziegfeld.

They are not attempting to impersonate the Ziegfelds. Bill retains his mustache, although Ziegfeld was smooth-shaven. Myrna looks far more like an older Myrna Loy than like a carbon copy of Billie Burke. They simply are interpreting the character of two vivid personalities who already have become legends on Broadway.

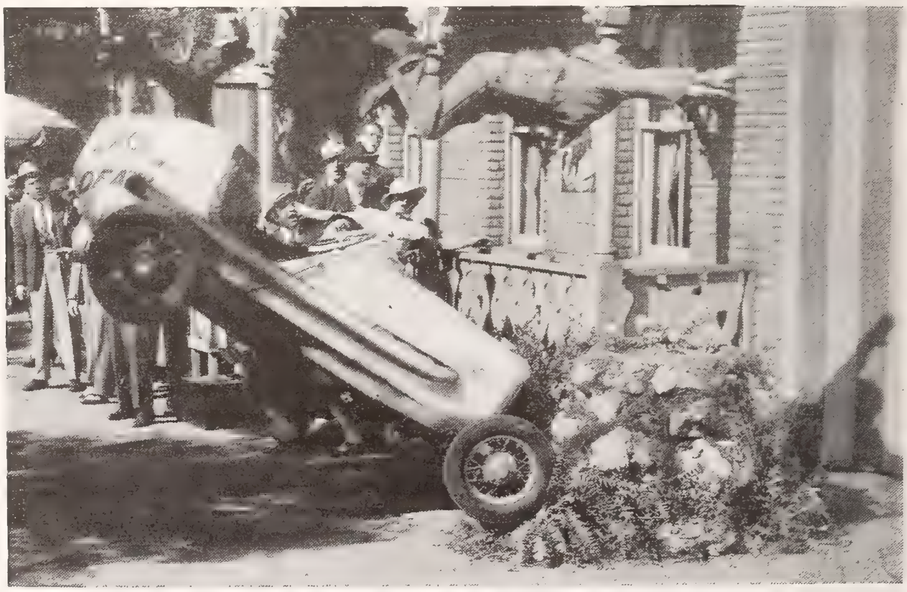
BILLIE BURKE, who, as everyone knows, married Florenz Ziegfeld at the height of his career and remained at his side throughout all the vicissitudes that beset him after 1929 until his death three years later, has kept very close to the M-G-M production. She was on the set during the polishing and rehearsing of the script by William Anthony McGuire (who was Flo's own playwright in the old days), and she has added her voice to the general approval of the casting of Bill and Myrna for the parts of her late husband—and herself!

A strange sensation, that must have been—seeing herself portrayed by another woman—seeing her own husband being reincarnated in the form and figure of another man! Both Powell and the studio had far too good taste to ask Miss Burke to sit in on those intimate little scenes that make a character true or false—but she volunteered for the task. She spent long hours with Bill, mostly in reminiscing, drawing the fine details of Ziegfeld's character and mannerisms—the roll and droop of his cigar, the nervous habit of tapping it gently, the hundred and one other casual details that delineate a man so surely, deftly . . . Hers was a task probably never before tackled by a man or woman in the history of the theatre, but a task gallantly performed.

After the first day's actual work, during which Miss Burke sat watching the action with a peculiar, ineffable sadness in her eyes, she sent Bill a telegram:

"WATCHING YOU TODAY AS FLO DID STRANGE THINGS TO MY HEART—BILLIE BURKE"

Is it any wonder that Bill and Myrna are turning in the performances of their lives? In this, their latest screen marriage, they have all the ease, charm and humor that have practically set a new standard of actions in the modern mode of living, plus a story rich in drama—the story of the life of America's greatest glorifier of feminine beauty, the producer of the show of shows, *The Ziegfeld Follies,* and his wife . . . Mr. and Mrs. Florenz Ziegfeld!



He flies through the air with the greatest of ease, does Eddie Cantor in *Strike Me Pink.* Maybe it's faked; maybe it isn't. Anyway, it's a great "action shot"

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The Latest Reviews

[*Continued from page 23*]

shady lah-de-dah Englishman (Arthur Treacher) and a mellow ex-convict (Warren Hymer), who make the journey more hilarious. (Republic)

The Bohemian Girl will make operetta-lovers scream with dismay and will make Laurel-and-Hardy addicts scream with delight. The original operetta story still is there, but practically hidden under a barrage of laughs—Laurel-Hardy gags. And, like the Marx Brothers in *A Night at the Opera,* they have been smart enough to do their clowning against a musical background that will also click. (M-G-M)

Last of the Pagans comes at a time when interest in native life in the South Seas is high. It is a refreshing, honest story, about natives. Mala (of *Eskimo* fame) plays the boy, who faces a tragic separation from the girl, played by Lotus Long (also of *Eskimo* fame), until love finds a way to bring them together. (M-G-M)

Collegiate has pep, catchy tunes, pretty girls, novel situations. Jack Oakie, playboy, falls heir to a girls' private school that is losing money. He and his wise-cracking press-agent (Ned Sparks) put it back on its financial feet by making it a bright young playboy's idea of what a girls' school ought to be. The three R's are discarded and courses in poise, make-up and smart dressings are substituted, and the girls go through their lessons to music—tuneful music. Frances Langford, as the secretary he inherits, puts across most of the songs; Joe Penner, as an amnesia victim, has some amusing moments. (Paramount)

Three Live Ghosts is an old favorite given new life. After the Armistice, a young American soldier and a young Cockney soldier, both of whom have been reported dead and who don't mind, show up at a battered old London rooming house with a shell-shocked Englishman whose name is a mystery. Three young misfits, they have their difficulties, both amusing and dramatic, in which Beryl Mercer, as their greedy landlady, constantly shares. The three live ghosts—all completely life-like—are Richard Arlen, Charles McNaughton and Claude Allister. (M-G-M)

★ ★

Freshman Love is built around a crew coach, in despair about finding the kind of men he wants, who uses Patricia Ellis as a lure to attract them to his school. Frank McHugh is the bustling coach. (Warners)

These Are the Players You Should Have Named on Page 64

1. Norma Shearer.
2. Charles Boyer.
3. Jean Harlow.
4. William Powell.
5. Warren William.
6. Paul Lukas.
7. Mae West.
8. Joan Bennett.
9. Frances Dee.
10. Cary Grant.

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It's Time You Knew Margo!

[*Continued from page* 39]

they came to California where they had many relatives. While spending part of her time with an aunt, Margo had her first serious misgivings about her future.

"My aunt was very beautiful, so beautiful that I recognized my own homeliness. I was really an ugly duckling, with spindly legs, an amazing collection of freckles and little eyes about so big," said Margo, squinting expressively. "By comparison with my beautiful aunt, I was hopelessly unattractive. I began to doubt that anybody could bear to look at me, even if I became the world's finest dancer."

Then Margo began to grow up, her freckles began to vanish and her thin body filled out. She will never be deemed a great beauty, but there is so much character in her face that mere beauty seems unimportant by comparison. Then, too, there is about her a tremendous vitality and a joy of living that is infectious.

MARGO'S schooling has been limited from the standpoint of actual hours spent in schoolrooms. But her education is broad, embracing four languages, with an amazing command of English. Self-educated and tutored, she is extremely well-read and informed. You have only to listen to her flow of speech to recognize her love of words. Words are music to her. I am sure that she will write some day.

Her sense of humor is delightful and her wit sharp. Yet there is about her a sensitiveness to beauty in all forms that is her dominant characteristic.

Like most sensitive people, she is impulsive. Impulse dictates nearly everything that she does. An example is the long drives that she frequently takes alone at midnight along the beach of the moonlit Pacific Ocean. She has no explanation for these drives other than: "I just felt like going."

She has the rare gift of being interested in everyone whom she meets. Position in the social scale means nothing to her. She chats just as delightedly with prop boys and electricians as she might with a duke. No wonder Hollywood likes her.

Once Margo served a brief apprenticeship in the movies as an extra. "Just one of a million girls," she says. She had only occasional work. But every little bit helped financially. Her grandmother stood by her, steadfast throughout all these hard lean years.

Then Margo secured a dancing job as an entertainer at Agua Caliente. From this beginning, she was "discovered" and became a featured dancer at Los Angeles' own Cocoa-

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nut Grove. This engagement led to a Broadway offer. And Margo scored a real hit in New York at the Waldorf-Astoria.

GEORGE RAFT saw her there and engaged her as his dancing partner for a personal appearance at the Paramount Theatre in New York. When first told that Raft wanted her to dance with him, Margo refused to believe it. "There are so many better dancers than I in New York," she said.

Nor did she believe it when her friend, Jimmy Savo, suggested that she might enter pictures in a Hecht-MacArthur film to be made in New York. "I'm not a good prospect for the movies," she told the producers when they cast her in *Crime Without Passion*. As the vivid and tragic victim of the crime described by the picture's title, she scored a sensational hit. The movie world sat up and took notice of her. Paramount claimed her next for the rôle of George Raft's tempestuous Cuban dancing partner in *Rumba*.

"Movie work is fascinating," says Margo with such conviction you forget that you have ever heard anyone else say the same thing. "It is also hard work, but I don't mind. Nothing worthwhile ever came easily. But my *real* joy as a result of being in pictures is that it allows me to compensate my grandmother for all her sacrifices in my behalf. I can't begin to tell you how fine she has been."

And the grandmother who encouraged her to become a dancer is seeing her become one of today's most promising dramatic actresses! She has the principal feminine rôle—a romantic and tragic rôle—opposite Warner Baxter in *Robin Hood of El Dorado*. And at the moment she has the leading feminine rôle (also tragic) in the successful Broadway drama, *Winterset*—which will soon be coming to the screen.

Watch Margo! There is no one else like her on the screen. And the actresses who are individual are the actresses who become stars!

Answers to Question on Page 67

1. Susan Lenox, Her Rise and Fall.
2. Dancing Lady.
3. Mississippi.
4. It Happened One Night.
5. Public Enemy.
6. Bordertown.
7. The Man Who Played God.
8. Carolina.
9. Aggie Appleby, Maker of Men.
10. Symphony of Six Million.

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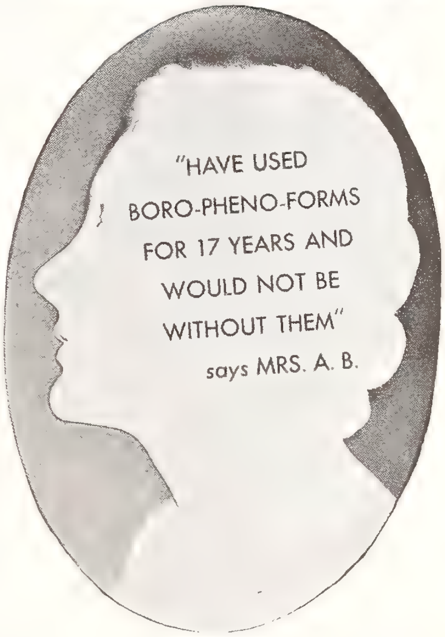

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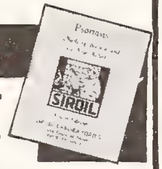

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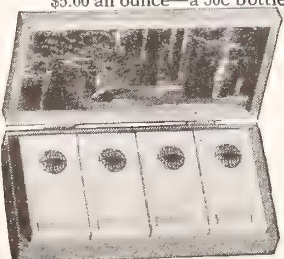

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Patient Is the Word for Helen Mack

[*Continued from page* 42]

Mrs. McDougall called Miss Gordon at her hotel and asked if she could bring her daughter to see her. Through some miracle, or perhaps it was because Vera Gordon has a big, generous heart, a meeting was arranged. Helen did her tricks, her imitations.

"Be honest with me," Mrs. McDougall pleaded. "Am I prejudiced because I'm her mother—or do you, too, see talent in her?"

"Yes, she has talent," Miss Gordon agreed.

"Then how can I get her a chance in the movies?"

Miss Gordon advised either Hollywood or New York. (At that time, there were several studios in the east.)

Mrs. McDougall never questioned the advice. She sold everything she had and took Helen to New York.

"I WAS too young to appreciate the difficulties we encountered," says Helen in talking of those days. "If Mother's courage ever failed her, she never let me know. The first thing we discovered was that in order to get stage or screen work I would have to be registered at the Professional Children's school. That, of course, took money, but mother managed it, somehow. Then, gradually, I began to get work in pictures—where my real name of McDougall was shortened to Mack. I played with Gloria Swanson in *Zaza*. I had a child rôle in Clara Bow's first starring picture. I did a few things on the stage.

"One of the first things Mother taught me was to be self-reliant. When we would go to theatrical agencies to see about work, she would go with me as far as the door and then she would send me in alone. We had a little speech all figured out. 'I'm Helen Mack,' I would say, 'and I'm an actress. Is there anything open for a girl of my type?' I suppose there was something about a child presumably coming to an office unaccompanied, asking for work, that attracted attention, for often I found work as a result of my little speech."

At sixteen Helen did a "single" in vaudeville. Then she went into a Broadway show called *Subway Express*. She attracted the attention of Albert Parker, a movie director, and he sent for her to make a screen test.

"IN THE test I was supposed to be a woman of twenty-five who had been married and had a lover," says Helen. "I had no conception of the meaning of the scene I was supposed to play. But the director explained that he just wanted to see what I could do with it. 'You're not a

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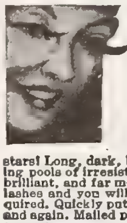

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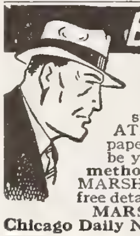

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straight ingénue,' he said. 'You're a dramatic type and if you ever let anybody try to make a sweet, sugary heroine out of you, you'll be a flop."

The test resulted in Helen's winning a Hollywood contract. And the first thing the studio did was to make her black hair red and put her in a sugary rôle.

"I knew it wasn't the thing I could do best," says Helen. "But I was so thrilled that at last I had a real break and was on my way to being a movie star, that I was glad to do whatever they told me."

She played in a couple of other pictures and was bad in all of them. The studio promptly forgot her and she sat around Hollywood for nine months without doing a thing. But since she was on salary, she felt that she must report at the studio. So she would go out each morning and sit around the make-up department, hoping against hope that somebody would see her and decide to put her in a picture.

AFTER weeks of waiting, she was given a small rôle in a play at the Pasadena Playhouse. Here again she attracted movie attention and another studio sent for her. While she was waiting in the casting office, an agent spotted her.

"Aren't you Helen Mack?" he asked. "I saw you in a picture you made a few months ago and I thought you were good."

"He was the first person in Hollywood who had said anything nice about my work," says Helen. "I was so grateful that it was all I could do to keep from kissing him!"

Since this agent apparently believed in her, she decided to let him manage her. The result was a rôle in *Sweepings,* in which she made a personal hit. Again it looked as though her really big break had arrived. But a series of inconsequential rôles more or less nullified the good impression she had created. It was not until she did *All of Me* with George Raft and Miriam Hopkins that she stirred up another flurry of interest. The pictures that followed have not perceptibly enlarged her rôles—even though her fair following has grown steadily larger. But just you wait. One day the right rôle *will* come her way, and when it does, I have a hunch that Helen will zoom to the top.

She's an intense person—like Joan Crawford in many ways. And, like Joan, she has a driving ambition, plus the ability to finish what she starts.

"So many girls who write me fan letters say: 'Oh, if only *I* could get a break, I know I could accomplish something.' I'm convinced that in Hollywood 'getting a break' is the easiest part. And I suspect it's the same everywhere else. The really tough thing is holding on to your belief in yourself when the break doesn't turn out as you thought it would, and learning to be patient and wait for the next one."

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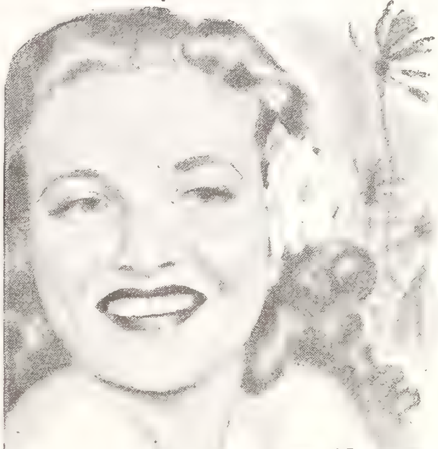

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29x5.25-19	2.60	1.15
30x5.25-20	2.60	1.15
31x5.25-21	2.90	1.15
5.50-17	2.95	1.15
28x5.50-18	2.95	1.15
29x5.50-19	2.95	1.15
6.00-17	3.10	1.15
30x6.00-18	3.10	1.15
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Leslie Howard Breaks the Rules

[*Continued from page* 43]

people and is prone either to wander about amongst them like *Hamlet's* ghost (he's about to play *Hamlet* on Broadway, by the way) or wander far away from them and contemplating the whole lot—either mentally or with a pocket-sized camera. I had a feeling that he was about to wander again. People do that when you ask them about Hollywood. But Leslie broke the rule.

"Well, let's have on with it," he sighed, "I do like Hollywood—sincerely. But the trouble with it is that it's completely bound and barred in with celluloid. You know, in other small cities where there's only one industry, like a steel mill, you hear people talking about nothing but steel and steel-mill politics . . . They lose their perspective. The steel mill becomes the biggest thing in the world to them. The same thing is true of Hollywood. People don't talk about anything else. Of course, it *is* interesting, but one can get fed up with it—like kidney pie.

"I don't like rules like that. If I feel a sudden and overwhelming yearning to discuss the love-life of an Argentine beetle or the effect of Negro spirituals on modern dance music, I want to discuss it and not have people edge away to another group where the topic of conversation is what that producer said to this star about—" he poked at his salad suspiciously—"gaining weight."

"I suppose I break a lot of Hollywood rules. I don't go out places to see people and be seen—and, and—hang it all! give autographs and pose for news photos and all that sort of thing. But," he looked up brightly, a man whose deep soul-inspection had brought to light one great redeeming feature, "I *have* been to the Trocadero once, and found it great fun, too."

HOWARD utterly refuses to be typed. He's as much an American as a Briton, as much a New Yorker or Hollywoodian as a Londoner, and he reviles the thought of having anyone point him out as the net result of a local civilization. He's not aloof. Far from it! He's one of the most sought-after men wherever he happens to be domiciled. One reason for that is his sense of humor—a Dry Martini brand of humor, pungent, dry and guaranteed inoffensive to any taste. This occurrence during the filming of *The Petrified Forest* will show you what I mean:

In a scene in a roadside hamburger stand, he was supposed to be getting around a plate of soup with a certain amount of verve. In so doing, he demonstrated himself to be one of the world's most silent consumers of soup. His soup eating was so silent that it was almost weird. Not a slup in a plateful. Archie Mayo, the director, looked pained.

"I think we ought to hear it just a

I believe

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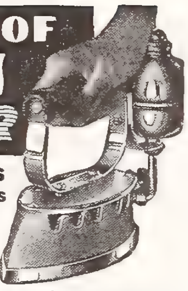

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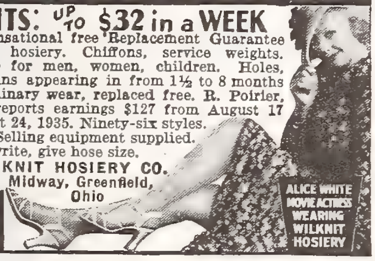

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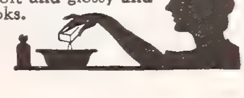

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little," Mayo interrupted. "Not much, you understand. Just a suggestion of a slup. Remember, you're hungry."

Leslie Howard put down his soupspoon caressingly. He looked up gravely with not a hint of a smile to go with the faint twinkle in his eyes. "I think not," he said, "You see, although the chap I'm playing is hungry, he is essentially well-bred. It would distress him to eat soup with a perceptible slup. It would distress him no end. Slupping, or blibbing, as it is referred to in some countries, would be quite foreign to his nature and . . . "

He continued. The whole vast subject of slupping was gravely, learnedly brought forth until Mayo suddenly realized that all was not as it seemed on the surface. In fact, he was being ribbed. He snorted, then grinned.

"Okay! You win! Play it—or slup it—any way you like!" He turned to the sound man. "Hey, Lou! You might as well take your mike and go for a walk—this is a silent take!"

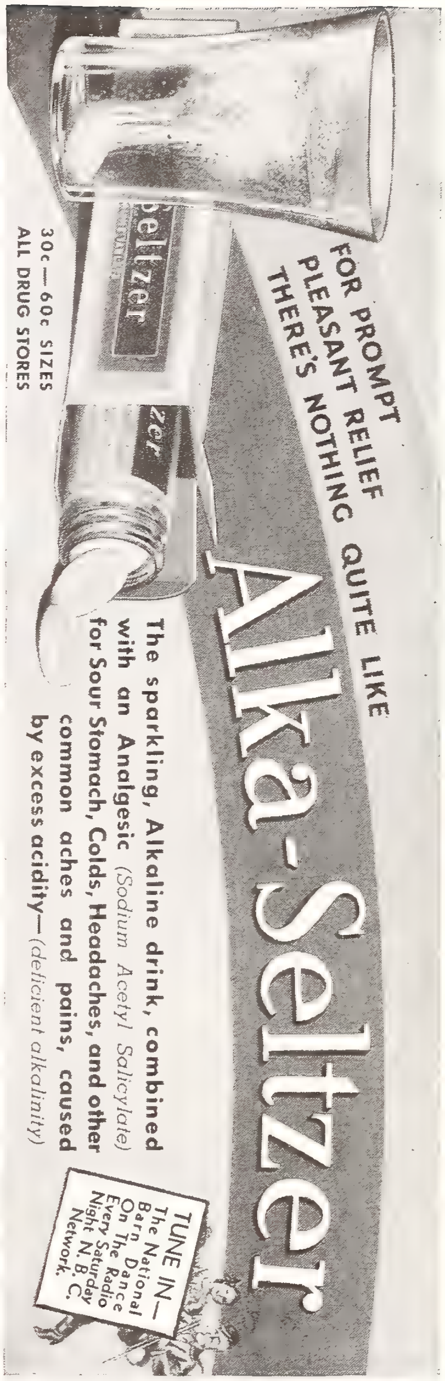
The lights went on and the camera turned over. Leslie picked up his spoon caressingly. Mayo called, "Action!" In the cathedral stillness of the set, the actor proceeded with his soup—and the careful, studied slupping could be heard to the rafters. But the sound man was far, far away and Mayo was slumped disgustedly in his chair.

LESLIE HOWARD just likes to break rules for the fun of it when it begins to look as though life and the pursuit of art were being taken too seriously. He has two simple systems that work in Hollywood. The foregoing is a fair example of one of them, but his best method is wandering.

As a wanderer, he has no equal. None but a genius could figure out the places to wander to and go to sleep in that Leslie can with no apparent effort. One of the favorite spots—and all assistant directors can herewith take notice—is the cat-walk high above the stage. While people course about below like maddened hounds in pursuit of a fox, the missing star is having himself a quiet time with a small camera, taking intimate shots of his pursuers looking under divans and into bins, calling plaintively, "Oh, Mr. Howard!"

But if he's feeling a bit wan and tired and a bit annoyed over the fact that Hollywood companies don't always stop for a spot of reviving tea at 4 P.M., he has, very likely, gone in search of cars parked about the stage entrance. He eschews his own super-sports model —because pursuers are apt to look there first. So he usually picks a handy limousine and curls up in the front seat. He picks the front seat nowadays because once a careless chauffeur didn't see him and drove off with him reclining in blissful slumber in back.

Leslie Howard, I'm afraid, is typical of no man but Leslie Howard. And more power to him! say I. He lives life with lively interest, a tongue in cheek and a quiet understanding of human nature—including the feminine of the species.



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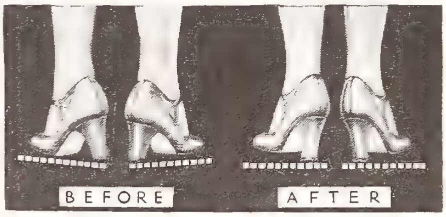

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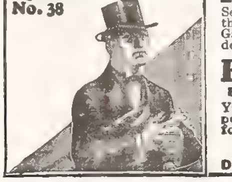

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Una Merkel's Wardrobe Fits the Business Girl

[*Continued from page* 45]

remember to get it loose enough so that it wouldn't wrinkle my dresses. The first thing I'd get to go with it would be a two-piece gray frock. As a matter of fact, I *did* buy one, just the other day. And it would be perfect for office wear. The skirt is a plain gray woolen and the blouse a thin tweed in a red, black and gray pattern. I have a belt of red suède—with a hat to match. (Every woman needs a red hat occasionally.) You see, it's the kind of outfit you can wear just as well without the coat this spring.

"It's wise to plan at least three dresses for business—and one of them should lead a double life. It should be tailored enough for day and 'dressy' enough for an informal evening. You know, when you haven't time to go home and change before dinner. I mean something on the order of that black crêpe that I like so much. It has a gold metallic thread woven through it, and it's made in a simple shirtmaker style with an Ascot tie—so it's discreet enough for 'office hours.' And 'after hours' you can add a bracelet and clip to perk it up.

"Those good-looking jacket dresses are another answer to this pet problem of the business girl. You keep the jacket on during the day . . . and doff it while you're dining with the boy-friend. And do you know what Adrian, the designer here at the studio, told me? He says we're going to be wearing all kinds of period jackets this coming season—trim Napoleonic styles and little Stuart cape-coats with large flat collars and such. Well, it's one time when I'm going to cut a Historical Figure!

I HAVE a personal theory that figured materials of any kind are never as smart as plain ones and they *do* add to a girl's weight! If you want to look slim and 'svelte' as the Frenchmen say—or is it the Norwegians?—why, just wear a coat-dress all one color.

Una's own new coat-dress is a case in point. It's a black wool crêpe. And it's another proof that black may be very common, but it's never commonplace! This dress has bell sleeves, and a small stand-up collar *and* a fascinating black cord pendant in front that makes it look terribly distinguished. All in all, it's the kind of dress that sets you apart even if everybody around you is wearing black.

Which brings us to Una's *Three Taboos* in clothes for Business Girls:

1. *Watch out for frills.* Ruffles and jewelry are as out of place in an office as very high heels and exaggerated makeup.
2. *Avoid eccentric or commonplace clothes.*
3. *Don't wear too, too tailored things.* Men instinctively resent them.

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ALL KINDS of GOOD JOBS Practically Everywhere for NURSES, ATTENDANTS and **OTHERS,** with or without hospital experience. Many individuals associate a hospital only with Doctors, Nurses and professional people never realizing that there are also hundreds of people employed with **NO PREVIOUS EXPERIENCE,** to perform many duties in various departments. All kinds of help constantly needed. Write **FULLY**—enclose stamp.

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Without Calomel—And You'll Jump Out of Bed in the Morning Rarin' to Go

The liver should pour out two pounds of liquid bile into your bowels daily. If this bile is not flowing freely, your food doesn't digest. It just decays in the bowels. Gas bloats up your stomach. You get constipated. Your whole system is poisoned and you feel sour, sunk and the world looks punk.

Laxatives are only makeshifts. A mere bowel movement doesn't get at the cause. It takes those good, old Carter's Little Liver Pills to get these two pounds of bile flowing freely and make you feel "up and up." Harmless, gentle, yet amazing in making bile flow freely. Ask for Carter's Little Liver Pills by name. Stubbornly refuse anything else. 25c at all drug stores. © 1935, C.M.Co.

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... to ANY shade you desire ...SAFELY in 5 to 15 minutes

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Wear clothes that allow you to be feminine without being fluttery.

"A SUIT," observed Una, "is the mainstay of every woman, especially the professional woman. And the simpler the suit is when you buy it, the more you can do with it afterward. For you can always make a tailored suit sporty if the occasion demands, but you can't make a sporty suit tailored!

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"When it comes to evening dresses, I prefer either black or white. And I'll tell you why. You can do more things with dresses in those two colors. I mean, by way of accessories—changing them so that the dress looks different for different events. That's necessary if you want to get the most out of the money you put in evening togs. Usually, you wear a dress at two or three parties and your crowd has it 'spotted.' But there are many things that you can do with a quaint white taffeta gown—if you're that type. Or with a white Grecian chiffon—if you're *that* type. One evening your accessories might be green and silver sandals, a green chiffon hanky and green earrings. Another time you might wear an enormous bunch of red geraniums and red slippers. And a silver metallic cloth wrap goes with everything . . .

"Personally, I love black lace—with a pink touch or two. It always makes me feel so moonlight-and-rose-ish! And I very seldom tire of it.

"There are times, of course, when a girl wants something utterly 'different,' something utterly startling. And those are the dangerous days! You're apt to walk right into a shop and spend two weeks' wages on a dress you'll wear once. I know. I've done it . . .

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You can express them here! Tell us what you think! You may win a prize!

Why is Shirley Temple—seen above in *Captain January* — Public Favorite No. 1 today? Everyone has a different explanation. What is yours? Tell us!

$15 Prize Letter

A Hint from Hollywood—In the final analysis, you—Mr. and Mrs. General Public—are the makers of stars and, equally so, the unmakers of them. And here is a point that I would like to make. There are in Hollywood a number of stars now wavering on the brink of oblivion because you have made too much of them. They have gone ego-crazy, demand exorbitant salaries, forget old friends and, if nothing changes them, are on their way out. For studios, merely by keeping a player off the screen for a time, can relegate him to the has-beens—*and they do it.* So it is my humble suggestion that when you learn this is the case with some favorite player—get busy. Instead of mash notes, send him some to help bring him down to earth. Stars listen to fan-mail (it's their box-office pulse) and your letters might save them. Recently, one of the former great stars of the screen confided to me that she knows now that she sank to obscurity only because she completely lost herself—thought the world revolved around her. It didn't!—*Mrs. Floe Coolidge, 5555 Hollywood Blvd., Hollywood, Calif.*

$10 Prize Letter

Pertinent Point—I wonder if others, like myself, are not irritated at times by music out of place in the movies? For instance, in *Curly Top,* Shirley Temple stands in her chair at the dinner table and sings *Animal Crackers in My Soup,* accompanied by Rochelle Hudson at the piano. Well and good. It is a believable incident. But when an unseen orchestra joins in, I feel it is out of place because my reason tells me that orphan asylums do not keep orchestras hanging about to accompany little girls who sing surreptitiously at table.

Also, in *Naughty Marietta,* when Nelson Eddy leads his cohorts through the Louisiana swamps, they sing to the accompaniment of a full orchestra! Could anything be more ridiculous? Those voices would have carried the scene without any accompaniment whatever and been much more realistic.

My point is this: the very illusion that the director is trying to create (and we must have a sense of reality built up for us if we are to enjoy the films) is often destroyed, or made impossible, by introducing orchestral music into a scene that would be more effective were it left out.—*Catherine Anderson, 42 Riverside Drive, New York City.*

$5 Prize Letter

In a recent issue, a reader stated a belief that American movies should be for American players only—and that Hollywood could dispense with European stars, stories and settings. This letter brought a deluge of mail down upon our heads. Fully a tenth of this month's mail was on this one subject. The majority of correspondents disagreed with the attitude expressed in Reader Schuff's letter, on these grounds:

In Defense of Foreign Stars—Why not give us foreign movie stars who are not merely trading on their foreign names and reputations, but are honestly good? Who can forget Charles Laughton's performances in *The Private Life of Henry, the VIIIth, Les Miserables* or *Ruggles of Red Gap;* who can forget any of Leslie Howard's pictures or Merle Oberon's *The Dark Angel?* . . . To deny ourselves the pleasures that such performances can give us would be like denying ourselves the pleasures of reading all of the Old World Literature. No sensible person would listen to a proposal that we should not read Shakespeare simply because he was not an American, but this is just what the reader was proposing when he suggested that Hollywood should no longer use foreign stars. Europe is old in the art of acting and we, as Americans, would be foolish if we did not avail ourselves of the best that European talent can afford us. Please do not take this to mean that I think our own stars are not good. I am simply saying that it would be poor judgment to discontinue using foreign stars simply because they are foreign.—*Dorothy Cross, 1003 E. 53rd St., Chicago, Ill.*

$1 Prize Letters

Also, in a recent issue, we mentioned the persistent Hollywood report that Fred Astaire and Ginger Rogers might be separated as a screen team, going their individual starring ways. We asked if readers approved. This also brought a downpour of letters—and the end of them apparently is not yet in sight. To date, the two schools of thought are about equally divided, along these lines:

Foresees an Eruption—Separate Rogers and Astaire? Behead the first executive who dares to suggest it! They alone were responsible for the rise of musicals and if they are separated, you will have the immediate downfall of the musicals, also. Why, to break up this team would be like taking the curls from Shirley Temple; the voice from Grace Moore; the cream from coffee; and U. S. from U. S. of America. Ginger without Fred is like beautiful scenery without an artist, and Fred without Ginger is an artist with a crippled hand. Please, don't ever suggest the horrifying thought of breaking them up. Together, these two stand for happiness, wholesomeness, beauty and everything good in life. If someone wants a movie eruption, just break up this team!—*Mildred Sheridan, 1591 Dorchester Ave., Boston, Mass.*

Favors Partial Parting—I think it would be a very good idea for Ginger Rogers and Fred Astaire to be separated for a while. Of course, the public loves them together, but I'm afraid it would tire of them if it saw them co-starred too frequently. Starred separately, they would prove whether or not they could make equally successful pictures. Fred Astaire is just as good an actor as he is a dancer and single stardom would give him a chance to show his talents as an actor. Ginger Rogers also is successful as a dramatic actress. I think it would be suitable for them to be co-starred in two pictures annually. When the time came for them to be together, the public would look forward eagerly to their pictures and they would certainly be, and stay, public favorites.—*Helen Gronowski, Blossburg, Pa.*

New Discovery—Hollywood has done it! It has found a man as handsome as Clark Gable and as fine an actor as Leslie Howard, and cast him perfectly in a fast-moving, thrilling drama. I predict that, as *Peter Blood,* he will become one of the most popular actors on the screen. Errol Flynn, here's to you!—*Scottie Fitzgerald, Cambridge Arms Apts., Charles and 34th Sts., Baltimore, Md.*

A reader raises a provocative question in the following letter:

Big, Happy Family—If my family suddenly went back on me, and I had to choose my family from the movies, whom would I choose? Here they are: Grandpa, George Arliss; Grandma, May Robson; Father, Frank Morgan; Mother, Pauline Lord; Sister, Rosalind Russell; Brother, Nelson Eddy; Husband, Charles Boyer; Children, Jane Withers and Freddie Bartholomew.—*Mabel Baker, 3874 West 10th Ave., Vancouver, B. C., Canada.*

WHAT is *your* favorite movie topic —*your* reaction to new pictures, new performances—*your* newest idea for the betterment of films?

Tell us, and you will also be telling the world. *And* be in the running for one of these cash prizes for each month's best letters: (1) $15; (2) $10; (3) $5; all others published, $1 each.

The editors are the sole judges and reserve the right to publish all or part of any letter received. Write *today* to Letter Editor, MOVIE CLASSIC, 1501 Broadway, New York City.

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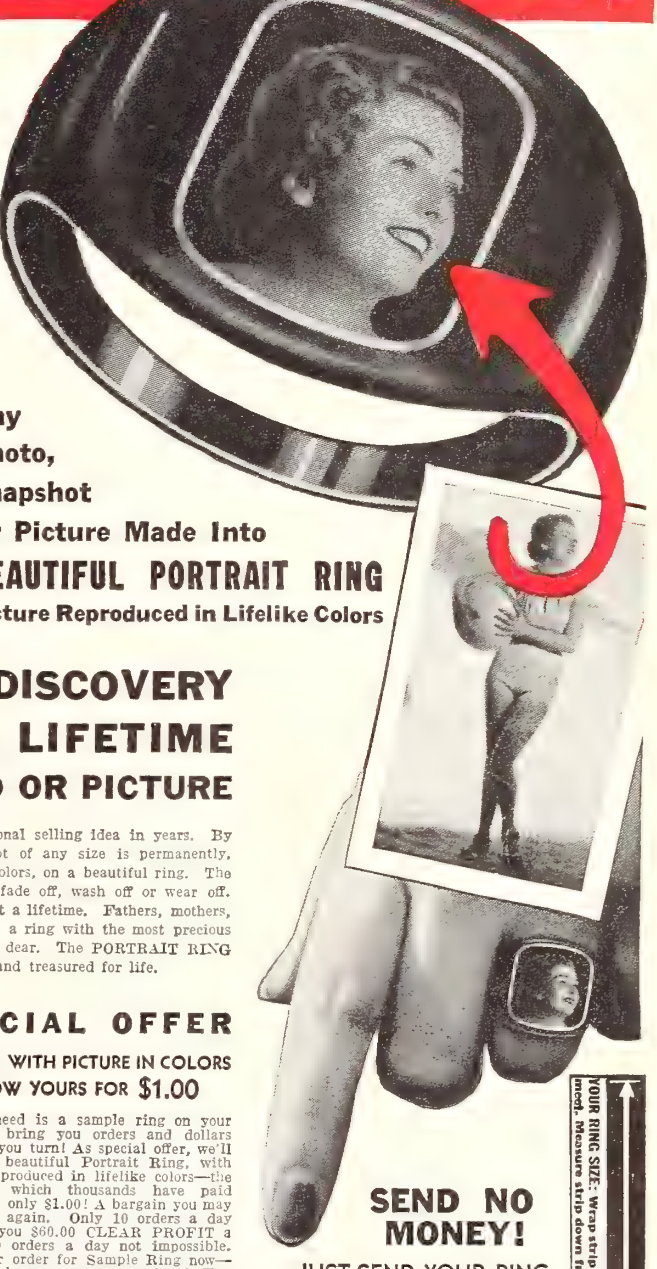

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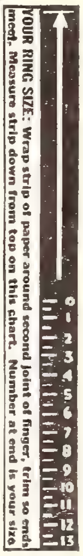

YOUR RING SIZE: Wrap strip of paper around second joint of finger, trim so ends meet. Measure strip down from top on this chart. Number at end is your size.

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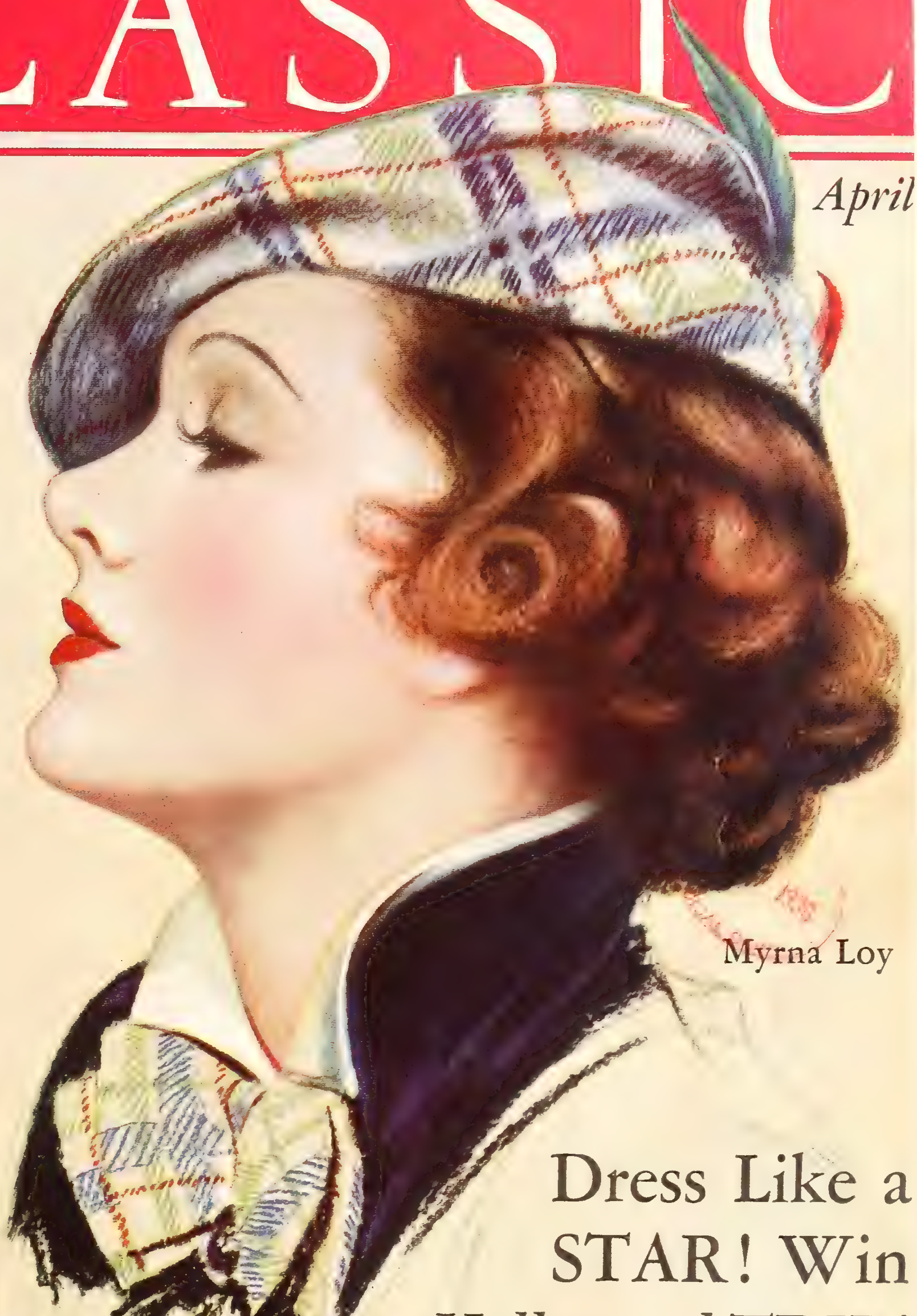

Myrna Loy

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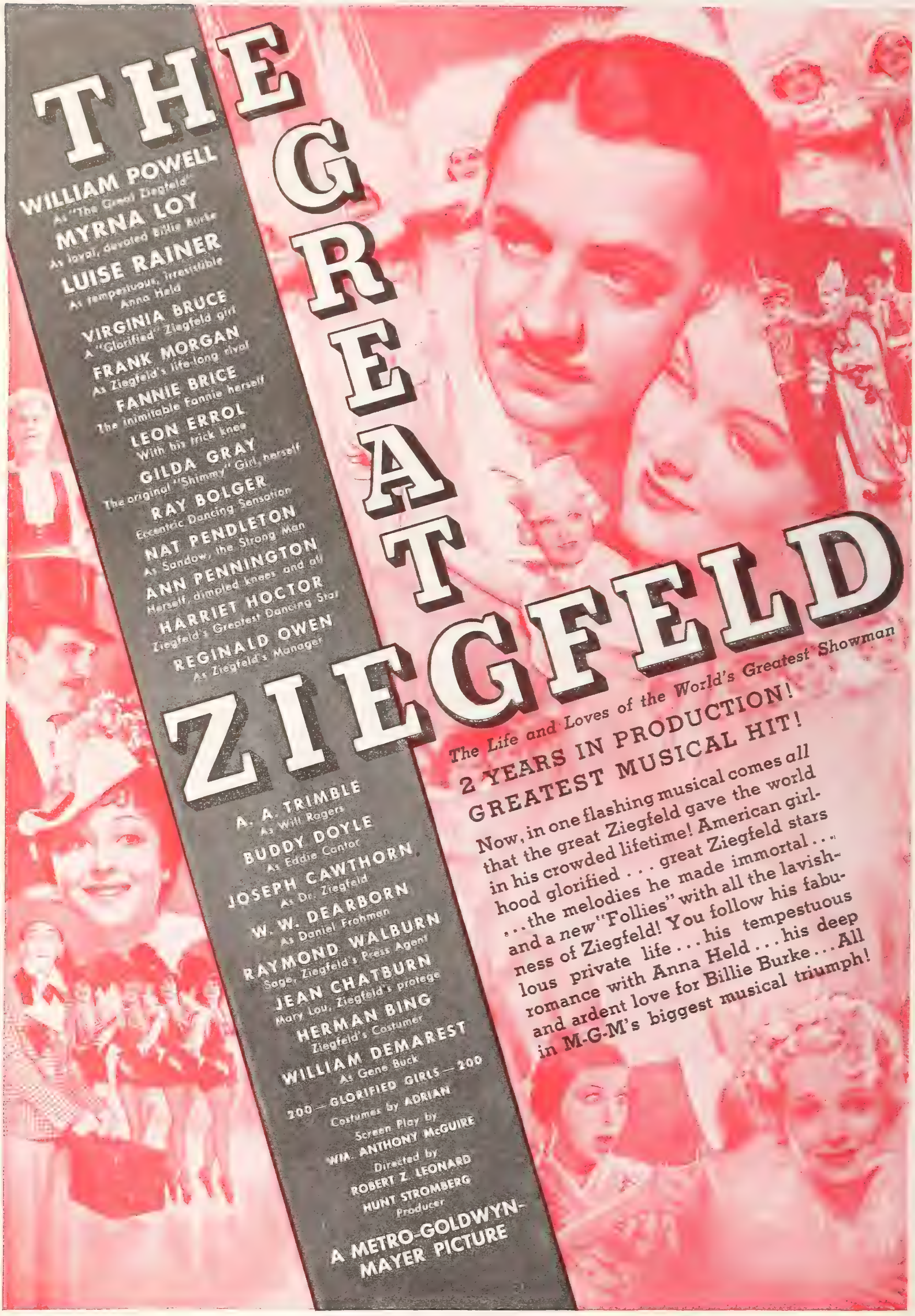

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HERMAN BING
Ziegfeld's Costumer
WILLIAM DEMAREST
As Gene Buck
200—GLORIFIED GIRLS—200
Costumes by ADRIAN
Screen Play by
WM. ANTHONY McGUIRE
Directed by
ROBERT Z. LEONARD
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Producer

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MAR 14 1936

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APRIL, 1936 VOL. 10 No. 2

MOVIE CLASSIC

EDITED IN HOLLYWOOD AND NEW YORK

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Managing Editor

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Taking a peek at this month's contents is Dorothy Lee—who is worth looking at, too . . .

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TODAY I FEEL LIKE A MILLION!

AND HERE'S HOW I DID IT!

When I went to bed last night, I felt dizzy and bilious. So I tried the FEEN-A-MINT 3-minute way that I've been reading about. I just chewed delicious FEEN-A-MINT for 3 minutes, and today I feel like a million dollars. What a difference from the harsh, griping action of old-fashioned "all-at-once" cathartics! It's good for the children too. They love its fresh, minty chewing-gum taste. And don't forget—FEEN-A-MINT is not habit-forming. Ask your druggist for FEEN-A-MINT today—15c and 25c a box.

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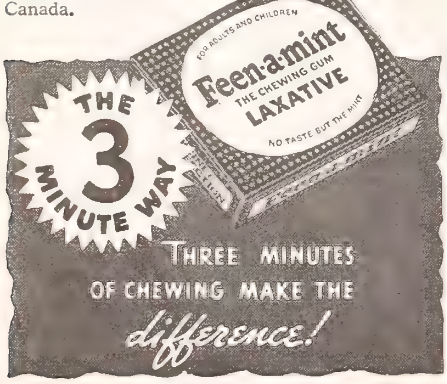


"Me? I'm Lucky!" —Bing Crosby

The star of "Anything Goes" takes life as he finds it. (P. S. And gets the breaks!)

By John Kent

If you ask Bing Crosby, who started from nowhere and has definitely arrived "somewhere," how he managed the journey, he merely shrugs, grins, and lazily answers:

"Oh . . . I don't know. Just drifted along from one thing to another, I guess. I've been lucky . . . mighty lucky. I've never followed any definite plan. I've just had a lot of fun and a lot of breaks."

Modesty? No, not exactly. He's simply the victim of fundamental honesty—a quality rather rare in Hollywood—and he declines to dramatize a subject which, in his estimation, is not dramatic. His success story is a direct contradiction to all of those grim, slave-driving formulas that are so dear to the hearts of most "self-made" men.

He says, "I've just drifted along" . . . and that's exactly what he has done. There's a vast amount of wisdom in his seeming laziness, and many an ambitious youngster would go farther and faster in "show business" if only he would follow the Crosby example.

"Sure, I've had a lot of crossroads in my life," Bing admits. "There have been any number of occasions when I had to choose between North and South. But I've let luck make my decisions and they've always been right. The only mistakes I've made have occurred when I've tried to act as judge and jury and use logic to decide exactly what I should or shouldn't do.

"For instance, about a year ago I suddenly decided that I ought to do something about my voice. I've never tried to tell myself that I'm a great singer, you know, and I had never taken lessons. But I sat down and had a long talk with myself and decided that since I was making my living by singing, the least I could do would be to take it a little more seriously and try to become a *good* singer.

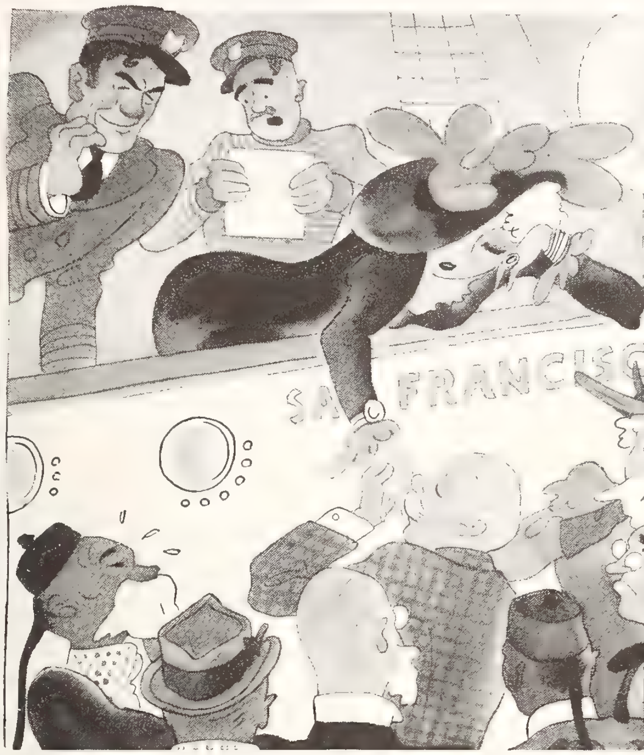
"So I enlisted the services of one of the best voice coaches in the business and really worked. In a few months' time I actually succeeded in raising my register and improving my voice tremendously. I could hit the higher notes with greater volume and greater tone fidelity. I began to flatter myself that someday, if I worked hard enough, I might really be a singer.

"And then the letters began to pour in after each broadcast. People wanted to know what had happened to my voice. They wrote that it wasn't nearly as good as it had been previously, and expressed their fear that I was slipping . . . .

"I've never taken another lesson."

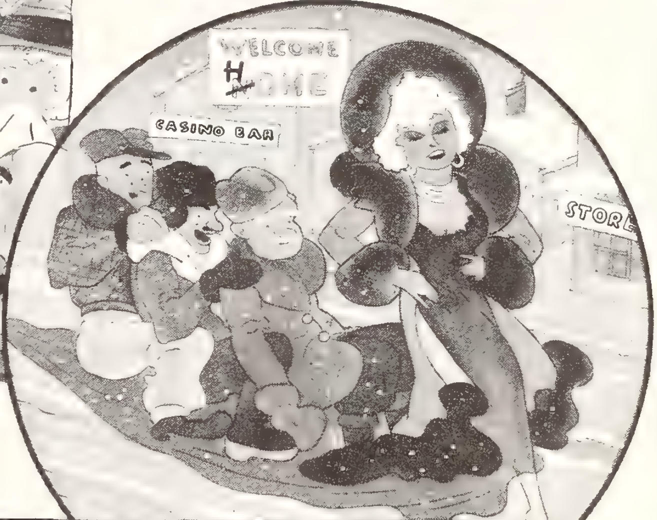
Lady Luck, rather than a grim ambition for career, was at the helm when Bing drifted into show business. Logical planning had routed him into the law classes of Gonzaga University. His goal was the practice of law. He didn't start singing with one of the college dance orchestras because he planned a career on the screen and radio, but merely because he needed a little spending money and, having an instinctive flair for harmony, that orchestra job offered the path of easiest resistance. Lady Luck, not sober planning, brought him to Los Angeles and his first real success, and, (*Continued on page* 74)

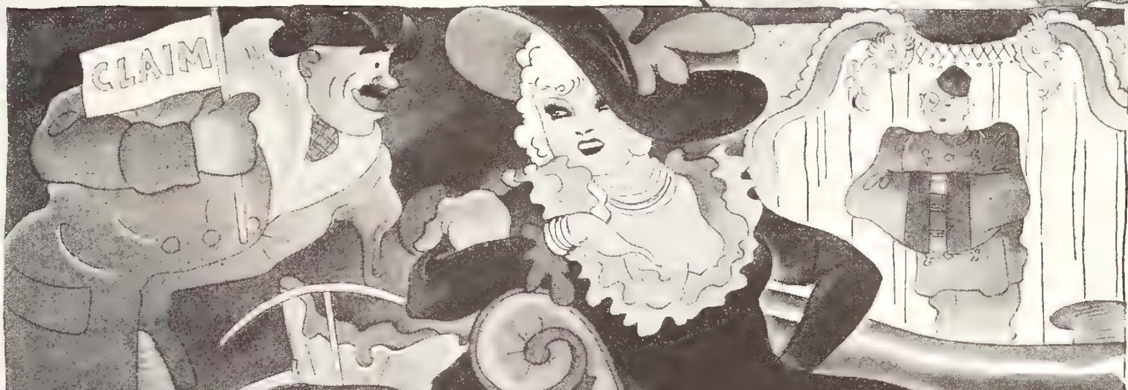
Mae West answers the call of the wild (Victor McLaglen) in Paramount's "Klondike Annie," a roaring romance of the Northern waists



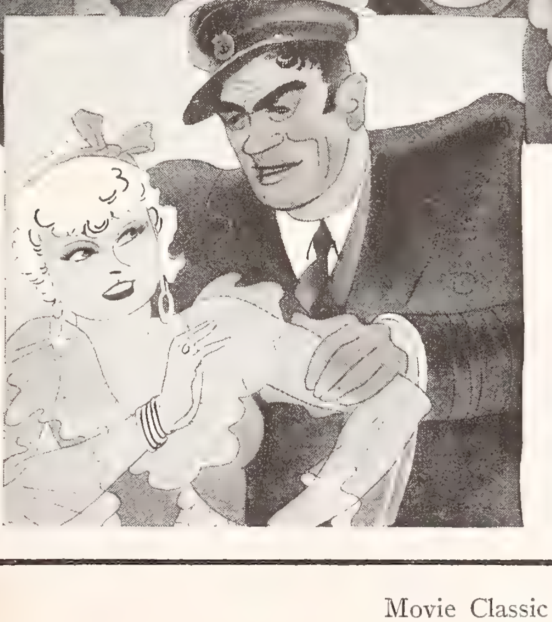
Annie Doesn't Live Here Anymore...Tears spout from hardened orbs of Barbary Coast boys as Annie gives 'Frisco the Golden Gate and sails for the wide open spaces of the frostbitten North.

You Sleigh Me, Big Boy... Nome was never like this 'till Annie hit town... these sourdoughs were just a bunch of cheap skates before Annie broke the ice... but now... there's a hot time in the Yukon tonight!





The Big, Bold Miner Stakes His Claim to Annie's Heart of Gold... But Annie can't see him for (gold) dust... he's just one more fur-bearing animal to her..., the glamour Gal of 'Frisco is not going to give her heart to any lad in a squirrel bonnet. "Get back to the mines," says Annie.



You're No Erl Painting, But You're a Ferocious Monster... Ah, the secret is out... Annie has given her heart of gold to Skipper Bull Brackett, the toughest lad that ever knocked the teeth out of a gale with a belaying pin. Which proves true love always wins and there's no place like Nome.

JOAN MARSH in "DANCING FEET," a Republic Picture

EYES . . . *that fascinate!*

YESTERDAY a wallflower. Today the most popular girl in her set—with invitations, dances, and parties galore. It's the same story over and over again, whenever a girl first discovers the secret of fascinating eyes.

Every day more girls are realizing how unnecessary it is to have dull, lifeless eyes. A touch of WINX Mascara to the lashes gives eyes the sparkle, the radiance, men love!

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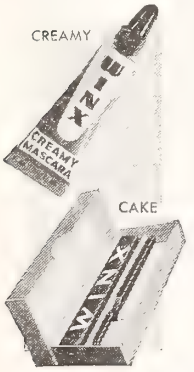

WINX Mascara is offered in black, brown and blue—and in three convenient forms—Creamy, Cake and Liquid. All are harmless, easy to apply, smudge-proof, water-proof, and non-smarting.

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The HOLLYWOOD BOULEVARDIER

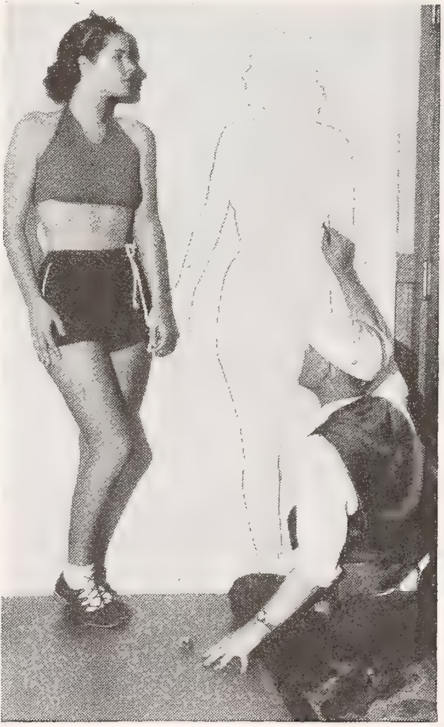
BY ERSKINE GWYNNE

Erskine Gwynne is that *rara avis*, a bird of passage known in all the capitals of the world, and aptly described by O. O. McIntyre in a recent column as "the playboy of Paris." Now M. Gwynne has forsaken the boulevards of Paris for Hollywood Boulevard, and has blithely promised to report the sprightly gossip of Filmania each month in MOVIE CLASSIC. His new book, *Paris Pandemonium*, published by Robert Speller in New York, is just out and creating a furore among those who recognize themselves in its spicy pages. He was, for some time, a columnist on the Paris Herald, later launching a magazine called *The Boulevardier*, which achieved considerable international renown before the crash ended its gay career.

THE puzzle of the month has been as follows: Will Bruce Cabot make up with Adrienne Ames? I have been unable to find out. If I bluntly asked them when they are together that would put them both in a spot. And the trouble is, I have never seen the one without the other. So I'm still in a quandry.

Photo by Rhodes, Classic Photographer

A couple of good boulevardiers get together in Hollywood—Douglas Fairbanks, back from his travels, is welcomed to work by Erskine Gwynne



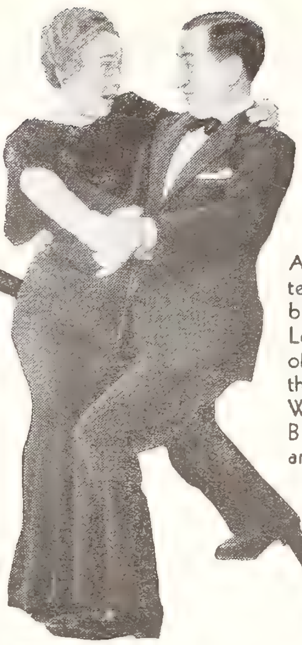
Here you see an outline that may make film history. Patricia Havens-Monteagle, one of the Follies dollies in *The Great Ziegfeld*, is hailed as "the perfect athletic type"

THE ballyhooters out here for the different studios and stars know that there's one thing that always makes the news columns and that is romance. The only trouble the columnists have, is to describe it with some sort of wisecrack. Popular songs are used, such as Van Smith only has eyes for Estelle Taylor (it changes so much that some of those guys must have eyes like a lighthouse). Most of the expressions are collected from that fast-thinking bunch of acrobats along Broadway. But now that we're on the subject, let's open the reporter cage: Maureen O'Sullivan goes 'round and 'round with John Farrow, who wrote *The Escape of Tarzan*. Michael Bartlett is seen often with Florence Rice. Lila Lee and Johnny Beach march around. Paula Stone and Nick or Dick (it's the same guy) Foran are holding hands. The papers have it that Edmund Lowe and Rita Kaufman, the designer, are acquiring a profound knowledge of each other.

ADOLPHE MENJOU'S health has been a topic of discussion along the Boulevard for quite a while, and we hear the alarming news that he may

[*Continued on page* 10]

Look!—Ruby's got a new dancing partner! With Paul Draper, sensational Broadway importation, she does her dandiest dancing to date to the tune of Warren & Dubin's new hits, in this swell story which Alfred E. Green directed.



And what a comedy team this turns out to be! Yet Hugh and Louise are just part of a convulsing cast that includes Marie Wilson, Luis Alberni, Berton Churchill, and Olin Howard.

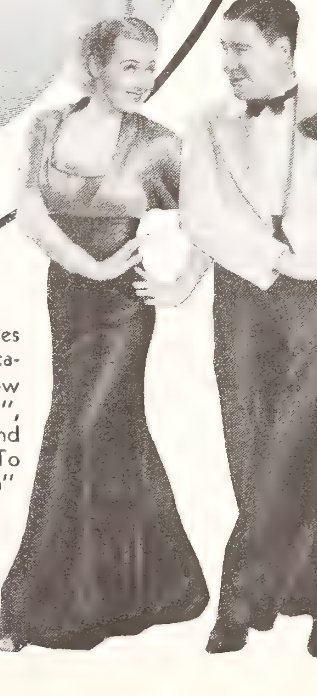
A DOZEN GREAT STARS Go 'Round and 'Round in

COLLEEN

THE PICTURE OF THE MONTH

Warner Bros.' Stunning New Musical Displays the Terpsichorean Talents of Dick Powell, Ruby Keeler, Joan Blondell, Jack Oakie, Paul Draper and—of All People!—Louise Fazenda and Hugh Herbert, While the Rhythm of Four Swell New Song Hits Comes Out Here . . .

And just for good measure, 200 assorted Hollywood lovelies go to town in an up-to-the-second fashion show and other lavish dance numbers staged by Bobby Connolly!



Between love scenes with Ruby, Dick vocalizes "You Gotta Know How To Dance", "Summer Night" and "I Don't Have To Dream Again"

Everything's Oakie-Doakie when Jack and Joan "swing it" to the strains of "Boulevardier From The Bronx".

EYE DEAS
by Jane Heath

Nine women out of ten turn their backs to the light because they think it unflattering; but make this test; you'll never do it again!

First, make up your face. Then take your Kurlash and curl the lashes of *one eye*. Touch them with Lashtint and put a little Shadette on the upper lid. Now take your hand mirror and seek the full light of your brightest window. You'll find that one side of your face seems infinitely better looking . . . softer, lovelier in coloring, with starry eye and sweeping lashes.

You'll know then why the loveliest women use Kurlash daily. ($1 at good stores.)

At the same window you'll have a chance to see how naturally Lashtint darkens and beautifies your eyelashes . . . without looking "made-up" either! It comes in 4 shades, in a special sponge-fitted case to insure even applications. $1, also. And the same holds true of Shadette. Even in the daytime it isn't obvious—just glamourous. In 10 subtle new shades at just 75c each.

• *Have you tried* Twissors—*the new tweezers with scissor handles—marvelously efficient*—25c.

Write Jane Heath *for advice about eye beauty. Give your coloring for personal beauty plan. Address Dept.* SB-4.

Kurlash

The Kurlash Company, Rochester, N. Y. The Kurlash Company of Canada, at Toronto, 3.

The HOLLYWOOD BOULEVARDIER

Did you ever try a kiss in the air? George King and Doris Toddings leap for love in the M-G-M short subject, *Let's Dance*

[*Continued from page* 8]

never take a drink or light a cigarette again. This is a strange predicament for him to be in . . . to us who remember the days when he and Lew Cody were working overtime, playing the male vamp parts. Remember? All that either of those home-breakers needed was a long dressing gown, a long cigarette-holder and a long drink within reach.

On the subject of health, a psychiatrist has found that Harold Lloyd has the *idee fixée* complex. Trust those lads to find words that we can't understand. However, in this case, the psychiatrist (don't let that word get you down) has simply borrowed the expression from the French, meaning that Harold is obstinate and has fixed ideas. He quotes, for example, the fact that Harold always insists upon coming out of a room by the same door he entered. I hope Harold won't carry that superstition too far. In case of fire, for instance, exit like the rest of us . . . use the fire escape.

HOLLYWOOD laughed in silence when a story appeared in the papers saying that, following the invasion of his home by a feminine admirer, a certain well-known star was erecting a six-foot wall around his domain. We had heard of the Chinese Wall, the Weeping Wall and Wall Street. Now we'll have the Wall of Modesty.

EVERY once in a while, femmes come up and worry the male stars. Not so long ago, Jack La Rue was the object of a very unscientific attempt at blackmail from a woman who tried to follow him in his car in front of the Trocadero. Her would-be jealous husband was, like prosperity, just around the corner. However, though Jack was born on a sunny day, he wasn't born yesterday, with the result that the blackmailers didn't catch any fish.

DOUGLAS FAIRBANKS' return to Hollywood has caused everybody to wonder what is going to happen. Doug plans to produce *Marco Polo*. Nobody hates inactivity more than he does. He is up at six, works till five. At that hour, he makes for the Turkish bath that he has had installed in his studio quarters and gathers around him a few friends. Then following an old Oriental custom, he lapses into a long, cooling drink.

THE movie colony has gone very horsey this season. My prediction is that next year everyone will *have* horses. That is, everyone who can afford them. A geegee is excellent publicity, and gives the press-agents an opportunity to dish out a lot of horseradish. . . . Dick Powell's barker, for instance, has taught him to say that he always bets on a horse that reminds him of a song. Sometime, I suppose the horse could be retitled: "And then my horse stood still . . . " George Brent says that he anchors his dough on horses carrying names that suggests one of his picture titles. Too bad he didn't play in "All Alone."

[*Continued on page* 12]

Photo by Rhodes, Classic Photographer

When Mary Pickford recently gave a large party, these were guests of honor: Lady Mendl, Grace Moore, Countess Veseli Romanoff and Valentin Parera, Grace Moore's husband

Uncommon Gossip:

There are rumors that the new Ziegfeldollies outclass those of yore. Here are five of the modern maidens in *The Great Ziegfeld*

THE late John Gilbert was one actor who died wealthy. His estate is valued at $363,494—of which his divorced fourth wife, Virginia Bruce, receives a generous share . . . The few privileged persons who have seen Jimmy Cagney entertaining off-screen claim that he is the most talented mimic in Hollywood, surpassing even Charlie Chaplin, who has been tops for years. Jimmy's ace impersonation is that of a dizzy girl doing a comedy dance . . . Mae West's gift to Director Raoul Walsh, upon the completion of *Klondike Annie,* was a star sapphire ring . . . Patsy Kelly, the comedienne who has been making rapid strides on the screen of late, will not go on the set unless she has her rosary beads somewhere about her . . . Jack Oakie explains the fall of a young actor who was formerly rising by saying, "He got to believing all that his publicity man wrote about him. And, brother, that is what is called poison in any language." . . . The Countess di Frasso, who is a Hollywood hostess plus, is rumored to be considering the rental of Gilmore Stadium (capacity, 20,000) and staging there a sports carnival, including boxing, wrestling and the like, with everyone a guest, no admission charged and the public barred

SHIRLEY TEMPLE, Jane Withers and other child stars will move over and make room for Virginia Weidler—for Paramount is elevating the youngster to stardom and is planning stories built around her, thus preventing her from stealing pictures from adult stars, as she has been doing . . . Ginger Rogers, Fred Astaire and everyone else in the cast of *Follow the Fleet* banded together to buy a gift for Director Mark Sandrich. The gift, a novel one, was a sterling silver clock which, instead of numerals, bore on its face the letters of the director's name. Lucky Mark, to have twelve letters in his name! . . . Hollywood's most torrid romance at the moment is that which has Margot Grahame, the most startling of the English actresses, and Johnny Green, the orchestra leader, as the interested swain . . . Scores of the boys in the film colony—actors, producers, directors and the like—boast of their prowess as golfers, but there are just two players in the colony who, though never talking of their golf, are tops and prove it by taking part in Coast golf tournaments and giving good accounts of themselves. Namely, Bing Crosby and Richard Arlen.

IRENE DUNNE rehearsed songs for *Show Boat* at the studio, instead of at home (as usual), because Producer Carl Laemmle, Jr., had given her a newly decorated dressing-room with a brand-new baby grand piano . . . Sammy White, the famous dance director (now at work on *Show Boat),* received his own first dancing lessons from an old actor with a wooden leg, who accompanied himself on a mouth-organ . . . The two best fencers in films today are Basil Rathbone and John Barrymore, and they get together for a duel in *Romeo and Juliet* . . . Janet Gaynor had a 5 o'clock quitting time written into her contract for *Small Town Girl,* with the result that Director William Wellman is stopping work at five for the first time in his directorial life . . . Admission for première of Charlie Chaplin's *Modern Times,* first première in ages, was $5 per . . . Paul Muni is dodging appearances in public these days, with his head shaved for his role in *The Good Earth* . . . Errol Flynn is convalescing from an appendectomy . . .

ERROL FLYNN, that handsome hubby of Lili Damita, made such a hit in *Captain Blood* that Warners have taken up his option and will star him in *The Charge of the Light Brigade* . . . Erik Rhodes studied singing for weeks—and then RKO cast him as a violinist in *Two o'Clock Courage!* . . . Warren William and Bill Powell seem to be neck-and-necking for film sleuthing honors; now Warren's going to play both *Philo Vance* and *Perry Mason* in his two next pictures . . . Ten years ago, Edward G. Robinson loaned a young actor $50; the other day, the actor got a movie rôle, paid Eddie back the fifty, and a fine etching as interest . . . The American Architectural Forum selected Joel McCrea's ranch home as one of the 101 best small houses in America . . . Will Rogers' son, Bill, has bought part interest in a Beverly Hills newspaper, and is editing it . . . Wendy Barrie is a living League of Nations, having been born in Hong Kong, educated in London, attended finishing-school in Switzerland and lived in Italy, France and Austria before coming to Hollywood . . . Old-time Stars, Lila Lee and Patsy Ruth Miller, have opened a Hollywood gown shop, while Reginald Denny has a model-airplane factory and shop . . . Perc Westmore says Olivia de Havilland is the most beautiful girl in Hollywood . . . and Jackie Cooper went into a fit of hiccoughs, the other day, that took two hours to stop!

REPUBLIC'S Gene Autrey reveals that the upkeep of his western costume totals $2,250 per year, with a big percentage of it for those ten-gallon hats. . . . Even Hollywood stared when a woman brought a trained deer to Paramount, with a cigarette hanging between its lips, and she says that it eats at a table and sleeps in a bed. But why? . . . Bet you never knew it, but the very first Mickey Mouse film cartoon ever made, *Plane Crazy,* was never released to the public, but it's part of a new historical film collection being museumed. . . . The new Max Factor cosmetic plant in Hollywood can turn out 20,000 pounds of face powder daily! . . . Binnie Barnes has introduced a silly English game to Hollywood; all the guests sit in a circle and, at a signal, grab spoons out of a bowl in the center; and, since there's one spoon less than the total number of guests, somebody's always the goat. . . . Hollywood has a horse-race betting salon for ladies only, and it's lovely. . . . Ernst Lubitsch believes prosperity is back and that you'll pay a billion for movies this year.

Millions of words have been printed, telling about the kindness of the late Will Rogers. But no story has ever touched the one told by a Variety "mug" (as the boys on this sheet prefer to be known!) The story is that some years ago, when Eddie Cantor was dabbling in the stock market, he had a tip on a certain stock and he let his friend of many years, Rogers, in on it. Rogers was not keen for the stock market but Eddie sold him the idea and even promised to guarantee Will against any losses. Rogers allowed Eddie to buy the stock and the hunch was right. The stock began to skyrocket, so much so that Rogers figured it could go down as fast as it went up and he insisted on Eddie selling. Cantor was peeved but he sold for Rogers and forwarded a check for the profits, $60,000. The following day Cantor received the check back from Rogers. It was endorsed by the beloved Will and made payable to the Camp for Boys which Cantor had been interested in for years. It was Will Rogers' only known venture into the stock market.

FOR *Under Two Flags,* 20th Century-Fox had to build a camp for 3,000 people on the desert near Phoenix, Arizona. . . . M-G-M sent a camera crew all the way to Nova Scotia to film real backgrounds for *Captains Courageous.* . . . For *The Walking Dead,* Warners' make-up wizard Perc Westmore devised a gold-paint make-up for Boris Karloff, so he could be photographed with a halo, caused by light-diffusion from the gold. . . . A campfire scene severely burned Barbara Stanwyck's hands during the making of *A Message to Garcia* at 20th Century-Fox.

If you had X-Ray Eyes

you'd never again take a harsh, quick-acting cathartic!

You don't need to be a professor of physiology to figure this out. When you take a harsh, quick-acting cathartic that races through your alimentary tract in a couple of hours, you're shocking your system.

Unassimilated food is rushed through your intestines. Valuable fluids are drained away. The delicate membranes become irritated. And you have stomach pains.

What a timed laxative means:

When we say that Ex-Lax is a correctly timed laxative, this is what we mean: Ex-Lax takes from 6 to 8 hours to act. You take one or two of the tablets when you go to bed. You sleep through the night . . . *undisturbed!* In the morning, Ex-Lax takes effect. And its action is thorough, yet so gentle and mild you hardly know you've taken a laxative.

No stomach pains. No "upset" feeling. No embarrassment during the day. Ex-Lax is easy to take—it tastes just like delicious chocolate.

Good for all ages

Ex-Lax is equally good for grown-ups and children . . . for *every* member of the family. It is used by more people than any other laxative in the world. Next time you need a laxative ask your druggist for a box of Ex-Lax. *And refuse substitutes.* Ex-Lax costs only 10c—unless you want the big family size, and that's 25c.

When Nature forgets—remember

EX-LAX

THE ORIGINAL CHOCOLATED LAXATIVE

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The HOLLYWOOD BOULEVARDIER

[*Continued from page* 10]

CLARK GABLE has a horse he has unimaginatively baptized *Beverly Hills,* which to me sounds much more like the sort of name one should give a mountain goat. Or, if you want to take into consideration the fact that there is a swimming pool to every house in that locality, a goldfish. *Beverly Hills* never made the grade. . . . You remember Clark Gable, don't you? He's the boy who took Charles Laughton for miles and miles and miles out on the *Bounty,* then let him paddle.

CROSBY, Paramount's Bing, also owns a racing stable. The other day, all the Bing's horses and all the Bing's men ran down the field and back again—and that's about all they did.

HOLLYWOOD being somewhere in California, the Hollywoodites are naturally ardent equestrians and polo is their favorite sport. Every once in a while an actor gets laid out on the middle of the field and in the middle of a production, which causes the studios to go frantic and issue orders forbidding their cherubs to participate in the game. Walter Wanger, Snowy Baker, Darryl Zanuck, Frank Borzage, Spencer Tracy, Charles Farrell, and Jimmy Gleason are only a few of the motion picture colony who play the game. But if the studios' interference has calmed down the enthusiasm of most of the players, it has helped others to keep the debonair nonchalance. Boys who never had a bean in their pockets and aren't earning enough money to keep a horse-fly alive, can say with impunity: "I love the game. I've had my eye on a string of ponies I was going to buy—but the studio just won't let me. . . . "

Look at who is tiptoeing into the movie limelight now! Shapely Harriet Hoctor—glorified by Ziegfeld on Broadway—is helping to glorify *him* in *The Great Ziegfeld*

Photo by Rhodes, Classic Photographer

Speaking of happy married couples—and Hollywood does that occasionally—Mr. and Mrs. Edward Arnold are the new champions. Eddie even vacations at home between pictures. He just finished a good one—*Sutter's Gold*

McCLELLAND BARCLAY is out here again. The painter of beautiful women is running a contest, with the aid of a local paper, to determine which girls have the most beautiful face, eyes, back, neck and shoulders, arms, legs, torso, hands, and feet in Hollywood. We can remember the days of beauty contests, when ONE girl would be named the local queen. Nowadays, they're more particular. They want their beauties in spare parts. . . .

THE Cinégrill, a bar on Hollywood Boulevard adjacent to the Roosevelt Hotel, has wallpaper made of early movie stills. Aside from the clothes, the photography and lighting alone are sufficient to date most of the pictures.

Sylvia can tell you how. She is the heroine of "The Trail of the Lonesome Pine"—which may start a color revolution!

"Color Does Plenty for a Girl!"

—SYLVIA SIDNEY

By FRANCES SIMON

"I WAS afraid they'd want to make me pretty!" Such a remark would be unexpected from any girl, much less a movie star! But this was the answer that Sylvia Sidney gave me when I asked her if she had wanted to take a color test for the Walter Wanger production of *The Trail of the Lonesome Pine*, the newest all-color picture.

"I'm not pretty," Sylvia continued impulsively, trying to deny the evidences of my own eyes, "and I didn't want to be seen as pink and white and china-dollish. I thought, of course, that that was what they'd want in color pictures. I was really dead set against color when Walter Wanger asked me to take the test for *The Trail of the Lonesome Pine*. I almost said 'No'—and then I thought, 'Well, I haven't anything to lose—I won't have to make the picture if I don't like myself in the test'."

"Well, *are* you—pretty? You're in the picture!"

"That's just it," Sylvia declared triumphantly. "They didn't try to prettify me. The test—and the picture—didn't turn me out pink and white at all. I look just as I really am.

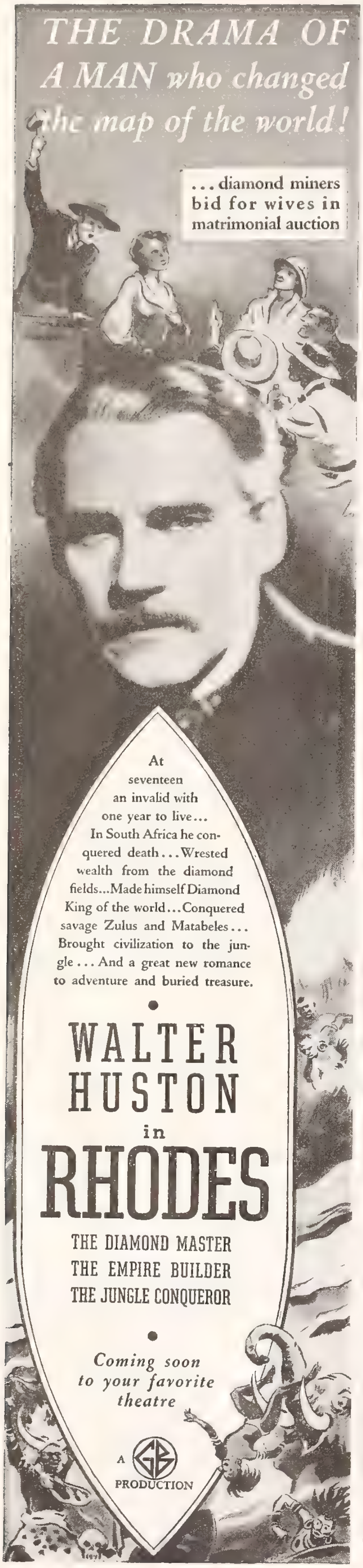
"You see, there are many women who aren't pretty, but who do have a naturalness, a simplicity, that is really their charm. And if you try to make a charming woman pretty, she'll turn out as a stiff dunce every time."

"You're really saying that personality and prettiness are not the same thing," I suggested.

"Of course, they're not the same. One is real and the other is just the obvious appearance. And color pictures could so easily stop at lovely complexions and hair coloring—and forget all about personality.

"In *The Trail of the Lonesome Pine*, for instance, most of the scenes are in outdoor settings; we went to the San Bernardino Mountains on location and the scenery is simply gorgeous—purple mountains, blue lakes in the distance, wild flowers, brilliantly clear skies, red sunsets and golden sunrises over deep seas of clouds. If they had just splurged with all the color and scenery there was to be had, the picture would have been boring—and not at all beautiful.

"Walter Wanger insisted that the scenery was only the background of the story—and that it should stay in the background. [*Continued on page 89*]


THE DRAMA OF A MAN who changed the map of the world!

... diamond miners bid for wives in matrimonial auction

At seventeen an invalid with one year to live... In South Africa he conquered death... Wrested wealth from the diamond fields...Made himself Diamond King of the world...Conquered savage Zulus and Matabeles... Brought civilization to the jungle... And a great new romance to adventure and buried treasure.

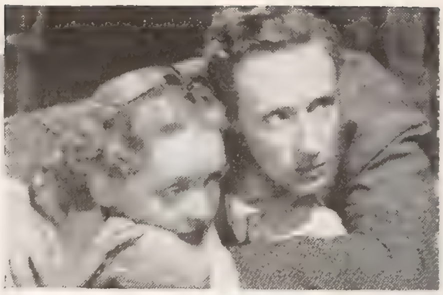
WALTER HUSTON
in
RHODES

THE DIAMOND MASTER
THE EMPIRE BUILDER
THE JUNGLE CONQUEROR

Coming soon to your favorite theatre

A GB PRODUCTION

Eddie Cantor and Ethel Merman in *Strike Me Pink*



Bette Davis and Leslie Howard in *The Petrified Forest*

The Latest Reviews...

MOVIE CLASSIC'S reviewers, for your guidance, rate the new pictures as follows:

- ★ ★ ★ ★ Exceptional
- ★ ★ ★ Excellent
- ★ ★ Passing Fair
- ★ Why bother?

★ ★ ★ ★

Rose Marie is, beyond any question of doubt, The Picture of the Month. It may even develop into The Picture of the Year. It is the first great outdoor operetta. If *Naughty Marietta* was a triumph for Nelson Eddy and Jeanette MacDonald, *Rose Marie* is a super-triumph for them. Bearing little likeness to the silent version, the story has Jeanette an opera singer who ventures into the Canadian North Woods to aid a fugitive brother and there meets Nelson Eddy, a Canadian Mountie, who is also in search of her brother. During their battle of wits on the trail, they fall in love, though each senses heart-break ahead. And even as they are thrilled by the beauty of the country that they see, and haunted by the beautiful *Indian Love-Call,* so will you be thrilled and haunted by the same beauty. Nelson is magnificently natural as the quick-witted Mountie—yet Jeanette is even more superb as the temperamental opera singer who finds love. (M-G-M)

The Ghost Goes West is a romantic fantasy that is a sheer delight—the first and only one of its kind. Robert Donat, in a dual role, plays a young modern, owner of a broken-down Scotch castle, and the ghost of a handsome ancestor, fated to tread its halls even when it is moved, stone by stone, to America. The young modern falls in love with a pert American girl (Jean Parker), but doesn't know what to do about it, until his ancestor does his romancing for him. More gay than exciting, it is an absorbing, rib-tickling satire of America and Americans, Scotland and Scots, and young lovers. (U. A.)

Next Time We Love is a finely wrought picture about an ambitious girl and boy who marry and discover that their separate careers conflict with their happiness. The girl—Margaret Sullavan—is an actress; the boy—James Stewart—is a newspaper correspondent; both lead colorful lives. The story of how they face their problem is told sensitively with power. (Univ.)

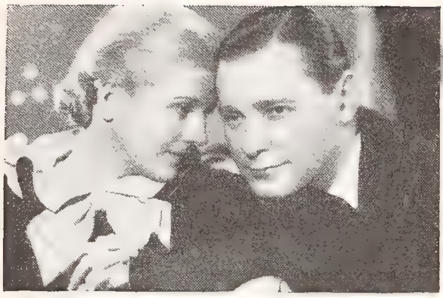
The Petrified Forest is one of the most unusual pictures you will ever see. Starred are Leslie Howard, a life-weary author who is on a suicidal journey; and Bette Davis, a girl who dreams of studying art in Paris. They meet and fall in love in a lonely gas station-restaurant in the West, which is also a haven for a gangster desperado (Humphrey Bogart). Moody and intense, it is a dramatic jibe at the confusion of modern life, beautifully acted. (Warners)

Anything Goes is a musical comedy that not only is loaded with catchy music, but is hilariously, insanely comic. It stars Bing Crosby, with Charlie Ruggles and Ethel Merman in fine fettle as his chief supports. Bing is a lad with a big bankroll; Charlie is Public Enemy No. 13, escaping the country disguised as a cleric, and Ethel is a blues singer on an ocean liner. Together and separately, they constantly encounter trouble—trouble that is laughable to everyone else. Bing has never been better, but even so, Charlie almost steals the show—by being a one-man riot. (Par.)

Strike Me Pink is Eddie Cantor's latest achievement and, while just under par for a Cantor picture, has all the makings of a hit. Eddie is a poor, put-upon tailor in a college town, who acquires a book entitled "Man or Mouse—What Are *You?*" and sets out to assert his personality. Complications develop when he crosses the path of some racketeers in an amusement park—and also a good, old-fashioned comedy "chase" develops. His chief aides are the abovementioned Ethel Merman; his stooge Parkyakarkas (a born comic); and Sunny O'Dea, a new and intriguing dancer from England, as well as Rita Rio. (U. A.)

The Milky Way reveals Harold Lloyd as a weakling milkman who is accused of knocking out the middleweight champion, is built up as a fighter, and develops a personality complex that dazes his former friends. The laughs pile on top of each other, both before and after Harold becomes an alleged fighter, building up to a ring "battle" with William Gargan. Adolphe Menjou, as Harold's distraught manager, is a tremendous help. On the distaff side of the cast, Helen Mack stands out, though Verree Teasdale and Dorothy Wilson are effective in smaller roles. (Par.)

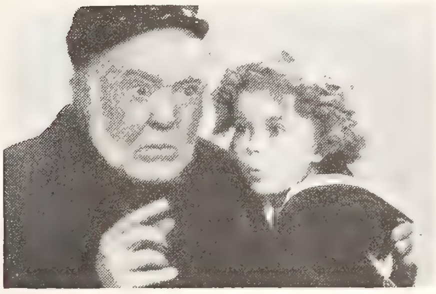
Captain January is Shirley Temple's most entertaining picture to date—which is



Ann Harding and Herbert Marshall in *The Lady Consents*

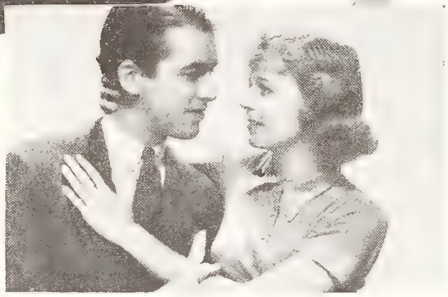
Robert Donat and Jean Parker in *The Ghost Goes West*

Nelson Eddy and Jeanette MacDonald give America a new thrill in *Rose Marie*



Guy Kibbee and Shirley Temple in *Captain January*

Charlie Ruggles, Bing Crosby, Ethel Merman—in *Anything Goes*



James Stewart and Margaret Sullavan in *Next Time We Love*

praise, indeed. A happy little waif rescued from the sea, she is the cherished ward of Guy Kibbee, a retired sea captain who has become a lighthouse keeper—and who has difficulty keeping her with him, because of the attitude of the truant officer. A quiet, gentle story, it has both whimsy and pathos, with Shirley shining brightly—a lovely child who acts like a child. And once again she sings and dances, one number being a dance down the lighthouse stairs while she recites her multiplication tables and another number being a novel obstacle dance with angular Buddy Ebsen. (20th Century-Fox)

King of the Damned is vivid melodrama—revolving around the old theme of one beautiful woman among a thousand exiled men, but given an unusual setting. That setting is an imaginary penal colony in the West Indies, where every convict feels that he is doomed to die and where Conrad Veidt leads a rebellion. Veidt is compelling—as always; Helen Vinson is weak in her sympathetic role; and Noah Beery is vividly sinister as a convict overseer. (G-B)

It Had to Happen reveals George Raft in a new guise—that of a bewildered immigrant who soon acquires American go-getting ways and rises to a position of power. En route, he encounters amusing episodes, dramatic episodes, romantic episodes. Leo Carrillo, as a crony who drinks too copiously with him, provides the mirthful high spot—and Rosalind Russell, silken sophisticate, is the girl who captures and holds Raft's attentions and yours. You'll like George in his new characterization. (20th Century-Fox)

★ ★ ★

The Lady Consents is not, despite is title, a boudoir drama. It is the placid, and none-too-new story of a surgeon (Herbert Marshall) and his wife (Ann Harding) who have to get a divorce to discover that neither can love anyone else. Margaret Lindsay is the feminine schemer who wrecks their marriage. Walter Abel is the likable chap who tries to win Ann, and Edward Ellis—who walks away with the picture—is Ann's rowdy, understanding father-in-law. (RKO-Radio)

Colleen is a bit of a disappointment. Boasting a cast that includes Dick Powell, Ruby Keeler, Jack Oakie, Joan Blondell, Hugh Herbert and Paul Draper, it promises continuous entertainment—and doesn't fulfill its promise. The frothy story doesn't bind together the variety acts performed by the principals. The stand-out dancing bit, created by [*Continued on page* 21]

Ruby Keeler and Dick Powell in their new musical, *Colleen*

Harold Lloyd, as the personality-plus hero of *The Milky Way*

"TO ME.. HER LIPS LOOKED Irresistible"

SAID

CHARLES FARRELL

Famous screen star tells why he picked the girl with Tangee Lips

The Tangee girl won when CHARLES FARRELL chose loveliest lips while filming Universal Picture, "Fighting Youth".

● If you met Charles Farrell wouldn't you want to have tender, soft lips ... the kind of lips that would appeal to him ... that he would want to kiss?

Three girls were with us when we visited Mr. Farrell. One wore the ordinary lipstick ... one no lipstick ... the third, Tangee. "Your lips look irresistible," he told the Tangee girl, "because they look natural."

Tangee can't make your lips look painted, because *it isn't paint.* It simply intensifies your own natural color. Try Tangee. In two sizes, 39c and $1.10. Or, send 10c for the 4-Piece Miracle Make-Up Set offered below.

● **BEWARE OF SUBSTITUTES** ... *when you buy. Don't let some sharp sales person switch you to an imitation ... there is only one Tangee. But when you ask for Tangee ... be sure to ask for* TANGEE NATURAL. *There is another shade called Tangee Theatrical ... intended only for those who insist on vivid color and for professional use.*

World's Most Famous Lipstick

TANGEE

ENDS THAT PAINTED LOOK

New FACE POWDER now contains the magic Tangee color principle

TANGEE ROUGE
TANGEE
TANGEE CREME ROUGE

★ 4-PIECE MIRACLE MAKE-UP SET

THE GEORGE W. LUFT COMPANY F46
417 Fifth Avenue, New York City

Rush Miracle Make-Up Set of miniature Tangee Lipstick, Rouge Compact, Creme Rouge, Face Powder. I enclose 10¢ (stamps or coin). 15¢ in Canada.

Check Shade ☐ Flesh ☐ Rachel ☐ Light Rachel

Name ____________________
Please Print

Address ____________________

City ____________ *State* ____________

Ginger Rogers and Harriet Hilliard are like sisters between scenes, too

Meet Ginger Rogers' *Star* Pupil— HARRIET HILLIARD

The popular radio singer is the first big film "find" of 1936. And Ginger is partly responsible for that fact!

BY JOHN L. HADDON

HARRIET HILLIARD is undoubtedly one of the most beautiful girls ever recruited for pictures. A striking blonde, she combines the well-bred poise of an Alice Joyce with the youthful verve and animation of a Ginger Rogers. And she has had one of the greatest breaks that any newcomer to films ever had. Ginger Rogers—whose rival she might conceivably become—has been her guardian angel in her first picture.

Right there, you have a new and very revealing insight into the character of Ginger Rogers . . . who is human first, and a famous personality afterward. She liked Harriet the moment she saw the gifted young radio singer (who is the third most popular on the air today). She expressed that liking by acting in her screen test with her, rehearsing with her, helping her with her screen make-up, giving her all the tips possible about movie-acting. And Harriet, long a Ginger Rogers fan, and thrilled by Ginger's friendship, has been given a self-confidence that few screen beginners (even those of star calibre) seldom possess.

Her first picture (not counting several shorts that she made in the East) is *Follow the Fleet,* the new Fred Astaire-Ginger Rogers musical. Her first screen rôle is the rôle of Ginger's sister. And so well did she play it, from the very beginning, that it was enlarged—until now you will see her in a great big way. In the course of the picture, she not only changes from a schoolmarmish type to a romantic type, but puts across a couple of solo song numbers, herself. As soon as you glimpse her, you will want to know more about her. And here is that information.

SHE would much rather be known as Mrs. Ozzie Nelson than as Harriet Hilliard. She married the handsome young orchestra leader just four days before she entrained for Hollywood, a bit unwillingly, to play a minor rôle in some program picture or other, made two or three tests, and so impressed the studio powers-that-be that she was promptly given a luscious picture plum—one of the four important rôles in *Follow the Fleet*.

Like Ginger Rogers, Fred Astaire and nine-tenths of the personalities who are now skyrocketing into the cinematic heavens, Harriet is a child of the theatre—a twenty-odd-year-old veteran of "show business." Her father, Ray Hilliard, is a well-known stage director; her mother, Hazel Hilliard, is a former prima donna of musical comedy fame. Harriet made her stage début at the impressive age of six weeks and played her first speaking rôle, in a Midwest stage presentation of *Mrs. Wiggs of the Cabbage Patch,* shortly after her third birthday. At five, she attracted considerable attention by her performance in *Green Stockings* with the famous Margaret Anglin; at six, her parents wisely chose to halt her career temporarily in favor of a scholastic education. She attended various public and private schools, and, at seventeen, graduated from St. Agnes' Academy, a girls' school in Kansas City.

Apparently, the theatre was in her blood, for she lost no time in resuming her career, this time on the vaudeville stage. She co-starred with Ken Murray and Bert Lahr and then appeared for a season or two in a solo dancing act on Keith-Orpheum "time."

Ozzie Nelson saw her in vaudeville, was duly impressed, and signed her to appear with his band. Until that time, she had done no singing. Nelson, however, trained [*Continued on page* 75]

Randolph Scott and Harriet Hilliard carry the romance of the new Rogers-Astaire picture, *Follow the Fleet*

Now they whisper *to* her ...not *about* her

Fragrantly feminine

..SO DESIRABLE

since she uses this lovelier way to avoid offending . . . Since she bathes with exquisite, scented Cashmere Bouquet Soap

SUCH a lovely, *feminine* way to guard your personal daintiness!

Your luxurious bath with this fragrant Cashmere Bouquet Soap keeps you so immaculate. Its deep-cleansing lather frees you so *completely* from any danger of body odor.

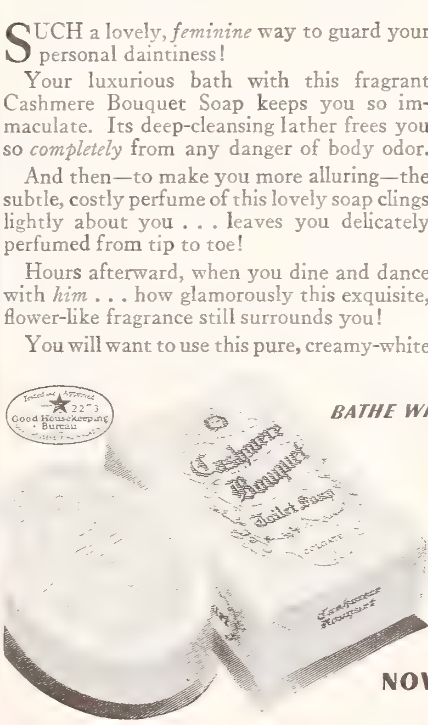
And then—to make you more alluring—the subtle, costly perfume of this lovely soap clings lightly about you . . . leaves you delicately perfumed from tip to toe!

Hours afterward, when you dine and dance with *him* . . . how glamorously this exquisite, flower-like fragrance still surrounds you!

You will want to use this pure, creamy-white soap for your complexion, too. Its rich, luxurious lather is so gentle and caressing. Yet it goes down into each pore and removes every bit of dirt and cosmetics. That's why Cashmere Bouquet complexions are so radiantly clear, so alluringly smooth.

And Cashmere Bouquet now costs only 10¢ a cake. The same superb soap which for generations has been 25¢. Exactly the same size cake, hard-milled and long-lasting... Scented with the same delicate blend of 17 rare and costly perfumes.

Why not order at least three cakes of Cashmere Bouquet today! Sold at the beauty counters of all drug, department and 10¢ stores.


Tested and Approved 2273 Good Housekeeping Bureau
Cashmere Bouquet Toilet Soap
Cashmere Bouquet

BATHE WITH *Cashmere Bouquet*

THE LOVELIER WAY TO AVOID OFFENDING

NOW ONLY 10¢ *the former 25¢ size*

EYE-STRAIN *picks its* VICTIMS YOUNG

● This young girl approaches life as a great adventure. Books, movies, toys, school . . . a busy life for her eyes in the years ahead! The strain of studying in poor lighting can affect not only the eyes but the entire nervous system. Many a nervous "problem" child would be healthier and happier if parents knew these facts about light in relation to seeing.

1. Have *every* pair of eyes examined regularly by a competent eyesight specialist.
2. Have home lighting measured by an expert. Many local lighting companies provide this service free.
3. Use lamps that *stay brighter longer.* The General Electric monogram on a bulb is your assurance of good light at low cost.

MAZDA *lamps made by General Electric now cost as little as 15¢—only 20¢ for the popular 100-watt size.*

MAZDA
THEY STAY
BRIGHTER
LONGER

GENERAL ELECTRIC

Douglas Fairbanks, Jr., will be answering plenty of fan mail after you see his first self-made picture, *The Amateur Gentleman*

Your Own Ideas . . .

You can express them here! Tell us what you think! You may win a prize!

$15 Prize Letter

In Memoriam—Death has again crossed out another name in Hollywood's Hall of the Great. That of John Gilbert. I don't believe anyone will forget his perfect performances in *The Big Parade* and *Flesh and the Devil.* And I'll always remember him as Jack Gilbert in *Should a Woman Tell?* and in *Bardelys the Magnificent* and as *Danilo* in *The Merry Widow.* He was just different enough to keep his title of "the screen's great lover" despite the Valentinos, the Barrymores and Clark Gables. Even lately, when he seemed doomed to oblivion, we could think of him as a great screen personality who might yet give us another big picture. Perhaps that was one reason why we felt glad when we heard that he was to be in Garbo's *Queen Christina.* It wasn't just charm or mannerisms that made us like him; rather, it was an inner feeling that gave a vital spark to his characterizations. That John Gilbert lost his place wasn't entirely his own fault. As someone said: "He was a martyr of the first poor apparatus of sound."

And so, John Gilbert, no matter how many years pass, no one can take your place in "The Big Parade" of Hollywood stars.—*S. K. Parkhurst, 6220-37th N. W., Seattle, Wash.*

$10 Prize Letter

The Golden Lily—Fling all the barbed criticisms at the movies that you like. Your arrows won't harm the industry one bit. Because every once in a while it rears its head and hands out to you an achievement that stills your critical tongue and proves the unquestioned value of motion pictures to the world. That's just what it did when it gave you Lily Pons in *I Dream Too Much.* Here's a voice that is the greatest coloratura soprano in a century—several centuries, probably. And because movies exist, you can push your forty or fifty cents through the box office window and go in to hear that voice poured out with prodigal generosity. The story of the picture? It doesn't matter. It's just a vehicle, and what if it does bump and bounce along in spots? Look who's riding in it and be forever thankful to the industry that brought you such golden melody!—*Louise Bertsch, 2656 Van Ness Ave., Apt. 14, San Francisco, Calif.*

$5 Prize Letter

She Passed the Test—The test of a good picture is if you remember it long after you have seen it—and, of course, that goes for players, too. Several weeks ago, I saw *A Tale of Two Cities* and, of all that outstanding cast, the one who left an unforgettable impression with me was the vivid Blanche Yurka as *Madame De Farge.* Countless people here who saw the picture, felt the same way, and wherever people talked of the picture, they lauded the splendid acting of Blanche Yurka. Let us hope that we will see this magnetic personality in many fine rôles in the coming year!—*Stephanie Dale, 620 North Graham St., Charlotte, North Carolina.*

$1 Prize Letters

At Last—a He-Man—Just when I'm getting fed up with all these masculine creampuffs on the screen, along comes a lad who can take a rap on the shoulder without falling apart. His remarkable performance as *Captain Blood,* the terror of the seas, left me without a doubt that he is Holly-

WHAT is *your* favorite movie topic —*your* reaction to new pictures, new performances—*your* newest idea for the betterment of films?

Tell us, and you will also be telling the world. *And* be in the running for one of these cash prizes for each month's best letters: (1) $15; (2) $10; (3) $5; all others published, $1 each.

The editors are the sole judges and reserve the right to publish all or part of any letter received. Write *today* to Letter Editor, MOVIE CLASSIC, 7046 Hollywood Boulevard, Hollywood, Calif.

wood's greatest hero. A man who was made to order for the thrilling rôle of a young buccaneer and who, with the immortal story of Rafael Sabatini, has answered our pleas for a picture with color, romance, thrills, brutality, and a breath-taking star all in one. My friends, if you have not guessed his name, let me introduce to you that handsome new star, Errol Flynn! I have seen *Captain Blood* six times, and you can take my word for it that it's remarkable entertainment.—*Elizabeth Snipes, 725 High St., Newark, N. J.*

Leave Joan Alone!—Joan Crawford may be an actress and a superb one, but—is she not also a woman? A human being just like us ordinary folk? Joan is glamorous, beautiful and a very talented actress, but is that any reason why she can't have a private life? We see her in pictures—we enjoy her performances—and we give her a big hand, but does that entitle us to know what she does when she leaves the studio? I don't think so! Joan Crawford is a personality on the screen and an attraction at the box office, but it is nobody's business what she says, does or thinks as Mrs. Franchot Tone. —*Ceil Cushing, 9 Johnson Place, South River, N. J.*

Readers, do you agree?

Stay As You Were, Jean!—The name of Jean Harlow brings instantly to my mind a beautiful platinum blonde, and the mention of a beautiful platinum blonde causes me instantly to visualize Jean Harlow.

An old-established business firm does not change the trademark by which it is known. It required a great deal of time and a certain amount of expense to get the public to associate these two together. So why change? To make a comparison between lovely Jean Harlow and old staid Mr. Business is not just, but since Jean has been such a success as her lovely blonde self, I, for one, say, "Please, Jean, stay as you were."—*Mabel C. Miller, 1702 W. Market St., Louisville, Ky.*

Lovely June Travis, recently the heroine of *Ceiling Zero*, is a newcomer about whom, we predict, there will be many letters

WRIGLEY'S
DOUBLE MINT
CHEWING GUM
PEPPERMINT FLAVOR
PEPPERMINT FLAVOR
Same girl
Before and after

Small Picture typifies the girl who neglects her looks • • Larger Picture— the same girl after she has been to the Beauty Shop

• • GO TO YOUR BEAUTY SHOP EVERY WEEK • • AND, IT HELPS TO KEEP LIFE AND SPARKLE IN YOUR FACE TO ENJOY DOUBLE MINT GUM DAILY

Spring Fashion Preview

Peggy Conklin, star of *Her Master's Voice,* wears a three-piece suit of novelty tweed in a green-gray-and-white wool mixture, right

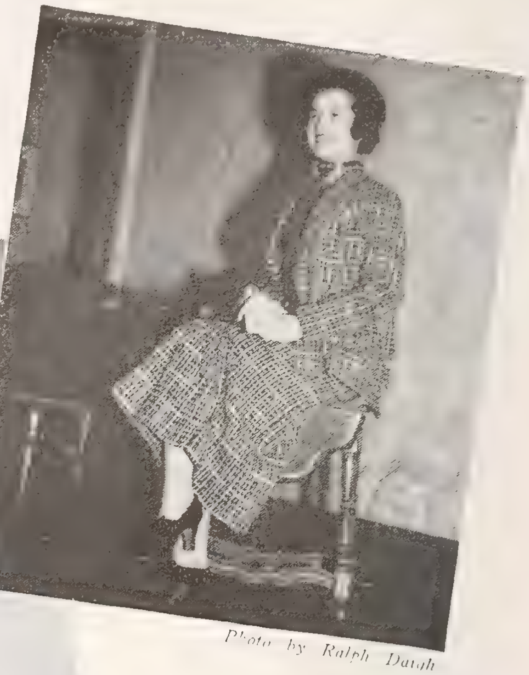
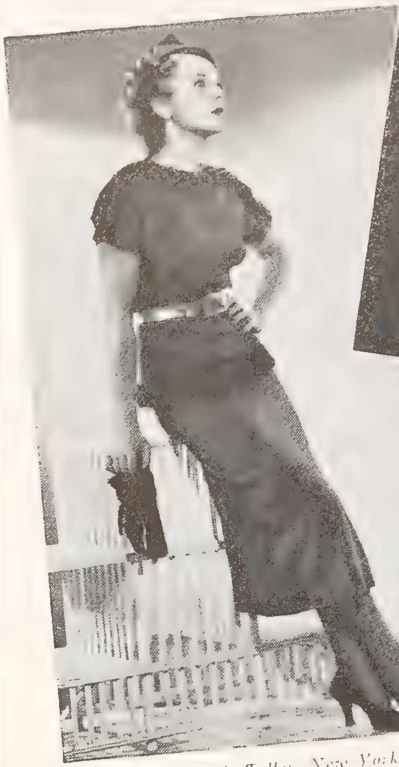


Photo by Ralph Daigh

Ida Lupino, Paramount player, models a crêpe frock with ruching of the material outlining the neck and hem of the tunic (left)



Courtesy of Bonwit Teller, New York

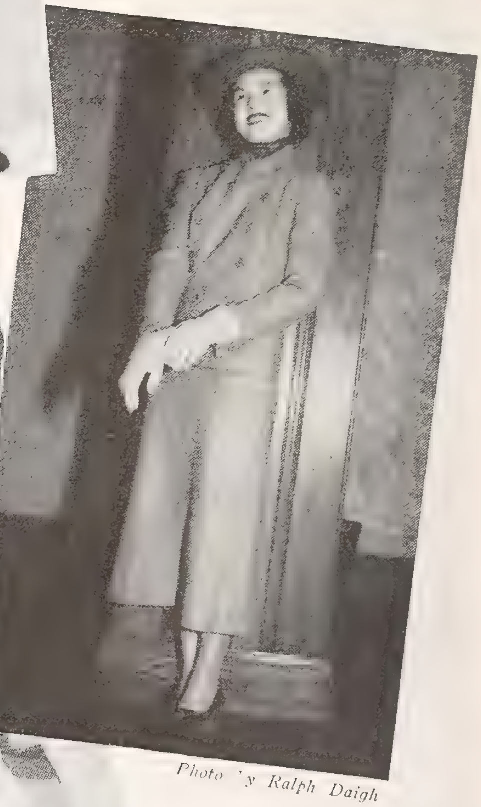
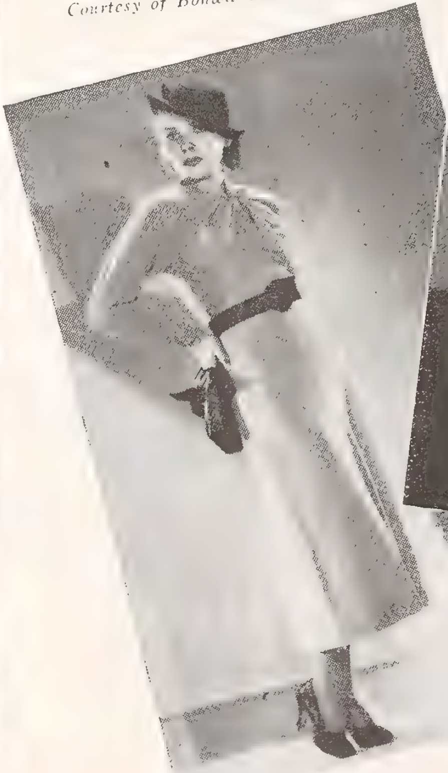


Photo by Ralph Daigh



Vivacious Peggy Conklin, above, chooses a double-breasted reefer suit in heather aquatone for walking

Ida Lupino, left, featured in *Anything Goes,* selects a grayish beige sheer woolen frock for daytime wear

Your hands

WILL LEAD A LOVELIER LIFE
ALL . . WEEK . . LONG!

GLAZO IS WORLD-FAMOUS
OR BEAUTY AND LONG WEAR

WOMEN are becoming more critical, more discriminating in the beauty preparations they use. They expect a nail polish not only to be outstandingly lovely but to apply easily without streaking and to wear for days longer than polishes they used to know.

Because Glazo has these virtues, its fame has circled the world. It is famous for its glorious fashion-approved shades. It is famous for solving the streaking problem and for amazing ease of application. It is famous for giving 2 to 4 days longer wear, without peeling or chipping.

Glazo shares its success with you, and is now only 20 cents. Do try it, and see how much lovelier your hands can be!

Just 20 CENTS

IN CANADA, 25 CENTS

GLAZO

GLAZO
Liquid Polish
SHELL

. . The Smart Manicure

Conrad Veidt and Helen Vinson in *King of the Damned*

The Latest Reviews

[*Continued from page* 15]

Draper for Ruby Keeler and himself, is a courtship story told in taps—though a comedy song and dance by Jack and Joan (who steal the show) is the high spot of the picture. (Warners)

Brides Are Like That is a light and entertaining comedy about a young married couple who are as real as the couple next door. Ross Alexander is the boy who faces the problem of going to work, and making it pay, even though he hates it; Anita Louise is his pretty bride, who is too much in love with him to see his faults—except when her parents are on the scene. (Warners)

Every Saturday Night likewise is an understanding comedy about the folks next door. The time is Saturday night; the place is a typical American home; the characters are a middle-aged couple with problem children of varying ages and a problem mother-in-law. And despite the fact that the cast boasts no "big names," you won't have a dull moment. The principal players are Jed Prouty, Spring Byington, June Lang, Kenneth Howell, the Paxton Sisters, George Ernest. (20th Century-Fox)

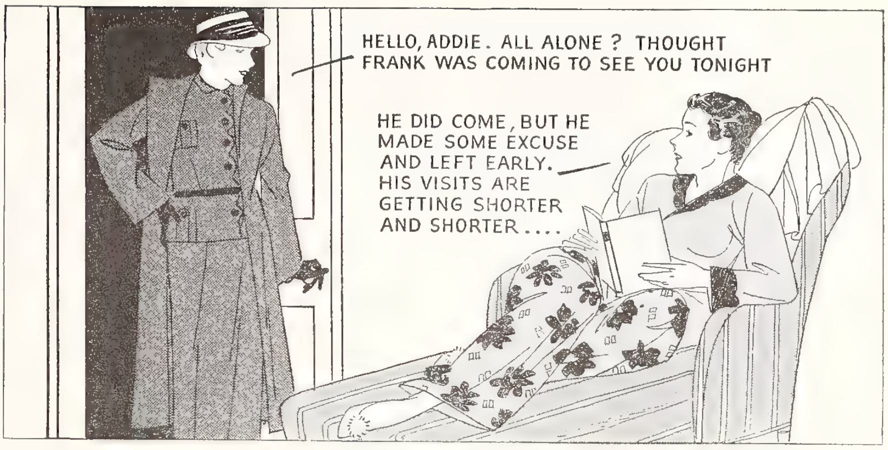
★ ★

Exclusive Story offers a middling fair racketeering story, which is improved by the acting that goes into it. Franchot Tone and Madge Evans head the cast as the young lovers, but Stuart Erwin wins top honors as the honest reporter who has to "forget" his news scoop. Joseph Calleia, rapidly developing as a "star" menace, gives another good account of himself. (M-G-M)

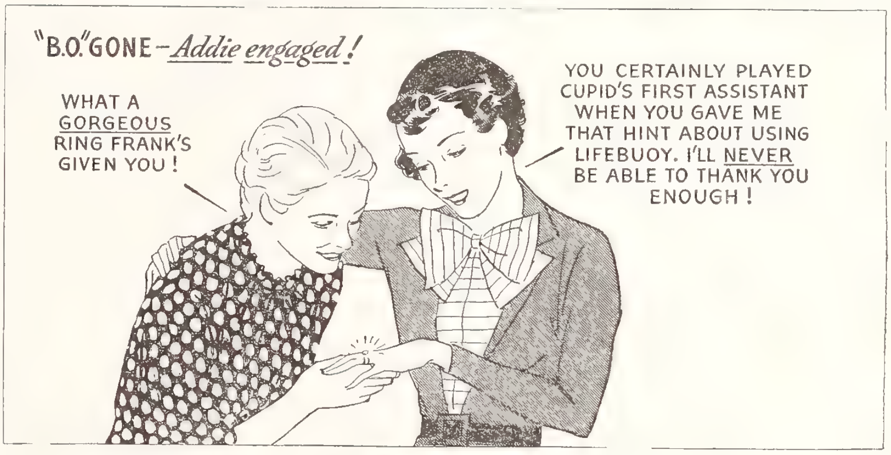
The Lone Wolf Returns is comedy-romance about a suave jewel thief (Melvyn Douglas) who falls in love with an intended victim (Gail Patrick). Douglas can take another bow. (Col.)

Woman Trap is about jewel thieves, gansters, G-men, newspaper men, and a stranded girl flier in Mexico. The plot goes 'round and around Gertrude Michael and George Murphy (the reporter) and comes out as exciting melodrama. (Par.)

Soak the Rich is the latest film effusion of Ben Hecht and Charles MacArthur. It is the satirical tale of a wealthy man (Walter Connolly), his "radical" daughter (Mary Taylor, from Park Avenue) and her "radical" college friends, headed by John Howard. And, because it is more mental than elemental, it will have only a limited audience. But that audience will enjoy it. (Par.)


HELLO, ADDIE. ALL ALONE? THOUGHT FRANK WAS COMING TO SEE YOU TONIGHT
HE DID COME, BUT HE MADE SOME EXCUSE AND LEFT EARLY. HIS VISITS ARE GETTING SHORTER AND SHORTER....

SOON HE'LL STOP COMING ALTOGETHER JUST AS JACK HAS.... AND TOM.... AND OTHERS. I WISH I KNEW WHY
ADDIE, DEAR, ARE YOU CAREFUL ENOUGH ABOUT "B.O."? ONE CAN'T AFFORD TO TAKE CHANCES. I USE LIFEBUOY


"B.O." GONE—Addie engaged!
WHAT A GORGEOUS RING FRANK'S GIVEN YOU!
YOU CERTAINLY PLAYED CUPID'S FIRST ASSISTANT WHEN YOU GAVE ME THAT HINT ABOUT USING LIFEBUOY. I'LL NEVER BE ABLE TO THANK YOU ENOUGH!

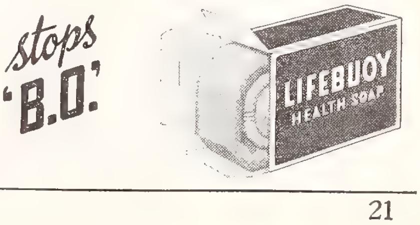
ANOTHER KISS, DARLING. I CAN'T RESIST YOUR SOFT, SMOOTH SKIN
LISTEN TO MY BRAND-NEW HUSBAND RAVE ABOUT MY LIFEBUOY COMPLEXION!

DO YOU want a fresher, clearer complexion? Use Lifebuoy. It does *two* important things. Cleanses *deeply* to rid pores of beauty-robbing impurities, yet cleanses *gently*. Scientific "patch" tests on the skins of hundreds of women show Lifebuoy is more than 20 per cent milder than many so-called "beauty soaps."

What? "B. O." in Spring?

Yes, indeed! Houses are still heated and stuffy, clothing heavy—a grand invitation to "B.O." (*body odor*). Don't take unnecessary chances — bathe regularly with Lifebuoy. Its rich, penetrating lather purifies, deodorizes pores, protects against offending. Lifebuoy gives a wealth of lather, even in hardest water. Its own fresh, clean scent quickly vanishes as you rinse.

Approved by Good Housekeeping Bureau


stops 'B.O.'
LIFEBUOY HEALTH SOAP

TO HELP KEEP COLDS AWAY
AH-CHOO!

GARGLE PEPSODENT EVERY DAY

Doctor's Report proves Pepsodent Antiseptic a real help to

KEEP FROM CATCHING COLD!

What 2 winters' test with 774 Illinois people revealed

PEPSODENT ANTISEPTIC

reduced number and duration of colds

• A Doctor made this famous test—he proved that Pepsodent Antiseptic did reduce number of colds! And cut the average length of a cold in half!

He worked for two full winters, with 774 people in all. The people lived together. They worked together. They ate the same foods. Half of them gargled with Pepsodent Antiseptic twice a day. The other half did not.

Those who did not gargle with Pepsodent, had 60% more colds than those who used Pepsodent Antiseptic regularly.

Those who used Pepsodent Antiseptic, and did catch cold, got rid of their colds twice as fast as the others.

Goes 3 times as far

Pepsodent Antiseptic is extra powerful, but safe! It kills germs in 10 seconds, even when it is diluted with 2 parts of water!

For "Breath Control"—Pepsodent keeps breath pure 1 to 2 hours longer

Come to Our *Hollywood Party!*

Paula Stone, one of Hollywood's most popular girls, invites *you* to a party at her home. Stars will be at the party, too!

YOU have already been invited to see Hollywood this summer. Now, in addition, you are invited to a Hollywood party, at which *you* will be one of the guests of honor! Movie Classic and Paula Stone invite you!

Last month, we told you how you can have the vacation of a lifetime by taking one of the Movieland Tours to Hollywood this summer. We outlined to you how you can have two eventful weeks, exploring the beautiful West and glamorous Hollywood. Now we want to tell you about one of the extra-special treats that awaits you when you arrive in Hollywood.

You have always wanted to meet stars, haven't you? You have dreamed of being as close to your film favorites as this magazine is to you now—you have dreamed of shaking their hands, of talking with them. Now your dream can come true! For Paula Stone—vivacious, red-headed daughter of Fred Stone—is one of the most popular girls in Hollywood. When she gives a party, celebrities by the dozen attend.

We know, because we recently went to one. It was informal, as this party for *you* will be, and Paula's friends among the film folk flocked to her lovely home, in the hills overlooking movieland. Friends like Jeanette MacDonald and her manager-fiancé, Robert Ritchie; Jackie Coogan and his fiancée, Betty Grable; Grantland Rice, famed sports writer, and his actress-daughter, Florence Rice; Cecilia Parker, Tom Brown, Anne Shirley, Patricia Ellis, Fred Keating, Sue Carol and most of the others of the smart filmland younger set. And Paula is inviting all of these friends to be on hand at her party for you, so that you, too, can know them as she knows them!

If you take the Movieland Tour to Hollywood this summer, you will be present at Paula's party. And what is the Movieland Tour? A complete, all-expense vacation trip of two weeks, from Chicago to Hollywood and return—a trip sponsored by Movie Classic in association with other Fawcett publications. The trip is by special train, and includes, besides Hollywood, many of the famed beauty spots of the West and Far West. You will see the lake country of Minnesota, the beautiful Twin Cities, Yellowstone Park, Seattle and Puget Sound, San Francisco and the Golden Gate, the Grand Canyon, Pike's Peak—all in addition to Hollywood and its beautiful surroundings.

IN Hollywood, you will stay at the famed Roosevelt Hotel, home of many stars. And just as you live where stars live, so will you be permitted past the well-guarded gates of one of the biggest film studios. If you take the July nineteenth tour, you will see the vast studio of 20th Century-Fox Films, presided over by Darryl Zanuck, who has promised you glimpses of pictures being made, close-ups of stars at work. And 20th Century-Fox has a brilliant array of stars. You stand an excellent chance of seeing Shirley Temple, not to mention such favorites as Ronald Colman, Warner Baxter, John Boles, Alice Faye, Claire Trevor, Rochelle Hudson, Loretta Young, Irvin S. Cobb, Paul Kelly, Jane Withers, Gloria Stuart, June Lang. Every one of them will be invited by Movie Classic to be on hand to greet you—perhaps to lunch with you in the famed studio restaurant, the Cafe de Paris.

Those who go on the August ninth tour, called the Movieland Special, will pay a visit to Universal Studios, which comprise a city in themselves, known the world over as Universal City. You will spend hours there, looking behind the scenes, meeting stars, learning the inside stories of picture-making. This is the studio now making such pictures as *Sutter's Gold,* starring Edward Arnold; *Love Before Breakfast,* starring Carole Lombard and Preston Foster; and *Show Boat,* starring Irene Dunne. Some of the sets for these pictures will

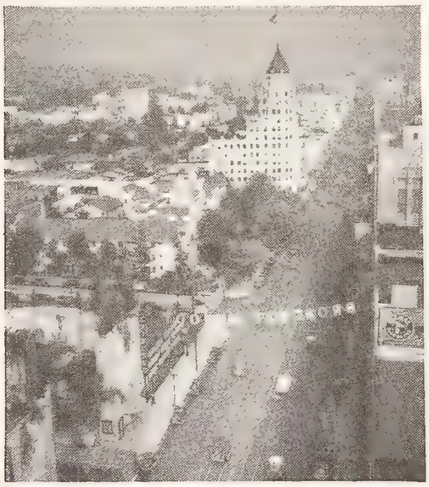
By
Jack
Smalley

Wouldn't you like to see Shirley Temple, Irene Dunne, and Warner Baxter in person?

still be standing, and you will see them. And you will see, in the making, other pictures equally as thrilling.

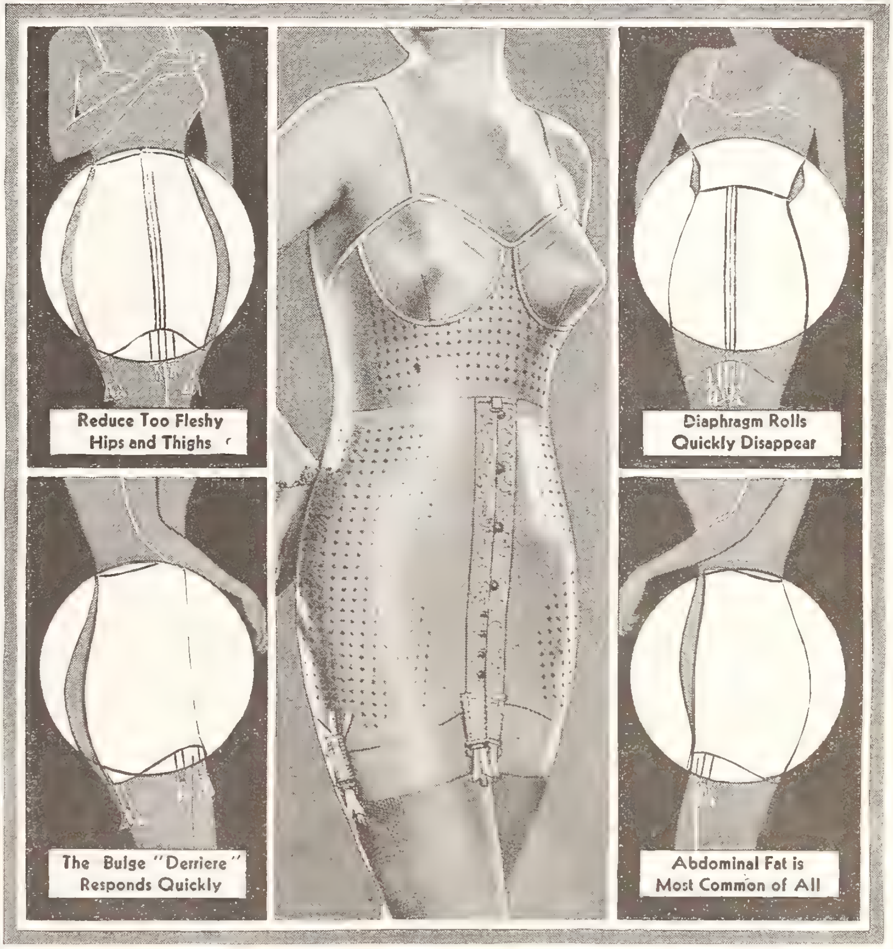
This is the second year in succession that we have sponsored Movieland Tours. Last year, there was only one tour—but that was so sensationally popular that, through sheer public demand, we are sponsoring two vacation tours to Hollywood this summer. The high point of last year's tour was the party given the members of the Tour by Raquel Torres and her millionaire-husband, Stephen Ames, at their luxurious home. Paula Stone's party holds every promise of also being one of Hollywood's most memorable events—something worth talking about for years.

Maybe vacation time seems far, far away now. But it is not too soon to begin dreaming of the vacation of a lifetime—of planning for an inexpensive, thrilling, unforgettable two-week trip to Hollywood and back. Write today for all the details. The low expense will amaze you. The illustrated pamphlet, telling what each tour will include, will thrill you. Write today for your copy—to J. C. Godfrey, Jr., Movieland Tour Manager, 360 North Michigan Ave., Chicago. Just enclose a three-cent stamp with your inquiry.



This is Hollywood Boulevard, as you will see it from the famed Roosevelt Hotel, where you will stay during your visit to movieland

QUICKLY CORRECT THESE 4 FIGURE FAULTS
Perfolastic not only CONFINES . . . it REMOVES ugly bulges!


Reduce Too Fleshy Hips and Thighs
Diaphragm Rolls Quickly Disappear
The Bulge "Derriere" Responds Quickly
Abdominal Fat is Most Common of All

Reduce Your Waist and Hips 3 Inches In 10 Days . . . or no cost!

Thousands of women owe their slim, youthful figures to the sure, safe way of reduction—Perfolastic! Past results prove that we are justified in guaranteeing you a reduction of 3 inches in 10 days or there will be no cost. We do not want you to risk one penny — simply try it for 10 days at our expense.

APPEAR SMALLER AT ONCE!

■ Look at yourself before you put on your Perfolastic Girdle and Brassiere—and afterwards! The difference is amazing. Bulges are smoothed out and you appear inches smaller at once. You are so comfortable, yet every minute you wear these Perfolastic garments you are actually reducing . . and at *just the spots* where surplus fat has accumulated—*nowhere* else!

NO DIET . . . DRUGS . . . OR EXERCISES!

■ No strenuous exercises to wear you out . . . no dangerous drugs to take . . . and no diet to reduce face and neck to wrinkled flabbiness. You do nothing whatever except watch the inches disappear!

MASSAGE ACTION REDUCES QUICKLY

■ Every move you make puts your Perfolastic to work taking off unwanted inches. The perforations and soft, silky lining make these Perfolastic garments delightful to wear.

"REDUCED MY HIPS 9 INCHES" Writes Miss Healy!

■ "Massages like magic", says Miss Carroll; "From 43 to 34½ inches", writes enthusiastic Miss Brian; Mrs. Noble says she "lost almost 20 pounds with Perfolastic", etc., etc. Test Perfolastic yourself at our expense and prove it will do as much for *you!*

SEND TODAY FOR 10-DAY **FREE** TRIAL OFFER AND SAMPLE OF RUBBER!

See for yourself the wonderful quality of the material! Read the astonishing experiences of prominent women who have reduced many inches in a few weeks! You risk nothing . . . we want you to make this test yourself at our expense. Mail the coupon *now!*

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Dept. 74, 41 E. 42nd ST., NEW YORK, N. Y.
Please send me FREE BOOKLET describing and illustrating the new Perfolastic Girdle and Uplift Brassiere, also sample of perforated rubber and particulars of your
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TORTURED BY A NATION

THE TRUE STORY OF A
NATION'S HIDDEN SHAME

of
20th CENTURY FOX

FOR HIS ACT OF MERCY!

Tricked by fate into helping an assassin, an innocent man is torn from the woman he loves... shackled ...condemned to a living death on a fever island where brutes are masters and sharks are guards!

THE STARK DRAMA
of "I am a Fugitive from a Chain Gang"

THE MIGHTY POWER
of "Les Miserables"

THE PRISONER SHARK ISLAND

Starring

Warner BAXTER

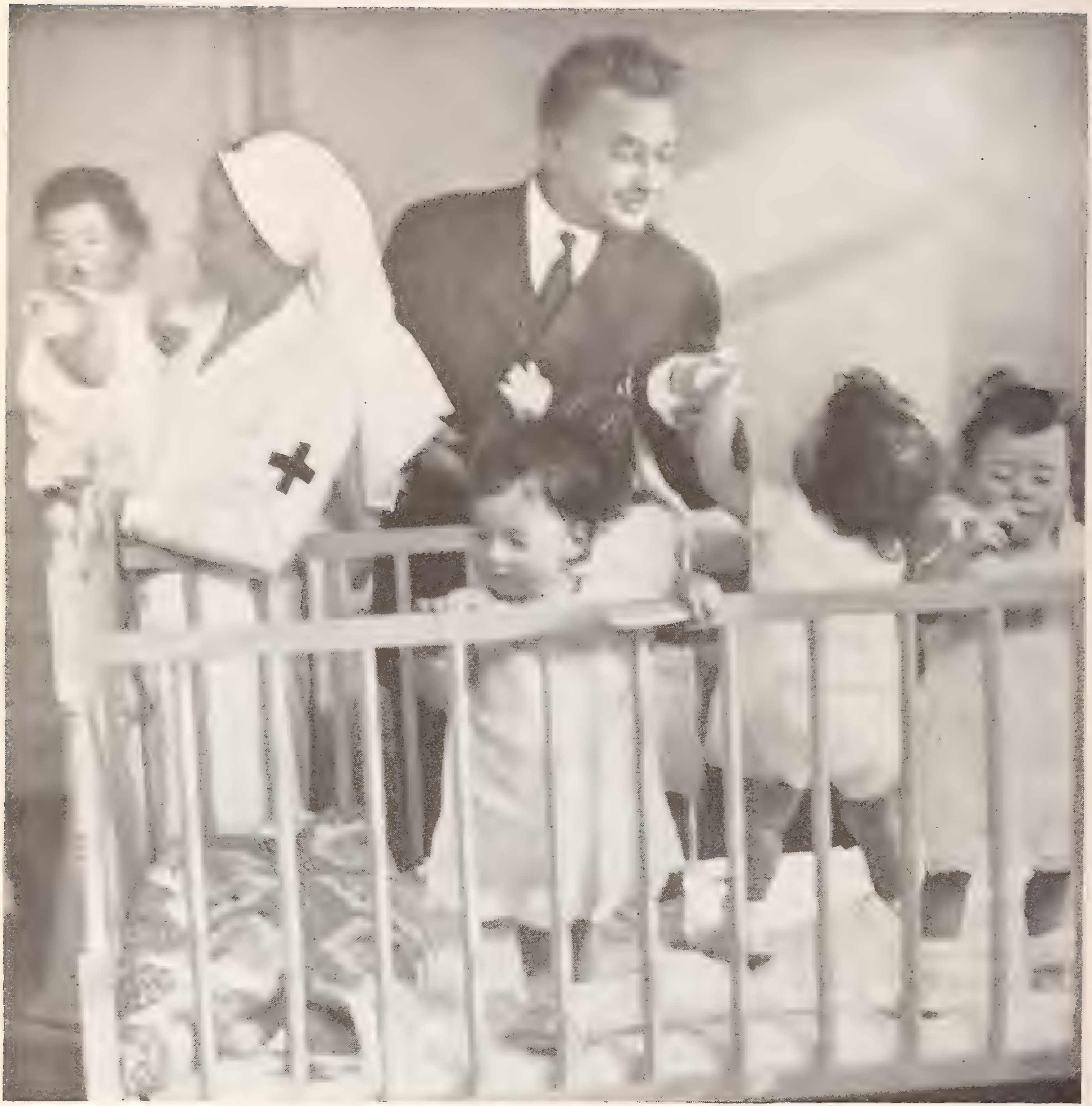
with

GLORIA STUART • CLAUDE GILLINGWATER
ARTHUR BYRON • O. P. HEGGIE • HARRY CAREY
AND A CAST OF ONE THOUSAND

A **DARRYL F. ZANUCK** 20th CENTURY PRODUCTION

Presented by Joseph M. Schenck • Directed by John Ford

Associate Producer and Screen Play by Nunnally Johnson • Based on the life of Dr. Samuel A. Mudd



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Little Quints— You've Had a Busy Day!

It's all aboard the Sleepytown Express for Yvonne, Cecile, Annette, Marie and Emilie! Doctor's orders! . . . They have to think of their beauty, their health and their public—for they're movie stars now . . . Stars of a picture called "The Country Doctor," which 20th Century-Fox Films, of Hollywood, California, went all the way to Northern Ontario to make, with Jean Hersholt playing their doctor and Dorothy Peterson acting as their nurse . . . And five less camera-conscious stars you never will see again, all at one time. Here is a sample of what we mean . . . One, being borne away to the pajama pavilion, wistfully wonders why she is the first . . . Two clamor for "Dr." Hersholt's last-minute attention, while two others devote last-minute attention to a suddenly interesting crib-rail

Joan Crawford
Then and Now

Two years ago, Joan stepped out before the camera and reminded the world that she was a dancer. The picture was *Dancing Lady*—and a hit. Since then she has concentrated on acting—very elegant acting. But now, in response to public demand, she is combining the acting and the dancing in *Elegance*

Colbert and Colman Together

The honeymoon ends—and the bride comes home to the cameras. In other words, Claudette Colbert—the happy, new Mrs. J. J. Pressman—is back at work. And she has a rôle that even she did not anticipate two months ago—the fiery, dramatic rôle of *Cigarette* in *Under Two Flags.* The hero of the famous story is Ronald Colman, who just triumphed in *A Tale of Two Cities.* Their appearance together is a movie event!

They Did It Again!

Could any screen team ever sing about "the sweet mystery of life and love" as Jeanette MacDonald and Nelson Eddy did in *Naughty Marietta*? Could even Jeanette and Nelson? Well, you have the answer in *Rose Marie*—their second picture together, and the first big outdoor operetta. Hear them sing "Indian Love Call"—and you'll have a new thrill!

Two Who Can't Lose

Olivia de Havilland and Errol Flynn—they're winners if Hollywood ever saw two. They have everything that it takes to scale the heights—good looks, personality, youth and talent. And neither had acted before last year! They started 1936 as lovers in *Captain Blood.* Now they are pursuing adventures separately—Olivia as the heroine of *Anthony Adverse* and Errol in *The Charge of the Light Brigade*

How can a child become Public Favorite No. 1, as Shirley Temple has and not be affected by all the hullabaloo? Read this amazing answer!

By
MARIAN
RHEA

Shirley Temple *looks* very much the young lady in this gown in *Captain January*

Is SHIRLEY GROWING UP *Too Fast?*

IT WAS while *Captain January,* Shirley Temple's newest picture was being made at 20th Century-Fox that a friend of mine arrived in Hollywood from Massachusetts, accompanied by her seven-year-old daughter. The first place they wanted to visit was a motion picture studio, and the first person they wanted to see was Shirley.

I mention this apparently wholly personal matter because, actually, thereon hangs this story. You see, the meeting was arranged—and, as this friend of mine, her youngster, Donna, and I were driving to the studio one afternoon, she asked me a question that is, perhaps, troubling many Shirley Temple fans who have watched her fame grow brighter with every picture.

This question was: "Is Shirley Temple growing up too fast? She seems so sweet and cute on the screen, yet I don't see how a child in her position could help but become sophisticated, too wise for her years. . . ."

Well, I guess that *is* a question that might make you wonder a bit—that is, if you didn't know Shirley. Here is a child who has the world at her feet; who is literally mobbed by adoring throngs whenever she appears in public; whose fan mail would turn the head of almost any adult; who is protected like a treasure and treated like a princess; who is rich and famous—a star of stars. . . Hers is not a normal life for any little girl, you may say. And, in the next breath, you may ask, a little fearfully: "What is it doing to her? Is all of this adulation and triumph spoiling her? *Is she growing up too fast?"*

Well, I could answer that for you with one emphatic, two-letter word beginning with *n*. . . . But, instead, I am going to take you with us—my New England friend, her small daughter and myself—to the *Captain January* set and let you, too, spend the afternoon with Shirley. It won't be an outstandingly eventful afternoon; nothing spectacular will happen. But I believe in its very simplicity, its very normalcy, you will find an answer that will still your doubts and fears as to whether or not Hollywood is spoiling Shirley.

The *Captain January* set on this occasion had a particularly nautical aspect, what with the good *Captain* (Guy Kibbee), Shirley's guardian in the picture, having been a seafaring man before he took to keeping a lighthouse.

We arrived just as the company was preparing to make that scene in which the *Captain* is trying to coach Shirley in her lessons so that she may be able to pass the examination demanded by an unfeeling [*Continued on page* 66]

What LOVE Has

MILLIONS of words have been written about how Ginger Rogers has changed physically. How she started out as the hey-nonny-nonny-and-hot-cha-cha Charleston winner, with arms and legs and hair flying—and how she has wound up as the poised, sleek young star of the screen, wearing Bernard Newman creations. But these are superficial changes. What of the real Ginger—the Ginger behind the screen star? Has there been a metamorphosis there, too?

Definitely, yes—but such a subtle one that few people have recognized it as yet. The casual observer will tell you that Ginger hasn't changed—that she is still the good fellow, as friendly, democratic, and as generous as ever: that she is still just "Ginger" to everybody, prop boy and producer alike; that she still goes around in slacks, still eats in the commissary, still drives her own car. Changed? No, she's still the same old Ginger, even if she is a star now.

But I'm not talking about those things either. Not clothes, or make-up, or actions. I'm talking about the change that has happened in her own heart, quietly. I'm talking about what love has done to her.

- Three years ago Ginger was not sure about what she wanted from life. As she says herself, "I didn't know exactly what I wanted to do or be. I didn't think that my picture work was getting me anywhere—at least not artistically. One week I thought I'd rather be a writer and a director than an actress. The next week I thought I'd rather paint than do anything else. Then I thought I'd like to write music. Then I thought that I'd just give it all up, and have, instead, one of those quiet 'and-they-lived-happily-ever-after' marriages. Then I thought I'd go back to the stage. Then. . . .

"Well, you can see that that kind of thinking wouldn't get anyone anywhere, except in a quandary. And I was in one all right. Of *course*, I was unhappy, running around in circles like that. I was tackling everything and getting nowhere with anything. And, what's more, I had even been like that when I was a youngster. First I wanted to be a school teacher. One of our dearest friends was one, and I wanted to be like her. Then I wanted to be a concert pianist. Paderewski was my idol at that particular moment—so I practically slept at the piano for a half-year. Then I played in a recital, and never played again. I wasn't exactly a flop, but I wasn't a sensation either. And I had to be a sensation, or nothing.

"So my history repeated itself when I took up painting several years ago. I bought out half the artist-supply shops in Hollywood, and went to work feverishly. My friends made polite remarks about my work, but nobody said I showed the divine spark that would set the

[*Continued on page* 68]

Would you know the girl? This is Ginger early in her screen career

Remember when Ginger was temporarily blonde? That change occurred in 1932

Done to Ginger Rogers

By
KATHARINE
HARTLEY

How the girl has changed in her five years in films! And love has wrought the greatest change of all!

It looked like love when Lew Ayres and Ginger Rogers played together in *Lottery Lover*. And now—well, read this story!

Since her marriage, Ginger has stepped to stardom with Fred Astaire. You see them in *Follow the Fleet*

In 1934, Ginger was beginning to reach for stardom—with an appealing buoyancy

And here is the Ginger of 1935—the glamorous star married to Lew Ayres

Li'l Ruby Keeler was the first dancer who tapped her way to stardom on the screen—and she's still stepping high. Moreover, at last she has a partner worthy of her mettle—handsome, light-footed Paul Draper, from Broadway. He created the dances that he and Ruby do in *Colleen*—and they're sensational. Maybe Astaire has a rival!

They Can Dance, Too!

By WILLIAM ANTHONY

"When the right girl says, 'Yes,' I'll sure help her tell the world . . ."

(P. S. Dick and Joan are together in *Colleen*)

—Portrait by Longworth

Why Pick on *Us?*

DICK POWELL talks—plenty—about those new romance rumors. And JOAN BLONDELL probably seconds his sentiments!

RECENTLY the Hollywood grapevine has been buzzing with a new romance rumor. This one concerns Dick Powell and Joan Blondell. In all other respects, the rumor falls into the category of Story Number 3-A in the Press Agent's Manual. You all know the one. It starts, "Dick Powell, handsome young leading man, was seen by your correspondent at the ———— Restaurant with ————, beautiful Hollywood actress, last dawning. They seemed very much interested in each other and Dame Rumor has it that they will soon do a middle-aisle together. Powell has just completed work in ————, for an early release. That's all for to-day, friends."

Now, everyone knows that Dick and Joan have been pals for two or three years, so the story didn't seem too improbable this time. I had lunch with him in his new dressing-room to learn the story behind the latest rumor because *sometimes* Story Number 3-A is accurate.

"How goes the private life, Dick?" I queried, prepared to duck. Dick doesn't like interviewers to start that way.

Dick groaned, and said, "Listen, fellah, why do you guys always pick on me? I'm no Lochinvar. How come I can't have a date with a girl to go to the fights or do a little mild hoofing when there's a good orchestra in town, without waking up the next morning to read in the papers that I'm practically married? It gives a guy an awful shock to get engaged twice a month and not even get let in on the secret—especially before the morning coffee. Personally, I have a distinct aversion to getting engaged before breakfast. It lacks dignity and decorum.

"I can't savvy all this," he added. "People seem to have an idea that in the picture business you do a little mild work about one-quarter of your time and spend the next three-quarters of your life making love to a series of amazingly beautiful ladies. It's not reasonable. So why go romantic all the time with me?

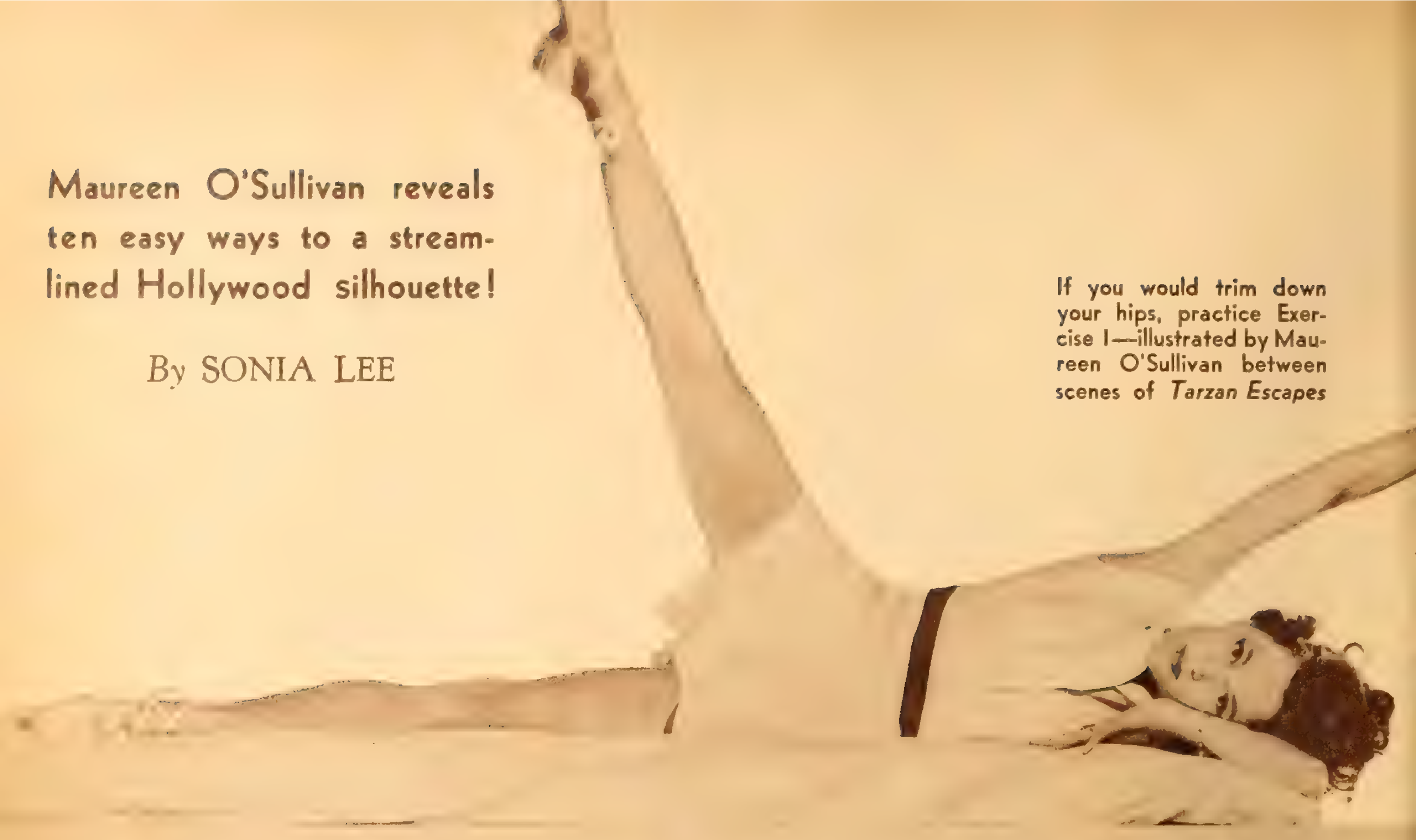
"I THINK I'm a perfectly normal guy who works for a living, enjoys doing it and has had a few of the breaks. But in my private life,

[*Continued on page* 70]

S-t-r-e-t-c-h Your Way

Maureen O'Sullivan reveals ten easy ways to a streamlined Hollywood silhouette!

By SONIA LEE



If you would trim down your hips, practice Exercise 1—illustrated by Maureen O'Sullivan between scenes of *Tarzan Escapes*

SO YOU want a slim, softly rounded figure—the new Spring, 1936, silhouette? You want to banish an unsightly roll of fat about your waistline, heavy upper arms, a double chin, or perhaps bulging hips? You can! A perfect figure is within your reach . . . but you must reach for it. You must STRETCH for it!

Maureen O'Sullivan, now appearing with Johnny Weissmuller in *Tarzan Escapes,* has a slim, supple figure and is determined to keep it that way. For one thing, her revealing costume as *Tarzan's* mate won't permit one single ounce of superfluous fat. But Maureen wisely avoids strenuous diets and violent exercises which all too often result in a haggard face, a ruined disposition, and even loss of health and vitality. Instead, she advocates the new "stretching" method for a Hollywood silhouette. This system has been devised by Dr. Lois Long, an authority on body beauty, under whose guidance more than twenty Hollywood stars have achieved and retained physical perfection.

Maureen presents here a series of stretching exercises which, if followed with devotion, will give you a figure as perfect as hers. Let's go, while Maureen sets the pace!

Every woman can do these exercises at home. Lie across the bed while you do them. In the exercises which require holding the feet down securely, that is easily accomplished with the help of two canvas straps which you can hook into the springs of the bed. The straps are easily made. Buy a yard and a half of about four-inch-wide canvas or any other strong fabric. Cut the length in half, sew each section in a loop onto a curtain ring and attach a hook to the ring. That's simple! Now you can go ahead:

Exercise 1: Lie on the left side. Relax. Inhale. Contract all muscles in the body. Then raise right leg and arm slowly, until you feel the muscles give. Keep on stretching until there is extensive tension. Then lower arm and leg slowly. Repeat ten times. Lie on right side and repeat exercise. The head must be at the edge of the bed so that the neck and head muscles are perfectly relaxed.

This exercise is exceptionally fine for reducing that ugly and flabby lump women usually have inside their upper legs. It tightens the flesh and it gives a slimmer hip-line.

Exercise 2: Hook feet into straps. Bring your body forward until your waist is at the edge of the bed. Inhale. Then bend slowly down as far as possible and until your torso muscles are completely stretched. Support your head by interlocking your hands back of your neck. Bring your body up slowly. Exhale. Then bend down again. This exercise should be repeated five times at the beginning and ten times when your body is hardened a bit.

This is a marvelous exercise for the spine, and will straighten stooping muscles. It reduces the waist and stomach quickly, too.

Exercise 3: Turn on your stomach. Push slightly forward until the body is in a comfortable position, with about half of the body hanging over the edge of the bed. Your arms rest on your torso, with interlocked hands, behind your back. Slowly raise body until you feel the stretch in the stomach muscles. Push down with your hands as you stretch

to Beauty!

up. This exercise is done slowly for best results. To be repeated ten times.

This is an excellent exercise for that ugly sag of your abdomen and for reducing the rubber tire around your waist.

Exercise 4: Turn on your stomach. Grasp frame of bed hard. Straighten legs out tense. Then raise and lower violently and quickly, rotating the right and left leg in a scissors movement. Your toes should at no time touch the floor.

This exercise reduces the lump on your hips and the fat on the back of the upper legs.

Exercise 5: As in Exercise 4, grasp the bed frame hard. Tense the body. Contract every muscle. Holding legs close together, swing them up and down with much force, as far down as you can and as far up as you can.

This exercise tones digestion by stimulating the nerves of the spine. It reduces every part of the body by the process of contraction. By stretching the muscles on the bone, it helps break down the fat from the inside.

In the next three exercises breathing is important. [*Continued on page* 64]

Maureen doesn't believe in drastic reducing methods. But she does advise plenty of exercise. Look at the clean-cut lines of her figure, as she illustrates four "body beauty" treatments. Isn't it worth a few minutes of your day to have a Hollywood silhouette, too?

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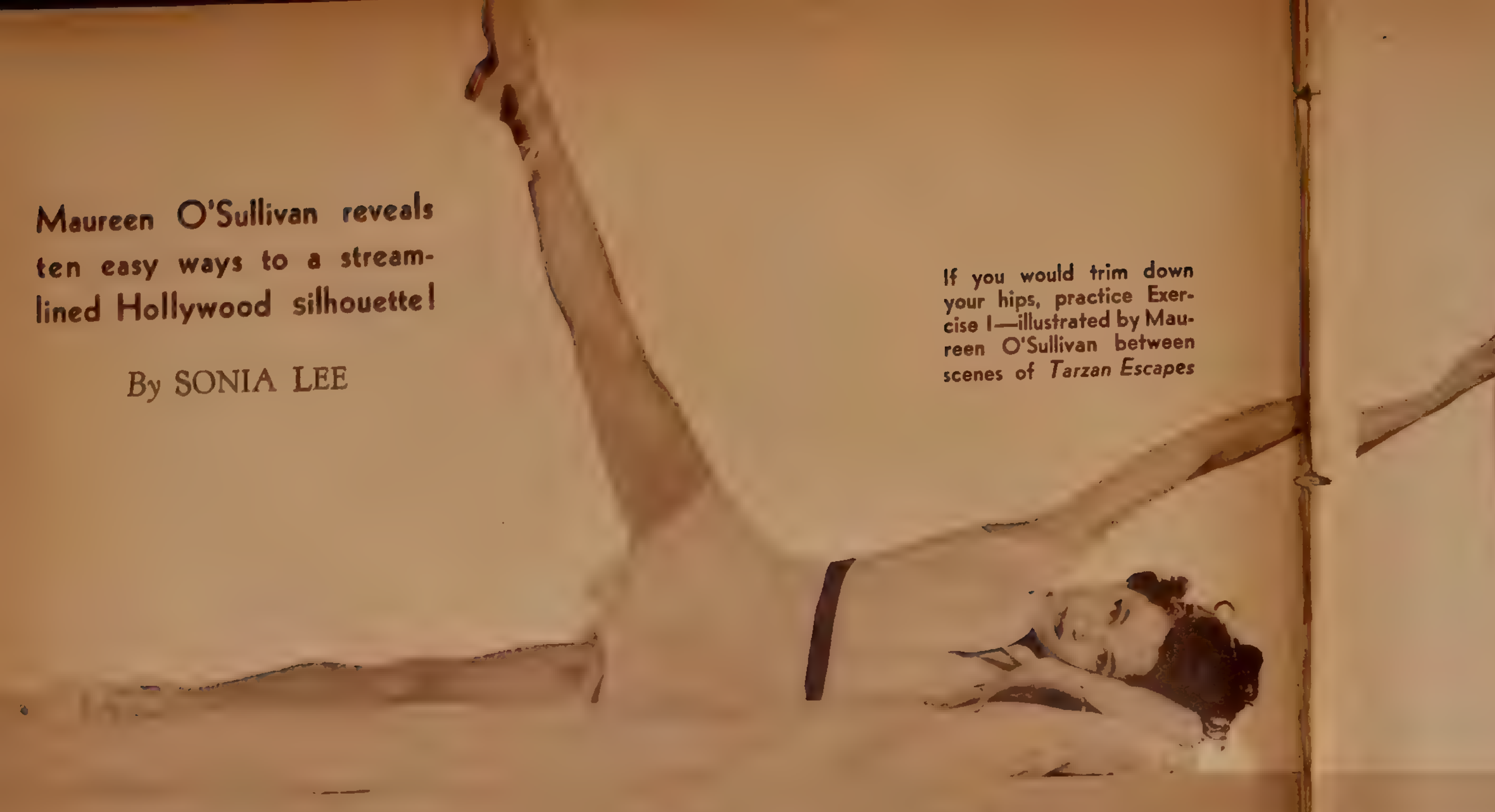
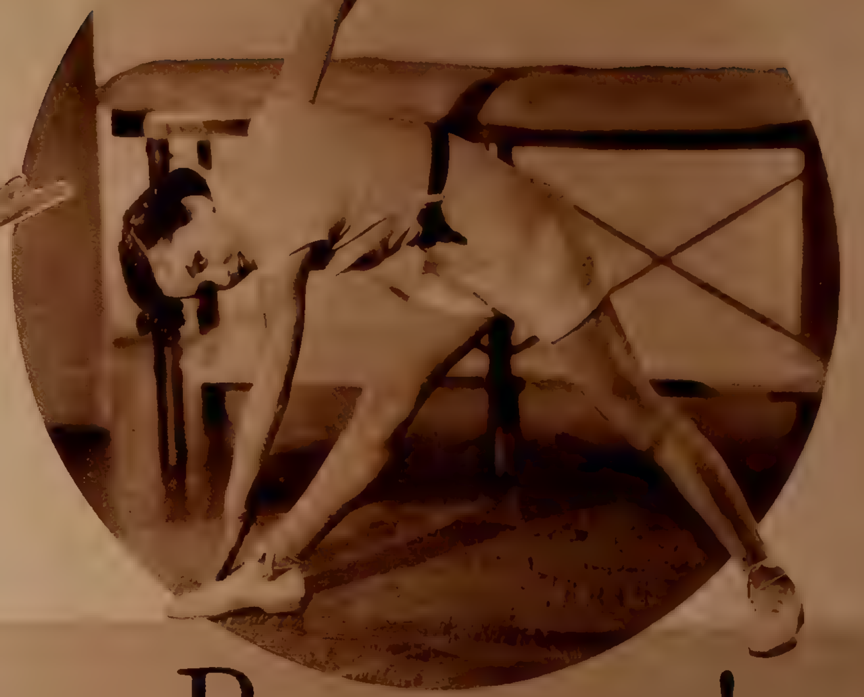
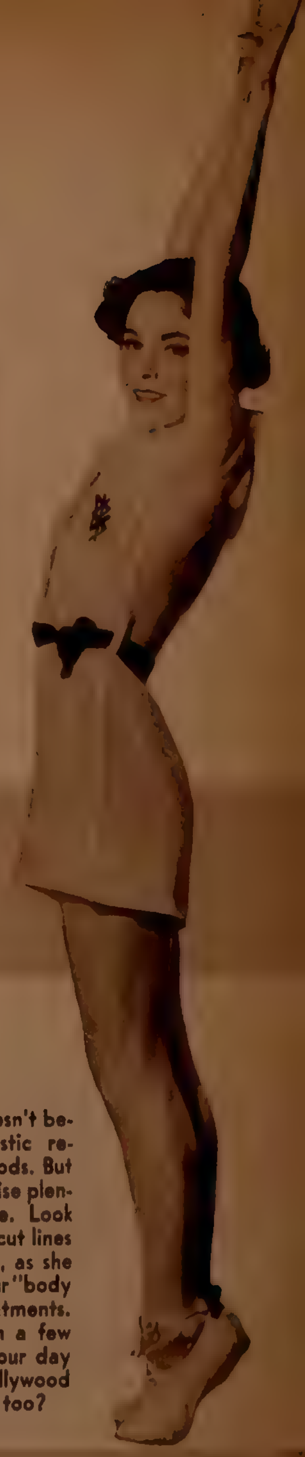
Maureen O'Sullivan reveals ten easy ways to a streamlined Hollywood silhouette!

By SONIA LEE



If you would trim down your hips, practice Exercise 1—illustrated by Maureen O'Sullivan between scenes of *Tarzan Escapes*





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S-t-r-e-t-c-h Your Way to Beauty!

SO YOU want a slim, softly rounded figure—the new Spring, 1936, silhouette? You want to banish an unsightly roll of fat about your waistline, heavy upper arms, a double chin, or perhaps bulging hips? You can! A perfect figure is within your reach . . . but you must reach for it. You must STRETCH for it!

Maureen O'Sullivan, now appearing with Johnny Weissmuller in *Tarzan Escapes*, has a slim, supple figure and is determined to keep it that way. For one thing, her revealing costume as *Tarzan's* mate won't permit one single ounce of superfluous fat. But Maureen wisely avoids strenuous diets and violent exercises which all too often result in a haggard face, a ruined disposition, and even loss of health and vitality. Instead, she advocates the new "stretching" method for a Hollywood silhouette. This system has been devised by Dr. Lois Long, an authority on body beauty, under whose guidance more than twenty Hollywood stars have achieved and retained physical perfection.

Maureen presents here a series of stretching exercises which, if followed with devotion, will give you a figure as perfect as hers. Let's go, while Maureen sets the pace!

Every woman can do these exercises at home. Lie across the bed while you do them. In the exercises which require holding the feet down securely, that is easily accomplished with the help of two canvas straps which you can hook into the springs of the bed. The straps are easily made. Buy a yard and a half of about four-inch-wide canvas or any other strong fabric. Cut the length in half, sew each section in a loop onto a curtain ring and attach a hook to the ring. That's simple! Now you can go ahead:

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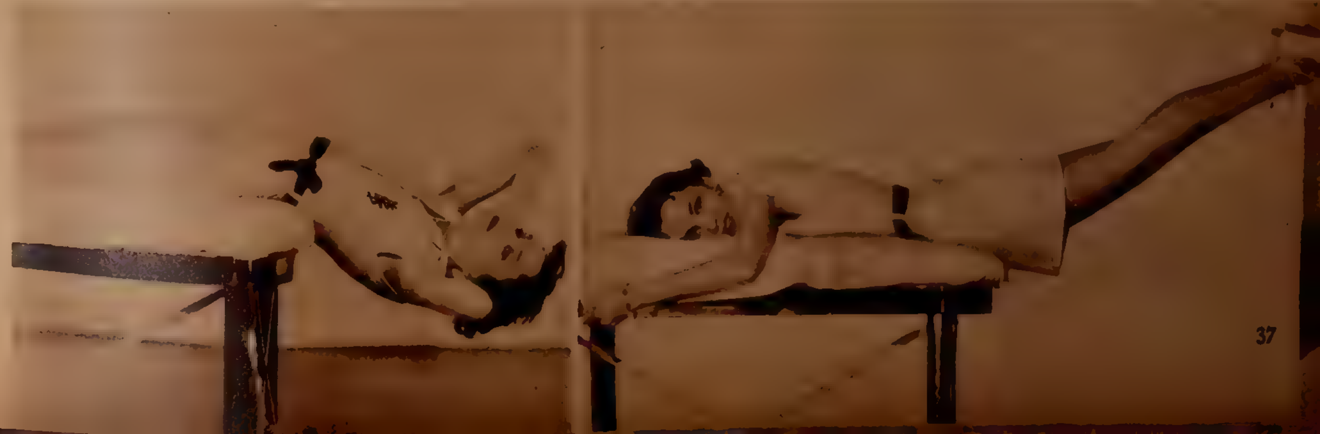

Wife

Myrna Loy

gives hints to wives

"KEEPING one man happy is a two-woman job!" So said Myrna Loy—beautiful, titian-haired Myrna, who, as *Mrs. Nick Charles* in *The Thin Man,* started a new vogue in wives. Now she was talking of the part for which she was making up—that of *Linda Sanford,* Clark Gable's wife, in *Wife vs. Secretary.*

"I've done some personal research for the rôle," she laughed, "and it has been my observation that the wife who realizes that her husband's secretary can also be *her* best friend is a smart wife, indeed!"

"Few wives take that viewpoint," I commented, "and if they did, how many of them would have the courage to act on it?"

"That's because some wives have a distorted viewpoint of the 'other woman' in a man's life—his secretary, I mean," Myrna explained. "The average wife who never visits her husband's office is likely to get a mental impression of that 'silent partner' as a beautiful blonde

[*Continued on page* 60]

Myrna Loy, filmdom's most popular "wife," plays Clark Gable's attractive mate in the film *Wife vs. Secretary*

© C-P Corp.

By HELEN HARRISON

Jean Harlow vs. Secretary

has secrets for secretaries

HOW would you like Jean Harlow to be *your* husband's secretary? Would you "think no more of it"—or would you consider your troubles practically beginning? . . . We thought so! . . . Well, that's only half the story. There is, you know, the secretary's side, too!

Which brings us right to Jean's dressing-room, and a very pretty one too, and to Jean, herself, who plays *Whitey Wilson,* THE secretary to Myrna Loy's "husband" (Clark Gable) in *Wife vs. Secretary.*

"Tell us," we begged, "what *you'd* do if you were a *Whitey* in real life—you know, a punch-the-clock, knock-'em-dead siren of the skyscrapers? One of those millions of lovely young women who play nursemaid to a

[*Continued on page* 62]

Jean Harlow—once platinum, now brownette — plays Clark Gable's alluring stenog in *Wife vs. Secretary*

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© C-P Corp.

Wife vs. Secretary

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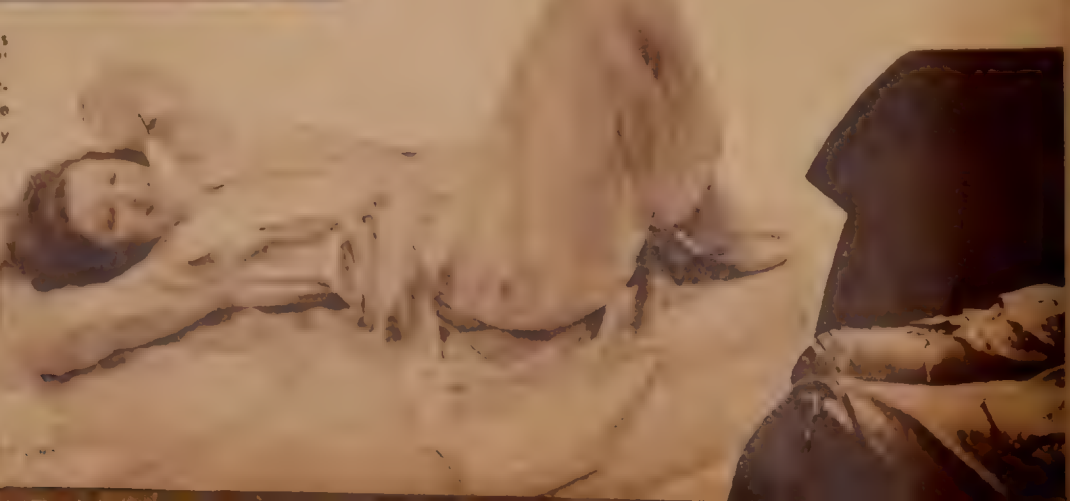

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Jean Harlow—once platinum, now brownette—plays Clark Gable's alluring stenog in *Wife vs. Secretary*

Carole Lombard

You can't beat California. Winter is just a word in that climate—not a season! And here, to prove it, is the luscious Lombard, looking for someone to go swimming with her. Since her old dancing partner, George Raft, is so busy, she'll have to find somebody else. Maybe Fred MacMurray, her pal in *Hands Across the Table.* Or Preston Foster, her amusing new pal in *Love Before Breakfast*

George Raft says A Little Villainy Can Make You a Big Success!

George ought to know. He became a success, himself, by just playing at villainy. And he isn't kidding now, even if his new film, "It Had To Happen," is a comedy!

By JAMES FLETCHER

NOT so many years ago, villains got hisses—now they get fan mail! Yes, of course, we mean George Raft. Not that this picaresque favorite of the screen would ever admit to the stacks of admiring letters signed "Mabel" or "Mary" or "Maude." For, believe it or not, George Raft's success has never given him egocolic. He remains the same modest, unaffected, natural person who flipped a coin in Hollywood and became world-famous.

Raft got his screen start as one of the talented trio who made a big killing—no pun intended—in *Scarface.* (The other two were Paul Muni and Ann Dvorak.) No one who ever saw that picture can forget the sinister eloquence of his coin-tossing gesture nor the sleek, cat-like grace with which he put over the part of the laconic gangster. That was because George put everything into that part. He loved it. Since that time he has weathered a variety of screen incarnations, ranging from bullfighter to band-leader. But if he had his way, he would choose the *Scarface* type of rôle every time.

You see, Raft doesn't like to be a celluloid "softie." Nothing confounded him more than to be labeled "the second Valentino." True, he has the same dark, veiled look of the eyes—the steady glance that pierces, yet gives no hint of the thoughts or feelings behind it. That is the one and only point of resemblance.

Raft knows that he isn't cut out to be a sheik. He knows, above all, that he can never be the talkative young man in a ballroom. His tight lips do not suggest long and eloquent romantic pleadings, but rather the jerky, point-blank speech that is so characteristic of his real, as well as his screen, self. And his relaxed movements are those of the jungle cat that can, in an instant, become a unit of terrifying power, of threatening claw and fang. In him there is no trace of Valentino's leisurely, romantic grace that was essentially for the drawing-room or at least for the lady's bower.

Silent. Suave. Suggesting menace by gesture, rather than by word. That's Raft. That's the sort of thing he can do. That's the sort of part he wishes would come his way more often.

"You know," he remarked as we sat over our luncheon coffee, "that picture I did with Joan Bennett—*She Couldn't Take It*—was swell for me. My part really had something. I didn't have to go stumbling around through a whole lot of dialogue, for one thing. Then, too, I felt easy and natural in the part. I felt as if the guy I was playing was human. Maybe he might be called a bad number—but when you added him up, he was okay."

Right there George revealed a salient characteristic. He can flip coined phrases as easily as he can flip coins!

But I was interested in this new angle—villainy preferred. Over the clamor of the luncheon hour in the studio commissary, I bawled a question. [*Continued on page* 80]

Gary Cooper Wants Action!

All the world loves a lover—and nobody tops Gary in the rôle. But love scenes aren't his big thrill!

By WILLIAM A. ULMAN, JR.

GARY COOPER is one guy who won't talk. I've known him for years, but he still won't talk. He isn't taciturn; he's just inarticulate. When you ask him something, the answer is just as apt to be a grin and a grunt as a "yes" or "no." For that reason, dozens of writers will tell you he's hard to interview. He isn't, really, but you have to know and understand your "Coop."

I saw him the other day on the set of *Desire*. He and Marlene Dietrich had been working together for more than a week on a series of interiors—emotional scenes with a minimum of physical action. As we left the set, headed for his dressing-room, Gary was glum. In another man, the glumness would have been irritability, but Cooper is too serene for that. He paused at the door to ask a new assistant director what the next day's call would be.

"Oh, yes," came the reply, "I was going to ask you about that. We'll be shooting the race sequences out on Sepulveda Boulevard very early in the morning. But you won't have to come out till later. We'll use a double for the actual racing and. . . ."

That was as far as he got. If he had been around the studio longer, he would have known better than to try to let Gary out of a dangerous scene. Gary dotes on them and he had been looking forward to piloting that long nosed, powerful car at screaming speed ever since he had first read the script. Mr. Cooper was nice, but very, very firm in his explanation about "doubles" getting all the fun out of his pictures after he had been through a week of studio work.

As we walked on across the lot, he began chuckling. His pace increased to a

[*Continued on page* 76]

Gary wouldn't let a double do the dangerous scenes in *Desire*. He wanted the fun, himself!

—And So Does
Marlene Dietrich

After three half-way successes in a row, Marlene Dietrich is in the mood for a "hit" picture. And it looks as if she has one in *Desire,* with Gary Cooper as her co-star . . . There can't be much truth in those rumors that she is about to leave America to escape kidnap threats. For now she is to do *I Loved a Soldier,* with romantic Charles Boyer

Don't Be Dumb about Men! says Mae West

Can a woman get and keep a man?—that's the Mae West test for feminine brains. She tries it on herself, with Victor McLaglen in the picture, *Klondike Annie*

By
BOWLES
FISHER

MAE WEST always gets her man. In fact, she's so good that she even gets a few she doesn't want! If ever she makes up her mind that she wants one of these little trinkets for her own private stock—he might as well get out the old fountain pen and write the other girl, "Toots, it's all over!" We mean, of course, the Mae West of the screen.

But that's Mae West's idea of what a woman ought to be. She thinks the feminine of the species ought to be smart. What does she mean by smart? No, it's not rating one hundred per cent in a geometry test. Nor being able to talk intelligently about the latest crisis in the Italio-Ethiopian situation. Quite the contrary! If any woman is cursed with a mind like that, the very smartest thing that she can do is to hide it from all the men she knows. Can a woman get and keep a man?—that's the Mae West test for feminine brains!

This seductive blonde hip-waver doesn't mark any of the examination papers very high. Let's draw up around the old Klondike stove and hear what she has to say.

"All women," she begins, "are dumb!"

Having tossed this grenade into the ranks of defenseless feminism with as much ease as she might deprive a sucker of the Hope Diamond, Mae West relaxed. She stretched luxuriously among the pillows of her white *chaise longue*. Observing the stretch closely, I was perfectly willing to concede anything. Only because I wanted to keep her busy relaxing, I pretended that I was skeptical.

"Don't you think you're being a bit comprehensive?" I asked.

"Yeah? Well, I'm giving you some news. I'm just taking in the brunettes for a change. For years everybody has been carrying on in a big way about blondes being dumb."

We were sitting—or, rather, I was sitting and Mae was relaxing—in her apartment. It had been hard enough for me to break into this retreat and find the star at home. She has been busy recently with her current production, *Klondike Annie,* in which she is concerned with getting prospectors off the gold standard as fast as they get on. It was only because she was having some time out from these arduous duties that she had said, [*Continued on page* 78]

The star of "A Message to Garcia" delivers another kind of message in this vivid interview. And you'll like it!

By
ERIC L.
ERGENBRIGHT

Kids To-day Need Kicking Around!

— *Wally Beery*

"THE trouble with these modern kids"—says Wallace Beery—"is that they're taught too much by advice and too little by experience. They're given too many theories and too few black-and-blue spots. They're being made too soft, too dependent on other people—in short, they don't get kicked around enough!"

And if there is any man in Hollywood—or in Keokuk or in Timbuctoo—who is really qualified to testify regarding the stimulating effect of a well-placed boot from Fate, that man is the aforesaid Beery. His life has resembled nothing so much as a continuous ride on a scenic railway, with a bouncing mat at the bottom of every dip and a kick at the top of every grade. He has been a section hand; he has been a bank director. He has been an elephant trainer; he has been—and is—a movie star. (He has just finished *A Message to Garcia.*) Also, he happens to be the adopted father of a four-year-old named Carol Ann, who is, to date, unspoiled.

"You can't blame the kids," he says. "They're all right. Kids are always all right. One generation is neither better nor worse than another. The fault lies with the oldsters. They are too anxious to protect their children from the same kill-or-cure experiences that they, themselves, had as youngsters.

"The average American parents acquired a lot of fol-de-rol ideas during the flush 'twenties. They tasted sudden prosperity, lost their heads and immediately started pampering their children. Sane American men, who had battled their way to success by virtue of their ability to take it on the chin and come back for more, proudly boasted, 'Thank God, my children will never have to face the hardships and self-denials I went through!' That Declaration of Insanity was heard so frequently that it became a symbol of the times.

"The depression has caused considerable suffering—but I've got to give it credit for restoring a few of those misguided parents to sanity. The others, as far as I can see, are still laboring under the delusion that their kids will grow into tempered steel without ever going

[*Continued on page* 84]

Try a Movie Test
In Your Own Home

WOULD it surprise you to know that Paramount Pictures Corporation, or any other big film company, will give you serious consideration if you believe you have a chance for stardom? It's true. Very true. One hundred to two hundred applicants for a chance in the movies are interviewed carefully each week in Paramount's New York office.

It wasn't always thus. Only a few years ago Venus de Milo, with both arms intact, and rave reviews from a two-year run on Broadway, could have worn her arms down to the shoulder again, knocking in vain on Movieland's gate. But today, thanks to Oscar Serlin, Paramount's chief talent scout and director of Paramount's famous dramatic training school, anyone with strength enough to hobble into 1501 Broadway (the Paramount Building) will be given serious consideration for a job in motion pictures.

We can say "thanks to Oscar Serlin," because Paramount is the pioneer in the "open door" policy of talent-scouting. Since Paramount established the first dramatic school to coach aspirants for the screen before giving them expensive screen tests, other film companies have followed suit—and are now eager, also, to interview persons believing themselves screen material.

"And why shouldn't an applicant for stardom seek out a film company and learn if he or she has what the movies are looking for?" asks this same Oscar Serlin, the man who discovered Fred MacMurray tooting a saxophone in an orchestra pit. Fred, by the way, attended the Paramount dramatic school three months before taking a screen test. You know the rest. He has become a star in one brief year—and is currently the hero of the first outdoor natural-color picture, *The Trail of the Lonesome Pine,* with Sylvia Sidney and Henry Fonda.

- "How," I asked Mr. Serlin, "can anyone not already in the theatrical profession measure his talents and

Gladys Swarthout's screen test cost $1,250. She prepared for it for five months

John Howard (above, left) passed the talent test this article talks about. So did Fred MacMurray (above, right) —and is a star after one year before the cameras

Do you have what the movies want? Read this article—and learn how to test yourself!

By RALPH FOSTER

ability and determine whether or not his chances of success are great enough to warrant trying for a screen test and movie contract?"

"Those with genuine ambition can do it," he persisted. "Persons of normal intelligence are capable of judging their own ability and chances of success in the entertainment field, as they are in any other field—clerking, writing, law or what-not. Once they *have* looked over what they have to sell, and are convinced that they are fitted for the movies, we want to see them. If we want what they have to sell, we'll buy—and, believe me, we are genuinely grateful to everyone who comes in, whether we buy or not."

"You say they *can* examine themselves," I reminded him, "but I want to know exactly *how* they can do it. What questions must they ask themselves? What kind of yardstick can they use to measure their own ability?"

"I'll give you a yardstick," was Serlin's answer to that. "We'll make it possible for everyone genuinely interested to take a screen test in his own home!"

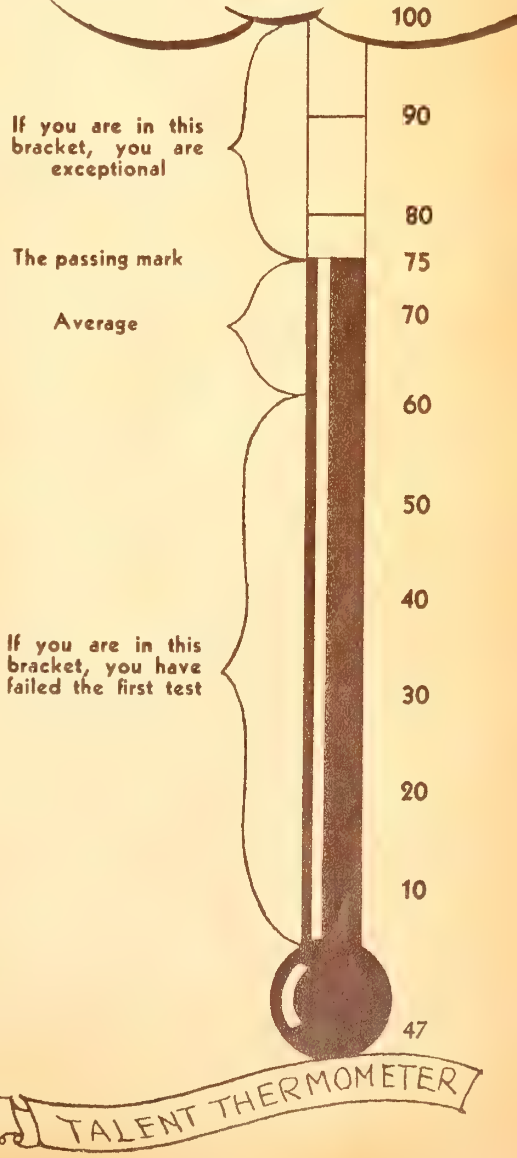
Then the huddle. Pencil in hand, one of his assistants helping him, Serlin took time out to make the set of screen test questions you see at the end of this article.

Finally, he looked up from his task. "It wasn't as easy as I thought it would be," he admitted, "and I'd like to caution you that, before anyone takes this test, he should be familiar with the way an applicant is greeted here. What we have done," Mr. Serlin explained, "is to put on paper the same questions we ask when an individual calls in person and is interviewed by a talent scout. For anyone to answer these questions intelligently, he or she should get a little behind-the-scenes picture of what goes on when we interview an applicant, a better understanding of the qualities we are seeking."

● All right, to get the whole picture, let's suppose that you, the reader, have funds to support yourself in New York for a period of six months, and you have accepted Mr. Serlin's invitation. Just what happens when you walk into his office?

An alert secretary will ask the reason for your call and, learning it, will usher you into the presence of one of Mr. Serlin's assistants, perhaps Mr. Boris Kaplan, first assistant talent scout. If Mr. Kaplan sees you, you will find yourself engaged in a conversation as general as one that you might conduct with your best friend. But all the time you are chatting, Mr. Kaplan's experi-

[*Continued on page 72*]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90
If you are in this bracket, you are exceptional
80
The passing mark
75
Average
70
60
50
40
If you are in this bracket, you have failed the first test
30
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TALENT THERMOMETER

Eleanore Whitney, though only eighteen, passed the talent test and became a sensation in her first dancing rôle

Try a Movie Test

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"And why shouldn't an applicant for stardom seek out a film company and learn if he or she has what the movies are looking for?" asks this same Oscar Serlin, the man who discovered Fred MacMurray tooting a saxophone in an orchestra pit. Fred, by the way, attended the Paramount dramatic school three months before taking a screen test. You know the rest. He has become a star in one brief year—and is currently the hero of the first outdoor natural-color picture, *The Trail of the Lonesome Pine*, with Sylvia Sidney and Henry Fonda.

● "How," I asked Mr. Serlin, "can anyone not already in the theatrical profession measure his talents and ability and determine whether or not his chances of success are great enough to warrant trying for a screen test and movie contract?"

"Those with genuine ambition can do it," he persisted. "Persons of normal intelligence are capable of judging their own ability and chances of success in the entertainment field, as they are in any other field—clerking, writing, law or what-not. Once they *have* looked over what they have to sell, and are convinced that they are fitted for the movies, we want to see them. If we want what they have to sell, we'll buy—and, believe me, we are genuinely grateful to everyone who comes in, whether we buy or not."

"You say they *can* examine themselves," I reminded him, "but I want to know exactly *how* they can do it. What questions must they ask themselves? What kind of yardstick can they use to measure their own ability?"

"I'll give you a yardstick," was Serlin's answer to that. "We'll make it possible for everyone genuinely interested to take a screen test in his own home!"

Then the huddle. Pencil in hand, one of his assistants helping him, Serlin took time out to make the set of screen test questions you see at the end of this article.

Finally, he looked up from his task. "It wasn't as easy as I thought it would be," he admitted, "and I'd like to caution you that, before anyone takes this test, he should be familiar with the way an applicant is greeted here. What we have done," Mr. Serlin explained, "is to put on paper the same questions we ask when an individual calls in person and is interviewed by a talent scout. For anyone to answer these questions intelligently, he or she should get a little behind-the-scenes picture of what goes on when we interview an applicant, a better understanding of the qualities we are seeking."

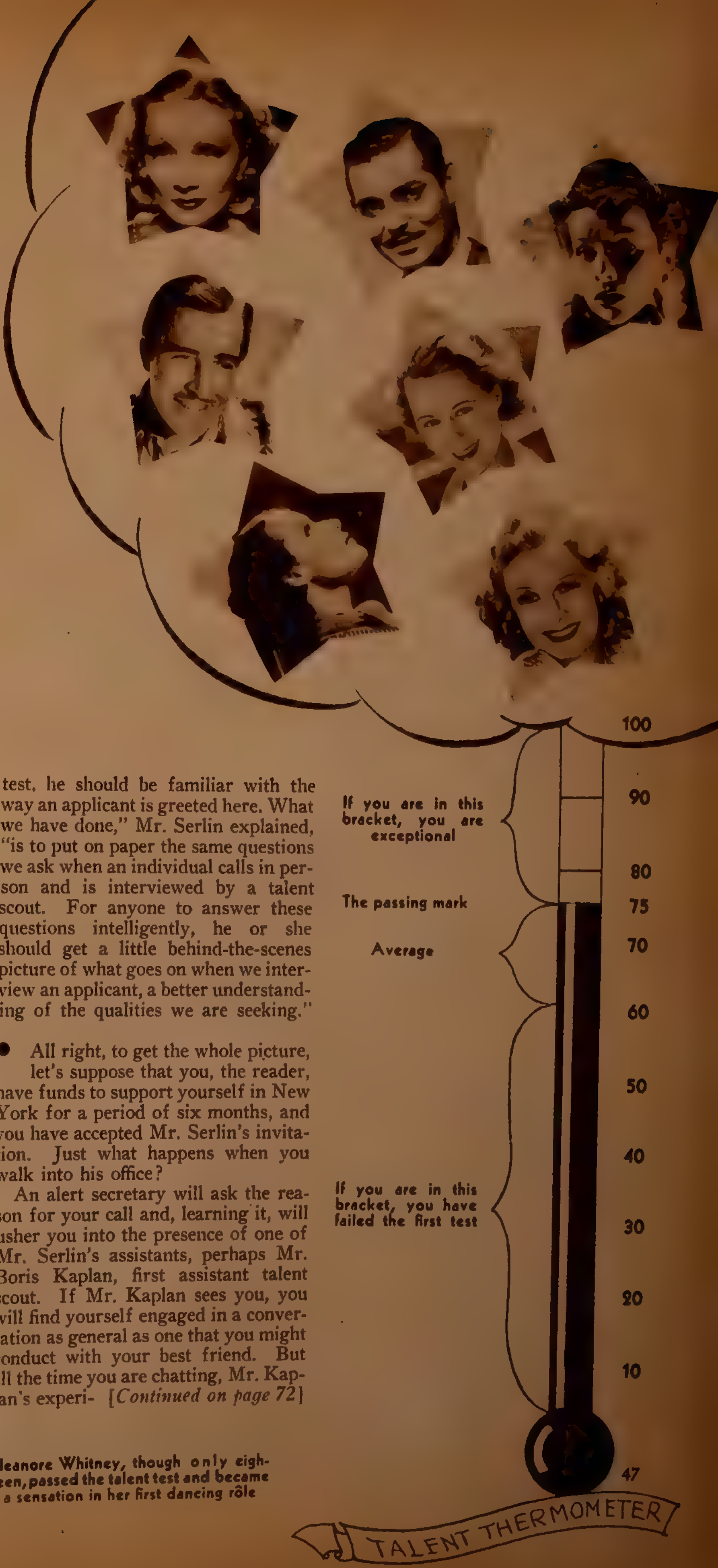
● All right, to get the whole picture, let's suppose that you, the reader, have funds to support yourself in New York for a period of six months, and you have accepted Mr. Serlin's invitation. Just what happens when you walk into his office?

An alert secretary will ask the reason for your call and, learning it, will usher you into the presence of one of Mr. Serlin's assistants, perhaps Mr. Boris Kaplan, first assistant talent scout. If Mr. Kaplan sees you, you will find yourself engaged in a conversation as general as one that you might conduct with your best friend. But all the time you are chatting, Mr. Kaplan's experi- [*Continued on page 72*]

Gladys Swarthout's screen test cost $1,250. She prepared for it for five months

John Howard (above, left) passed the talent test this article talks about. So did Fred MacMurray (above, right)—and is a star after one year before the cameras

Eleanore Whitney, though only eighteen, passed the talent test and became a sensation in her first dancing rôle


100
90
If you are in this bracket, you are exceptional
80
The passing mark
75
70
Average
60
50
40
If you are in this bracket, you have failed the first test
30
20
10
47
TALENT THERMOMETER

CONSTANCE BENNETT'S *Style Secrets*

By VIRGINIA LANE

CONSTANCE BENNETT talks on clothes for the first time in nearly three years—that news deserves headlining. For Constance—one of the world's best-dressed women—has ideas on the subject of style! If you want to acquire that "best-dressed" look yourself, with art and speed, if you have been hunting definite rules to follow, here are words to take to heart:

"There are certain 'tricks' to dressing that every woman can master—tricks that can increase her interest and enjoyment in life," began the slim, svelte star of the new G-B picture, *Everything Is Thunder*. "But they have nothing to do with 'tricky dressing'—nor are they at all dependent upon a large clothes budget. The master key to correct clothes is simply this: Know the lines of your figure and the tones of your coloring—then adhere strictly to simplicity. Even the girl who has to watch every penny can belong to the 'best-dressed' group. The number of costumes in her wardrobe has nothing to do with it. If a girl has only a limited amount to spend on clothes, she should remember that it is wise and economical (in the long run) to have a few *good* things, carefully chosen. It is neither wisdom nor economy to buy cheap things.

"Let us consider two girls who are similar types. They are thin, we'll say, and angular, with sallow complexions. One is unhappy, confused, likens herself to a scarecrow; she believes there is nothing quite right for her, so she wears just anything. The other

"Good taste is not dependent upon an extravagant budget"

"The woman whose costume is perfectly blended will be outstanding"

"Know the lines of your figure — then adhere to simplicity"

—*Candid Photo by Rhodes, Classic Photographer*

Even at home, in lounging pajamas, Constance Bennett has that extra bit of chic that marks the well-dressed woman!

Connie knows what every smart woman should wear, but seldom talks about it. This interview with her is a CLASSIC scoop!

—*Portraits by Hurrell*

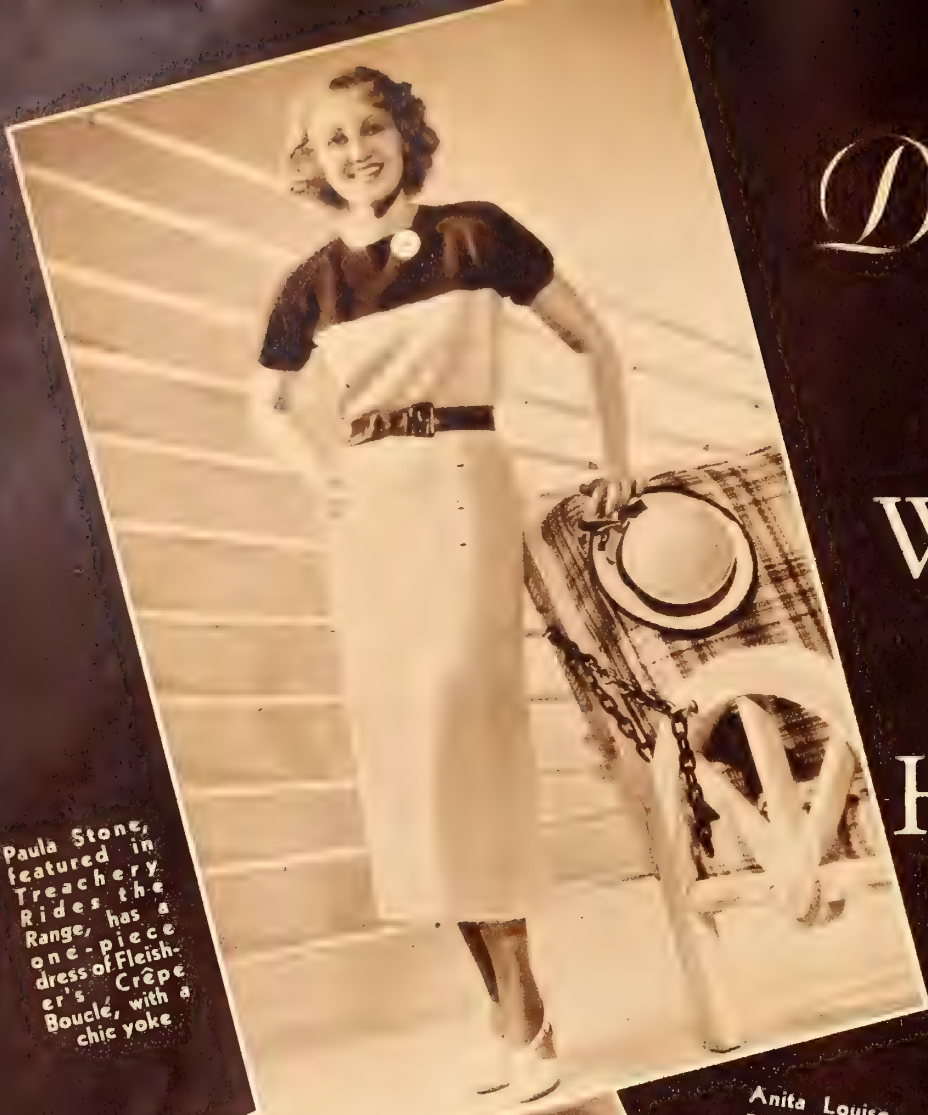
recognizes that liabilities *can* be capitalized. She makes her type outstanding. There is no deadness or dullness in her costumes.

"Whether she has two dresses or twenty, she follows her rules. Soft, warm colors dominate her wardrobe. If she has a large wardrobe, she uses rich pile fabrics or layers of cobwebby materials of delicate tones. If she has a small wardrobe, one dress of each, carefully chosen, will supply her needs. Pastel tints for evening, light tones for afternoon. Clothes that have a slight dash to them for the street. A trick she uses cleverly is taking advantage of the vogue for bulky sleeves and flared skirts. Her necklines are either oval or round, her hats have little curved brims.

"For the small woman, the trick is to scale everything to her size. No matter how tempting fussy adornment or heavy fabric may be to her, she must resist it. Daintiness and utter simplicity should be her rule. Long, flaring skirts, long capes and free-flowing draperies help to give her an appearance of greater height, which every small woman longs for. For small women can be exquisite in their daintiness.

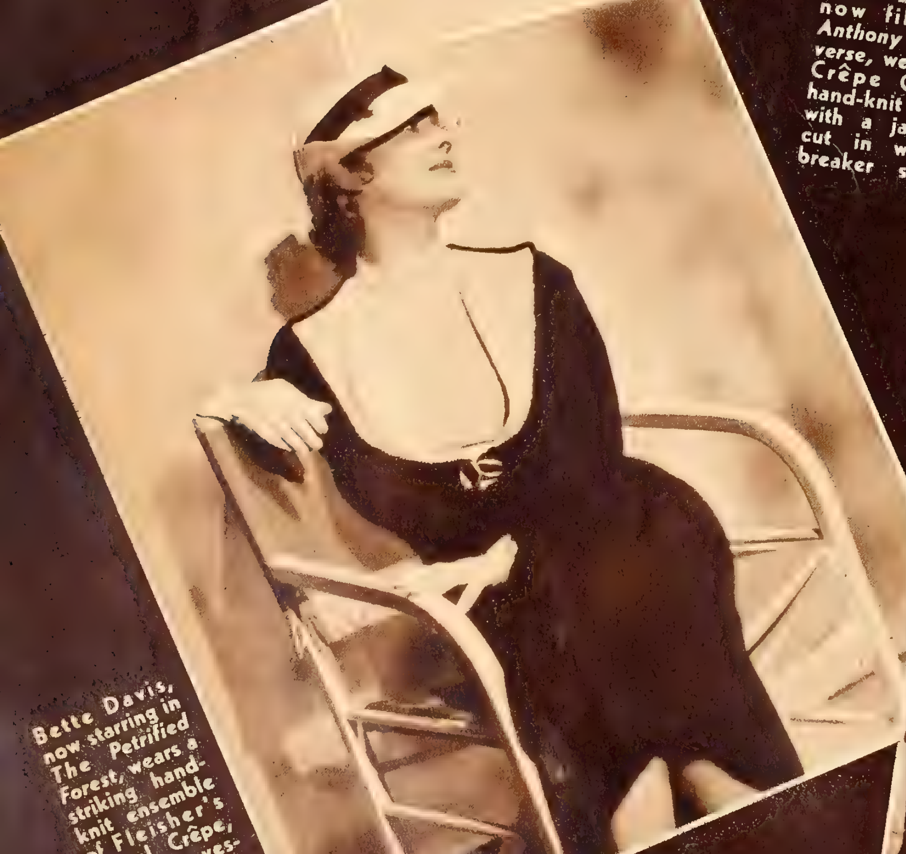
"Aside from these 'individual' tricks," Constance continued, "there are certain basic rules that every smart woman should know. For example: A wide, turned-back cuff will make the arm appear shorter; a cuff that turns down will apparently lengthen it . . . Light gloves, attracting attention against an otherwise dark outfit, make the figure seem broader . . . Too-narrow shoulders on a too-slim girl can be broadened amazingly by yoke effects . . . Pockets for the large woman should not be curved or horizontal; they should be either vertical or diagonally slit . . . If you're long-waisted, it's wise to create a softness [*Continued on page* 82]

Dress Like a Star! Win a Free Trip to Hollywood



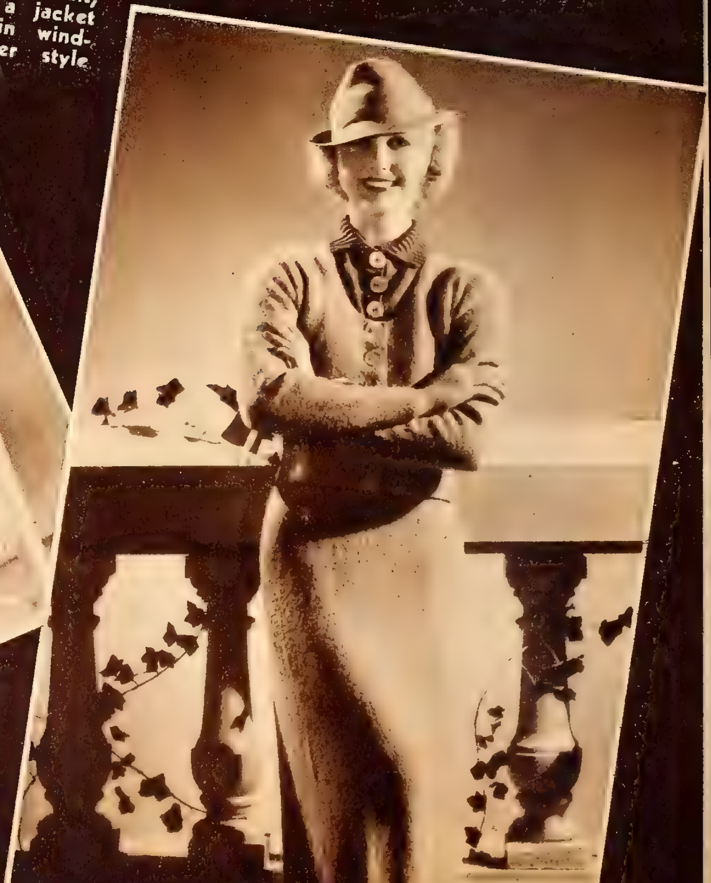
Paula Stone, featured in *Treachery Rides the Range*, has a one-piece dress of Fleisher's Crêpe Bouclé, with a chic yoke

NOW YOU CAN DRESS EXACTLY LIKE A MOVIE STAR! Knit a dress like one in a star's wardrobe! On this page, you see three attractive models, worn by three Warner Brothers' stars. In the sixty-two-page book, *Motion Picture-Movie Classic Hand-Knit Fashions*—obtainable in department stores—you will find twenty more, with instructions for each. (It's the first book of its kind!) And in knitting a dress, you may win a free trip to Hollywood! See details and rules on page 58 of this issue.



Bette Davis, now starring in *The Petrified Forest*, wears a striking hand-knit ensemble of Fleisher's Angel Crêpe, with snug vestee and wide lapels

Anita Louise, now filming *Anthony Adverse*, wears a Crêpe Gora hand-knit suit, with a jacket cut in windbreaker style



WHO Discovered GABLE?

MERVYN LEROY!

The man who is now directing "Anthony Adverse" spotted Clark when no one else could see him. Here's the untold story!

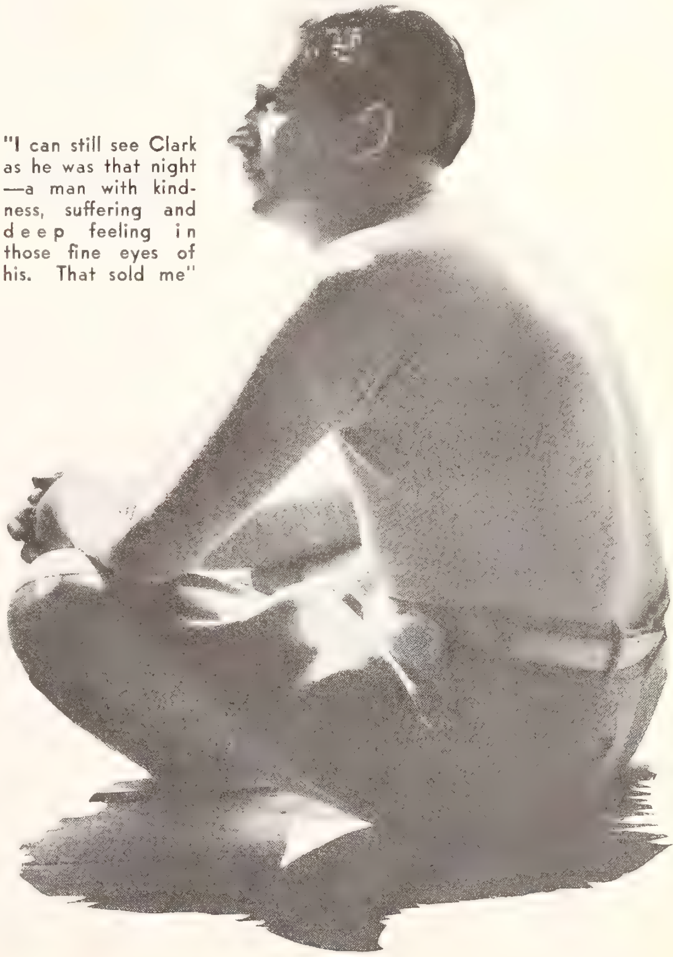
BY JACK SHER

To Mervyn
Thank you for
giving me my first break
I appreciate it Sincerely
Clark Gable

THE man with the kindliest eyes and biggest heart in Hollywood is Director Mervyn LeRoy. An unassuming man, he is averse to talking about the fact he has discovered some of the greatest stars in Hollywood. He would much rather talk about his newly-born son, or about the picture he is now directing (which happens to be *Anthony Adverse*—one of the year's biggest pictures), than to tell you how he found and developed Clark Gable. Not to mention Ginger Rogers.

Ginger was one of Mervyn's first protegées. It was he who insisted that she should be in *42nd Street*, the picture that made filmusicals popular. He believed that she was a potential star and kept trying to make others see her sincerity and artistry. How did he do it? Mervyn gave Ginger faith in herself. That is what sold Ginger Rogers. A man who had fought a battle with life—and won—instilled the same do-or-die spirit in her without her knowing it! And she marched on, and up, and out of his life.

Encouragement and intelligent understanding are inspiring things to those with talent who are struggling. Stars like Loretta Young, Boris Karloff, Aline MacMahon and Glenda Farrell can testify to that—thinking of the encouragement [*Continued on page* 88]



"I can still see Clark as he was that night —a man with kindness, suffering and deep feeling in those fine eyes of his. That sold me"

ANY NOSE IS CONSPICUOUS
without *moisture-proof* powder

Combat shine, floury streaks, clogged pores with Luxor, the truly *moisture-proof* and *shine-proof* face powder 6,000,000 women use!

● So many women are cheated of poise and charm by shiny nose, floury streaks, clogged pores! Yet a simple change to Luxor, the moisture-proof face powder, often clears up these conditions like magic!

The secret is simple. Tiny pores on your face give off moisture. If face powder absorbs this natural skin-moisture, a paste results. Nose and face look shiny, floury streaks form, and often pores themselves clog up.

So discard, today, whatever face powder you may be using. And try Luxor on our money-back guarantee.

Make this test. Put a little Luxor powder in a glass of water. Note how it stays soft and fine—won't mix into paste. Thus you know Luxor won't mix with skin moisture and cause shine and blemishes. To induce you to try this marvelous face powder in a range of smart modern shades, we offer this gift at any cosmetic counter:

A Free 2-dram Flacon of Perfume

La Richesse by name, and selling regularly for $3 an ounce. Both powder and perfume are wrapped together, and sell for the price of the powder alone, 55c. Small sizes of Luxor powder at all 10c stores. Try it today.

55c moisture-proof FACE-POWDER Luxor

Coupon brings 4-piece make-up kit!

Try Amazing New Luxor Hand Cream
This marvelous new skin softener keeps hands soft, white, smooth. It is guaranteed non-sticky and dries instantly. At all cosmetic counters.

LUXOR, LTD., 1355 W. 31st Street
Chicago, Illinois Dept. H-4
Please send me your 4-piece make-up kit including generous amount of Luxor Moisture-Proof Powder, Luxor Rouge, Luxor Special Formula Cream and Luxor Hand Cream. Here is 10c to help cover mailing. (Offer not good in Canada). Check,
POWDER: Rose Rachel ☐ Rachel ☐ Flesh ☐
ROUGE: Radiant ☐ Medium ☐ Sunglow ☐ Pastel ☐ Vivid ☐ Roseblush ☐
Name ....
Address..................
City ....

Janet Gaynor has romance appeal—the 1936 kind—in *Small-Town Girl.* And it wins her Robert Taylor, no less!

Leap Year Beauty Secrets!

By *Alison Alden*

MEN have gone old-fashioned on us again. They are as changeable as our dress styles. And now,—girls who have gone sophisticated because they thought men wanted them that way, *have to learn to blush again.*

Norma Shearer, now filming *Romeo and Juliet,* will glorify youthful, unsophisticated femininity as the tragic *Juliet.* Gladys Swarthout has just shown us, in *Rose of the Rancho,* how men can be charmed with poise and modesty. And Olivia de Havilland has demonstrated, in *Captain Blood,* the appeal of a spirited girl who, for all of her spirit, would be capable of blushing. Janet Gaynor, co-starring with Robert Taylor, will portray a modern version of the type in *Small-Town Girl.*

If you could see your best beau's heart skip a few beats, the moment your cheeks flush with color, you'd agree with me that we all might do well to follow the lead of Norma Shearer, Gladys Swarthout, Olivia de Havilland and Janet Gaynor . . . unless, of course, you made a New Year's resolution to remain a bachelor girl. If you did . . . stop here! On the other hand, if you have decided to take advantage of Leap Year, or the fact that the romantic air of Spring is on its way . . . read on.

What has all this to do with beauty, you ask? Plenty! Grace Donohue, internationally known authority on beauty, is coming to your rescue if you have forgotten how to blush! Miss Donohue has traveled to the far ends of the earth, studying women's beauty problems. She has experimented with and tested beauty preparations, and is now offering you her latest achievement—a natural *blush cream,* which she calls Sanguatone.

Sanguatone Cream should be applied evenly with your fingertips to your cheeks. You will experience a tingling, glowing sensation, which will last only a few seconds, for it stimulates circulation and the proper amount of oxygen is carried to your skin surface by your red blood cells. It also nourishes your tissues—and therefore is an insurance against blemishes and wrinkles. When you remove [*Continued on page* 59]

WHAT YOUR FAVORITES ARE DOING

BY ERIC L. ERGENBRIGHT

Hollywood Editor *of MOVIE CLASSIC*

Do you want to know what's doing in the studios—what pictures and what stars you will soon be seeing on the screens of your local theatres? If so, then come with MOVIE CLASSIC—each month—"behind the scenes" of Hollywood.—Editor.

LET'S start our studio tour this month with the Universal Studios, which ramble helter-skelter over the oak-studded Cahuenga hills.

Three big pictures are now being filmed there. Two of these—*Sutter's Gold* and *Show Boat*—were reported upon in this column last month. But there is something to add to the report: Watch Allan Jones who is playing opposite Irene Dunne in *Show Boat*. Allan made his screen debut in the operatic sequences of *A Night at the Opera,* and Hollywood, en masse, cheered his voice and his personality. Now, exciting reports about him are seeping out from the Universal projection rooms and it seems safe to predict that a new star is sky-rocketing into the cinematic heavens.

The third of the pictures now being filmed by Universal is *Love Before Breakfast,* co-starring Carole Lombard and Preston Foster. It is a rollicking comedy-drama that portrays Carole as a spoiled daughter of the rich who is being "rushed" by a wealthy playboy. They quarrel on every possible occasion until he finally kidnaps her, takes her aboard his yacht and succeeds in "taming the shrew."

Al Jolson is turning in a great performance in *The Singing Kid,* in which little Sybil Jason plays the title rôle

AT WARNER BROTHERS-First National, nearby, *The Green Pastures,* is attracting much attention. It is one of the most daring experiments attempted by any major studio in the history of the screen. Following Marc Connelly's great play with fidelity, the picture will offer an all-Negro cast and depict the Negro conception of heaven. The play was a sensation on the New York stage and more than a sensation in several European countries where it was banned as sacrilegious.

Anthony Adverse, starring Fredric March, still is in production, and is reaching epic proportions. And the whole studio is talking about the performance Al Jolson is giving in *The Singing Kid.* A big picture just starting is *Hearts Divided,* with Marion Davies and Dick Powell. More about it next month.

ROMEO and Juliet is the "biggest" picture ever undertaken by Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer, or any other studio. It is the biggest in point of cost, the biggest in the amount of research, the biggest in the number and magnificence of its sets.

Norma Shearer, as you know, stars as *Juliet* and, of the entire cast, she is the only one who has never before played a Shakespearean rôle. Leslie Howard shares star "billing" as *Romeo,* John Barrymore plays the important part of *Mercutio,* and Edna May Oliver, William Henry, C. Aubrey Smith, Reginald Denny, Basil Rathbone, Henry Kolker, Ralph Forbes, Conway Tearle and Violet Kemble Cooper head the supporting cast. Miss Cooper, by the way, is the daughter of a long line of Shakespearean players. Her great-grandmother is still remembered as one of the greatest Juliets of the English theatre.

Clark Gable and Jeanette MacDonald are co-starring in *San Francisco.* Joan Crawford is just starting work on her new picture, *Elegance.* Myrna Loy and Jean Harlow are resting, following completion of *Wife vs. Secretary.* Myrna also has just finished *The Great Ziegfeld,* with William Powell, Luise Rainer, Virginia Bruce and most of the living Follies stars. Nelson Eddy is on a concert tour.

Janet Gaynor and Robert Taylor are co-starring in *Small Town Girl,* which, without being intended as a super-colossal, has all the earmarks of being a very entertaining picture. And, by the way, Bob Taylor is again playing a surgeon. By the time that young star tucks a few more such pictures under his belt, he should be able to hang out his shingle as an M.D. and build a practice. Incidentally, his father was a well-known doctor in Nebraska and Bob actually studied medicine in college.

AT COLUMBIA, the biggest little studio in the business, two supers are in production. *Opera Hat,* a whirlwind comedy-drama, stars Gary Cooper in the rôle of a small town boy who suddenly inherits twenty millions and goes to New York, where the newspapers declare a Roman Holiday at his expense and manage to paint him as an eccentric just one step removed from a padded cell. Jean Arthur, as a sob-sister on one of the Metropolitan dailies, manages to interview him, falls in love, and the merriment is under way.

It is interesting to note that Jean Arthur and Gary Cooper were signed, at approximately the same time years ago, by Paramount. Gary skyrocketed to stardom; Jean was adjudged a failure and released from contract. When she was leaving her Paramount dressing-room for the last time, she said to Gary, who was one of her best friends, "Don't get the idea that I'm whipped. I'm going to fight my way to the top in spite of this setback. Someday we're going to be co-starred in a picture." And, with *Opera Hat,* she has kept her promise. It took her more than five years to do it, but such fighting spirit as hers can't be denied.

Cissy, the new Grace Moore picture, promises to excel both of her previous films. Laid in Vienna, featuring Fritz Kreisler's beautiful music, the picture is assured of romantic charm. Grace Moore, in "better voice" than ever before—thanks to that tonsilectomy which kept her off the air for several weeks—tells me that she has never been so enthusiastic about a picture. And her enthusiasm has stimulated the entire cast and crew. Joseph Von Sternberg, the director, usually a veritable Simon Legree on the set, is bubbling with good humor and the milk of human kindness on this particular production.

AT 20th Century-Fox, *The Country Doctor*—starring the Dionne Quintuplets—is completed, as is *A Message to Garcia,* starring Wallace Beery, John Boles and Barbara Stanwyck. However, another big picture—*Under Two Flags*—is just starting. It co-stars Ronald Colman and Claudette Colbert. We will visit that production next month.

At RKO-Radio, the script of the next Fred Astaire-Ginger Rogers musical, *I Won't Dance,* is being whipped into shape, while Fred celebrates the arrival of his first son and heir and Ginger takes a brief holiday. The biggest picture in production at the moment is *Farmer in the Dell,* with Fred Stone and Jean Parker. Katharine Hepburn is just starting *Mary of Scotland*—her first historical picture—and this looms as a major movie event of the year. Anne Shirley is preparing to make *Little Dorrit,* the newest of the Dickens film cycle. Ann Harding is making *The Witness Chair.*

Thirteen Hours by Air, at Paramount, co-stars Joan Bennett and Fred MacMurray, Brian Donlevy, Zasu Pitts, Dean Jagger and John Howard have important rôles.

The Moon Is Our Home, co-starring Margaret Sullavan and Henry Fonda, is probably causing more gossip and surmise in Hollywood than any other picture now in production. Not because it appears certain to be a smash hit, but because Henry and Margaret were once Mr. and Mrs. Even in this divorce-famous town it rarely happens that two ex's find themselves co-starring in a scorching love story. To make the situation even more interesting, they absolutely refuse to refer to their marriage when talking with the press.

Let's return next month for the final fade-out and the inevitable "clinch." And to watch Marlene Dietrich and Charles Boyer together in *I Loved a Soldier.*

Until then, *hasta luego.*

WARNING!

to the girl who's in Love

YOU spend long hours making yourself attractive for him to look at. Hair, skin, eyes, lips, fingernails, clothes . . . you want him to approve of every least detail.

But don't forget—one ugly thing can undo in a minute all the care you've taken with your looks. *The unpleasant odor of underarm perspiration.*

Nothing so quickly and surely disillusions a man about a lovely looking girl as this.

Don't run the risk. Give your underarms necessary daily care, just as you give your face.

There's a quick, easy way to do it. Mum!

It takes just half a minute to use Mum. And you can use it any time, before dressing or after. For Mum is harmless to clothing.

It's soothing to the skin, too. You can use it right after shaving the underarms.

Remember, Mum doesn't prevent the perspiration itself — just its horrid odor. Depend upon it to keep you safe from this danger to your happiness. Bristol-Myers, Inc., 630 Fifth Ave., New York.

TAKES THE ODOR OUT OF PERSPIRATION

ON SANITARY NAPKINS Mum protects you from another ever-threatening danger of unpleasantness.

Win $600 with an Idea for a Movie Trademark!

Mary Pickford and Jesse Lasky (above) offer you a fortune for a symbol for their new company!

WHAT could you do with $600 in cold cash, if you had it right now—this very minute? Buy yourself a new car . . . some new furniture for the house . . . maybe make a down-payment on a new home . . . or lift the mortgage on the old one?

Or better yet: buy yourself a grand new spring wardrobe . . . or take that trip to Havana, Hollywood or Honolulu that you have been looking forward to all your life? Now just what would you do with $600, were it to drop right into your lap—kerplunk? Read on!

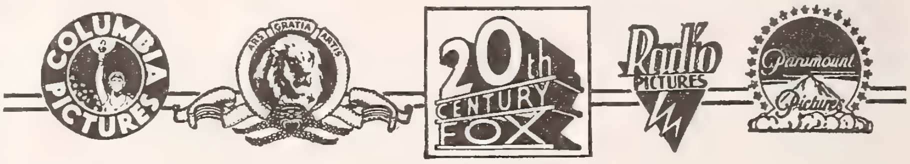
On behalf of their newly-formed company—Pickford-Lasky Productions, Inc.—Mary Pickford and Jesse L. Lasky are offering through five Fawcett Publications six cash prizes totalling $1,000 for trademark suggestions. The pick of the entire lot of suggestions in the judges' estimation, will net its proposer the sum of $600 in cash.

Submit an idea for a Pickford-Lasky trademark to MOVIE CLASSIC. If it is adjudged the best received by this magazine, you will receive $100—plus an opportunity to win $500 more. Automatically, your title will be placed alongside the winning titles in the other Fawcett magazines and considered for the grand prize of $500!

"We are seeking an emblem," says Mr. Lasky, president of the Pickford-Lasky Company, "which will serve as a sub-conscious salesman and permanently identify our productions as motion pictures of quality."

Work is already started on *One Rainy Afternoon,* Pickford-Lasky's initial production, starring Francis Lederer—the first picture [*Continued on page* 83]

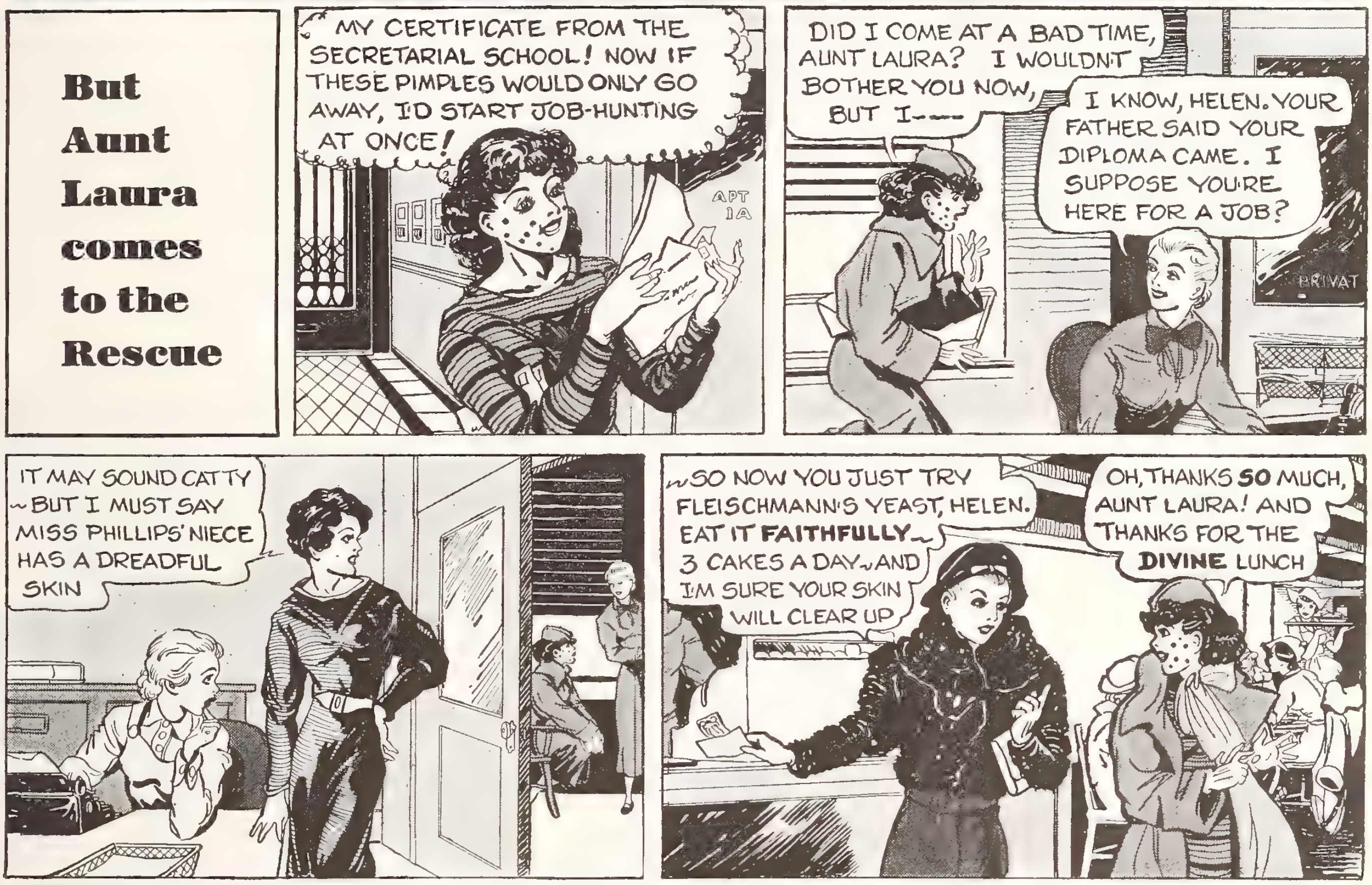
Francis Lederer and Ida Lupino appear in *One Rainy Afternoon,* which will bear the winning trademark

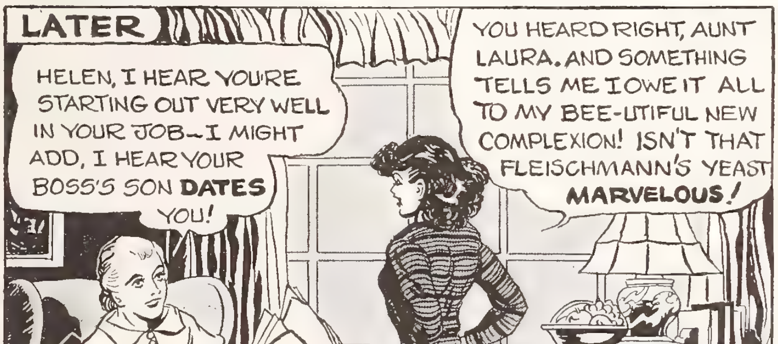


Here are five famous film trademarks now in use—What's *your* idea for a new symbol?

PIMPLES NEVER HELPED ANY GIRL TO GET A JOB!

But Aunt Laura comes to the Rescue


MY CERTIFICATE FROM THE SECRETARIAL SCHOOL! NOW IF THESE PIMPLES WOULD ONLY GO AWAY, I'D START JOB-HUNTING AT ONCE!
APT 1A
DID I COME AT A BAD TIME, AUNT LAURA? I WOULDN'T BOTHER YOU NOW, BUT I----
I KNOW, HELEN. YOUR FATHER SAID YOUR DIPLOMA CAME. I SUPPOSE YOU'RE HERE FOR A JOB?
PRIVAT
IT MAY SOUND CATTY ~ BUT I MUST SAY MISS PHILLIPS' NIECE HAS A DREADFUL SKIN
~SO NOW YOU JUST TRY FLEISCHMANN'S YEAST, HELEN. EAT IT FAITHFULLY~ 3 CAKES A DAY~AND I'M SURE YOUR SKIN WILL CLEAR UP
OH, THANKS SO MUCH, AUNT LAURA! AND THANKS FOR THE DIVINE LUNCH


LATER
HELEN, I HEAR YOU'RE STARTING OUT VERY WELL IN YOUR JOB~I MIGHT ADD, I HEAR YOUR BOSS'S SON DATES YOU!
YOU HEARD RIGHT, AUNT LAURA. AND SOMETHING TELLS ME I OWE IT ALL TO MY BEE-UTIFUL NEW COMPLEXION! ISN'T THAT FLEISCHMANN'S YEAST MARVELOUS!

FLEISCHMANN'S YEAST

—clears the skin

by clearing skin irritants out of the blood

Copyright, 1936, Standard Brands Incorporated

Don't let Adolescent Pimples give YOU a job problem

FROM the beginning of adolescence—at about 13, until 25, or even longer—young people are frequently worried by pimples.

Important glands develop and final growth takes place during this time. This causes disturbances throughout the body. The skin becomes oversensitive. Waste poisons in the blood irritate this sensitive skin. Pimples pop out!

But you can overcome these adolescent pimples. Fleischmann's fresh Yeast clears the skin irritants out of your blood. Unsightly pimples disappear.

Eat Fleischmann's Yeast 3 times a day, before meals—plain, or in a little water—until your skin is entirely clear. Start today.

"No wonder Hollywood stars insist on **HOLD-BOBS** *—an alluring hairdress is necessary in every close-up, and these invisible bob pins insure a neat, natural appearance,"* **says glamorous Roberta, featured vocalist with Carlos Molina and his orchestra.**

Roberta was given a screen test recently in the famous Search for Talent, sponsored by HOLD-BOB *Bob Pins, Universal Pictures, Motion Picture and Screen Play.*

The stars of Hollywood *know* how important an attractive well-groomed hairdress is . . . it's just as important as complexion, make-up and clothes. That's why Hollywood is so enthusiastic about HOLD-BOBS, the bob pin that keeps coiffures lovely at all times.

Wherever you are—*your* hair attracts the same attention as the coiffures of the movie stars on the screen. *Keep* your hairdress looking neat and well-groomed by using HOLD-BOBS. They're available in colors to match all shades of hair; their small, round, invisible heads do not show in the hair; their smooth, round points cannot scratch the scalp; and their flexible tapered legs, one side crimped, hold your hair securely in place.

Insist upon HOLD-BOBS . . . there's no bob pin like them!

Final winners of the Search for Talent will be announced shortly

THE HUMP HAIRPIN MFG. CO.
Sol H. Goldberg, Pres.
1918-36 Prairie Avenue, Dept. F-46
Chicago, Ill.

Straight Style HOLD BOB
SMALL, INVISIBLE HEADS
Curved Shape Style

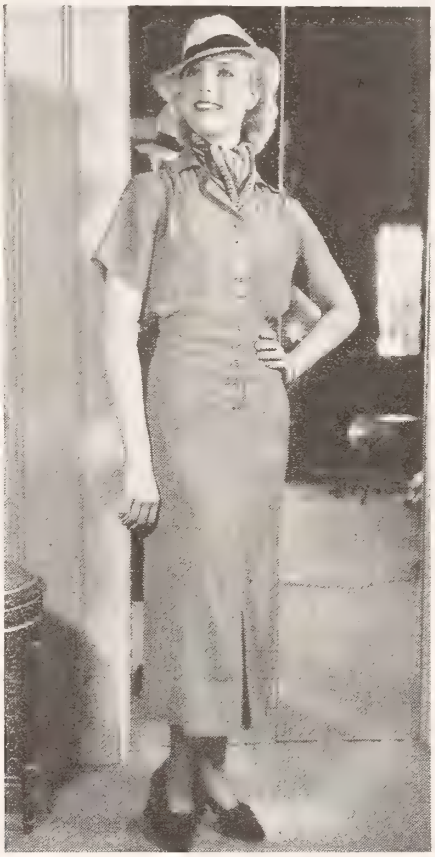
HOLD-BOBS are available everywhere...they're easily identified by the Gold and Silver Metal Foil Cards. Also sold under the brand name of BOB-ETTES.

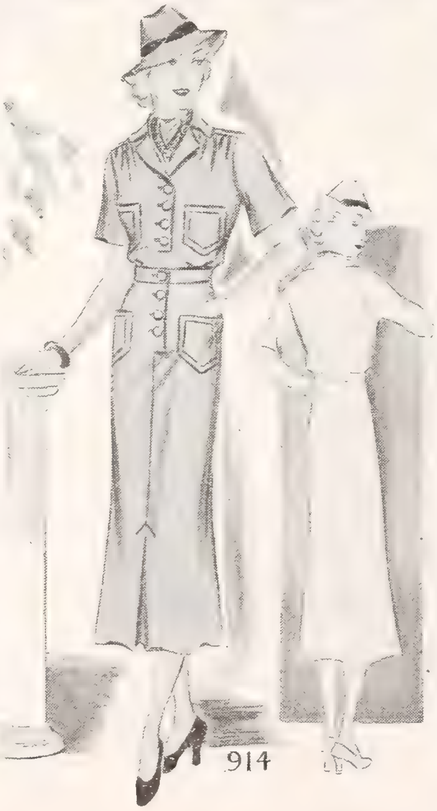
Copyright 1936, by The Hump Hairpin Mfg. Company

Patterns for

From Anita Louise's Spring Wardrobe

914—Shirtmaker frocks are smarter than ever in Hollywood this season. A very youthful air makes Anita Louise's two-piece shirtmaker most attractive for sub-deb and younger women types. While it's perfect for sports and spectator sports, it is also lovely for town—as Anita is discovering between scenes of *Anthony Adverse.* It may be fashioned of cotton, linen, or tub silk, as well as plain or printed crêpe. This easily copied model with its trim row of buttons and inverted front pleat is particularly attractive in a soft shade of apple-green with a vari-colored Ascot tie. Designed for sizes 14, 16, 18 and 20 years; 36, 38 and 40-inch bust. 25c.

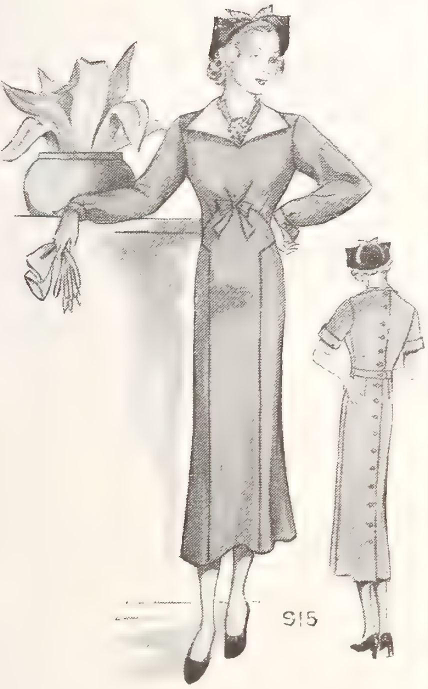




914

SCREEN STAR PATTERNS are expertly styled in every detail—are easy to use (with complete, clear instructions)—and are accurately cut, insuring perfect lines. They are obtainable at any store selling "Screen Star Patterns." Or you may order from us directly by using the coupon on the opposite page.

You



915—This darling dress has an accent to its new and charming neckline. Anita Louise can safely turn her back on her most ardent admirers because of its smart tailored effect with buttons from neck to hem. (Note that it is belted only at the back.) Crêpe print silk, with the collar of toning plain crêpe, offers interesting trim. Such a dress in your own wardrobe will see you through special occasions, besides being ultra-special occasions, as well as everyday wear. Designed for sizes 14, 16, and 18 years; 36, 38 and 40-inch bust. 25c.

MOVIE CLASSIC'S Pattern Service,
Fawcett Bldg., Greenwich, Conn.

For the enclosed........................cents, please send me Anita Louise Pattern No. 914—Anita Louise Pattern No. 915 (circle style desired).

Size .... Bust..................................

Name ....

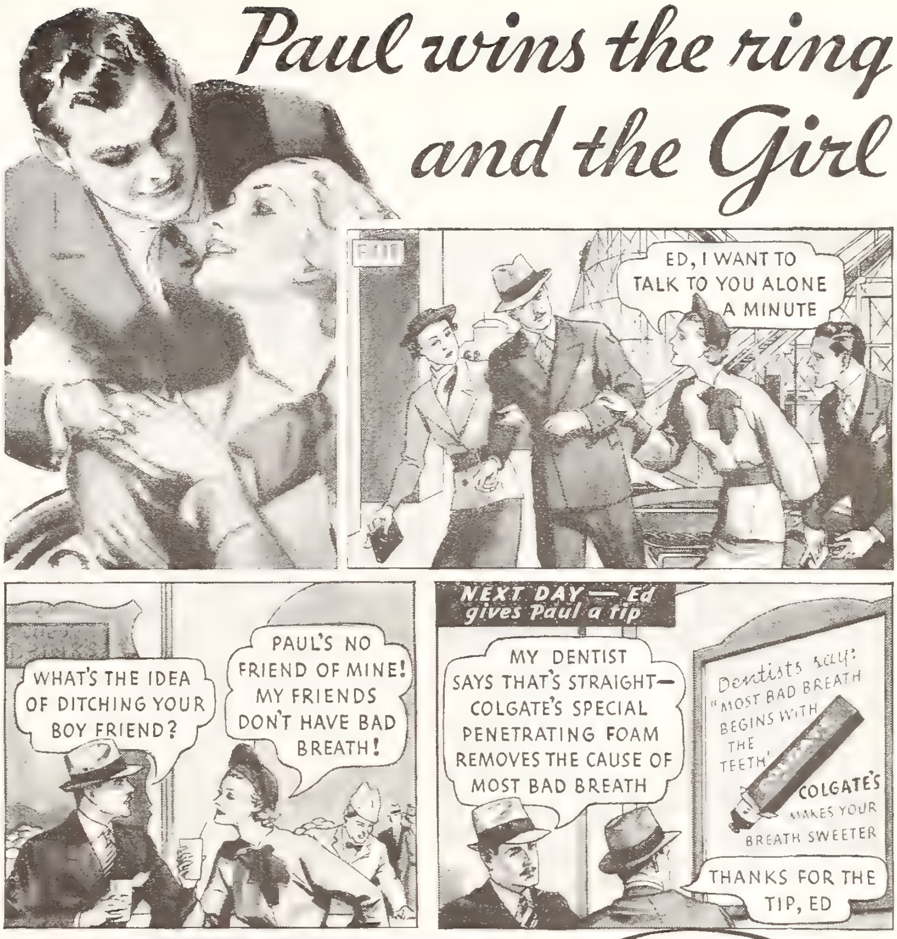
Street ....

City ....

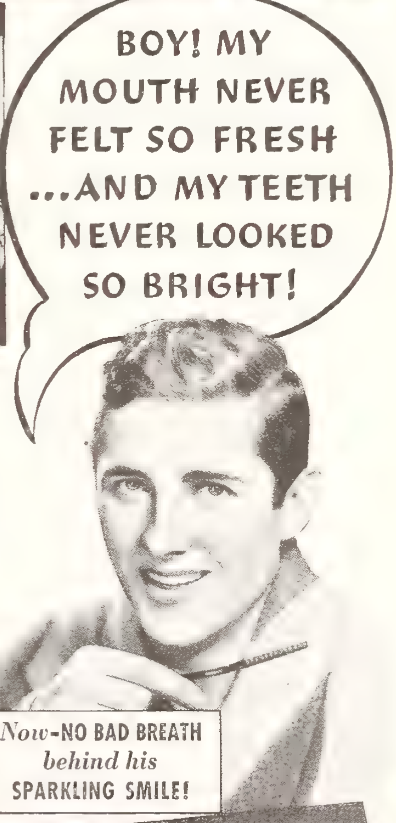
Patterns, 25c each

Canadian readers may order by mailing coupon to MOVIE CLASSIC'S Pattern Service, 133 Jarvis St., Toronto, Canada.

Paul wins the ring and the Girl


ED, I WANT TO TALK TO YOU ALONE A MINUTE
WHAT'S THE IDEA OF DITCHING YOUR BOY FRIEND?
PAUL'S NO FRIEND OF MINE! MY FRIENDS DON'T HAVE BAD BREATH!
NEXT DAY — Ed gives Paul a tip
MY DENTIST SAYS THAT'S STRAIGHT— COLGATE'S SPECIAL PENETRATING FOAM REMOVES THE CAUSE OF MOST BAD BREATH
Dentists say: "MOST BAD BREATH BEGINS WITH THE TEETH" COLGATE'S MAKES YOUR BREATH SWEETER
THANKS FOR THE TIP, ED

AT THE NEXT OUTING
YOU TWO GO ON! PAUL'S GOING TO CATCH A BRASS RING FOR ME
AND I HOPE A GOLD RING, TOO!
THANKS TO COLGATE'S


BOY! MY MOUTH NEVER FELT SO FRESH ...AND MY TEETH NEVER LOOKED SO BRIGHT!
Now—NO BAD BREATH behind his SPARKLING SMILE!

Most Bad Breath Begins with the Teeth!

MAKE *sure* you don't have bad breath! Use Colgate Dental Cream. Its special penetrating foam removes *all* the decaying food deposits lodged between the teeth, along the gums and around the tongue—which dentists agree are the source of most bad breath. At the same time, a unique, grit-free ingredient polishes the enamel—makes teeth sparkle.

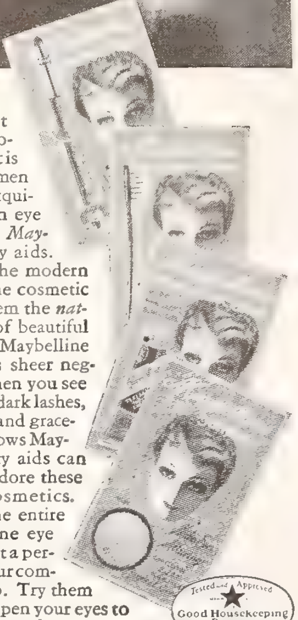
Try Colgate Dental Cream—today! Brush your teeth . . . your gums . . . your tongue . . . with Colgate's. If you are not entirely satisfied after using one tube, send the empty tube to COLGATE, Jersey City, N. J. We will gladly refund TWICE what you paid.

20¢ LARGE SIZE
Giant Size, over twice as much, 35¢

COLGATE RIBBON DENTAL CREAM
Good Housekeeping Bureau

EYE MAKE-UP

done in good taste



Beautiful eyes are the most important feature of any woman's charm—that is why fastidious women who wish to be exquisitely groomed in eye make-up demand *Maybelline* eye beauty aids. They know that the modern magic of these fine cosmetic creations gives them the *natural* appearance of beautiful eyes. Not to use Maybelline eye beauty aids is sheer neglect of charm. When you see what lovely long, dark lashes, softly shaded lids, and gracefully formed eyebrows Maybelline eye beauty aids can give you, you'll adore these exquisite eye cosmetics. You will want the entire line of Maybelline eye beauty aids to effect a perfect harmony in your complete eye make-up. Try them today—they will open your eyes to new beauty—eye make-up done in good taste!

Tested and Approved Good Housekeeping Bureau

Maybelline
HARMLESS TEAR PROOF WILL NOT SMART THE EYES
BLACK

The Mascara in BLACK, BROWN, *or* BLUE.

Ten cent sizes obtainable at all leading Ten Cent Stores.

Maybelline

MASCARA
EYE SHADOW . . . EYEBROW PENCIL
EYELASH TONIC CREAM . . . EYEBROW BRUSH

Win a Trip to Hollywood!

THE PRIZES

The sponsors of this great nationwide knitting contest offer these fourteen valuable prizes: (1) One railroad trip, with all expenses paid, to Hollywood and return; (2) one airplane trip from New York to Hollywood *or* Hollywood to New York, value $288; (3) Mendoza beaver coat, value $100; (4) Tavannes wrist watch, value $100; (5) one year's supply of shoes (A. C. Lawrence), value $75; (6) one hand-hooked rug (Fleisher), value $75; (7) one hand-made Afghan (Bernhard-Ulmann Co.), value $75; (8) and (9) one year's supply of Mojud Clariphane silk stockings—each supply valued at $54; (10) one year's supply of Lentheric Perfume and Cosmetics, value $50.70; (11) evening ensemble of Coro Pearls (Cohn and Rosenberg), consisting of necklace and bracelet to match, value $50; (12) one year's supply of Maiden Form brassieres and girdles, value $50; (13) one Gruen wrist watch, value $50; (14) one year's supply of Corday perfume (Voyage à Paris), $32.50.

THE RULES

1. To compete in this contest, you may knit any garment pictured on page 50 or in the MOTION PICTURE-MOVIE CLASSIC Knitting Instruction Book.

2. This instruction book may be obtained in any department store selling Fleisher, Bear Brand or Bucilla yarns. The price of the book is 25c.

3. The contest opened February 1, 1936, and closes May 1, 1936.

4. The garment that you knit will be your entry in the contest—and it will be judged solely for quality of workmanship, by the famous women named below.

5. The prizes will be as listed at left.

6. At any time between April 1 and May 1, 1936, wrap your entry carefully and mail it parcel post, insured, to Knitting Contest Editor, 20-22 Greene St., New York City, enclosing stamps for its return to you by parcel post, insured. Every dress will be returned. The sponsors of this contest will not be held liable in case of loss or damage to the garment submitted, but will take every reasonable precaution to return it safely.

7. All entries must be accompanied by all the bands from Fleisher, Bear Brand or Bucilla yarns used in knitting your garment, or by facsimiles of the bands.

8. Before sending your garment as an entry in the contest, you must reserve space for it by mailing the application blank (or facsimile) on page 71. This does not obligate you to send a garment later. It merely reserves space for your garment, if you do send one.

9. In case of ties, duplicate prizes will be awarded.

10. The judges are: Mrs. James Roosevelt, the President's mother, Grand Duchess Marie, Tobé, fashion authority, Miss Winifred Ovitte, fashion authority, Mrs. William W. Hoppin, society leader and Mrs. Gaynor Maddox, fashion writer. Their decision will be final.

11. This contest is open to everyone except employees, or relatives of employees, of Motion Picture Publications, Inc., Fawcett Publications, Inc., Warner Brothers-First National Pictures, and the manufacturers of Fleisher, Bear Brand and Bucilla yarns.

WIN PRIZES from Ginger Rogers Myrna Loy Jackie Cooper

Write only three words to win. It's easy and fascinating.

Suggest a new name for Rin-Tin-Tin, Jr., appearing with Jackie Cooper in *Tough Guy*. Re-name this dog and two others. That's all you have to do to win.

$500.00 in cash; a son of the famous Rin-Tin-Tin, Jr. from Jackie Cooper; a pedigreed Wire Haired terrier puppy from Myrna Loy; a pedigreed Scottie terrier puppy from Ginger Rogers; 10 of the famous Gantner and Mattern swim suits; $200 Grand Prize; three prizes of $50 each, 30 prizes of $5 each—and 300 other prizes.

See ROMANTIC MOVIE STORIES MAGAZINE, now on sale, for full contest details. Coming movies in story form this issue include: *13 Hours By Air* with JOAN BENNETT and FRED MAC MURRAY; *Don't Gamble On Love* with ANN SOTHERN and BRUCE CABOT; *Sutter's Gold,* with EDWARD ARNOLD, BINNIE BARNES and LEE TRACY. Also many other screen stories and 347 chances to win a present from your movie favorite.

NOW ON SALE 10c AT ALL NEWSSTANDS

10c
ROMANTIC Movie STORIES
"DON'T GAMBLE WITH LOVE"

Alison Alden tells you what these four beauty aids can do for your romance appeal: 1. Frostilla Lotion, 2. Fitch's Dandruff Remover Shampoo, 3. Grace Donohue's Revelation Complexion Kit, 4. Lady Esther Face Powder

Leap Year Beauty Secrets!

[*Continued from page* 52]

this cream, you will behold a face that is *blushing with natural beauty.* Try it sometime, immediately before your date with the b.-f., and hear his heart pound!

Miss Donohue has also created Seba Gland Cleanser to protect your skin against sun, wind and dust and to keep it fresh, smooth and lovely. Another of her essential complexion beautifiers is Pure Pore Balm. It is an excellent lubricant for the skin and she recommends it for your finishing night treatment. It makes a delightful powder base, too! Still another is her new astringent for reducing enlarged pores and keeping your skin firm.

These four entirely new preparations are offered you in an attractive blue-and-white kit (see illustration, above) for the low price of $1.00 by writing to Miss Grace Donohue, Revelation Complexion Kit Corporation, 640 Madison Avenue, New York City.

BUT it isn't fair to leave you blushing. Not until you have become accustomed to the new vogue, anyway, so perhaps I'd better "tone you down" a bit.

The toning touch to natural beauty is accomplished through shadings with a good face powder. Too many girls use powder for the sole purpose of eliminating a shiny nose. If the right powder is correctly applied, it will also protect your skin from the ravages of weather, and give it a smooth, transparent appearance. The correct shades will blend perfectly with your own coloring—and you won't run the risk of hearing that ironic comment about having fallen into the flour barrel.

Your face powder's texture must be right so it will adhere for several hours—and it must be moisture-resistant. You'll agree that Lady Esther has taken all these important factors into consideration, once

[*Continued on page* 65]

JITTERY?

It's upsetting to every woman—that haunting fear of embarrassment. It hampers you at work or at play.

And yet—there's no excuse for "accident panic" now. The new Modess is *certain-safe*. It's one sanitary pad that *can't* betray you!

HAVE YOUR FUN WITHOUT A FEAR!

It stays safe—it stays soft—the new Modess.

No striking through—as with many ordinary reversible pads. Modess has a specially treated material on sides and back. No chafing—the edges stay dry. Wear *blue* line on moisture-proof side *away* from body—and sure protection is yours!

This is the New Modess its "CERTAIN-SAFE"

End "accident panic"— ask for Certain-Safe

Modess!

The Improved Sanitary Pad

Try N-O-V-O—the safe, easy-to-use, douche powder in its new Blue and Silver Box. Cleanses! Deodorizes! (Not a contraceptive.) At your drug or department store

YOUR SKIN'S SO LOVELY DARLING!

TO CLEAR UP SKIN TROUBLES

Try This Improved Pasteurized Yeast That's EASY TO EAT

IN CASE AFTER CASE, pimples, blotches, and other common skin troubles are caused by a sluggish system. That is why external treatments bring you so little lasting relief.

Thousands have found in Yeast Foam Tablets an easy way to correct skin blemishes caused by digestive sluggishness.

Science now knows that very often slow, imperfect elimination of body wastes is brought on by insufficient vitamin B complex. The stomach and intestines, deprived of this essential element, no longer function properly. Your digestion slows up. Poisons, accumulating in your system, cause ugly eruptions and bad color.

Yeast Foam Tablets supply the vitamin B complex needed to correct this condition. These tablets are pure yeast—and yeast is the richest known food source of vitamins B and G. This improved yeast should strengthen and tone up your intestinal nerves and muscles. It should soon restore your eliminative system to healthy function.

With the true cause of your condition corrected, pimples and other common skin troubles disappear. And you *feel* better as well as *look* better.

Don't confuse Yeast Foam Tablets with ordinary yeast. These tablets have a pleasant, nut-like taste that you will really enjoy. And pasteurization makes them utterly safe for everyone to eat. *They cannot cause fermentation* and they contain nothing to put on fat.

Any druggist will supply you with Yeast Foam Tablets. The 10-day bottle costs only 50c. Get one today. Refuse substitutes.

YEAST FOAM TABLETS

Free! MAIL THIS COUPON TODAY
You may paste this on a penny post card

NORTHWESTERN YEAST CO. F.G.-4-36
1750 North Ashland Ave., Chicago, Ill.

Please send free introductory package of Yeast Foam Tablets.

Name ____________

Address ____________

City ____________ State ________

Myrna Loy Gives Hints to Wives

[*Continued from page* 38]

clothes-horse with a knack for husband-snatching and a genius for double-crossing. In most instances, if she would take her courage in her own two hands and 'run in' at the office, casually, some day she might discover this 'unseen menace' to be a poor, emaciated little office mouse with an ability to do more actual work, each day, than a truck driver—a girl who lives in constant dread of receiving from that tyrant, her employer, a pink slip that has nothing whatever to do with lingerie!

"Of course, on the other hand," she admitted, "she may be an extremely attractive young woman with a lovely head firmly set on capable shoulders and an ability to wear smart, inexpensive clothes as though they were designed by Adrian. But that's the exception, and, in my opinion, the very time for wifie to do *her* stuff! More often than not, a girl who is that smart on the salary she's paid is also smart enough to realize that there isn't much of a future in being a married boss's girl-friend. Probably she respects her employer—it's conceivable that she may even like him—but the chances are fairly certain that she has a perfectly good sweetheart of her own and cherishes the fond hope that she'll be a wife someday herself!

"It's my humble opinion that a wife's hours are from five in the evening until nine in the morning, and what a man does the rest of the time serves to pay the monthly bills and provides for a new car every couple of years—and that's enough to keep him plenty busy!

"Take *Leila*," she suggested. "*Leila Sanford*—the woman I play, and one who was sane enough about her husband's business and *Whitey Wilson*, his secretary, until 'people began to talk.' Then she forgot to remember that she and *Van* were happily married for years and noticed only *Whitey's* beauty. Of course, as such things do, that only started complications. It's really a beautiful demonstration of 'suggestion' and proves that, to a wife, faith—real faith—is the most important thing of all!

"Naturally, there's no use denying that close association—the fact that a man and his secretary are thrown together so constantly—might open dangerous avenues for those mentally or physically attractive to each other." She dabbed her powder-puff against her pert chin.

"As I figure it out," she continued, "you simply have to trust your husband. If he's a doctor, you have to trust him with his nurse; if he's an artist, with his model; if he's an actor, with his leading lady. Yet," she reminded, "there's as much to be said for constant association robbing a man and a woman of their illusions, destroying the novelty and glamor that accompany the making of dates, the planning of hours together."

"All of which means," I suggested, "that when a man 'phones home that

A CORN MUST COME OUT—*ROOT AND ALL*

It's like a* TACK *in your toe!

TO TAKE a tack out of your toe you wouldn't saw the head off and leave the rest of the tack in. You'd draw it out entirely, point and all.

Your corn *is* like a tack in your toe! If you just pare the head off, you leave the rest of the corn to grow again—larger, uglier, more painful. Draw it *all* out—swiftly, safely, gently—with Blue-Jay! For Blue-Jay removes *root and all*. And there's no danger of infection.

Pain stops instantly—corn lifts out

The instant you apply *double-action* Blue-Jay the pain stops—like magic. Then quickly the corn loosens, lifts out, *is gone!* Why suffer needlessly? Costs only 4c to end worst corn. Made with Wet-Pruf adhesive that cannot stick to stockings. Get a box of Blue-Jay today! 25c at all druggists.

BLUE-JAY
Bauer & Black Scientific
CORN PLASTER

FREE VISIT TO NEW YORK FOR ATTRACTIVE BLONDE

To secure typical American girls from all parts of this country for their regular "BLONDE OF THE MONTH" advertisement, the makers of Marchand's Golden Hair Wash offer each month entirely without expense, obligation or any complications of any kind, to bring one girl selected for her charm and beauty to New York for special photographing. Not a contest. Full particulars from your druggist; in your package of Marchand's Golden Hair Wash, or, by mail, from Marchand's Golden Hair Wash. Address Marchand's, Room 55, 521 West 23rd Street, New York City.

Win $600 with an idea for a Movie Trademark! See page 54.

GET
A Government JOB!

Start $1260 to $2100 Year

MEN—WOMEN—
Get ready immediately
Common education usually sufficient
Mail Coupon Today—SURE

COUPON

Franklin Institute
Dept. G-309
Rochester, N. Y.

Rush FREE list of U. S. Government big pay JOBS, 32-page book describing salaries, hours, work and sample coaching tests.

Name ....

Address ....

he'll be late for dinner, the reason might not necessarily be a blonde or a brunette?"

"Decidedly!" Myrna said. "It's good business for a wife to remember, at such a time, that it just *may* be business!"

"REALLY, Myrna," I asked, "is this a gag or do you really think that wives have something important to learn?"

"I think," she answered, weighing each word carefully, "that a vast amount of loose talk about office romances has naturally made wives jittery; and when a wife is jittery, she simply can't do her best thinking. She is on the defensive—which is enough to make even a wife in good standing something less poised than her own husband's secretary! I think if wives took tips from these women whom they secretly fear, they would out-smart and out-think them every time!

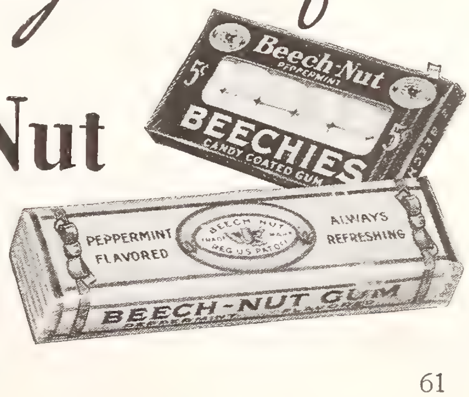
"But when misunderstandings arise, it isn't all the wife's fault, you know," Myrna continued. "When a woman is tied to a household and a couple of children day in and day out she's naturally touchy about the redness of her hands and the tired lines about her eyes. She knows that nights up with Junior's croup and others spent lengthening Marilyn's ever-shortening dresses don't make for a snappy appearance or for scintillating conversation. Husbands are probably the last ones to realize their wives' most acidulous remarks spring from the inner knowledge that they're not 'up to snuff.' And the girl who has been a highly-paid secretary herself, once, with most of her salary to spend on herself, is the very one who, at times, finds it most difficult to be reconciled to her new situation. However, such moods don't last. Ask any such ex-secretary and she'll tell you, her face aglow, that a new dress or hat, the time to read a good book or an afternoon of bridge could never compensate for those tots who make sooty smudges on the walls. . . . . .

"Nor, when you think of it, is the lot of a society wife so terrible. While she's attending a matinee, concert, lecture or a tea, little Miss Tingaud is throwing her pothooks together with gay abandon and punching the keys of her typewriter with all the grace she can muster. In nine cases out of ten, the lot of a man's 'office wife' isn't nearly so satisfactory as his real wife believes."

"What," I asked, "should a wife do to make her husband—and herself—happy?"

"That's a large order," answered Myrna, with a smile, "when I have to be on the set in five minutes. But it seems to me that a wife should realize that a secretary has a place in a man's life that doesn't interfere with her own rôle at all. The more efficient his secretary is, the better-humored a man is apt to be, and that, eventually, will make for a happier home and a pleasanter relationship between husband and wife.

"As a matter of fact, I really don't think a woman should take the stand of 'Wife versus Secretary.' I think—well, I think they should incorporate!"



At certain times it is far from wise,
To be unrestrained before female eyes,
Or say what you really want to say,
With adequate words in a colorful way!
So try to pretend that you still like dogs,
That there isn't a tear in the Sunday togs—
Be calm . . collected . . pull down your vest,
Let the yellow package put nerves at rest,
It costs you no more to enjoy the best, *to . . .*

Compose yourself
with
Beech-Nut
the **QUALITY** *gum*

I CAN'T COME:
IT'S THE WRONG
TIME OF THE MONTH

NONSENSE!
TAKE SOME MIDOL
AND YOU'LL BE YOURSELF

Don't Suffer From "REGULAR" Pain

It's an old-fashioned girl who still suffers each month when there is really no need to! It's just too bad for the girl who doesn't know she can keep her dates and keep comfortable. This is the way:

Watch the calendar. At the first sign of approaching pain, take a Midol tablet and drink a glass of water, and you may escape the expected pain entirely. If not, a second tablet should check it within a few minutes. Midol often helps women who have always had a very hard time. And the relief is lasting; two tablets see you through your worst day. Yet they contain no narcotic and form no habit. They do not interfere in any way with the normal and necessary menstrual process. But don't be fooled by ordinary pain tablets offered as a specific for menstrual pain! Midol is a special medicine offered for this special purpose.

Must you favor yourself, and save yourself, certain days of every month? Midol might give you back those days you have had to be so careful. You can get these tablets in a trim little aluminum case at any drug store.

Jean Harlow Has Secrets for Secretaries

[*Continued from page 39*]

man's whims all the live-long day and then turn him loose on a suburban train to go home to the little wife?"

"Lawsie me, missie," Jean laughed, "but that's a lot of asking! Yet, truth to tell, since we've begun work in the picture I've been thinking that there are forty-eight states full of *Whiteys* who lean rather too heavily to the left or the right. On the one hand, there are those girls who secretly yearn for their handsome, but much-married employers . . . and others who, possibly because of inexperience, believe the 'sales arguments' that these men reel off during odd moments—'dictated but not read!'

"I'm really no good at giving advice—and I don't think most people are any better at taking it—but it should be pretty easy for a girl to realize that the man who detains her after hours to explain how misunderstood he is at home does a good job of making himself perfectly clear to *her*. Right at that moment she should run, not walk, to the nearest exit!

"Of course I don't mean," Jean cautioned, "that she has to be a little fool about it. There's no harm in a man trying—but the girl who expects the same respect as a man's wife should act as though she deserves it!

"People talk about wives being jealous. Well, I've heard of jealous secretaries, too. There are plenty of girls who delude themselves into believing that their interest in their jobs is purely 'business,' but who, if they ever stopped to be honest with themselves, would be forced to admit that at least half of that 'interest' is bound up in the personality of the men for whom they work.

"I'm reasonably certain that a fair percentage of business women never marry because of the extravagant ideas that girls build up about their employers until all other men fall short by comparison. These 'office widows' are really doing themselves permanent injury—ruining their chances for personal happiness with some man who, it is true, may not be a dynamic executive, but who would make a perfectly satisfactory husband and a good provider.

"It's almost as hard for an attractive secretary to get and keep a job as it is for Gussie Noclass—have you ever thought of that?" Jean asked.

I really hadn't.

"Of course it is!" she explained. "Gussie, it is true, may make her heart-breaking rounds to get a job, but by diligence and initiative she's bound to 'land' some day. And she'll stay there.

"But," Jean pointed out, "what about your soignée sec who gets the job—until Madame drops in on a shopping expedition? What, do you think, are her chances for *keeping* it?"

"Not too good."

"Right! Immediately the wife thinks, 'Why did Throckmorton engage "that girl" in the first place?' Serenely, the

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Better school marks for the children when home-work is neatly typed. Better preparation for business life, too. Anybody can learn to type on Corona—and anybody can afford one, too, under our liberal new finance plan

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Just think, $1.00 per week buys a brand-new CORONA STANDARD with Floating Shift, TouchSelector, and everything you need. Carrying case and self lessons included. Ask for booklet!

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Please send Corona booklet, also tell me where I can arrange free trial.

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The LURE *that* ENTHRALLED KINGS

Mumtaz, royal parfumeur to the princes of India, has blended exotic new fragrances in SOLID PERFUMES, mysterious and intoxicating, featuring his exquisite blend NITE IN INDIA -- also **Divine, Jasmin, True Gardenia, Orange Blossom, Sweet Pea.** Packed in dainty rouge size hand-painted containers in colors to match. No leakage or evaporation. A touch of *Mumtaz Solid Perfume* on earlobe or eyebrows leaves a lingering scent for hours . . . **PRICE, 50c.** Sold by all good drug and dept. stores and exclusive gift shops -- or direct from

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Originators of the world famous
Mumtaz Divine Incense.

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SOLID PERFUME

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. . . to ANY shade you desire
. . . SAFELY in 5 to 15 minutes

Careful fastidious women avoid the use of peroxide because peroxide makes hair brittle Lechler's Instantaneous Hair Lightener requires NO peroxide. Used as a paste, it Cannot streak; Eliminates "straw" look. **Beneficial to permanent waves and bleached hair.** Lightens blonde hair grown dark. This is the only preparation that also lightens the scalp. No more dark roots. Used over 20 years by famous beauties, stage and screen stars and children. Harmless. Guaranteed. Mailed complete with brush for application.

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567 W. 181st St., New York, N. Y.

SPECIAL WORK *for* Married Women *who want* UP TO $22 a WEEK EASILY QUICKLY

I want 500 ambitious women at once in every town to demonstrate and take orders for amazing new vastly enlarged, complete line, last minute new spring and summer styles. Lowest prices, but highest quality and workmanship—prompt service—money back guarantee.

No House-to-House Canvassing

New plan makes work pleasant, dignified, easy and permanent. Hundreds making big money. Special Bonuses. Success assured. Requires no house-to-house canvassing.

No Experience—Dresses Free of Extra Charge

Can even start convenient hours. Nothing to pay now or at any time. Sample dresses (your size) FREE of extra charge. Send no money. Write fully for gorgeous style presentation. Give dress size and age. C.E. Israel, Pres.

HARFORD FROCKS, Dept. Z-14, Cincinnati, O.

girl's possible ability is discounted. 'Pretty nice clothes for a secretary, but rather upsetting for the Office Morale, don't you think?' In the best interests of keeping mass blood pressure at normal, the matter is brought up, the motion made, seconded and passed. Miss Patricia Pitman is again making the rounds of the 'placement bureaus'". . . . .

An accurate picture Jean draws, don't you think?

"And while we're on the subject," Jean offered, "I believe a successful secretary has to be a one-woman brain trust, an ambassador-of-good-will and a fortune-teller all at once. Coupled with that, she must remember, always, that to her boss's wife she is a suspect—and that treason will head her straight for the firing line!

"As an 'ideal' husband exists only in the imagination of the woman who never had one—and an 'ideal' woman is the one to whom a man is *not* married—there is always the possibility of building a fictitious romance. Yet for people to find themselves sweethearts before they know whether they can be friends is beginning at the wrong end—and most office affairs end with that realization. Just as no secretary can allow her employer's wife to interfere with her work, she should never delude herself into allowing her 'work' to interfere with her employer's wife.

"OF COURSE, if wives stopped to think how grueling a secretary's tasks are and how busy she is kept, they'd take a more rational viewpoint of the whole thing. When you have to meet a man's visitors, answer his telephone calls, take his dictation, write his letters, file his mail and attend to general office routine, there's not much time left for romancing!

"How have you discovered all of this, Jean?" I asked. "One would think you'd grown up in an office!"

"What difference does it make?" she replied. "Life is all pretty much the same. An actress must be interested in people, in how they feel. I get many letters from girls telling me their troubles and asking for advice and, while I don't have the time to write them at length, individually, I feel when I play a rôle such as *Whitey Wilson* I'm able to answer them indirectly by living the part as such a girl *would* live it!"

Jean means that. She's not a crusader, but she has the biggest heart in Hollywood and plenty of good, practical sense.

"Do you think, Jean, that a woman can be happy though a secretary," I asked, "even if her boss *is* married?"

"I can't see why she shouldn't," Jean replied instantly. "After all, she's in business to make a living—not to engage in personalities. Sometimes, of course, things happen without any desire or effort on our part. When such a situation arises, a secretary is merely a bewildered woman caught in a strange, sad experience and her employer only a man who is faced with a problem that holds tragi-dramatic possibilities. As a man and a woman, then, they must face the situation and work it out for the good of all those who are involved."

As swift as light—

The Magic of the

LINIT BEAUTY BATH

❋ Modern life demands much of women—in business, in the home, the club—and in social duties that are a part of her daily life. To meet every occasion, with a consciousness of looking her best, the smart woman tirelessly strives to cultivate every feminine charm. Today, one of the outstanding essentials of charm is a soft, smooth skin.

❋ For many years, fastidious women have relied on the Linit Beauty Bath to give their skin the feel of rare velvet.

❋ To those who have not tried the Linit Beauty Bath, why not do this today: Dissolve some Linit in the tub while the water is running. Bathe as usual and, after drying, feel your skin. It will be delightfully soft and smooth. And the Linit bath does away with the damp or semi-dry feeling of the skin that usually follows an ordinary bath.

❋ Make it a habit to use Linit in your tub water and join the thousands of America's loveliest women who daily enjoy its refreshing luxury.

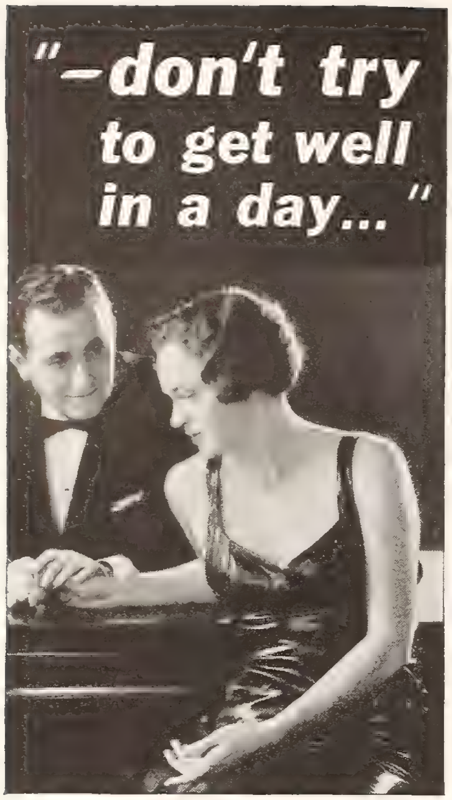
The Bathway to a Soft, Smooth Skin

LINIT IS SOLD BY ALL GROCERS

for Fine Laundering

● Don't overlook the directions on the Linit package—recommending Linit for starching. Linit makes even ordinary cotton fabrics look and feel like linen.

LINIT
FOR THE BATH


"—don't try to get well in a day..."

no appetite? nervous?
losing weight? pale?

—there is usually a definite reason for these

Don't try to get well in a day . . . this is asking too much of Nature. Remember, she has certain natural processes that just cannot be hurried.

But there is a certain scientific way you can assist by starting those digestive juices in the stomach to flowing more freely and at the same time supply a balanced mineral deficiency the body needs.

Therefore, if you are pale, tired and run-down . . . a frequent sign that your blood-cells are weak—then do try in the simple, easy way so many millions approve—by starting a course of S.S.S. Blood Tonic.

You may have the will-power to be "up and doing" but unless your blood is in top notch form you are not fully yourself and you may remark, "I wonder why I tire so easily."

Much more could be said—a trial will thoroughly convince you that this way, in the absence of any organic trouble, will start you on the road of feeling like yourself again. You should soon enjoy again the satisfaction of appetizing food . . . sound sleep . . . steady nerves . . . a good complexion . . . and renewed strength.

S.S.S. is sold by all drug stores in two sizes. The $2 economy size is twice as large as the $1.25 regular size and is sufficient for two weeks treatment. Begin on the uproad today. © S.S.S. Co.

SSS TONIC

Makes you feel like yourself again

S-t-r-e-t-c-h Your Way to Beauty

[*Continued from page* 37]

Exercise 6: Spread feet far apart. Clasp hands behind you and inhale. Contract all muscles and then stretch backward as far as you can. Hold this position until you feel that every muscle in your body is as stretched as a rubber band. Return to upright position. Repeat exercise ten times.

This exercise gets at the shoulder weight, which is the bane of every woman's existence. It also does things for the abdomen and upper arms.

Exercise 7: Stand in upright position, legs far apart. Clasp arms over head as near to the elbows as possible. Then bend from right to left without moving the feet from the floor or bending the knees. If possible, inhale and hold the breath until you have done the exercise ten times.

This exercise uses every muscle in the body and will particularly aid you in achieving the slim, curving O'Sullivan line from shoulder to toe.

Exercise 8: This may be called the lunging exercise. You stretch your left leg straight back of you, step forward with your right, balance on your right toe with the legs as far apart as you can manage. Your left arm is on your hip. Your right arm is straight up. And as you hold that position, stretch up and backwards. Alternate with right leg and left arm, repeating ten times.

This exercise develops the chest muscles, raises the bust-line into youthful contours, and helps to lift the chin and slenderize the neck.

Exercise 9: Place your right leg forward. Stretch your left as far back as possible. Both your legs must be tense, your feet flat on the floor, knees stiff. Then touch the finger-tips of your left hand to your right toe. Exhale as you go down. Inhale as you resume upright position. Repeat ten times. Alternate legs and arms and repeat.

This exercise is effective in producing those nice plane lines which will help you avoid embarrassing moments in your modern bathing suits.

Exercise 10: This exercise is simplicity itself. It merely involves standing on your toes, stretching your arms above your head. And I really mean stretch! Pretend that you're reaching for something, at least six feet above your head. Inhale as you stretch. The arms are held firmly at the side of the head and the hands are interlocked. Then, still on your toes, run across the room from wall to wall. Then run backwards. Remember, now, that the knees are stiff and the body is contracted.

This is a perfect exercise for those with ungainly ankles, with cushion knees and large leg lumps.

[*Continued on page* 71]

Brownish **BLONDE** TO *Light* **BLONDE** IN ONE SHAMPOO

Lighten hair 2 to 4 shades with Shampoo-rinse

No BLONDE is at her best if her hair has faded, become dull, brownish. Only the gleaming, golden blondes are truly fascinating. And *their* secret for radiant, alluring hair beauty is Blondex. It is a unique combination shampoo and rinse *all in one*. Use Blondex today, see how expertly it washes the dullest, drabbest hair 2 to 4 shades lighter. After even the first Blondex shampoo-rinse, your hair will glisten with bright, golden lights. Get Blondex today. At all good drug and department stores.

BLONDEX THE BLONDE HAIR SHAMPOO-RINSE

YOU LOOK YEARS YOUNGER
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IS GRAY HAIR MAKING YOU UNHAPPY?

COFFELT'S 'never failing' Hair Coloring has made life happier for thousands of men and women in **30 Years Since its Discovery.** Simple to use, no muss, no fuss, no need to match color.

COFFELT'S users deceive their best friends as to age. Costs little. Gives quick positive results.

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to quickly relieve the stinging torment, women use mild, soothing—

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No cosmetics, no massage, no straps. Women, men, all ages, write for thrilling book and *Facial Analysis Chart Free.*

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Please send free booklet and 32 sample lesson pages.

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Leap Year Beauty Secrets

[*Continued from page* 59]

you have tried her face powder. She is presenting a new package in silvertone and light blue—an attractive item on any girl's dressing table. There are five flattering shades and the price is only 55c for the large box you see illustrated on page 59.

Blushing is not the *only* thing that will win your man this year. Picture yourself as having thrilled a man to the degree that he impulsively grasps your hand across a table? Will he be touching "sharkskin," or a smooth, white, adorable hand?

Frostilla Lotion will keep your hands as you know *he* would like to have them. It is excellent for relieving redness, chapping, roughness and dryness. Use it before venturing outdoors where your hands will be exposed to sun or wind, and particularly after you have had them in water. Don't forget your arms and elbows either—so you won't be embarrassed when you don your prettiest sleeveless party dress. The bottle you see pictured on page 59 is only 35c.

There's romance in the hair, too. However, dancing "cheek to cheek" certainly isn't very romantic for your partner if he comes in contact with dull, lifeless hair, or hair that is not clean. But how romantic that tune is if his cheek touches hair that is soft, fragrant and gleaming with highlights. Don't forget that a man is always susceptible to the lure of lovely hair. Here I am going to suggest that you jot down on your next shopping list that popular hair beautifier—Fitch's Shampoo—which is the fourth beauty aid you see on page 59.

Fitch's Dandruff Remover Shampoo dissolves and removes every particle of loose or encrusted dandruff and other foreign matter instantly. It cleans and refreshes your scalp and makes your hair healthy, lustrous and beautiful. The bottle illustrated is priced at 75c. There is also an economical family size at $1.50.

When you use Fitch's Shampoo *do not wet your hair first.* Apply enough shampoo to your scalp to moisten your hair thoroughly. Massage briskly with your fingers until the first lather disappears and your hair becomes sticky. Then apply a small amount of water and rub into a rich lather. Add more water gradually, at the same time rubbing and removing lather by handfuls until all lather is gone. Then rinse your hair thoroughly with a stream of warm water until your hair "squeaks" when you pull it through your fingers. Wrap your head in a hot towel, rub vigorously, and dry your hair in the sun if possible.

A scalp that is not kept clean is not only injurious to your hair—and unattractive—but eventually it will *tell in your complexion.* The source of a blemished skin is frequently traced back to an unhealthy scalp. So, if you wish to be as lovely as your favorite stars, make your shampoo one of your weekly habits! Remember that silky, lustrous hair has earned many a woman a reputation for loveliness.

What are your own personal beauty problems? Tell them to Alison Alden! She will help you with them—*free!* Just write to her c/o MOVIE CLASSIC, 7046 Hollywood Boulevard, Hollywood, California, enclosing a stamped, addressed envelope for her reply.

THIS FAMOUS HOME DISPENSER and 60¢ size Italian Balm

BOTH FOR 59¢
Italian Balm
Campana Corporation

● In response to nation-wide demand, Campana now offers, through Drug and Department stores, its famous HOME DISPENSER *plus* a 60c bottle of Italian Balm—in a bargain package at 59c. But the supply is limited. So purchase *your* bargain package before it is too late.

The idea of dispensing hand lotion *originated* with Campana. Over 2½ million Italian Balm Dispensers, like the one illustrated in this advertisement—full nickel plated and 100% guaranteed—have been delivered to Italian Balm users in the United States and Canada.

And no wonder it is so popular! It *holds* the bottle *for* you—no un-capping or re-capping, no risk of bottle breakage. Each simple, quick press on the plunger gives you *one drop* of Italian Balm at a time—thus making "America's Most Economical Skin Protector" still *more* economical and convenient to use.

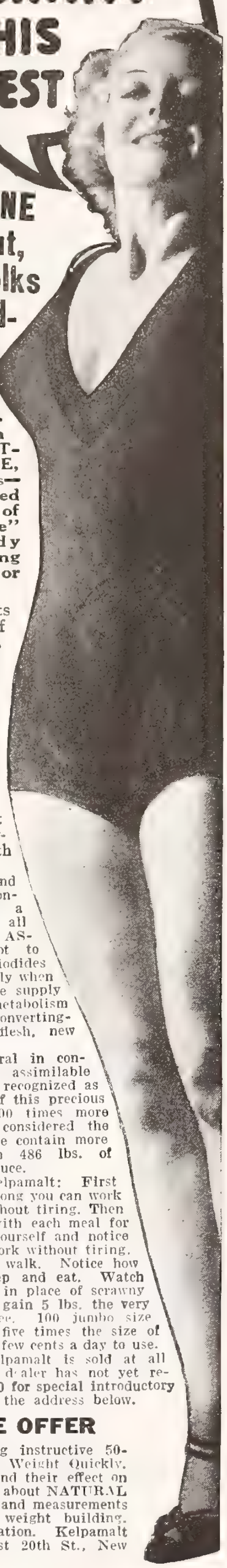
Western Union Installs It!

● Campana has arranged for Western Union (in 5,000 communities where messengers are available) to install your Dispenser anywhere in your house—bathroom, kitchen or laundry, on wood or tile. You buy your Dispenser Package at any drug or department store and then—(1) Call Western Union; (2) Ask to have your Dispenser installed; (3) Pay the messenger 10c for this service. (Campana pays the balance.) This special service good only while Dealers have these special 59c Packages.

CALL WESTERN UNION

THE MESSENGER ARRIVES

INSTALLS DISPENSER 10¢



IF YOU ARE WEAK, PALE RUNDOWN AND SKINNY MAKE THIS SIMPLE TEST

See How NATURAL IODINE Builds Worn-out, Pale, Sickly Folks Into Strong, Red-Blooded Men and Women

Kelpamalt, New Mineral Concentrate from the Sea, Rich in NATURAL PLANT IODINE, Feeds Starved Glands—Must Build Good Red Blood, Put on Lbs. of Solid, "Stay-There" Flesh, Give Steady Nerves and Day-Long Energy in First Week or Trial Is Free!

As the result of tests covering thousands of weakened, run-down, nervous, skinny folks, science now claims that it is GLANDS STARVING FOR IODINE that keep you pale, tired-out, underweight and ailing. When these glands don't work properly, all the food in the world can't help you. It just isn't turned into "stay-there" flesh, new strength and energy.

The most important gland—the one which actually controls body weight—needs a definite ration of iodine all the time—NATURAL ASSIMILABLE IODINE—not to be confused with chemical iodides which often prove toxic. Only when the system gets an adequate supply of iodine can you regulate metabolism—the body's process of converting-digested foods into firm flesh, new strength and energy.

To get this vital mineral in convenient, concentrated and assimilable form, take Kelpamalt—now recognized as **the world's richest source of this precious** substance. It contains 1300 times more iodine than oysters, once considered the best source. 6 tablets alone contain more NATURAL IODINE than 486 lbs. of spinach or 1387 lbs. of lettuce.

Make this test with Kelpamalt: First weigh yourself and see how long you can work or how far you can walk without tiring. Then take 3 Kelpamalt Tablets with each meal for 2 weeks and again weigh yourself and notice how much longer you can work without tiring, how much farther you can walk. Notice how much better you feel, sleep and eat. Watch flattering extra lbs. appear in place of scrawny hollows. And if you don't gain 5 lbs. the very first week the trial is free. 100 jumbo size Kelpamalt tablets—four to five times the size of ordinary tablets—cost but a few cents a day to use. Get Kelpamalt today. Kelpamalt is sold at all good drug stores. If your dealer has not yet received his supply, send $1.00 for special introductory size bottle of 65 tablets to the address below.

SPECIAL FREE OFFER

Write today for fascinating instructive 50-page book on How to Add Weight Quickly. Mineral Contents of Food and their effect on the human body. New facts about NATURAL IODINE. Standard weight and measurements charts. Daily menus for weight building. Absolutely free. No obligation. Kelpamalt Co., Dept. 730, 27-33 West 20th St., New York City.

Kelpamalt *Tablets*

Is Shirley Growing Up Too Fast?

[*Continued from page 31*]

truant officer, who would really like to take Shirley away from the *Captain.* Shirley, wearing a middy blouse and a pair of jeans, is sitting in his lap. Their *tête-à-tête* is something like this:

The *Captain:* Let's see. Here's a purty important question: Name six animals that live in very cold countries.

Shirley (thinking hard): Well, Cap'n, I don't know if I can. . . . Oh, sure I can!

The *Captain* (benevolently): Yes?

Shirley (triumphantly): Three bears and three seals!

THEY had to shoot that scene only once, Director David Butler being satisfied—nay, gratified—with the first performance of the two stars. Shirley was then released for a play period. She came running over to her mother.

"Mommy, may I have a bottle of Coca-Cola?"

Mrs. Temple considered. "Well, I guess you may. But first say how-do-you-do to this little girl who has come to Hollywood all the way from Massachusetts—" She indicated Donna, who was positively wriggling with delight.

Shirley walked over to Donna and stood before her. "Hello," she said. "Will your Mamma let you drink Coca-Cola, too?"

Assured that this was the case, Mrs. Temple ordered the Coca-Cola, while I undertook to congratulate Shirley on the scene just finished.

Politely, she said, "Thank you." Then she launched into explanation. "That about the three seals and the three bears was just what I have to say in the picture," she confided. "I really know another kind of animal that lives where it's cold . . . Eskimos!"

While everyone else laughed, Mrs. Temple explained to Shirley about Eskimos. She always explains anything that Shirley doesn't understand.

By this time, the Coca-Cola had arrived—a bottle for Shirley and a bottle for Donna.

"I'm allowed to drink just down to there," she remarked to Donna, indicating a row of lettering about half-way down the bottle. "Sometimes I slip."

Mrs. Temple looked at her meaningly. "But not often," she suggested.

"—but not often," added Shirley.

THE afternoon's "refreshments" disposed of down to the proper row of lettering, Shirley gave her attention to another project.

"I like to draw," she remarked to Donna. "Do you?" When Donna, finding her tongue at last, said that she, too, liked to draw, Shirley rushed off to her playhouse on the set and returned with two drawing books and crayons.

I Get 10 WINDOW SHADES *For the Price of One*

AND GET UP TO 2 YEARS WEAR FOR 15¢

15c CLOPAYS

SOLVE CLEAN WINDOW SHADE PROBLEM

"WHEN $1.50 shades used to get dirty, I couldn't afford to change. But now, I get 10 lovely CLOPAYS for the same money! They look as good as the costliest—go 2 years and more without a change. That's REAL ECONOMY!" Why not try this same simple plan, approved by millions? CLOPAYS are made of a new kind of tough, pliable fibre that will not pinhole or crack. In 16 smart patterns and 7 plain colors. Sold by leading 5c and 10c and neighborhood stores. Write for FREE color samples. CLOPAY CORP., 1526 York St., Cincinnati, Ohio.

Hair OFF Face Lips Chin

Happy! I once had ugly hair on my face and chin . . . was unloved . . . discouraged. Tried depilatories, waxes, liquids . . . even razors. Nothing was satisfactory. Then I discovered a simple, painless, inexpensive method. It worked! Thousands have won beauty, love, happiness with the secret. My FREE Book, "How to Overcome Superfluous Hair," explains the method and proves actual success. Mailed in plain envelope. Also trial offer. No obligation. Write Mlle. Annette Lanzette, P. O. Box 4040, Merchandise Mart, Dept. 265, Chicago.

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A Full Size Specially posed photo FREE with every can of Sweet Georgia Brown Hair Dressing

Every colored person wants this picture, so "clean-up" Big Money taking orders from colored folks everywhere. Autographed Photo (9" x 12") of JOE LOUIS FREE with each can of Sweet Georgia Brown Hair Straightener. Don't wait! Write today for Free Samples, Sample Case Offer and Special JOE LOUIS free Picture Offer. Hurry! Do it now!

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Don't envy the popularity of famous stars of stage and screen. You too may have a captivating personality. Jules Marton has brought to America his famous secret formulae — ***Arabian Sheik*** - Eau de Cologne. Marton's creation is a true refreshant, keen, crisp and exhilarating. Its delicate lasting fragrance is an inspiration to those about you. You owe it to yourself to have the allure and charm that is rightfully yours—use Marton's Eau de Cologne.

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Send to KERN LABORATORIES • 5 N. Wabash Ave., Chicago, Ill.

The conversation during this artistic session ran something like this:

Shirley: Guinea hens are kind of hard to draw, aren't they?

Donna: Well, I never saw any guinea hens.

Shirley: They look something like chickens, only they make an awful noise.

Donna: What kind of a noise?

Shirley: They crow like a rooster only louder, sort of. I had mine at our house in Santa Monica, but they crowed in the morning and waked Mommy up and of course I couldn't have that because Mommy needs her sleep.

Donna: What'd you do with 'em?

Shirley: I brought them to the studio. Of course, I could have slipped out every morning when they began to crow and fed them something and then they wouldn't-a crowed anymore, but Mommy said I better not.

DURING the latter part of the afternoon, Lillian Barkley came onto the set. Shirley's greeting was tempestuous. After bestowing upon her a huge hug, she brought her over to Donna.

"This is my teacher," she said. "She stayed with me on New Year's day, too. It was Mommy's and Daddy's an—anniversary—" She brought the word out, proudly. "That means the day they got married. . . . It was before I was born," she confided.

Later, dismissed for the day, Shirley shook hands with all of us. When she came to Donna, she said:

"You may have my drawing book and then maybe you can learn to draw guinea hens, too."

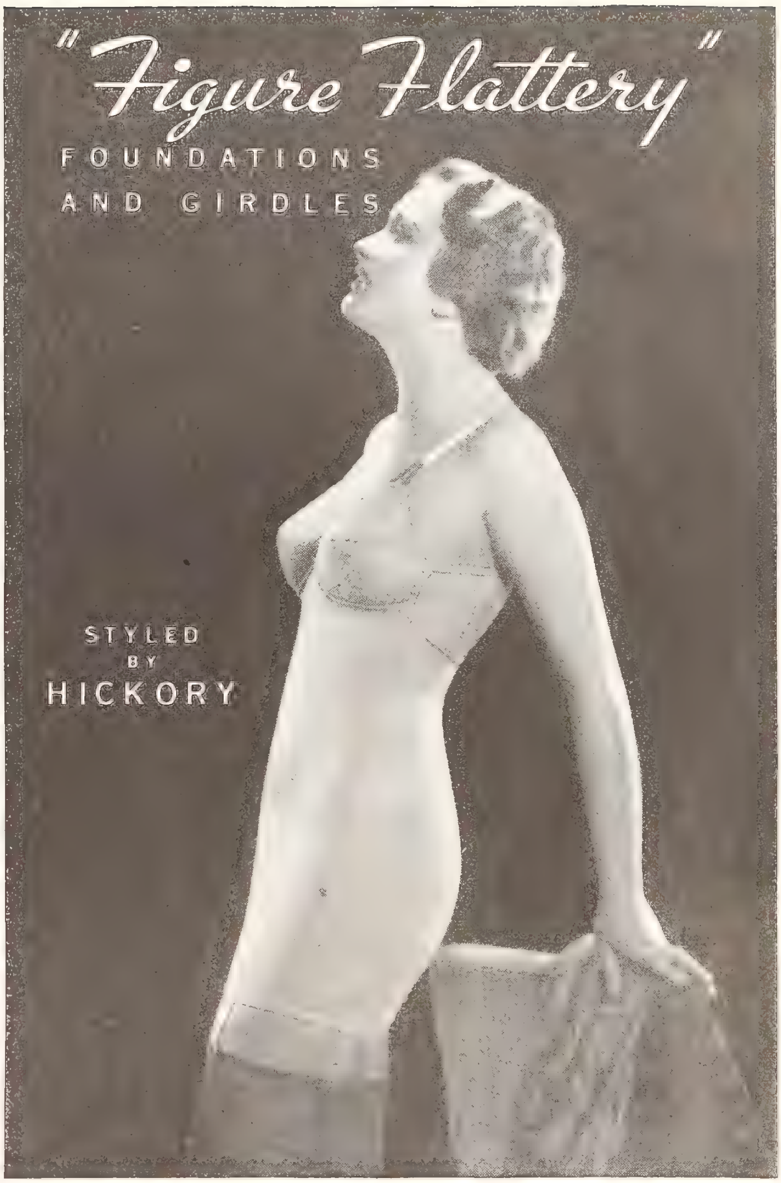
As her mother led her away—a small, curley-headed individual in middy blouse and jeans, trotting along with a box of crayons clutched firmly in one hand, I turned to Lillian Barkley and said, "I was asked today if Shirley is growing up too fast."

Something like indignation clouded Lillian Barkley's fine dark eyes, yet she answered me quietly enough: "I know. I've been asked that, too. . . .

"No," she said, quietly, "little Shirley is *not* growing sophisticated or too wise for her years. She is the same lovable, unaffected, happy little girl she always was. And I can tell you why. . . . It is because Hollywood, instead of exposing her to conditions that would make her so, is protecting her!

"She is cared for, cherished, shielded from every influence that might hinder or harm her natural development. No one tells her that she is famous. The consideration that she receives at the studio is that of friends for a friendly little girl. The attention from crowds who gather wherever she appears in public, she accepts as a matter of course. She lives in a small, fascinating world of her own, in which the things about her—birds, animals, flowers, people—are more important than herself.

"And," Lillian Barkley concluded, "so long as Shirley is not even conscious of herself, she cannot be conceited or 'grown up,' now can she?"



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This stunning, patterned two-way stretch Lastex Garment moulds and trims and stays in place comfortably. It's preshrunk to assure perfect fit, always. The lace bra is specially designed to achieve a beautiful bustline.

"Figure Flattery" Foundation illustrated $3.50. Panties, crotch and leg-band styles $2. "Figure Flattery" Girdles fashioned of the same beautiful two-way stretch Lastex $2

You should find "Figure Flattery" and other beautiful Foundations, Girdles and Brassieres Styled by Hickory at your favorite Corset Department. If not—write for FREE descriptive brochure. Address 1143 West Congress Street, Chicago, Illinois.

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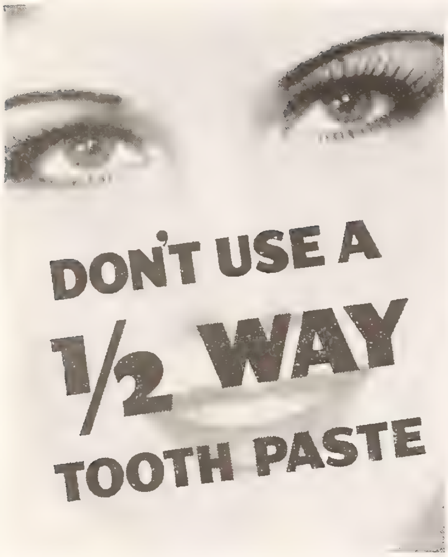

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Replace half way care of your teeth with a tooth paste that does a *Double* job. All the cleansing in the world won't keep your teeth beautiful if you let your *Gums* grow soft and spongy! Forhan's whitens your teeth and protects your gums at the same time.

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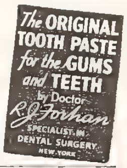
Forhan's is different from all other tooth pastes. It brings you the famous formula of Dr. Forhan—now used in concentrated form by dentists everywhere to combat gum troubles. It gives you *two-fold* protection, yet costs no more than most ordinary tooth pastes. Why take chances with half way dental care? Begin using Forhan's today.

Forhan's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What Love Has Done to Ginger Rogers

[*Continued from page* 32]

world on fire. So I gave it up. It's different today. I paint occasionally now, and enjoy it immensely. I play the piano, too—but with an entirely different attitude from the one I once had. . . ."

LET'S go back to the time when Ginger was "running around in circles," and see what helped to straighten her out. Right in the middle of her painting spell, she met Lew Ayres. At that time Lew, too, had a reputation for being moody and erratic—for being more interested in "the arts and sciences" than in acting. When Hollywood heard that Lew had gone in for astronomy, for example, and had even written an article for an astronomical magazine, Hollywood disparagingly asked: Why didn't he settle down and pay attention to his screen career?

Perhaps Ginger felt the same way about Lew, when she first met him.

But then something happened to make her see differently. Lew received a letter from the great Einstein, highly complimenting him on his article. Lew Ayres must have been proud of that letter, but for a long time he told no one about it. Finally, he got around to showing the letter to Ginger. She couldn't understand why he hadn't shown it to the world!

Lew shrugged. What did it matter what people thought? He wasn't trying to impress anyone. He wasn't seeking praise. He was interested in astronomy only for the personal satisfaction it brought him . . . nothing more.

At that moment, I think, Ginger fell in love with Lew. Suddenly, she saw him as he was—not moody and mercurial as he was supposed to be, but a man who lived honestly and who, as she says of him now, "is much more steady than any person I know." Not influenced by what people might say or think, never striving for effect, not sampling careers in order to succeed in the eyes of the world—but aiming first to succeed where he, himself, was concerned. And because she suddenly loved and admired this quality in him, she naturally tried to learn the secret, too, for herself.

Until the time that she met Lew, she had been seeking expression in a dozen different mediums so restlessly that she had really never had any real pleasure out of any of them. A high-pitched ambition, hard work since she was eleven, the maddening fight to get to the top on the stage and in pictures—all these things had geared her to a fast, furious pace. And the very momentum of that pace pushed her on, and wouldn't allow her to let down.

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THEN she fell in love with a man who picked his way leisurely in the world—not in the least influenced by criticism or precedent. Ginger began to do the same.

As Ginger explains it to me, "Walter Hagen, the golf champion, says that the secret of playing a good game of golf is to *relax*. I've found that it's the secret of happiness, too. You can't enjoy life if you're always on the run. You have to sit back now and then and take a look at it, to appreciate it. Now I can sit back occasionally, and even do a little painting. Whether I have the divine spark or not doesn't matter any more. If I get a kick out of what I'm painting—that's what matters. It's the same with the piano. I'll never be a feminine Paderewski, but now I enjoy playing, anyway.

"It's that way about many things. And I'm so happy about it. I'm glad I know that a house isn't just for entertainment . . . that it's more important as a home. Glad I realize that a few good friends are more important than a hundred half-way ones. Glad I know that living simply is the best way to live. We never give big 'Hollywood parties'—and seldom go to them. Our friends drop in informally, and we have much more fun that way. Lew and I spend a great deal of time together, too, just by ourselves. We spend evening after evening at home, just working and reading together."

As for what Ginger said about their living simply . . . they really do. What do they do with their money then? "We're saving it," says Ginger, "in trust funds, sound investments and endowments. You see, we want to build our own home some day, but we're not going to build one until we can be sure just what sort of establishment we can afford to keep up."

Neither of them ever intrudes on the other's career. Lew never visits Ginger on her set, and she never hangs around his. When Lew decided to give up acting and become a director, Ginger never questioned his decision. If directing will give him greater satisfaction than acting, then naturally that is the thing he should do. Lew would feel the same way if Ginger gave up acting to become, say, a dress designer. They believe thoroughly that individuality is the secret of happiness.

But Ginger won't turn dressmaker, never fear. She has lost all tendency to change horses in midstream. The strange thing is that the moment Ginger did relax, and stop worrying about her career, that career took a tremendous turn for the better. Teamed with Fred Astaire, she has made some of the finest musicals ever produced, and, on top of that RKO has made her a star.

They say the camera catches everything . . . not only lines and expressions, but thoughts and even the inner personality. Ginger is poised and charming and beautiful and polished on the screen these days—because of what love has done to her and for her!

YOUR HOSTESS in Hollywood

PAULA STONE, one of the famous "Stepping Stones" who made stage history, invites you to a cocktail party at her home in Hollywood! You'll meet all her friends, among whom are the most noted stars in Hollywood. Fred Stone, her father, will act as host, and her two sisters, Dorothy and Carol, will help entertain you.

Doesn't it sound thrilling! And it's just a sample of the wonderful entertainment Fawcett Movie Magazines have arranged for those who join the second Annual Movieland Tour. To give you an idea—here's a day's schedule: Start with a trip through 20th Century-Fox studios, where you'll see pictures being made, meet the stars working on the sets. You'll meet Shirley Temple in person, talk with Janet Gaynor, Warner Baxter will come up to say hello. In the afternoon, a tour through Beverly Hills, seeing the homes of the stars. That night, a big party at the Blossom Room of Hollywood's Roosevelt, at which many of the movie people will be present. Other highlights of the four days in Hollywood . . . bathing at Santa Monica Beach, a trip to Catalina Island—magic spot in the Pacific, Paula Stone's cocktail party, a large dinner party at the famous Cocoanut Grove.

This is the kind of vacation an ordinary traveler could never hope to have. But under the sponsorship of Fawcett Movie Magazines, all doors are open to you. Briefly, the plan is this—we've organized a complete, all-expense vacation trip of two weeks, from Chicago to Hollywood and back. We'll see some of America's most wonderful scenery—we'll go through Yellowstone Park, see Old Faithful, the world's biggest geyser, visit British Columbia. We'll travel in luxurious special trains, have first class accommodations everywhere. But by getting group rates, the entire cost of the trip will be absurdly small. One sum includes everything—transportation, meals, hotels, entertainment.

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Why Pick on *Us?*

[*Continued from page* 35]

as you laughingly call it. I'm little different from, say, a small-town lawyer. As a matter of fact, there are times when I wish I were different," he said with a grin, "but those times are darned seldom. I can be attracted by a beautiful girl, yes—but just because I'm an actor, I don't go loco. Sure, love is important! It's what makes the world—and pictures—go 'round.

"I'M very fond of Joan Blondell and I don't care who knows it. I've known her for years and I hope she likes me and I hope I'll know her for years to come. She's a grand girl. But just because we go out together and enjoy each other's company is, in my opinion, no reason why the matchmakers among the gossip columnists should none too gently try to nudge us into marriage. Moreover, it's not exactly in the best possible taste when you come right down to it. After all, Joan and George Barnes didn't hit it off—which also happens to your small town lawyer—so they split. The divorce won't be final until the middle of this coming summer. I think, therefore, that it's really a bit premature to go forecasting marriage before the ink is dry on the decree.

"Mind you, I'm not saying that we won't get married someday, because I don't know. We might. On the other hand, I'm most certainly not saying that we will—because I don't know. And, I may be a bit old-fashioned in my ideas, but it seems to me that for any man to announce that he's going to marry so-and-so is on the presumptuous side. It seems to me that that is the girl's prerogative—not mine and certainly not that of a sob-sister who knows neither of us, but needs a leading story for the column so carefully foregoes the formality of asking us.

"SUPPOSE I am in love with a girl. Suppose she is in the same business—and that we have interests in common and all that sort of thing. Suppose, further, that I intend to ask her to be my wife and plan a little spree at the Grove, plan to ask her at the right moment. And then suppose that when I pick up the papers the morning before the party I read a story like your Number 3-A, mentioning the girl and myself. Where do I get off? What kind of position does that put me in? No girl with any self-respect wants to be proposed to in a gossip column." Suddenly dropping his serious attitude, he grinned again and added, "And I'm darned if I want any reporter on earth to have the fun of proposing for me. I'm no Miles Standish.

"I'm a guy who works for a living, has a whale of a good time doing it and when the right girl says, 'yes', I'll sure help her tell the world. I'll be one proud hombre, but, in the meantime, I'm just Dick Powell, bachelor. . . "

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S-t-r-e-t-c-h Your Way to Beauty

[*Continued from page* 64]

MAUREEN takes her exercises about thirty minutes before breakfast, and has a quick body massage afterward. Here's the way to do it: Rub a good body oil on your skin until you are completely saturated. Let the oil soak into your skin for about fifteen minutes. At the end of that period rub briskly with a body brush, using a long-handled one so that it will reach and exercise every part of your skin.

After you have rubbed the oil on, let it soak in, and scrubbed yourself with the brush, jump under a cold shower. You might not like that cold water at first, but you will get used to it and will be fully compensated by that feeling of tingly aliveness clear down to your toes. Remember that heat enervates and cold stimulates. So use your heads and your cold showers, ladies.

Now here are some rules that Maureen suggests you remember. DON'T overdo. If you feel tired, reduce the length of the routine until you're worked up to it. DON'T try to take off more than three pounds a week. DON'T diet with this routine. DO reduce your sugar and starch intake.

At the end of a month you'll find that all your lumpy muscles are reduced, your line is clean-cut and you have contours as lovely and feminine as Maureen O'Sullivan's.

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(See pages 50 and 58)

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Try a Movie Test in Your Own Home!

[*Continued from page* 47]

enced eye is seeking out your good points and your bad. He is appraising your appearance, voice, mannerisms—and, most of all seeking the answer to this question: Has this person INDIVIDUALITY?

"What do you mean by 'individuality?'" I interrupted Mr. Serlin.

"We don't want carbon copies," he said bluntly. "We are not looking for another Dietrich, another Colbert, or another Harlow. We want wholesome, fresh, ambitious people with personalities all their own. Not only personality goes into that word 'individuality,' but there must be a human, attractive warmth that draws people."

Suppose you satisfy this first interviewer that somewhere, deep down inside perhaps, is a spark that may be developed. What then?

He will ask for details of your past. Probably from the first five minutes he has had with you he will know if you have had stage experience. Such experience brands an individual and gladdens the eye of the talent scout when he finds an applicant who has had it. He will want to know what rôles you have played, what schools you have attended, and he will be pleased if you are a college graduate.

"Come back tomorrow," he says finally. "I want you to meet Mr. Serlin." . . . So you come back, and unless Mr. Serlin finds some serious defect, overlooked by Mr. Kaplan, you are introduced to the assistant dramatic coach. . . . A screen test now? Heavens, not yet, unless you are a finished dramatic actor or actress. Instead, there are hour-long lessons in dramatics, in how to talk, in how to deliver lines and get expression into your voice—hard work to banish defects in voice and posture.

"What would you advise a girl contemplating a try at the movie to do?"

"Work," was Serlin's answer. "I'd tell her: Get a college education if possible, and do plenty of dramatic work while in school. Get some actual stock or trouping experience, if the stage still interests you after graduation. Then, after a period of experience, stop and check up on yourself. Measure your personality, your voice, your natural flair for dramatics. Place a valuation on your talents, your ability. If you find the valuation high, then see me, or a talent scout for another company."

All right, your fate is in your hands. Turn to page 73 for test questions, then chart your score on the Talent Thermometer. If you get a high score you will deserve it. And—who knows?—this screen test may be the instrument for turning someone into a career as a star, someone who had never given movie-acting serious consideration. On the other hand, it may be helpful in discouraging others who might waste time in an effort to break into a profession for which they are not equipped.

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Add Up Your Chances for Stardom!

After you have read the article opposite, you can take this screen test in your own home. It is not hard; in fact it is fun—but be sure you have read the article first. This test, prepared by Oscar Serlin of Paramount, is as important as you make it.

1. PERSONAL APPEARANCE—Are your face and figure more beautiful than average? Less beautiful than average? Average? Score 10 points for an exceptional face and figure, 5 points for average, etc. (Score ——)

2. DICTION—Is your speaking voice pleasant? Does it have carrying power and range of expression? Is it free from defects and impediments? Score 5 points for perfect voice and diction, 3 points for average. (Score ——)

3. DRAMATIC ABILITY—Are you emotional? Do you feel defeats and victories strongly? Are you capable of transferring your feelings to others? Have you a good sense of humor? Can you tell a funny story with effect? Score 5 points for perfect. (Score ——)

4. DRAMATIC EXPERIENCE—Have you had stage work in school? In little theatres? In stock? Score 10 points if you have had some experience, 15 if you have had a year or more professional work. (Score ——)

5. AGE—Are you under 25? If 25 or under, score 5. If over 25, score 1. (Score ——)

6. SINGING AND DANCING—Is your singing voice pleasant? Do others like to hear you sing? Do you dance well, with a natural sense of rhythm? Score 5 points for exceptional in singing and dancing, 3 for average. (Score ——)

7. AMBITION—Are you thoroughly sold on yourself and your ability? Would you take every manner of rebuff and come up fighting for a chance to get into motion pictures? If you feel sure of yourself, and that nothing could dampen your enthusiasm, once you had a chance, score 15 for perfect. 7 is average. 10 is above average. (Score ——)

8. SOCIAL ACCOMPLISHMENTS—Are you a modern girl? Can you ride, swim, play tennis, golf, drive a car, or hold your own in several of the games and strenuous amusements that attract the modern girl? Score 5 for perfect. (Score ——)

9. HEALTH—Is your health such that it does not interfere with your normal activities? Score 10 points for perfect. (Score ——)

10. INDIVIDUALITY—Does your appearance, talent, or natural inclination make you stand out as superior to a group of your friends? Do others seek out your companionship, ask your advice? Do you mix well with others and make lasting friendships easily? Score 25 for perfect. (Score ——)

It was fun, wasn't it? Let's hope you have been honest and made no mistakes. Better check over the scores again.

Now you have the grand total. Find your place on the Talent Thermometer on page 47. If it is high, you owe yourself a chance at a career before cameras.

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You can now make at home a better gray hair remedy than you can buy, by following this simple recipe: To half pint of water add one ounce bay rum, a small box of Barbo Compound and one-fourth ounce of glycerine. Any druggist can put this up or you can mix it yourself at very little cost. Apply to the hair twice a week until the desired shade is obtained. Barbo imparts color to streaked, faded or gray hair, makes it soft and glossy and takes years off your looks. It will not color the scalp, is not sticky or greasy and does not rub off.

"Me? I'm Lucky!"

—Bing Crosby

[*Continued from page 6*]

finally, carried him along to screen stardom.

"I was in New York, doing very well on radio, when Paramount offered me a screen contract," he says. "I had no intention of remaining on the screen for more than the one part in that first picture. I had never given motion pictures a serious thought and I can't say that I did any serious thinking then. The contract offered an attractive salary—and a trip to Hollywood and a month or two in a studio offered a pleasant change from the monotony of the work I had been doing. I didn't have any great, burning ambition to be an actor . . . but, what the devil, it was a change and so I just drifted out here.

"I still haven't any sharply defined plans for my future or for my 'career.' I'm having a swell time and I'm perfectly satisfied just to move along from one picture to another. As long as the public wants to see me on the screen, I'm perfectly satisfied to stay there; whenever the public tires of me—and the public will one of these days soon—why, it will be okay with me.

"What will I do after I'm through in pictures? I don't know. I can cross that bridge when I get to it. I've saved a little money and I've got my horses and a ranch. But why worry about the future? The future will take care of itself—and Lady Luck will take care of my decisions."

JUST where, in this easygoing philosophy of Bing Crosby, is there so fine an example for the ambitious beginners who have set their hearts on fame and fortune in the show world?

In this—by never crossing a bridge until the crossing is necessary, Bing has never forced his career. The breaks come, in due time, to everyone. But most of us, driven too hard by our ambition, impatiently try to manufacture our breaks, seize upon them too soon and, consequently, fail to capitalize upon our chances. Bing, on the other hand, calm, unruffled, unworried, takes the offerings of Lady Luck in their natural sequence and at their proper times. Every break has found him ready to turn it into a triumph.

He will talk about his golf and tell you the importance of never "tightening up." Bing dodges tension.

And here is another point just as important: The business of selling entertainment depends at least as much on personality as it does on technical ability. Bing, despite the demands of radio and screen, still takes his career and work with such nonchalance that he can spare time to be a human being, to develop as a personality.

His is the kind of laziness that pays dividends.

* How I WANTED TO WEAR SHEER HOSE and SHORT SLEEVES but couldn't BECAUSE OF—

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(*Quotation from our case record file)

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Meet Ginger Rogers' Star Pupil—Harriet Hilliard!

[*Continued from page* 17]

her as a singer and she became the featured soloist with his orchestra and a favorite radio entertainer. She also became Mrs. Ozzie Nelson—and in that fact lies the reason for her lukewarm interest in Hollywood's gold and glamor.

HOLLYWOOD started flirting with her when she and Ozzie were the featured attractions in the Los Angeles Biltmore Bowl. With the musical "cycle" already in full swing, her unusual combination of physical beauty, singing ability and dancing talent made her a "sure bet," and she was deluged with offers from a number of studios. But, at that time, she had just promised to marry Ozzie Nelson and she declined the offers. Probably she would have continued saying "no" but . . .

"Ozzie was the one who wanted me to come to Hollywood and have my chance in pictures. He insisted that I must do so, for he was afraid that if I gave up a possible career for marriage I might eventually regret my decision.

"You see, we're determined that our marriage will be a complete success. To me, its success is much more important than any professional triumph. The studio has renewed my contract, but I'm not at all sure that I want to continue on the screen. I've been connected with 'show business' all my life and I have no illusions about fame or stardom. . . . ."

Contrast Harriet Hilliard's attitude with that of the average inexperienced girl who would give ten years of her life for just such a chance on the screen. The difference, of course, lies in background, in perspective.

"I've known very few stars who succeeded in reaching 'the top' without a terrific sacrifice in personal happiness," she maintains. "Every branch of the theatrical profession is so intensely competitive that success in it demands the complete subjugation of every other interest. I think that's why ninety-nine out of every hundred professional marriages are dismal failures.

"I thought everything over for nearly two years before I consented to marry Ozzie, and I said 'yes' only after I was very sure that marriage would mean more to me than anything else in the world. Now, I don't want to jeopardize it. We want children—and I want to have them while we are still young enough to give them companionship. To wait for years, as I would have to do, if I were to really fight for screen success, would simply be to handicap our chance for happiness."

Will she be able to resist the insistent offers of the studio? That remains to be seen! For Harriet Hilliard is one of the greatest finds in many years. And Mark Sandrich, the director of *Follow the Fleet*, insists that she is "star material."

I WANT TO TELL ALL
SKINNY GIRLS
HOW I GAINED
15 POUNDS

It's easy for thousands to add 5 to 15 lbs. this new, *quick* way!

IF you're skinny, and do not make an attractive appearance on that account, listen to what thousands of others say about these amazing new "7-power" ale yeast tablets. They're putting pounds of solid, normally, good-looking flesh on many who never could gain an ounce before—*and in just a few weeks!*

"I gained 10 pounds in 3 weeks," says Fannie Alcorn. "I put on 14 pounds in 3 weeks," writes Dora Sotelo. "15 pounds in 4 weeks," reports Mrs. Mabel Fontenat. "15½ pounds with 3 packages," says Mrs. Velma Price. Every day brings many more reports like these from men and women.

Amazing body-building discovery

Doctors now know that the real reason why great numbers of people find it hard to gain weight is that they don't get enough Vitamin B and iron in their daily food. Now scientists have discovered that the richest known source of health-building Vitamin B is cultured ale yeast. By a new process the finest imported cultured ale yeast is now concentrated 7 times, *making it 7 times more powerful*. Then it is combined with 3 kinds of blood-strengthening iron in little tablets called Ironized Yeast tablets.

If you, too, are one of the many "skinny," run-down persons who need these vital elements, get these new "7-power" Ironized Yeast tablets from your druggist at once. Day after day, as you take them, watch flat chest develop and skinny limbs round out to normal attractiveness. Indigestion and constipation from the same source quickly vanish, skin clears to normal beauty, new health comes—you're an entirely new person.

Results guaranteed

No matter how skinny and run-down you may be, try these wonderful new "7-power" Ironized Yeast tablets for just a few short weeks. See if they don't build you up as they have thousands of others. If you're not delighted with the results of the very first package, every cent of your money will be instantly and gladly refunded.

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To start you building up your health right away, we make this absolutely FREE offer. Purchase a package of Ironized Yeast tablets at once, cut out the seal on the box and mail it to us with a clipping of this paragraph. We will send you a fascinating new book on health, "New Facts About Your Body." Remember, results guaranteed with the very first package—or money refunded. At all druggists. Ironized Yeast Co., Inc., Dept. 284, Atlanta, Ga.

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Gary Cooper Wants Action!

[Continued from page 42]

long-legged stride that had me going at a short-legged gallop to keep up.

"Listen, old kid," he smiled, "if you want to talk to me this afternoon, you'll have to keep coming faster than this."

"Sure, I want to talk to you," I complained, "but I thought you were going to your dressing-room to rest!"

"Rest? Who wants to rest! Didn't you hear what that guy said? I'm going to race tomorrow! C'mon, let's get going! I want you to see that car . . . "

That was the longest speech I had heard him make in months. Action, not chatter, is Gary's long suit. Speed, violent movement, dash, daring—thrills to be enjoyed in a strange, grinning, but ebullient silence—these are the things that put him in his element. He was through with work on a studio set for a while. He was happy again—for tomorrow would find him alone behind the wheel, driving the fleet power plant at a furious pace, the song of speed sweet in his ears and the reverberating hum of the motor throbbing against sheer canyon walls.

IN HIS own words, "Hollywood's okay . . . nice people . . . nice studio, but it's a city. What the devil can you do in a city? Yell when you feel like it? . . . They'd think you were nuts! Drive as fast as you feel like? . . . Get a ticket! Ride a horse within miles of town? . . . Have a bustle full of taxicabs in five minutes!

"Nope! It's no place for a man that likes to move; no city is. Too many buildings, people . . . Rather go on a swell location trip once a year than do ten drawing-room pictures."

I asked him why he didn't give the studio a break and use that "double."

"What! Think I'm crazy? . . . Let him have all the fun and me do all the work? Doesn't make sense! . . . Tell you when I do use him . . . Slim's a swell stand-in. Seems to like all that business of standing around under the lights. Let him do it. Gives me the jitters.

"But you take tomorrow, f'rinstance. Slim's all right on a horse, but he wouldn't get such a bang out of race-driving a heavy car on a road like that. To him that'd just be work. To me—well, boy that's really living! . . . Yes-sir, that's living!"

His voice trailed off into his more usual cryptic comments—half-formed sentences, graphic and pungent. He was oiling his new .22 Hornet as we sat talking that day. No mother ever bathed her first-born with any greater care or solicitude. He muttered about a speck of lint half-way down the barrel, shoved some greasepaint around in the drawer of his dressing-table until he found the precious bottle of cleaning solvent. Squinting down the barrel, he said:

"Got shot at once . . . Tell you about it? . . . That's the kind of thing never happens around here . . . Riding in from the range up northwest of Helena . . . Say, hand me that ramrod, will

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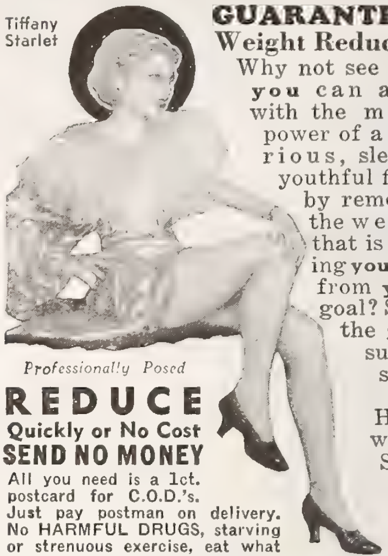

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you? . . . Thanks . . . It was along about dusk. Just moseyin' along, mindin' my own business . . . Something smacked on the ground . . . Thought it was a scared prairie dog. Then I heard the report 'way off yonder . . . I started moving out of there. 'Nother one tried to kiss my ear before I got down into a wash . . ."

HE stopped. I waited. Methodically, he pulled and pushed on the ramrod. I couldn't stand that very long.

"Well, what happened?"

"Happened? Nothing . . . just that."

"Didn't you find out who did it?"

"Lord, you're curious! 'Course not . . . probably just some sheep herder trying to tell me he didn't like company . . . What's the difference, anyway? He missed me!"

"So you like riding the range and getting shot at better than working in Hollywood for over seven grand per?"

"Sure. Nothing happens around here; just talk, talk. Look at you! Talking all the time; asking questions. What does it get you?"

"Well, it doesn't get me shot at, that's something."

"Un-huhn! And right there's where you're wrong. More fellows get shot at for asking too many questions than ever heard lead whistling on account of they were keeping still."

"Oh? Well, if it's all the same to you then, you can just put that gun up till I'm out of here."

He grinned and went on packing grease into the breech.

One nice thing about Gary is his ability to be silent . . . His silences are friendly and never uncomfortable. He's a good listener, an interested one, but you don't have to talk to get that feeling of sympathy and companionship.

I GUESS that's one reason why "Coop" is capable of giving deep characterizations, as he did in *Peter Ibbetson,* as well as playing lighter, more masculine rôles. When it comes to *acting* in contrast to those rôles that he lives so personally, Gary has his own technique. In *Desire,* if you watch closely, you'll see what I mean and unless I'm much mistaken you'll see two Gary Coopers—one who lives every morsel of action and one who is a fine and thoroughly capable actor in the ordinary, everyday drawing-room scenes.

But regardless of how he does it, regardless of his ability to turn in a splendid performance in a suavely sophisticated comedy like *Design for Living,* "Coop" isn't really utterly happy unless he's on a job that requires something more than acting . . . He doesn't want to *act* courage, nerve, quick thinking, quick moving. Gary wants the real thing and he is insatiable, tireless in its pursuit. He wants action.

DID YOU KNOW THAT
Claudette Colbert is a rabid movie fan and goes to the neighborhood movies on an average of three nights a week?

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say delighted young women who have become more popular with sunny hair. For sunny—*soft lustrous*—hair gives you the fresh, glowing attractiveness friends admire. Gain for *yourself* the charming brightness of sunny lustrous hair. Blonde or Brunette, brighten *your* hair—your whole appearance—with Marchand's Golden Hair Wash.

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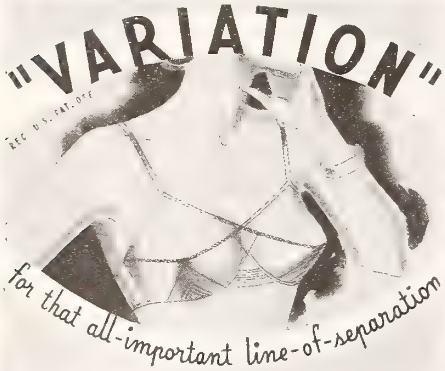

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"There's a Maiden Form for Every Type of Figure!"

Don't Be Dumb about Men! Says Mae West

[*Continued from page* 44]

"Come up 'n' see me some time."

For weeks she has been cooped up on a set that offered only the cramped dimensions of a cabin aboard a ship bound for the Klondike. She had barely enough room to permit her to keep a hand on the hip. It must have been quite a hardship for Mae, who, always before, has practised her devastatin' ways on sets full of diamonds and cushions. Now she was glad to be back in her own very feminine apartment.

That big room was as white as a wedding cake. But there was nothing uncomfortably prophylactic about its snowiness. Sleek, satiny, luxurious, seductive—that's the kind of white furniture with which this dazzling blonde loves to surround herself. And just to make the picture perfect, there was a bowl of white grapes on the white table beside her. Languidly, she reached out and took one.

"Well, first of all, get this straight. Women fall down in their dealings with men because the girls are too smart. That's why I say they're dumb.

"The average woman is smarter than the average man. But the trouble is, women play so dumb that they let the sterner sex believe it. You, being a man, probably won't like that. But you can take it. Have a grape."

My disappointment at hearing her poor opinion of the great male intelligence stole my appetite. I declined the grape. "I'd rather have a little more of your philosophy," I said feebly.

"Philosophy, my grandma's tippet! It's just plain common sense. Let me ask you something. Did you ever call twice on a girl who talked to you about the comparative mental powers of Confucius and Kant?"

"No? You're lucky!" she announced, and as she spoke, there it was—the inimitable swaying of the head, the inimitable sidewise effect of mouth and eyes that make the Mae West of the screen so irresistible. "I once knew a guy who had that experience. He was an engineer and she—no, she wasn't a blind date or anything like that. She had big baby-blue eyes and fluffy hair and—and——well, there wasn't a reason in the world why he shouldn't have gone to see her!

"Well, there he was, all set for a pleasant evening—nothing up his sleeve. You know, as innocent as a fireman at the annual picnic. Then, suddenly, she let him have it. She began to talk about Confucius and Kant. Imagine that! Of course, the poor boob—did he know that Confucius was a Chinese philosopher? Or that Kant was a German one? He did not. He probably thought Confucius was what happened when he was all mixed up and that Kant was what a woman says. Anyway, he never gave her another chance to widen his horizons.

Yes! IT'S THE SAME GIRL

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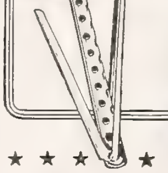

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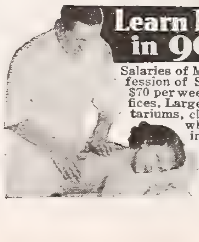

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"But isn't that an extreme case you're speaking of?" I protested.

"Oh, I don't know. Thousands of women are like that. They try to be so awfully 'cultuahed.' you see. They run around like squirrels, picking up cute little facts from books and then, instead of making sense like the squirrels and hoarding them—no, then they feel they've got to share 'em with the boy-friends. They've got to show off how much they've picked up. And do the boy-friends fall for it? They don't!

"NOW look," she went on a bit more firmly, "suppose that engineer I was telling you about had been calling on a smart girl instead of a dumb one. What would she have done? Why. she'd have let him do the talking. She'd have drawn him out about his work. And the only times she would ever have interrupted were when she said, 'Gee, aren't you smart!' or 'I'll say you put it over on him that time!' If she had, what would have been the result? Why, you couldn't have kept that guy off the premises with a typhoid placard, a police dog, or a kid brother!

"The fact of it is," she summed up, "that a man likes to feel that he's the tops. The minute a woman lets a man find out that she's smarter than he is, she's out. He has no further use for her. And, boy, you could set off a bomb in any clubwomen's meeting in the country and you wouldn't scratch a single one who understands this. Can the average woman keep it dark that she has brains? She cannot. She has to stick her neck out and get her brain sunburned!"

Very much impressed by her sincerity, I pressed on. "If you think women are so dumb, how do you account for the fact that most of them seem to marry—even the ones who major in archeology and wear ground-gripper shoes?"

"Oh, yeah? Well, do they stay happy? Do they make their husbands happy?" Mae quizzed. "Most of the time they do not. The fact is, they are even dumber about keeping a man than they are about getting him.

"Yeah—and any woman knows that the way to a man's heart is through his stomach. But the smart woman knows that he's likely to get indigestion. He doesn't think about his stomach twenty-four hours a day. That's as easy to see through as a screen door. Look at all the poor wives who make slaves of themselves, who spend so much time on meals and house work that they turn into regular robots. Can a man talk to a robot, or joke with a robot or stay in love with a robot? I'll say he can't!

"Now I'll let you in on something else. Any woman knows that the grass in the next pasture looks greenest. The smart woman knows enough to make sure that there isn't any next pasture. In other words, suppose I'm Mrs. Brown with a sheik for a husband. Am I dumb enough to stay in the same apartment house with that devastating Mrs. Jones, whose eyelashes are long enough to take a permanent and whose husband doesn't understand her? Or to keep on going to the same parties with her? I'm not! I'd get my sheik off where there would be no danger of his tripping over those eyelashes, if I had to tear up the works!"

Again she gazed about at the feminine daintiness of her apartment. She waved a demonstrative hand.

"This, for instance—this is strictly a woman's domain . . . home—as unmasculine as a lace negligee. There are lots of mirrors, soft lights, gee-gaws and nick-nacks. If I were married, it wouldn't be like this. I'd fix up a man's home. I'd have strong, sturdy furniture. I'd have masculine fixtures. I wouldn't change the furniture every other day. I'd give a man surroundings that a man wanted. I'd be smart enough to do that.

"And then, " I suggested tentatively, "you'd feed him grapes."

"Yeah, I'd feed him grapes—if he wanted—grapes." She permitted herself another of those luxurious and disconcerting stretches before continuing. "But I wouldn't argue with him if he didn't want them. That's another trouble with women. They argue about everything. Consequently, they don't get anything—they don't know when to give in.

"If they were smart, they'd yield on a dozen little misunderstandings and hold out for the one big thing they wanted. Men are sportsmen at heart. They want to be fair. And if they win one victory—no matter how unimportant—they're a cinch to come to terms on something else. Have a grape—do you good."

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George Raft Says, "A Little Villainy Can Make You a Big Success"

[*Continued from page* 41]

"Why do these parts appeal to you?"

In the slight pause following my question, his inscrutable dark eyes became even more shadowy, more opaque. "Did you ever stop to think," he said at last, "that there's something of the villain in nearly all successful men? Take a look at the great men of the past, the pioneer leaders, the conquerors, the diplomats. Yes—even the musicians, the poets, the great lovers. You don't have to 'walk a mile' through the pages of history to discover that a whole pack of the men who have had their share of success have also had their share of villainy. At least, that's what the biographers say. Perhaps a portion of villainy is as much a part of the recipe for success as the good old standard virtues like energy, hard work, determination. Am I right?"

Under the dark insistence of his glance, I had to break down and say he was. As a matter of fact, something else interested me even more than his arguments. I voiced it in my next question. "How do you happen to be such a bookworm?"

He turned on me with a sudden challenge. "Say—are you like some of these critics who think that because I came from Tenth Avenue I can't read? Sure, I'm not a bookworm! I haven't had much time to spend in the silent room of the library. But I do like to find out about these guys in history—what made them tick."

"Then let me get this straight—you like to play the villain—"

"The half-villain," he interrupted quickly. "I don't like to play a yellow rat any more than I'd like to play *Little Lord Fauntleroy*. That was the reason why I turned down the part of *Popeye* in *The Story of Temple Drake*. I thought he wasn't the kind of guy that people like to see. I still think so! *Popeye* may be all right between the pages of a book. When you drag him out in the open and give him the definite form that he naturally assumes on the screen—then he's something else again. He's not my type when it comes to the movies.

"IT'S the mixture of good and bad in people that gets me. After all, nobody in the world is all-black—and probably nobody is all-white. And when a characterization goes too far in either direction, it's likely to get away from reality—that is, reality as the average person sees it. And when it does that, it belongs either in an asylum or a museum, not in the movies."

He paused to offer me a cigarette and lit one himself. He did not bother to take it from between his tight lips but so clipped, so even is his manner of speech, that it hardly moved as he talked.

"The kind of part I like is the one I

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had in *The Glass Key*. Now, there was a real guy. He might have been a little bit on the shady side in some of his dealings. But he was loyal and he had 'plenty of what it takes.' He didn't have much to say either, but when he did talk, it registered.

"Which brings us back to the point that a little bit of villainy does help to make things more interesting both on the stage and in life," I said.

"Exactly," he returned quickly. "I think villains are interesting. But—by villain I don't mean the black-clad figure of the old ten, twent' thirt' melodrama. That guy with the leer, the sooty handlebar mustache, the cane and the stoop shoulders—bent presumably under the weight of his accumulated evil deeds. He was a cartoon, a caricature. No wonder he caught up with the hisses of his audience. No, he isn't the guy I mean. I'm thinking of the kind you're likely to pass on the street all trussed up in the latest Bond Street clothes—or maybe sit next to at the theatre or the prize fight. The kind that combines black and white into the gray of the successful man.

"I'M not saying either that because a man is successful it follows that he has to have some villainy in him. I think it's highly likely. But, naturally, you can't make any rules.

"I've heard—or read—somewhere that the great man is the man with many enemies. Maybe I'm wrong, but it seems to me that any man who has managed to stack up a gang of people who are waiting for a chance to do him no good must have done something along the line to arouse their hatred. They all can't be reacting to envy and jealousy. In some way and at some time the great man must have pulled something that wasn't on the up and up. Either he has—or he looks as if he might have! That's probably why he is successful."

"You're not by any chance thinking of bankers?" I asked.

He smiled quickly. "No, I'm not," he admitted as he exhaled a cloud of smoke and followed its nebulous course speculatively. "The depression put the banker in the same class with the guy with the handlebar mustache and the leer—not to mention 'The Big Bad Wolf.' Anyway," he grinned, "I thought we were talking about successful men!"

"Let's forget the bankers," I suggested, feeling that I had steered a worthwhile subject into an uncomfortable channel.

"Do you think that women are likely to fall for the men who have—or at least look as if they might have—a little villainy within easy reach?" I asked.

George looked at me as if he had suddenly discovered that he was lunching with a lunatic. "Why, sure—don't women like excitement? And the man who looks as if he might be capable of a misdeed every now and then is the one most likely to be able to dish out the excitement. And can women take it!"

Suddenly, he jerked to his feet. "Do you mind if we get out of here? I've talked so much about this I'm beginning to feel like a villain myself!"

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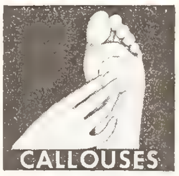

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Constance Bennett's Style Secrets

[*Continued from page 49*]

in the bodice by either a shirring or a slight fullness at the sides under the arms. Surplice effects should be avoided.

"When a woman finds a gown or suit that is correct and especially becoming, it is often wise to have it duplicated in various color combinations. I do that frequently."

And Constance showed them to me. Superbly simple gowns, but utterly smart. And the subtle blending of colors! She'll dazzle the British, while she is in London filming *Everything Is Thunder* and *The Hawk* for G-B.

"Who are the best-dressed women?" I asked.

Constance reflected a moment. "I would say *they are the women who dress appropriately for the occasion and with an eye to their own particular types.*

"You find them everywhere—in small towns, as well as noted fashion resorts. Good taste has nothing to do with geography—or an extravagant budget."

AND then Constance told me the three major style sins.

"No two women in the world are exactly alike in features, figure or fashion flair. It must be ridiculous then, to look to the next person and say, 'I must have a dress exactly like that one.' To *adopt* it is a mistake. To *adapt* it to one's own personal requirements is the right thing to do.

"It has been my observation, too, that any attempt to be outstandingly dressed by being conspicuously dressed is never successful. *Clothes and colors are most flattering when blended and subdued to a personality.*"

And style sin No. 3, according to Constance, is *fad-following.*

There is a wide difference between novelty and originality. The former is for women who allow others to think for them. The latter is for those who think for themselves!"

Repetition is another powerful force in fashions. And, declares Constance Bennett, women are just beginning to appreciate its full value in the art of dressing—the repetition of the round line of a neck in a round handbag or in a hat with a rounded brim, for example. Or a clip on your hat matching the one at your throat.

"I have a heavy oyster-white satin gown," explained Constance, "that is entirely unornamented and depends on the repetition of its design for its interest—cording around the bottom of the skirt is repeated in the cording at the shoulders." (See illustration, page 49.)

"You were speaking of the 'best-dressed' women," observed Constance. "It doesn't matter in the least where you find them. What *does* matter is that they have clothes-sense, an instinct for line and color—which *any* woman can cultivate!"

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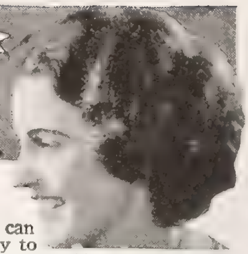

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Win $600 With an Idea for a Movie Trademark!

[*Continued from page* 54]

that will bear the Pickford-Lasky trademark. Will that trademark be one that you suggest? It may be! You stand as good a chance as anyone!

Mr. Lasky points out that there is interesting romance behind the various well-known trademarks of Filmdom. One, for example, is M-G-M's roaring lion. Samuel Goldwyn, a fellow-producer for United Artists with Pickford-Lasky, can tell you how he happened to select the majestic Leo.

"I was once a student at Columbia University," Mr. Goldwyn explains. "The lion is the school's mascot. When we needed an emblem for the original Goldwyn Company, the lion—which I have always admired as the king of animal creation—flashed through my mind. I had an artist make a sketch, with the Latin maxim 'Ars Gratia Artis' —art for art's sake—and that idea has been serving ever since."

FROM a long interest in trademarks, Mr. Lasky makes the observation that the most effective ones are always extremely simple. Elaborate designs fail to impress themselves on the public mind.

"In this contest for a Pickford-Lasky Productions' trademark, we are not requiring participants to submit a drawing," Mr. Lasky states. "That makes it possible for many more to take part. Many people have good ideas, but lack the ability to draw them. All that is necessary is to describe your idea on paper and send it in. Of course, if a person can sketch, there is no objection to entering a design; but a description of a well-conceived trademark idea will receive just as much consideration."

These are the simple rules of the contest:

1. This contest is open to everyone with the exception of employees, or relatives of employees, of Motion Picture Publications, Inc., Fawcett Publications, Inc., Pickford-Lasky Productions and affiliates.
2. Entries may consist either of written descriptions of trademark ideas, or drawings of them. Drawings are not necessary. Do not submit fancy entries.
3. Contest opens February 1, 1936, and closes April 15, 1936; winners will be announced as soon thereafter as possible.
4. Entries should be addressed to Trademark Contest Editor, MOVIE CLASSIC, 7046 Hollywood Boulevard, Hollywood, Calif.
5. Judges for this contest are Mary Pickford, Jesse Lasky and Roscoe Fawcett. Their decision will be final.
6. In the event of ties, duplicate prizes will be awarded.

Prize-winners will agree to sign over all rights and titles to winning designs, and to accept the prize-money as full compensation for the same. The judges cannot undertake to return any entries.

"NOW—I no longer fear Fruit Stains and Acids"

You'll find far More than New Styles and Colors You will love this new, white-lined Enameled Ware that STAYS white! NESCO has found the formula. No more dirty-looking sauce pans even after laborious cleaning. No more food acid pitting to ruin a pet utensil. The new NESCO Enameled Ware is acid-resisting and stains wipe off as they do from a china plate.

NESCO Acid-resisting Stainless Enameled Ware

Replace the old pots and pans. At *reasonable prices* NESCO dealers will duplicate every one with this new white-lined, stay-white, labor-saving cooking ware with flare bottom to catch all the heat and save both time and fuel. Be sure it's the stainless NESCO Enameled Ware and you'll get the best.

NATIONAL ENAMELING AND STAMPING COMPANY
111 North Twelfth Street, Milwaukee, Wisconsin

LET US PROVE IT
Send **50c** FOR **75c** VALUE
Two-Lipped, Triple-Coated, 2¾-Pint Sauce Pan

Test in your own kitchen the acid-resisting, stain-fighting quality of the new NESCO Enameled Ware. Pours right or left, quick-heating flare bottom. Send 50c for Sauce Pan and secure also handsome color-illustrated literature describing other NESCO household utilities. Be prompt—this introductory offer will be withdrawn soon.

A NESCO PRODUCT

How much do you weigh today?

Not your shoes, dress, and coat—but you yourself . . . how much do YOU weigh? You should know for your health's sake! You *can* know, if you have this accurate new Hanson Apartment scale. It's as dainty as a watch—and as compact. Fits into the smallest bathroom—only 8 x 10⅜ inches.

Prices 10% Higher In Far West and South

HANSON Apartment Scale $3.95 *Carrying Case $1.55*

So accurate it weighs children with the same certainty as adults. Made with sensitive Swedish steel springs. Individually tested and guaranteed for 5 years against mechanical defects. Weighs up to 250 pounds.

Do not confuse this Hanson Scale with "cheap," untested bargain scales. Hanson Scales are the only personal scales CERTIFIED ACCURATE.

Chromium trimmed with durable enamel finish in Black, Green, Ivory, Orchid, Red, Blue or White. HANSON SCALE COMPANY (Est. 1888), Chicago. New York office, 1150 Broadway.

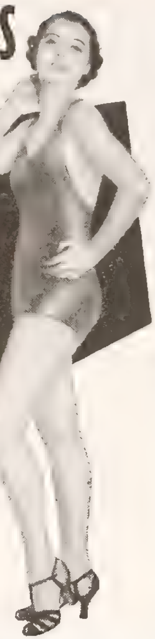
Leading department, hardware, drug stores and Master Plumbers now sell or will get any Hanson Scale for you.

If Not Sold By Your Store, Send This Coupon
To HANSON SCALE CO., 559 N. Ada St., Chicago.
Enclosed is money order, draft or check. Check color wanted.
☐ Black ☐ Green ☐ Ivory ☐ Orchid ☐ Red ☐ Blue ☐ White
Write your name and address in margin.

THE ONLY PERSONAL SCALE THAT BEARS A CERTIFICATE OF ACCURACY
* Certified accurate within 8 ounces
* Certified accurate within 4 ounces
* Certified accurate within 4 ounces
PETITE ALL-PURPOSE $5.95
WEIGH MASTER $12.95
HI-DIAL $18.85

FAT VANISHES

17 lbs. in 4 weeks by SAFE FOOD METHOD NO DRUGS



Just Like Eating Candy!

● Get rid of fat in a hurry! And here's the best part of it ...you can now reduce with absolute **SAFETY...no dinitrophenol...no thyroid... NO DRUGS** whatsoever! Not laxative. Miss Anna Goodrow, 13 Highland Pk., Thompsonville, Conn., writes: "I reduced 17 lbs. in 4 weeks with SLENDRETS. My flesh is firm and solid. **I cannot recommend them too highly!**" Miss Nolan (Calif.) writes: "Lost 41 lbs.! I look and feel like a different person." A N. Y. lady writes: "36 lbs. of fat gone! I never felt better!" SLENDRETS remove fat by a new principle which converts fat and food into energy. You feel better, look years younger. Absolutely SAFE ...even if a child should eat them by mistake it would not be harmed, because SLENDRETS only change fat into vitality. Delicious too . . . they taste just like candy.

REDUCE QUICKLY...OR NO COST!

If you are not entirely satisfied with the wonderful results from the very first package of SLENDRETS, you get your money back in full. You can't lose one cent.

ACT ON THIS OFFER TODAY!

Don't give fat another day's start, but be sure you reduce the safe SLENDRETS Food Method Way. Don't use drugs! At all good drug stores, or **act on this OFFER**—send $1 for generous-supply package containing 84 SLENDRETS. Or, $5 for 6 packages. (Currency, Money Order, Stamps, or C.O.D.) Sent in plain wrapper.

Scientific Medicinal Products Inc. Dept. F436
Russ Building, San Francisco, Calif.

Please send me on your money back offer
........The $1 package containing 84 SLENDRETS
........6 packages of SLENDRETS for $5
(Enclose payment. Or if C.O.D. send 10c fee)

Name..
Address...
City.................................State.............................

Your Picture on the Screen

Get a New Thrill!!! See how you look in the Movies. We have just developed a new idea in pictures. An 8x10 photograph of an interior of a theatre with the audience looking at **YOU** on the screen. This is an actual photograph. Send us any good picture of yourself, regardless of size and $1.00 and you will receive a beautiful 8x10 photo postpaid. Additional copies 25c each. Photo returned unharmed. Mail your order today.

BRAM STUDIO 630 9th Ave. Dept. 423, New York City

Kids Today Need Kicking Around!—Wally Beery

[*Continued from page* 45]

near the testing fire. I still hear parents whose children are well-fed and well-housed and well-clothed, bewailing their inability 'to do enough for the kids.' They ought to wake up, untie the apron strings, and give the youngsters a chance to do something for themselves.

"Kids are a lot like pups—they're too cocky to be taught by anything except their own mistakes. And the earlier in life that they make their mistakes and learn their lessons, the better off they are. The mistakes made at sixteen are not apt to be such calamities as the mistakes made a few years later. We 'bounce back' more quickly as kids than we do as adults.

"If I had a son in his teens, I'd manufacture a few trials and hardships for him if he couldn't find enough troubles of his own. I'd make him self-reliant, no matter how cruel a father I had to appear in the process. I'd teach him, by putting him in the way of a few humbling 'kicks,' that a man has to fight his own battles as he goes through life and that the battles can't all end in triumphs. You can't develop fighters by keeping a boy out of fights, any more than you can teach him to swim by keeping him out of the water.

"I HAD my share of kicks as a kid—and I'm grateful for every one of them. I've kept on taking them all of my life—and I've never had one that didn't teach me a badly needed lesson.

"My people were as poor as the proverbial churchmouse. If I wanted a dollar to spend, I had to earn it. I didn't have many, but I did learn that there are one hundred cents in a dollar and that it's a lot easier to spend money than it is to earn it. My father could have told me those facts until he was hoarse and they wouldn't have made an impression, but a few weeks' work, wiping engines in a roundhouse, left me no illusions. Feeding a blast furnace in a nut-and-bolt factory—doing twelve hours of back-breaking work every day—that was my job at sixteen. And I've always been glad that it was. That blast furnace taught me facts about life that no advice could have hammered into my head.

"Long before I ever saw the inside of a schoolroom, I learned that in this world the rewards go to the fighters, to the men who can take it on the chin and come bouncing back for more. I learned to despise a whiner; I learned that every man must pay the price for his own mistakes and that excuses won't shade the penalty. It's better to learn those lessons as a boy than to learn them—too late—as a man.

"IT'S mighty few men who can go through life without taking it on the chin now and then. During this depression, we've all seen thousands of men go broke. Some of them bounce

Again... MIDWEST LEADS!

14-TUBE 5-BAND WORLD-WIDE RADIO (9 to 2400 Meters)

$39.50 with New AUDITORIUM TYPE SPEAKER (LESS TUBES)

EASY PAY PLAN

30 DAYS FREE TRIAL

SEE this bigger, better, more powerful, super selective "concert" tone, 14-tube, 5-band radio. Out-performs ordinary $150.00 sets. Over 50 advanced features. Secures American, Canadian, police, amateur, airplane and ship broadcasts . . . and finest world-wide foreign programs. Foreign reception guarantee. Money-back guarantee. 30-day FREE trial plan. Factory-to-you saves you 50%. Write today for FREE 40-page catalog.

MIDWEST RADIO CORPORATION
Dept. 319L *(16 Years of Radio Leadership)* **Cincinnati, Ohio**

NO JOKE TO BE DEAF

—Every deaf person knows that—
Mr. Way made himself hear his watch tick after being deaf for twenty-five years, with his Artificial Ear Drums. He wore them day and night. They stopped his head noises. They are invisible and comfortable, no wires or batteries. Write for TRUE STORY. Also booklet on Deafness.

Artificial Ear Drum

THE WAY COMPANY
774 Hofmann Bldg. Detroit, Michigan

VOICE

100% Improvement Guaranteed

We build, strengthen the vocal organs—*not with singing lessons*—but by fundamentally sound and scientifically correct *silent exercises* . . and absolutely *guarantee* to improve any singing or speaking voice *at least 100%* . . . Write for wonderful voice book—sent free. Learn WHY you can now have the voice you want. No literature sent to anyone under 17 unless signed by parent.

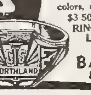
PERFECT VOICE INSTITUTE, Studio 15-84
64 E. Lake St., Chicago

Old Money Wanted

$1000.00 for 1908 Lincoln cent. $2000.00 for 1912 Buffalo nickel. $5000.00 for 1920 Silver Dollar. Big premiums paid for coins now in circulation. Wealth may be yours if you recognize rare money. Keep posted. Latest complete 28 page buying catalog 15c.

Bob Cohen Dept. 161 Muskogee, Okla.

CHS 36 PINS 35c RINGS $1.60



Wear a Class Pin or Ring!

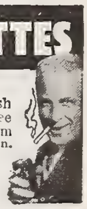
Send For Free 1936 Catalog

PINS handsomely silver plated, enameled 1 or 2 colors, any 3 or 4 letters and year. Doz. Price $3.50. Sterling or Gold Plate 50c; Doz. $5. RINGS, Sterling Silver, similarly low priced. Largest makers for 40 years. Over 300 designs. Write today!

BASTIAN BROS. CO.
84 BASTIAN BLDG ROCHESTER, N. Y.

Hand Out FREE CIGARETTES

EARN UP TO $95 WEEKLY



Introducing NEW WAY TO SMOKE. We furnish you Free Cigarettes. Ask any man to have a Free Smoke. Hand him LIGHTED Cigarette from beautiful pocket-size "Magic Case." Just touch button. Presto! Out comes LIGHTED Cigarette automatically. No batteries or electricity. Get Magic Case for 15 days' trial at our risk. State favorite brand cigarettes.

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LEG SUFFERERS

Why continue to suffer? Do something to secure quick relief. Write today for New Booklet—"THE LIEPE METHOD OF HOME TREATMENT." It tells about Varicose Veins, Varicose Ulcers, Open Leg Sores, Milk or Fever Leg, Eczema. Liepe Method works *while you walk.* More than 40 years of success. Praised and endorsed by thousands.

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SONGS FOR TALKING PICTURES

BIG ROYALTIES

paid by Music Publishers and Talking Picture Producers. Free booklet describes most complete song service ever offered. Hit writers will revise, arrange, compose music to your lyrics or lyrics to your music, secure U. S. copyright, broadcast your song over the radio. Our sales department submits to Music publishers and Hollywood Picture Studios. WRITE TODAY for FREE BOOKLET.

UNIVERSAL SONG SERVICE, 681 Meyer Bldg., Western Avenue and Sierra Vista, Hollywood, California.

back and fight their way to the top again, some of them lose their courage and stay down for the count, some of them end up as suicides. The ones who bounce back are the ones, nine times out of ten, who went through the 'school of hard knocks' as children."

"They say to themselves—just as I've had occasion to say to myself time and again—'What of it? I can never be poorer than I have been; I've been "down" before and lived through it—so why worry?' "

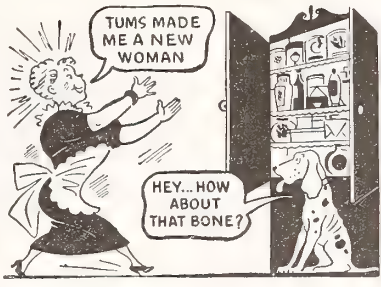
And when Wally Beery speaks of the courage with which he has met adversities, he is neither bragging nor exaggerating. He came here to Hollywood a star; a few years later he couldn't get a job at any price and he hadn't enough money in his pocket to buy a square meal. He could have cashed in, in 1930, for a cool million; a year later he was a bankrupt. But there's not one person in Hollywood who can truthfully say that he ever saw Wally Beery despondent.

"This profession of mine," he says, "has more ups and downs and swift reversals of fortune than any other profession on earth. And I've always noticed that the people who go to the top and stay at the top are the people who were kicked around as kids. People who had too easy a time of it seldom last.

"AT Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer, where I am under contract, some of the outstanding stars are Joan Crawford, Norma Shearer, Clark Gable, Jean Harlow, Bob Montgomery, Nelson Eddy, Jeanette McDonald, Greta Garbo, Bill Powell and Myrna Loy. They've all stood the test of time and they'll continue to stand the test for the simple reason that, without an exception, they were 'kicked' up the ladder to success and learned their lessons thoroughly in the process. A girl like Joan Crawford, for instance, can't be crushed by a reversal of luck—she has taken it on the chin from Lady Luck so often that she knows a fighter can always come back.

"In the last three or four years, hundreds of boys and girls from wealthy families have flocked to Hollywood—pampered youngsters whose parents have always given them everything they wanted. A few have made good, but ninety-nine per cent of them have given up and gone back home. Polite society has recognized Hollywood, but the picture game is still part and parcel of the theatrical profession and no place for anyone who is easily discouraged.

"I have an adopted daughter and I worship the ground she walks on. Carol Ann is only a baby now and I have no idea what course her life will take. And neither do I care, so long as she learns to stand on her own two feet and take everything life has to offer without a whimper. I want her to be self-reliant and it's my business to see that she learns the lessons that every good fighter must learn. I can give her all the theories, but only experience can make the theories impressive. There's nothing I wouldn't do for her—except to shelter her from the beneficial 'kicks' that every kid needs."


TUMS MADE ME A NEW WOMAN
HEY... HOW ABOUT THAT BONE?

OLD MOTHER HUBBARD
HAS FILLED HER BARE CUPBOARD
WITH ONIONS AND STEAKS AND CHEESES;
HER STOMACH FEELS GRAND
SINCE SHE KEEPS TUMS ON HAND...

Can You Finish This Jingle?

$250 IN CASH

And 100 Other Valuable Prizes for Best Last Lines

WRITE YOUR LAST LINE HERE

NO ALKALIES FOR

ACID INDIGESTION

MILLIONS have found they do not need to drench their stomachs with strong, caustic alkalies. Physicians have said this habit often brings further acid indigestion. So much more safe and sensible to simply carry a roll of Tums in your pocket. Munch 3 or 4 after meals—or whenever troubled by heartburn, gas, sour stomach. Try them when you feel the effects of last night's party, or when you smoke too much. Tums contain a wonderful antacid which neutralizes acid in the stomach, but never overalkalizes stomach or blood. As pleasant to eat as candy and only 10c at any drug store.

TUMS FOR THE TUMMY

TUMS ARE ANTACID... NOT A LAXATIVE

EAT LIKE CANDY
TUMS
10¢
STOMACH DISTRE
TUMS
HANDY TO CARRY

A Valuable Prize For Everyone Who Enters

Can you write a last line to this jingle? It's easy! It's fun! And your "last line" may win one of the 158 valuable prizes! 1st prize—$100.00; 2nd prize—$50.00; 3rd prize—$25.00; *five* prizes of $5.00 each; *fifty* prizes of $1.00 each; 50 Eversharp pencils; 50 hunting knives. Every entrant will receive a worth while gift besides. Get your information about TUMS from the advertisement at the left, then read the simple rules.

SIMPLE RULES

Write your "last line" in dotted line, tear out whole advertisement, and mail with your name and address to the address given below. If you submit more than one entry, simply write your additional "last line" on a plain sheet of paper. But EACH "last line" submitted *must* be accompanied by the wrapper from a 10c roll of TUMS which you can secure at any drug store.

Elaborateness will not be considered. Only skill with which "last line" is completed, and neatness will count. Every entry will be individually considered and acknowledged with a worth while free gift. No entries *will be returned*. Judges will be chosen by officials of the A. H. Lewis Co. In event of tie, duplicate prizes will be awarded. All entries must be postmarked not later than midnight of May 31st, 1936. Prize-winners will be notified as soon as awards are made.

Address your entries to Contest Department, Room 22-A, The A. H. Lewis Co., 4th and Spruce Streets, St. Louis, Missouri.

I was so lonely and friendless, a new-comer to town. Neighbors called once—but never came again.

I read how a woman became popular by learning to play through the U. S. School Course. I enrolled.

Soon I was able to play real tunes. Now I'm invited everywhere. They call me "the life of the party".

MUSIC — *the Surest Path to Friends*

... so easy to learn this short-cut way

NO longer need you envy people who play—who are always the center of attraction at parties—who make friends immediately wherever they go. Now this modern short-cut home-study method can make YOU an accomplished musician. It can bring you the good times you've always longed for.

More than 700,000 men, women, boys and girls have studied music without a teacher the famous U. S. School way. And the cost averages only a few cents a day!

Easy As A-B-C

This new "print-and-picture" method is literally as easy as A-B-C. The U. S. School simplified instructions, written by expert teachers, first *tell* you what to do. Then a picture *shows* you what to do. Then you do it yourself and *hear* it.

And you learn so much more quickly by this modern, up-to-date method than was possible in the old-fashioned, tiresome, scale-practicing way. Now you play real tunes almost from the start—*by note*. No teacher to fuss you. No wearying scales to plague you. No interference with business or pleasure, because you choose your own time at home.

LEARN TO PLAY BY NOTE

Piano	Saxophone
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Prove to yourself without cost how easily and quickly you can learn to play. Send today for our booklet, "How You Can Master Music in Your Own Home." With it comes a Free Demonstration Lesson which shows graphically how simple this expert home instruction really is. Mail the coupon TODAY. U. S. School of Music, 364 Brunswick Bldg., New York City. Instruments supplied if desired—cash or credit.

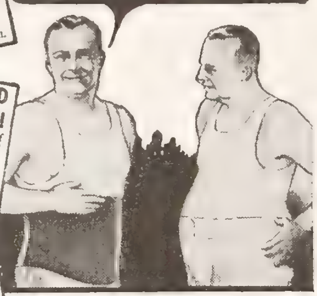
U. S. SCHOOL OF MUSIC
364 Brunswick Bldg., New York City

Send me your amazing free book, "How You Can Master Music in Your Own Home," with inspiring message by Dr. Frank Crane, also Free Demonstration Lesson and particulars of your easy payment plan. (Mention Instrument.) I enclose 3c stamp to help pay cost of handling.

Name ....

Address ....

Instrument.............................. Have you Instrument?..............


"REDUCED MY WAIST 8 INCHES WITH THE WEIL BELT"

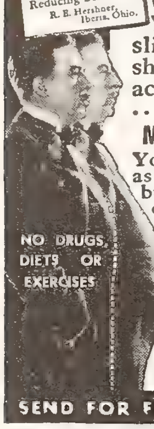
REDUCED 8 INCHES!
"... Please send me a Weil Reducing Belt for a 38 inch waist. The first one I got was a 46—this one should be 8 inches smaller."
W. L. McGinnis, Livermore, Cal.

REDUCED 50 POUNDS!
"... This is a belt of great value and I find it such relief and help ... It has reduced my weight from 230 to 180 pounds."
W. T. Anderson, Richmond, Va.

REDUCED 6 INCHES!
"... My waist measure has reduced 6 inches and my weight from 206 to 184 lbs. I feel lost without my Weil Reducing Belt."
R. E. Hershner, Iberia, Ohio.

Why Don't YOU test the Weil Belt at Our Expense?

You will appear many inches slimmer at once and in ten short days your waist line will actually be 3 inches smaller ... 3 inches of fat gone or no cost!


NO DRUGS, DIETS OR EXERCISES

Massage-Like Action Does It!

You will be completely comfortable as the massage-like action gently but persistently eliminates fat with every move! Gives erect, athletic carriage ... supports abdominal walls ... keeps digestive organs in place ... greatly increases your endurance.

Experiences of thousands of men justify us in making you this unqualified agreement:

REDUCE your WAIST 3 INCHES in 10 DAYS ... or no cost!

SEND FOR FREE 10 DAY TRIAL OFFER

THE WEIL COMPANY, INC.
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Send FREE illustrated folder describing The Weil Belt and full details of your 10 DAY FREE TRIAL OFFER.

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Use Coupon or Send Name & Address on Penny Post Card

Relieves Teething Pains WITHIN 1 MINUTE

WHEN your baby suffers from teething pains, just rub a few drops of Dr. Hand's Teething Lotion on the sore, tender, little gums and the pain will be relieved within one minute.

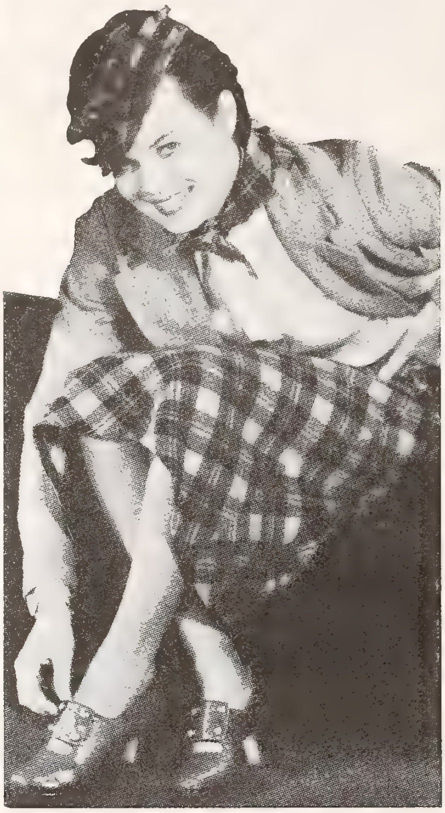
Dr. Hand's Teething Lotion is the prescription of a famous baby specialist, contains no narcotics and has been used by mothers for almost fifty years. It is strongly recommended by doctors and nurses instead of the unsanitary teething ring.

JUST RUB IT ON THE GUMS

DR. HAND'S Teething Lotion

Buy Dr. Hand's from your druggist today

Good Buys!



1. Rita Rio, featured actress in *Strike Me Pink*, is tickled pink over her new shoes, called "Rebel Raiders." The military feeling is reflected in shining metal buttons and the tab on the instep is two-colored and reversible. $8.50.

2. There really is promise of shapely bosoms for the flat-chested—and the magic is not accomplished with mirrors either! Little pads tucked in the inside pockets of a skillfully designed brassiere give the appearance of natural, alluring curves. What this brassiere does for your figger is nobody's business but your own—and you needn't tell. All this allure for $2.00.

3. Those of you who haven't the time, or can't stretch your budgets to include frequent salon facials, will bless the makers of the new oatmeal facial that can be applied at home. An oatmeal facial works wonders on oily skin and blackheads—even grandma can tell you that. But grandma had to struggle with a messy home-made concoction in her day, and all you have to do is to add a few drops of water to this new, simple-to-use oatmeal facial preparation. 10c small size and 60c large size.

4. One of the ways screen stars keep fit is by including plenty of fruits in their diet. So, since this is true, why not use fruits in cosmetics? Why not indeed, and the new fruit cosmetics containing 95 per cent pure fruit are the result of

TIRE PRICES CUT!
on GOOD YEAR GOODRICH·FIRESTONE FISK·U·S· AND OTHER FAMOUS MAKES

Here are the outstanding standard brand tire bargains of the year, repaired by the improved "criss-cross" method and by skilled workmen. You take no risk when you buy from **York, the old reliable tire house** with 19 years of service in this field. Thousands of tire users throughout the U. S. declare our tires give them LONG, SATISFACTORY SERVICE. **Buy Now**—at these reduced prices and SAVE MONEY.

We Receive Hundreds of letters like this
"I bought a 34x4½ of you 2 years ago and it is on my truck yet and good for another year."—John H. Silverthorn, Mich.

$1.85 29x4.40-21
$2.15 28x4.75-19

Don't Delay — Order Today!

BALLOON TIRES

Size Rim	Tires	Tubes
29x4.40-21	$1.85	$0.85
29x4.50-20	2.00	.85
30x4.50-21	2.10	.85
28x4.75-19	2.15	.95
29x4.75-20	2.20	.95
29x5.00-19	2.55	1.05
30x5.00-20	2.55	1.05
5.25-17	2.60	1.15
28x5.25-18	2.60	1.15
29x5.25-19	2.60	1.15
30x5.25-20	2.60	1.15
31x5.25-21	2.90	1.15
5.50-17	2.95	1.15
28x5.50-18	2.95	1.15
29x5.50-19	2.95	1.15
6.00-17	3.10	1.15
30x6.00-18	3.10	1.15
31x6.00-19	3.10	1.15
32x6.00-20	3.10	1.25
33x6.00-21	3.25	1.25
32x6.50-20	3.35	1.35
6.00-16	3.65	1.45

REGULAR CORD TIRES

Size	Tires	Tubes	Size	Tires	Tubes
30x3½	$1.85	$0.75	33x4½	$3.10	$1.15
31x4	2.65	.85	34x4½	3.10	1.15
32x4	2.65	.85	30x5	3.30	1.35
33x4	2.65	.85	33x5	3.40	1.45
34x4	2.90	.85	33x5	3.55	1.55
32x4½	3.00	1.15	35x5	3.55	1.55

HEAVY DUTY TRUCK TIRES
(High Pressure)

Size	Tires	Tubes	Size	Tires	Tubes
30x5	$3.70	$1.95	34x7	$9.95	$3.25
33x5	3.75	1.45	38x7	9.95	3.95
34x5	3.95	2.00	36x8	10.65	3.95
32x6	7.25	2.75	40x8	12.65	4.15
36x6	9.00	3.95			

TRUCK BALLOON TIRES

Size	Tires	Tubes	Size	Tires	Tubes
6.00-20	$3.25	$1.65	7.50-20	$5.40	3.75
6.50-20	3.60	1.95	8.25-20	7.60	$4.95
7.00-20	4.85	2.95	9.00-20	9.40	5.65
			9.75-20	12.95	6.45

ALL OTHER SIZES

DEALERS WANTED

SEND ONLY $1.00 DEPOSIT on each tire ordered. ($4.00 on each Truck Tire,) We ship balance C. O. D. Deduct **5 per cent** if cash is sent in full with order. To fill order promptly we may substitute brands if necessary. ALL TUBES BRAND NEW—GUARANTEED—HEAVY GAUGE CIRCULAR MOLDED. Guard against price advances. Order Now. **We agree to replace at half price any tire failing to give 9 months' service.**

YORK TIRE & RUBBER CO., **Dept. 4505**
3855-59 Cottage Grove Ave. **Chicago, Ill.**

Women Earn up to $22 in a Week
and Get All Your Own Dresses Without a Penny of Cost
Showing Latest FASHION FROCKS *....Direct from Factory!*

as low as
3 DRESSES $3.98

No House-to-House Canvassing Necessary

New kind of work for ambitious women demonstrating gorgeous Paris-styled dresses at direct factory prices. You can make up to $22 in a week, full or spare time, and get all your own dresses free of any cost to wear and show. Fashion Frocks are nationally advertised and are known to women everywhere.

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ECZEMA, ACNE OR SIMILAR SKIN IRRITATIONS

Let **PSORACINE** help you. This remarkable, **stainless**, easy to use ointment has brought real relief from skin suffering to many people who thought their cases hopeless. To obtain quick relief from the misery and embarrassment of **YOUR** skin disorder, **try PSORACINE.** Write us for interesting FREE information on skin disorders.

Illinois Medical Products, 208 N. Wells, D-73, Chicago

JEAN HARLOW AND CLARK GABLE EXPOSE EACH OTHER!
in the MAY
MOVIE CLASSIC
10c

this logic. There's a cleansing cream made from tropical Persian Lime; an astringent prepared from the juice of the Tangelo; a tissue cream containing Avocado oil; and a Persian Lime-Avocado finishing lotion. You'll like the clean fruity odor and especially the effects of these fruit cosmetics on the skin. $2.50 introductory set or 75c each item.

5. How do you look when you first wake up in the morning? Ah-ha, we thought so! If a glance at your sleepy face in the mirror leaves something to be desired, try waking up your dull, sallow skin with a morning stimulating cream. It looks like pink marshmallow, gets rid of puffiness about the eyes and makes your skin fresh and young in the searching light of morning. $1.50 a jar.

6. If you're looking for a short cut to take you from the kitchen to an early show at your local movie theatre in half the usual time, then by all means look into the ovenware situation. You can buy an attractive set of dishes built to stand oven heat and refrigerator cold. Into the oven, then onto the table—no washing pots, no scouring, no scraping. Just soap and hot water, that's all. There are all sorts of attractive pieces from shallow shirred-egg dishes, little one-handled French marmite dishes, platters, bowls, casseroles, bean pots, to a complete set of tableware. Price from 10c to 35c per item.

7. Here's good news for those who wear dress shields. Brand-new shields are on the market that are light, sheer and cool. More—they are guaranteed to withstand almost endless boiling and ironing without losing their shape. Their light texture brings new-found comfort and positive under-arm protection. 35c a pair.

8. If you are being influenced this season by the Chinese trend in millinery, suits and accessories, you will undoubtedly want a Chinese-red lipstick that will blend with the brilliant colors of the Orient. There is one in a simple ivory container that is highly indelible, fragrant as Chinese tea, and comes in a striking shade of lacquer red. $2.00.

9. The very next time you are sniffling with a miserable cold in the head and hesitating about that much-needed shampoo—try an emergency "liquid dry" shampoo. But perhaps we had better explain. It's a fragrant liquid dry-cleaner that you pour over your hair. Instantly, it removes dust and oil and in three minutes your hair is thoroughly dry. More than that, it won't spoil your fingerwave. 65c a bottle.

10. Jean Muir arrived back from Europe with a new perfume find. In a Rue de la Paix shop she discovered a perfume with a racy, tangy fragrance which she believed ideal to wear during the daytime or evening. Jean brought back several bottles across the Atlantic only to find that she could have bought them right here in America. Anyway, she claims they were worth the trouble. $1.10 dram size.

You wonder what products stars use—and whether or not *you* could afford them. Here, each month, you will find ready answers. If you would like the trade names of any of the products described, just write to the Shopping Scouts, MOVIE CLASSIC, 7046 Hollywood Boulevard, Hollywood, Calif.—enclosing a stamped, self-addressed envelope for reply.

GOOD NIGHT, SISTER! HAVE A GOOD TIME!

SHE WAS TOO FAT!

And then she made up her mind to get thin and did, without hard exercise or starvation diet

Nobody loves a fat girl—but why mope about it when you can so easily get rid of that excess fat by means of a tried and true corrective, known and recommended by physicians the world over?

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That element—which is the chief ingredient of Marmola—has since been prescribed to thousands of overweight women, with amazingly beneficial results. It is taken with their meals. They do not wear themselves out with exercising, do not starve themselves, nor drain their systems with drastic purgatives. Yet day by day they have felt lighter, more alert, more energetic. Soon they find their weight satisfactory. **The excess fat has simply slipped away, revealing the trim and slender figure underneath.**

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Start today! You will soon experience Marmola's benefits. When you have gone far enough, stop taking Marmola. And you will bless the day when you first discovered this marvelous reducing agent!

Marmola is on sale by all dealers —from coast to coast.

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NOVEX CO., Drawer 1271-A, Birmingham, Ala.

Dress like a star! Win a free trip to Hollywood! See page 50.

VEGETABLE CORRECTIVE DID TRICK

They were getting on each other's nerves. Intestinal sluggishness was really the cause—made them tired with frequent headaches, bilious spells. But that is all changed now. For they discovered, like millions of others, that nature provided the correct laxatives in plants and vegetables. Tonight try Nature's Remedy (NR Tablets). How much better you feel—invigorated, refreshed. Important—you do not have to increase the dose. They contain no phenol or mineral derivatives. Only 25c—all druggists.

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D.D.D. *Prescription*

Who Discovered Gable? Mervyn LeRoy!

[*Continued from page* 51]

and understanding that Mervyn LeRoy gave to them, when others scorned and doubted their possibilities. And so can Clark Gable.

Why could only one man—Mervyn Le Roy—see the potentiality of an unknown who was destined to be the greatest star in Hollywood? . . . During the making of *Little Caesar*, Mervyn was searching for an actor to play—*Joe Massara*. At the same time, a "road company" was presenting at the Mayan Theatre a prison play entitled *The Last Mile*.

Mervyn saw that play, and in it he witnessed Gable playing with fervor, and dramatic fire, the rôle of a ruthless racketeer—*Killer Mears*. When the curtain had dropped, LeRoy rushed backstage, demanding to see *Killer Mears*, confident that he had found a new star.

COUNTLESS people have since asked Mervyn LeRoy how he was able to recognize the ability that Gable has since proved he possesses. Mervyn always sinks his teeth into a different position on his cigar and answers, "The mirror to a man's soul is his eyes. I can still see Clark as he was that night—a man with kindness, suffering, and deep feeling in those fine eyes of his. That sold me."

Clark had lived, and his living was reflected in his eyes.

But the battle wasn't over. Mervyn had to sell Gable to the studio. First he made the test. It was more than satisfactory to him—but a few executives objected to certain portions of Clark's facial features. They said he was not good-looking enough. Gable, now the idol of fifty million women, didn't have what it takes!

Mervyn, as he says, "got down on his hands and knees to them." He fought, argued, pleaded, all to no avail. They let Gable go.

Clark Gable shook hands with Mervyn LeRoy, and with the words of the little director, "Clark Gable you're fine, you have feeling, go get 'em," ringing in his ears, he went out and made motion picture history!

The real explanation of Mervyn LeRoy's ability to recognize greatness, he himself may not know. It is too close to him. When he stood backstage in that little Los Angeles theater, analyzing the unknown young Gable, seeing the character behind his eyes, the firm, undaunted spirit beneath his warm smile, he forgot to think what Clark Gable saw before him. . . . Clark saw a man with the same characteristics. It must have been an inspirational sight. For Clark Gable was looking at himself through the eyes of Mervyn LeRoy.

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New, sensational free Replacement Guarantee on fine hosiery. Chiffons, service weights. Big line for men, women, children. Holes, snags, runs appearing in from 1½ to 8 months from ordinary wear, replaced free. R. Poirier, Maine, reports earnings $127 from August 17 to August 24, 1935. Ninety-six styles, colors. Selling equipment supplied. Agents write, give hose size.

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What You Should Know About

MYRNA LOY

in the April

MOTION PICTURE

10c everywhere

"Color Does Plenty for a Girl!"

[*Continued from page* 13]

I really think he deserves tremendous credit for having the courage and judgment to leave out all the prettiness—using only what was necessary to the story. Consequently, the picture is not just a glorified travelogue. . . He had the same idea for his actors. He didn't want us all pretty-pretty, like hand-colored photographs. We were all to be simple—and real."

Sylvia laughed, and added, "I don't mean to say that beautiful women won't still be important in Hollywood when color in pictures is a matter of course. Color will enhance their beauty. But it will also help the women who have always felt that they were plain. It will bring out their charm, their real beauty, which may have been hidden before. Motion pictures will have more room than ever before for women who have vivid personalities and plain features. It won't be only the local beauty who will be told by her friends that she 'should go into the movies'—many more will now have a chance on the color screen.

"HERE is an interesting thing we discovered: A heavy make-up looks like a greasy mask in color pictures. So all we used was a light dusting of powder. You have to be natural to get by with a color camera. . . I wore just a little rouge, and the lipstick I used was not to make the lips redder. They were too red already and came out very dark in the rushes—I had to use a lipstick to make them lighter.

"Another effect color will have is to make Hollywood very health-conscious. Purple circles under the eyes and bloodshot eyeballs show up just as much as yellow hair and purple mountains. So we'll have to keep in good physical condition. We'll all be going to bed at eight and getting up at five—and getting plenty of exercise in between times to keep healthy."

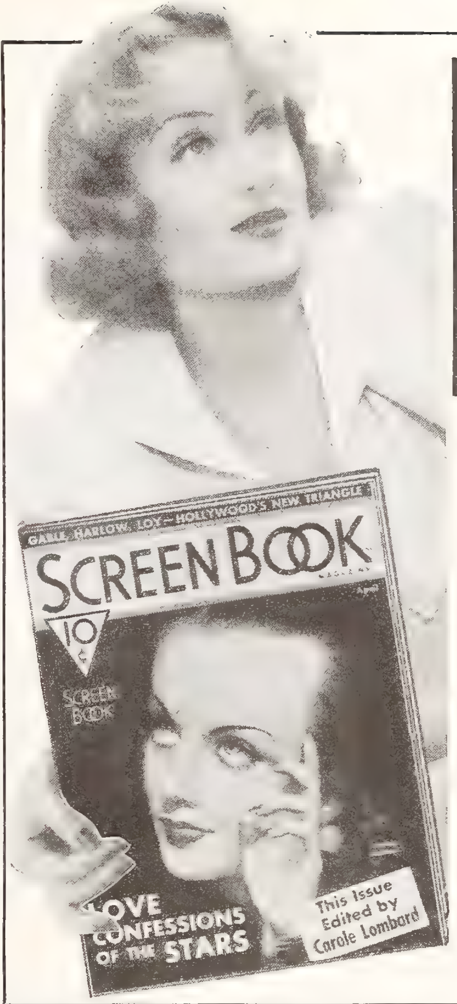
"Why five in the morning?" I queried.

"It seems that the afternoon sun turns everything—including faces—yellow. So we worked from six in the morning to two in the afternoon.

"Another interesting thing: This was the first color picture that wasn't a costume picture, and we wanted to subdue the colors in the clothes, rather than to make them important. We wanted the story to stand out."

"I should say, judging from what you've already said, that you like color pictures—you think they are an improvement over black-and-white?" I asked.

"Definitely, yes," Sylvia said seriously. "Color can enhance a story and make it more real and more true to life. At the same time, it will probably start a world-wide new fashion," she added. "That is, 'Be Yourself'!"


GABLE, HARLOW, LOY—HOLLYWOOD'S NEW TRIANGLE
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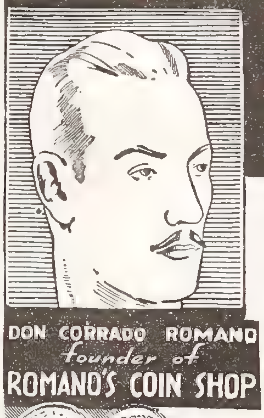

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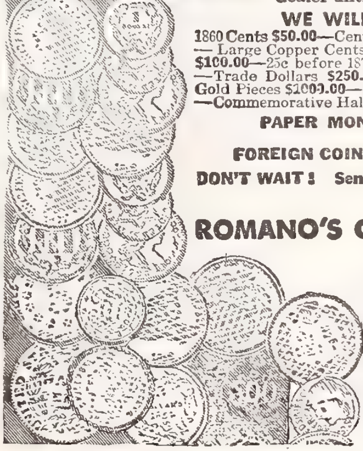

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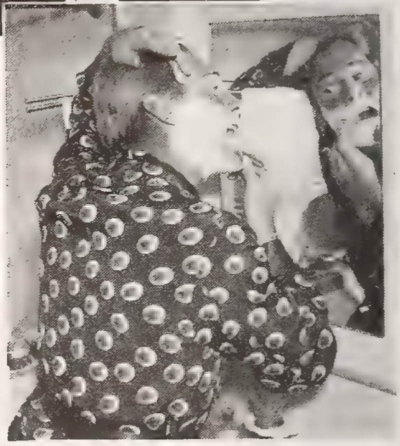
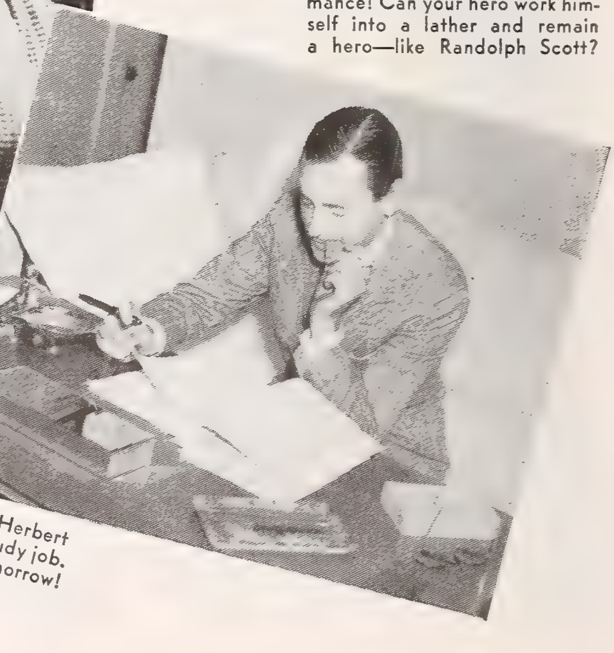

Girls, here's the test of romance! Can your hero work himself into a lather and remain a hero—like Randolph Scott?

Claudette Colbert, the shy new bride, takes a busman's holiday—doing some home-movie work with Marlene Dietrich and Director Rouben Mamoulian


It looks as if Herbert Marshall has a study job. Hard lines for tomorrow!

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Rhythm Step exclusive feature ... Invisible Rhythm Treads ... buoys up your foot at three strain points ... instead of just the main arch! It cushions your heel against pavement pounding. Gives a "lift" to your arch and metatarsal ... with less weight and bulk than has ever been possible! In shoes so gay that smart young things and women who've been wearing "comfort" shoes for years, greeted them with enthusiasm!

Jyll Egger, Dancing "Headliner", Shows How Invisible Rhythm Treads Support the Foot at Three Strain Points

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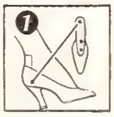
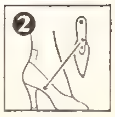
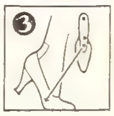


As weight shifts to your arch all strain is absorbed and cushioned ... in addition to the usual built-in arch.



As full weight centers on ball of foot the metatarsal arch is supported, keeping delicate bones in position.



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Harlow *and* Gable *Expose Each Other*

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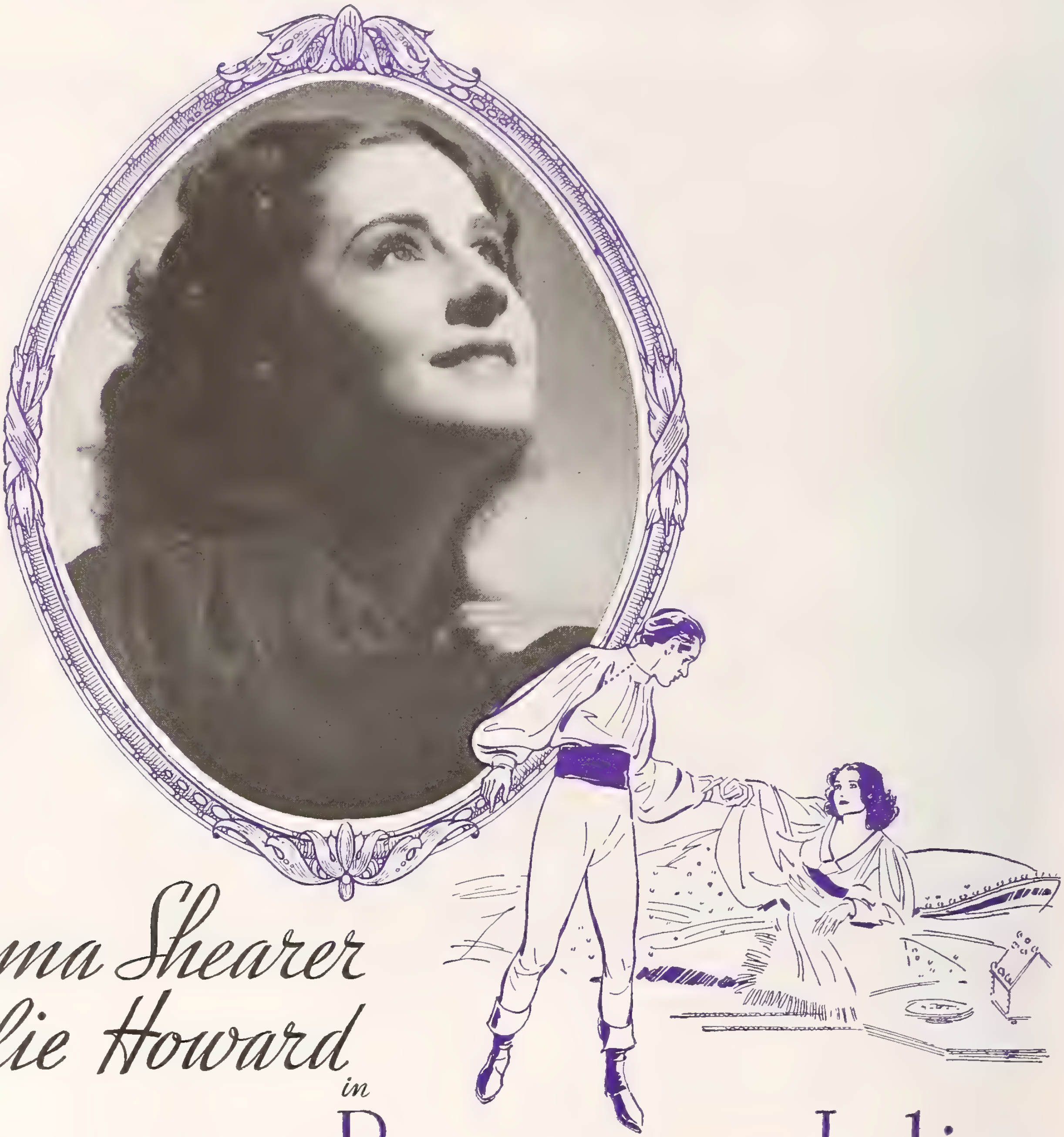

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with
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MOVIE CLASSIC

EDITED IN HOLLYWOOD

MAY, 1936
VOL. 10. No. 3

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MEMBER AUDIT BUREAU OF CIRCULATIONS

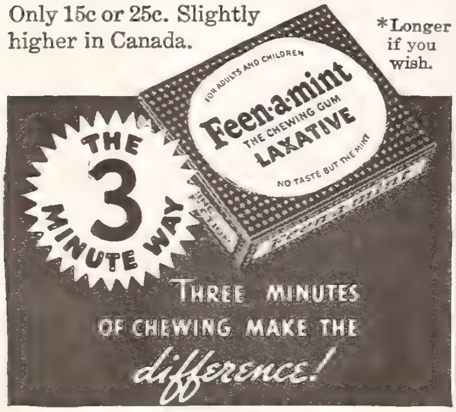
YESTERDAY
TIRED...
NERVOUS...
BILIOUS...
TODAY—
FRESH, RESTED,
FEELING FINE

HERE'S HOW I DID IT

"A friend told me how to clear up that logy, bilious, 'all-run-down' condition caused by constipation. Before I went to bed last night, I chewed delicious FEEN-A-MINT for 3 minutes.* It's this *chewing*, they tell me, that makes FEEN-A-MINT so much more effective. Well, it worked wonders for me. Today I'm fresh and rested—feel like a new person. This easy 3-minute way is so much nicer than taking harsh, griping, 'gulped' cathartics."

FEEN-A-MINT is fine for children too. No urging necessary to make them take FEEN-A-MINT, because they love its cool, fresh, minty chewing-gum flavor. And it's not habit-forming. Go to your druggist today and get a generous family-sized supply of delicious FEEN-A-MINT. Only 15c or 25c. Slightly higher in Canada.

*Longer if you wish.



Now *You're Talking*

An open forum devoted to frank letters from our readers—the franker the better

Few screen personalities have created a greater sensation than has Paulette Goddard whose debut in Charlie Chaplin's new film, *Modern Times,* should be the signal for a flood of unusually interesting letters from Movie Classic readers

$15 Prize Letter

Stories or Stars—Are stars ever greater than the story in which they appear? I think not. And, it seems to me, that Hollywood's greatest need is writers. The hue and cry for new faces is heard on every hand, yet two very familiar faces flashed to greater popularity and the Academy Award in the scintillating and very different *It Happened One Night.* Myrna Loy, an old timer, steeped in slinky, exotic rôles, created a sensation in *The Thin Man* and has been in popular favor ever since. Margaret Sullavan, with just the average in talents, flashed to stardom in her first picture, *Only Yesterday,* an unforgettable story. Constance Bennett, a few seasons ago one of the leading boxoffice attractions, is languishing in idleness due to poor stories. Carole Lombard, one of the best bets in Hollywood, or anywhere else for that matter, only needed a good story to elevate her to the heights. "Big" stories that brought fame and success to screen stars are bywords in Hollywood. Janet Gaynor and *Seventh Heaven,* Irene Dunne and *Back Street,* Jean Harlow and *Hell's Angels* are just a few. Hollywood is not in need of new faces, but good stories. *—Mrs. R. W. Ballard, 506 Clement Avenue, Charlotte, N. C.*

$10 Prize Letter

Praise for the Unsung Heroes—Let's give a hand for the good sound supporting players who build up the atmosphere and the situation all ready for the star to cap the climax. How many of them there are that we know by sight, if not by name, and recognize with pleasure when they appear. Una Merkel has been a fine example. What a help she was in *Broadway Melody of 1936* and before that in dozens of other pictures. Now she is getting general recognition and will be graduated, I presume, into leading parts and stardom. Why shouldn't the supporting players get a little more recognition and praise for their work *as* supporting players in small parts—for their skill and success in making the stars look their best? In every crook picture there are a lot of hard-boiled gangsters and detectives. Who are the men who play these parts? Seriously, I would like to see an article about these men with their names and their photographs. *—Henry D. Wood, 55A1 Morris Street, Philadelphia, Pa.*

$5 Prize Letter

A Common Complaint—Something should be done about the double feature nuisance. I'm on strike against the movies until they do something about it and there are others who feel the same way. Here's a case in point: The last movie I saw, which was five weeks ago, was *Mutiny on the Bounty.* Entering the theatre at seven o'clock I had to remain until eleven-fifteen to see that fine picture in its entirety. I had to sit thru a showing of the other "feature"—a stupid, insipid thing. They also showed a piece of a stale newsreel. Result: four and a half hours spent to see one good picture. Why must they cram those trashy pictures down the throats of movie goers? Let's have a return of the program that showed one feature, a comedy or pictorial and a news reel. *—Eugene A. Healy, 478 Lenox Road, Brooklyn, N. Y.*

$1 Prize Letters

Costume Pictures Educational—I am a school girl of fifteen and find much enjoyment in pictures. I like costume pictures

[*Continued on page* 73]

MOVIE CLASSIC urges its readers to take the floor and present on this page their candid opinions of pictures and stars. Each month MOVIE CLASSIC offers these cash prizes for the best letters: (1) $15; (2) $10; (3) $5; all others published, $1 each. The editors will be the sole judges and reserve the right to publish all or part of any letter received. Write your letter now—to MOVIE CLASSIC'S Letter Editor, 7046 Hollywood Boulevard, Hollywood, California.

A DRAWING-ROOM DRAMA

Scene: Twentieth Century Limited, Chicago to New York

Drawing Room "A"

Drawing Room "B"

ANTHONY AMBERTON
"So the great Cherry Chester, sweetheart of the screen, is on this train. Ugh! Those marshmallow-faced movie stars make me sick."

CHERRY CHESTER
"H-m-m! Anthony Amberton, the great novelist, the one and only, on this train! Bet they've put the big monkey in the baggage car."

ANTHONY AMBERTON
"Miss Chester says marriage should be like a ski jump. Sudden, reckless. Blah . . .!"

CHERRY CHESTER
"Mr. Amberton has conquered the highest peaks known to travelers. Bilge! Absolute bilge!"

ANTHONY AMBERTON
"I would like to see her just once . . . perhaps . . . no, I must be moonstruck."

CHERRY CHESTER
"I wonder what he really does look like . . . maybe . . . but, no, it's probably that silly old moon."

HENRY FONDA
as Anthony Amberton . . . explorer-author, the darling of the women's clubs.

MARGARET SULLAVAN
as Cherry Chester . . . sensational young movie star, darling of Hollywood.

What the "silly old moon" does to two celebrities who yearn for romance in the moonlight instead of sensation in the spotlight, is entertainingly told in **Paramount's "THE MOON'S OUR HOME"** starring MARGARET SULLAVAN, with Henry Fonda, Charles Butterworth, Walter Brennan, Beulah Bondi, Henrietta Crosman . . . Adapted from Faith Baldwin's Cosmopolitan Magazine Serial . . . A Walter Wanger Production . . . Directed by William A. Seiter

His eyes need plenty of good light! For his sake use Edison Mazda lamps, *...they stay brighter longer*

15, 25, 40, 60 WATT SIZES 15¢
75 AND 100 WATT SIZES 20¢

Young eyes need more light for studying, reading and other close work than middle-age or mature eyes. For the strain of using eyes in poor lighting can affect not only the eyes but the entire nervous system. That's why it is so important to provide young eyes with good light . . . light from good bulbs that *stay brighter longer*. The General Electric monogram ⊛ on a bulb is your assurance of good light . . . of sight-saving light . . . at low cost. Edison Mazda lamps now cost as little as 15¢ . . . only 20¢ for the popular 100-watt size. Always ask for these good lamps by name . . . buy them by the carton.

THE G-E "DIME" LAMP. The first real value in a 10 cent lamp. Comes in the following sizes—60, 30, 15 and 7½ watts. It is marked like this . . . . GE

EDISON MAZDA LAMPS

GENERAL ⊛ ELECTRIC

Eleanor Whitney, one of Hollywood's most beautiful and most talented young stars, welcomes the swimming season—and in so doing utilizes many of Alison Alden's beauty hints

Summer Approaches

A practical article intended for the woman who dreads the beauty problems which attend the advent of warm weather

By Alison Alden

THOSE who know what a grand "pick-me-up" feeling a spring cleaning gives, wouldn't forego it for the world. The season for swimming, tennis, golf and barefoot-sandaled feet is on its way. You'll soon be displaying your toe-nails, painted with dazzling polishes, on the sands. To paint your nails without doing something about the superfluous hair on your legs is like locking the stable door after the horse has run away.

You'll never hear about a Hollywood star neglecting this important factor in her beauty treatments. She must look her best at all times, whether it's on the screen or in public or social life.

I have thrilling news for you about a new hair remover which is rapidly becoming a favorite in Hollywood. It makes hair disappear before your very eyes! It's made of pure honey—and actually smells good enough to eat. It's as harmless as a fine face cream and may be used on your face, arms and legs. It removes hair from below the surface, and the growth does not return for several weeks . . . and then much lighter and finer.

This startling new discovery is Dawson's Fragrant Cream. Before applying it, be sure your skin is clean, dry and free from oil, powder and lotions. Smooth on the thick, creamy substance—with the spatula—in the direction the hair points. Press on the strip of cloth inclosed in the package firmly, rubbing it a few times to be sure it has adhered to the cream. Allow no time to elapse in removing. Grasp the end of the cloth and snap it off quickly against the growth of the hair, and there you are! This product is priced at only $1.00 for the jar which contains enough cream for several treatments. Isn't it a bargain?

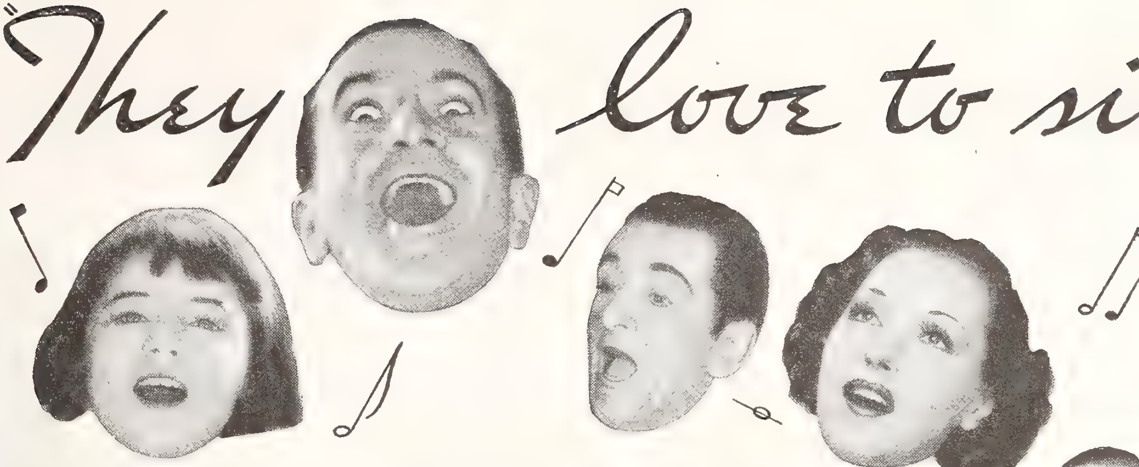
Décolletage demands flawless backs, soft smooth elbows *and well groomed hands and nails.* The woman who would always look her best on festive occasions will adore the Petite Nail Brush which is the new member in the Pro-phy-lac-tic brush family. As the name suggests, it's a small brush made especially for the nails. Its Siberian boar bristles do a grand cleansing and whitening job.

This brush picks up little particles hard to remove when cleansing and manicuring your nails—and is an excellent gadget for pushing back the cuticle. It comes with colored backs of flamingo, jade and black . . . an attractive accessory for your bathroom shelf. The bristles are black and permanently sealed into the handle so they can withstand hard usage. Tiny grooves are provided at the sides for a convenient hold while brushing. And it is priced at only fifty cents.

If you'd stop to consider your best beau's reaction when he is romantically inclined and reaches across the table to hold your hands—only to find that he has touched a piece of stucco with hard corners and a dingy appearance—you would not continue to think that hand lotion is a "seasonal" requisite.

Your hands are usually in the foreground and they do have a way of expressing your personality. They also reveal your pride in personal daintiness. You can't possibly go through the summer "gloved." Keep your nails well manicured—and by all means use your hand lotion as [*Continued on page* 74]

"They love to sing-a"



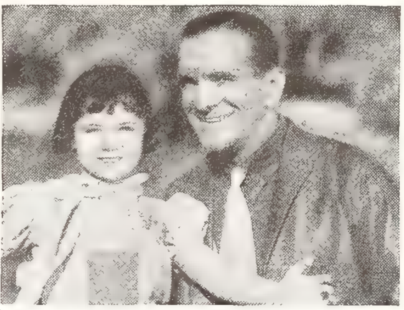
So Al Jolson, Sybil Jason, The Yacht Club Boys, Cab Calloway & His Band, Edward Everett Horton, Wini Shaw, Lyle Talbot, Allen Jenkins and Claire Dodd Have Joined Forces and Voices in a Celebrity-Packed Warner Bros. Song Show That Recalls the Glories of Al's Immortal "Singing Fool."

"THE SINGING KID"

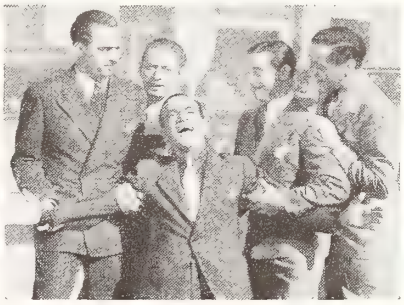
THE PICTURE OF THE MONTH

Al knocks 'em dead with 'I Love To Sing-a', 'Save Me Sister' and other torrid tunes by E. Y. Harburg and Harold ('Stormy Weather') Arlen.

The King of Swing & his hot band show how they do it in Harlem to the tune of Cab Calloway's own new song, 'You Got To Have Hi-De-Ho In Your Soul'.



'Sonny Boy' in skirts! The world's greatest and the world's youngest entertainers form one of the most delightful picture partnerships in years.



Those Yacht Club Boys, boast of Broadway's and Hollywood's niftiest night spots, are musically madder than ever in 'My! How This Country Has Changed'.

•

Girls! Girls! 100's of 'em! bring Harlem to Hollywood in lavish dance numbers staged by Bobby Connolly, forming a gorgeous backdrop for the dramatic story which was directed by William Keighley for First National Pictures.

THIS IS THE WOMAN WHO SAID:

"What's the difference,

ALL LAXATIVES ARE ALIKE!"

THE LADY above made a mistake. A grave mistake . . . yet, lots of people make it.

One day she was constipated, and took a laxative. Picked it at random. It happened to be a harsh, quick-acting cathartic that raced through her system in a couple of hours. It upset her. Nauseated her. Sent pains shooting through her stomach. Left her weak—weary . . . Such drastic remedies should *never* be taken, except on the advice of a physician.

DON'T SHOCK YOUR SYSTEM

When you need a corrective, don't make the mistake of assuming that all laxatives are alike. They're not! You'll feel a whole lot better when you take a *correctly timed* laxative. One that won't rush through your system too quickly. And yet, one that is completely thorough.

Ex-Lax is just such a laxative. It takes sufficient time—6 to 8 hours—to work. Hence, your system is not thrown "out of rhythm." You aren't upset or nauseated. You don't suffer from stomach pains. Ex-Lax action is so mild, so easy, you scarcely realize you've taken a laxative—except for the relief you enjoy.

A PLEASURE TO TAKE

With Ex-Lax you say farewell to bitter, nasty-tasting purgatives and cathartics. Because Ex-Lax tastes just like delicious chocolate. It's a real joy to take—not a punishment. Get a box today—only 10c at any drug store. You'll also find a more economical family size for 25c.

When Nature forgets — remember

EX-LAX

THE ORIGINAL CHOCOLATED LAXATIVE

TRY EX-LAX AT OUR EXPENSE!

(Paste this on a penny postcard)

Ex-Lax, Inc., P. O. Box 170 FG56
Times-Plaza Station, Brooklyn, N. Y.

I want to try Ex-Lax. Please send free sample.

Name..

Address..

City..Age.......

(If you live in Canada, write Ex-Lax, Ltd., 736 Notre Dame St. W., Montreal)

Jesse L. Lasky and Mary Pickford want a trademark for their new production company—and offer rich prizes for your suggestions. Act NOW and win

Jesse L. Lasky, Jacqueline Faye and Mrs. Sarah Lasky inspect the floral suggestion for a trademark presented by the Los Angeles Chamber of Commerce

$1,000 For An IDEA!

PRIZES totaling $1,000 for a new trademark! That's the sensational offer of the newly-organized Pickford-Lasky Productions, made in co-operation with MOVIE CLASSIC, MOTION PICTURE and the magazines of the Fawcett Publications Screen Group.

Jesse Lasky and Mary Pickford are seeking a trademark which will be distinctive and unusual. They offer you not only a small fortune in cash prizes but also the honor of creating a studio trademark which will be seen for years to come on the screens of the world's most important theatres.

You may enter the contest NOW. Merely send in a clear exposition of your idea. A drawing may or may not accompany the description. All that is vitally important is to get your idea across! Fancy embellishments will not influence the final selections of the judges, who are interested only in the power of your idea to deliver a MESSAGE.

"One of the most effective trademarks in the history of motion pictures," said Jesse L. Lasky, president of Pickford-Lasky Productions, "was that of the old Mutual Film Company. It pictured the face of a clock, with the slogan: 'Mutual Movies Make Time Fly.'

"I always liked the design because it symbolizes my philosophy of the drama. The ceaseless passage of time holds the secret of every story—each comedy and tragedy in life. Moreover, the legend expresses the ideal of all entertainment—to make time fly."

Mr. Lasky's observation unleashed a train of reminiscences. He was discussing the Thousand Dollar Trade-Mark Contest, sponsored by Fawcett Publications, Inc., the purpose of which is to find a permanent trade-emblem that will serve to identify and symbolize Pickford-Lasky Productions.

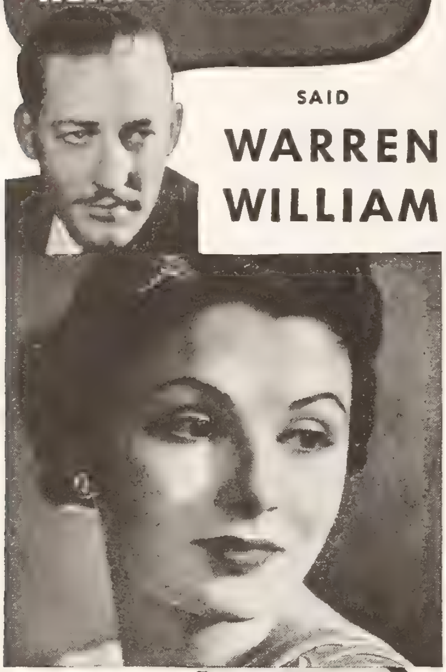
There was a lull in the shooting. Cameras had stopped grinding, lights were out; only the hubbub which attends changing a set-up was vaguely disturbing. Grouped about Mr. Lasky were several principals of the *One Rainy Afternoon* cast—Francis Lederer, the star, perched on the edge of a grand piano, collar turned up; Ida Lupino, play- [*Continued on page* 58]

Dolores Del Rio

Ever since Hollywood's first experiments with natural color photography, the slumberous beauty of Dolores Del Rio has been considered ideal for that great new medium. Consequently there is great interest in the announcement that she will soon be starred in two all-color films by Pioneer Pictures

"HER LIPS WERE REALLY ALLURING"

SAID **WARREN WILLIAM**



Read why this well known movie star picked the girl with the Tangee Lips

WARREN WILLIAM makes the lipstick test on the set of "The Gentleman from Big Bend", a Warner Brothers Production.

● We presented Mr. William to three lovely girls ...One wore the ordinary lipstick...one, no lipstick...and the third used Tangee. Almost at once he chose the Tangee girl. "I like lips that are not painted—lips that have natural beauty!"

Tangee can't give you that "painted look"—because Tangee isn't paint! Instead by its magic color change principle, Tangee changes from orange in the stick to the one shade of blush rose to suit your complexion. Try Tangee. It comes in two sizes, 39c and $1.10. Or for a quick trial send 10c for the Special 4-Piece Miracle Make-Up Set offered below.

● **BEWARE OF SUBSTITUTES** . . . *when you buy. Don't let some sharp sales person switch you to an imitation...there is only one Tangee. But when you ask for Tangee...be sure to ask for* TANGEE NATURAL. *There is another shade called Tangee Theatrical, but it is intended only for those who insist on vivid color and for professional use.*

World's Most Famous Lipstick

TANGEE

ENDS THAT PAINTED LOOK

New **FACE POWDER** now contains the magic Tangee color principle

TANGEE
TANGEE ROUGE
TANGEE
TANGEE CREME ROUGE

★ 4-PIECE MIRACLE MAKE-UP SET

THE GEORGE W. LUFT COMPANY F56
417 Fifth Avenue, New York City
Rush Miracle Make-Up Set of miniature Tangee Lipstick, Rouge Compact, Creme Rouge, Face Powder. I enclose 10¢ (stamps or coin). 15¢ in Canada.

Check Shade ☐ Flesh ☐ Rachel ☐ Light Rachel

Name ____________________
Please Print
Address ____________________
City ____________ *State* ________

Behind-the-scene news and gossip about Filmland's pictures and stars—an up-to-the-minute report of the latest happenings

Party line in Hollywood

By

ERIC ERGENBRIGHT

TALKING with Jeanette MacDonald the other day, I discovered that she has the unique distinction of having rejected an offer from the Metropolitan Grand Opera Company. And that, in the case of Jeanette, is irony!

For years, her one steadfast goal has been grand opera. To that end she has studied French, Italian, Spanish and German. To that end she has acquired one of the most comprehensive repertoires imaginable. To that end she has devoted hours every day in practice . . . practice . . . practice.

And, then when the gentlemen who rule the Metropolitan finally recognized her ability and invited her to sing *La Boheme,* she found that her picture contracts would not permit her to accept. Having finished *Rose Marie* (and what a honey of a picture it is!), she was forced to start work almost immediately on *San Francisco.* When *that* is finished, another assignment is waiting for her.

But this year, after all, is only one year of many. It's a safe bet that Jeanette will be singing across the Metropolitan footlights next season.

A Prima Donna's Anniversary

Speaking of opera stars reminds me that Grace Moore is vacationing in her villa at Cannes, France. On the fourth of June, she is scheduled to sing in London's Covent Garden and she writes me that that great theatre has been sold out for her performance for more than six months. She's even more popular in England than she is here. By the way, did you know that she and Valentin Parera, her Spanish husband, spend *every* wedding anniversary in the same Venetian palace where they spent their honeymoon?

Jeanette MacDonald with the doll sent her by young admirers in Paris, France. The doll is dressed in a replica of one of Jeanette's *Naughty Marietta* costumes

A Bonny Rivalry

It seems, at this writing, that Bette Davis and Katherine Hepburn, who have vied with one another for two successive years for Academy "best actress" awards, will be co-stars in Radio's soon-to-be-made *Mary of Scotland.* Katherine is already set for the rôle of *Mary* and Bette is being strongly considered for the rôle of *Queen Elizabeth.* What a battle of genius those two will stage . . . and how Hollywood's gossips will watch for the first sign of friction!

Tibbett Returns

I've just learned, by listening in on the old party line, that Lawrence Tibbett is going to be starred in *The Mark of Zorro.* Remember when Doug Fairbanks, the Elder, made screen history with that story? This time, however, it's going to be an operetta, with Tibbett sending his baritone booming over the walls that Doug hurdled. And it seems that they're having trouble casting a likely girl for the feminine lead, so there's an elegant opportunity awaiting someone . . .

[*Continued on page* 14]

CARL LAEMMLE presents

EDNA FERBER'S

"SHOW BOAT"

(Version of 1936)

starring

IRENE DUNNE

ALLAN JONES

with

Charles Winninger · Paul Robeson

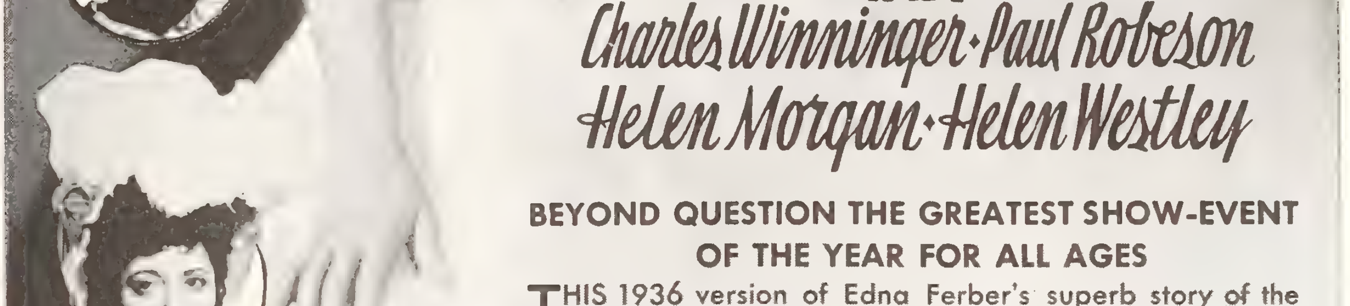
Helen Morgan · Helen Westley

BEYOND QUESTION THE GREATEST SHOW-EVENT OF THE YEAR FOR ALL AGES

THIS 1936 version of Edna Ferber's superb story of the "SHOW BOAT," compared with which every production of its type pales into insignificance, is characterized by GLAMOUR—FASCINATING ROMANCE—BEAUTIFUL, LONG-TO-BE-REMEMBERED NEW MUSIC, new lyrics plus your old favorites, by the masters of melody, Jerome Kern and Oscar Hammerstein II, SCENIC MARVELS and ARTISTS OF RENOWN. We can't enumerate it s multitude of attractions. It will be a striking event in all theatres.

A CARL LAEMMLE, JR. production — directed by JAMES WHALE.

IT'S A UNIVERSAL, OF COURSE!



"It's easy to see ***why movie stars insist on* HOLD-BOBS", *says lovely Miss Berenice Sheerin. "I never dreamed that a mere bob pin could make such a difference in my hairdress until I used* HOLD-BOBS *in preparing for my screen test".***

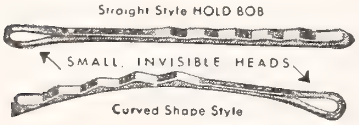
● *Miss Sheerin was given a screen test recently in the famous Search for Talent, sponsored by* HOLD-BOB *Bob Pins, Universal Pictures, Motion Picture and Screen Play.*

Miss Sheerin echoes the sentiment of the millions of women who use HOLD-BOBS always. Hollywood has long known about these famous bob pins. No star's dressing room is complete without HOLD-BOBS . . . And a good makeup man never thinks of sending an actress on the set until her coiffure is made "screen proof" with HOLD-BOBS.

Wherever *you* are . . . why shouldn't you be assured of a hairdress that is just as lovely as any screen star's? . . . Use HOLD-BOBS—for HOLD-BOBS come in harmonizing colors to match every shade of hair; their small, round heads are invisible; their smooth, round points cannot scratch and their flexible, tapered legs, one side crimped, hold your hair in place.

Remember, the credit for *most* beautiful coiffures goes to HOLD-BOBS.

THE HUMP HAIRPIN MFG. CO.
Sol H. Goldberg, Pres.
1918-36 Prairie Ave., Dept. F-56
Chicago, Illinois



● ***Final winners*** in the Search for Talent will be announced in the next issue of this magazine. *ALSO* in the next issue will be an announcement of a NEW Search for Screen Talent!! *Watch for it!!*

Copyright 1936, by The Hump Hairpin Mfg. Company

Party Line in Hollywood

Here's Opportunity

Which reminds me that all of the studios, and Twentieth Century-Fox in particular, are complaining that there is a serious and unprecedented dearth of promising young actresses in Hollywood just now. It seems there are plenty of gals with so-so talent, but very, very few with those outstanding qualities which are necessary for stardom. So . . o . . o, if any of you know someone who has a relative who knows a studio talent scout, it's time to get busy.

Hail the Victors!

At last, the annual awards of the Academy of Motion Picture Arts and Sciences for 1936! Bette Davis, by almost unanimous vote, wins the award for the best performance by an actress for her work in *Dangerous;* Victor McLaglen is acclaimed among the actors for his amazingly fine character portrayal in *The Informer;* Metro Goldwyn Mayer, in the person of Irving Thalberg, wins the Golden statue for the "best production" of the year, *Mutiny on the Bounty;* John Ford is honored for his direction of *The Informer* and Hal Mohr's camera work in a *Midsummer Night's Dream* wins the award for cinematography.

Among the actresses, Katharine Hepburn, for her work in *Alice Adams* was rated second; and Elisabeth Bergner, for her performance in *Escape Me Never,* was rated third. Paul Muni for *Black Fury* and Charles Laughton for *Mutiny on the Bounty* were given respectively second and third ranking among the actors. Clark Gable and Franchot Tone were also given honorable mention for their performances in *Mutiny.*

Jeeves, My Racquet!

The Party Line's been buzzing with excited comment about an afternoon party given by Donald Ogden Stewart, the writer. All the men wore soup-and-fish and all the ladies wore very formal gowns. And they spent the whole afternoon *playing tennis.*

Think up something—anything will do—that's a little different, and no matter how screwy it is, you're a social success in Follywood.

Those Latin Lovers

Far be it from me to draw conclusions, but it does seem significant—or something—that Cesar Romero, whose publicity agents like to compare him to Valentino, should be the one to buy Rudy's famous old mansion, "Falcon's Lair."

And Another Lover

Remember Walter Pidgeon, who starred in a couple of singies for Warner Brothers about five years ago? Well, Walter's back in Hollywood and Paramount is going to co-star him in *With All My Heart* with Joan Bennett and Cary Grant. And, just between you and me and the printer, Walter should be a wow in a picture with a title like that, for he frankly admits that he's had more love affairs to the square mile than any other six actors in the business. You ought to hear him tell that one about the mysterious brunette in Vienna . . . No foolin' you'll like Walter.

Astrid Allwyn, who is becoming known as the girl of a thousand wigs, thanks to the great variety of roles which she has played in recent pictures, compares notes with Herbert Mundin at a recent cocktail party

Two-Gun Man

Gary Cooper tells me that he's spending his evenings before a full length mirror, practicing the "quick draw" with that old frontier model six-gun that he toted to fame. And well he may, fer stranger, thet thar Gary boy is all lined up fer a passel of western pitchers. Cecil B. De Mille wants him to play "Wild Bill" Hickok in the forthcoming super-super, *Buffalo Bill*—which really will be a misnomer since Wild Bill instead of Buffalo Bill is the hero of the show. And after he's finished that rôle, Gary's scheduled to star in three more ultra-colossal westerns, the first of which will be titled *The Texas Ranger.*

The Salary War

If you read the drama pages of your local newspaper, you've probably learned that Fred MacMurray staged a one-man salary strike. But what you didn't read is this: Fred not only won the argument but succeeded in getting his weekly stipend raised from $400 to $1000. And anybody will tell you he's worth every cent he can get.

The only difficulty, from the studio standpoint, is that his success will be a "fiery cross" inciting half of the actors in town to similar rebellion.

Ginger Rogers, Composer

In spite of the rumors that Ginger Rogers and Fred Astaire would not

[*Continued on page* 69]

Personalities of the Month

Charles Collins

HOLLYWOOD looked at the box office reports on *Becky Sharpe,* first Technicolor picture, and decided to forget about color. But producers kept quietly at work. Then *The Trail of the Lonesome Pine* was previewed. It was a smash hit—color had triumphed!

All eyes then turned to the new all-color film, *Dancing Pirate,* being made by Jock Whitney. It was half completed—a great story, against the romantic background of early California, filled with interesting characters, colorful costumes, dancing, music. But to Hollywood's astonishment, the star was completely unknown to pictures!

He is the smiling youth pictured above, tall, graceful as a panther, a New York dancer whose itching heels had carried him from an Oklahoma plow to the London stage. Charles Collins will be your next favorite; he has leaped from screen obscurity to the spotlight of one of the year's biggest pictures. To gamble like that with an unknown is, at first thought, dangerous—but when you see him in *Dancing Pirate* you'll realize Whitney had a sure bet.

Collins made his first hit dancing in *Artists and Models.* One stage success followed another, until he joined a show, *Ripples,* with Fred Stone and his dancing daughter, Dorothy. They went to London, and there Charles and Dorothy were married, in 1931. When discovered for films, they were dancing at the Ambassador Hotel in New York. In Hollywood they lived quietly with their famous "daddy," Fred Stone, and Paula Stone. They are Hollywood's happiest and most congenial family.

Dancing Pirate is the story of a Boston dancing master who is "Shanghaied" and taken around the horn to California. The crew turn pirates and raid a California village. Charles Collins is captured and sentenced to hang, but the daughter of the village judge induces the authorities to let him live long enough to teach her how to dance. As you may guess, the dancing lessons never end.

June Lang

AS June Vlasek, a blonde, she found her career at a standstill; as June Lang, a brunette, she is skyrocketing to stardom. During the past year, she has played leading rôles in *Captain January, Every Saturday Night* and *The Country Doctor*—and played them with such ability that she is now rewarded with the leading rôle, opposite Fredric March and Warner Baxter, in *Zero Hour,* a Twentieth Century-Fox "super" production.

Her parents moved from Minneapolis to Los Angeles when she was a six-year old and enrolled her in the famous Meglin Dancing School—the same school, by the way, which is the alma mater of Shirley Temple.

In 1930, June appeared with the Meglin Kiddies on the stage of a Los Angeles theatre and, as luck would have it, an executive of the Fox Studios was in the audience. Impressed by her beauty and ability, he lost no time in placing her under contract.

During the next three years, she appeared in ingenue rôles in a number of pictures. Hollywood prophesied a brilliant future for her, but, for some unknown reason, the prophesy was premature. Her career entered the doldrums which have claimed many a promising screen personality, and for nearly a year she was virtually forgotten.

It remained for Darryl Zanuck to "re-discover" her when he assumed control of Twentieth Century-Fox Studios last fall. At his suggestion, she changed her name and the color of her hair and . . . presto! . . . behold another Hollywood miracle! With the completion of her current assignment, which promises to be one of the most important pictures of the year, she will be safely established.

Born in Minneapolis in 1915, she is of Bohemian and Swedish descent. Strangely enough, in view of her own ambition to become a great dramatic actress, none of her family has ever been connected with the theatre.

"Yes"

THE TIME OF MONTH CAN'T DICTATE TO MODERN GIRLS:

MIDOL

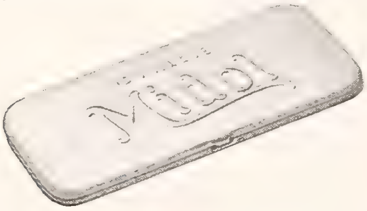
The modern girl doesn't decline an invitation just because of the time of month! She knows how to keep going, and keep comfortable — with Midol. For relief from painful periods, this is all you have to do:

Watch the calendar. At the very first sign of approaching pain, take a Midol tablet and drink a glass of water, and you may escape the expected pain altogether. If not, a second tablet should check it within a few minutes.

Midol's relief is lasting; two tablets should see you through your worst day. Yet Midol contains no narcotic and it forms no habit. But don't be misled by ordinary pain tablets sold as a specific for menstrual pain! Midol is a special medicine, offered for this particular purpose.

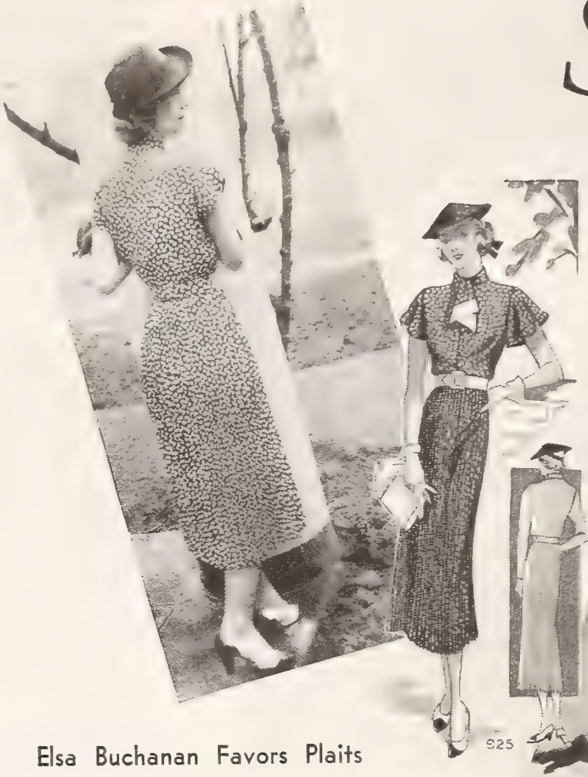
You will find Midol in any drug store, it is usually right out on the counter.

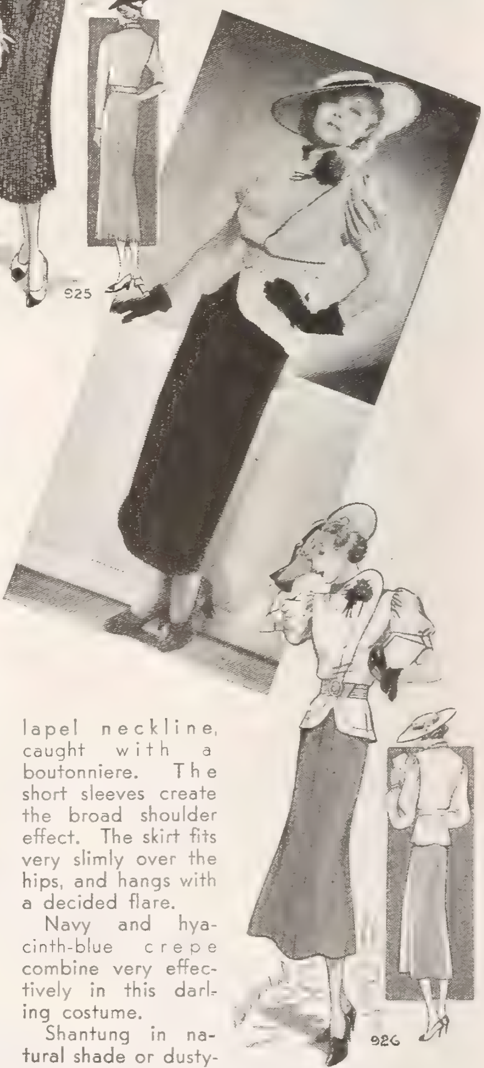
So, look for those trim, aluminum boxes that make these useful tablets easy to carry in the thinnest purse or pocket.



Vacation in Smart New *Styles!*

The success of your summer outing is assured with two charming models presented by Elsa Buchanan and Sally Eilers





Elsa Buchanan Favors Plaits

Here's an exciting little Chinese-red sheer print silk dress dotted all over in white.

The plaits of the slim skirt go all the way around the back. The straight collar ties in a scarf. It has plain red crepe trim at the edge to match the belt. The sleeves have the new flare.

It's a plaited model that is universally becoming to women of all types. It's simple to fashion. You can make it at an enormous saving.

Style No. 925 is designed for sizes 14, 16, 18 years, 36, 38 and 40-inches bust.

The Softer Type Suit

Here's Sally Eilers' choice in the softer type dressmaker suit, reminiscent of the gay nineties. It answers for varied occasions.

The nipped-in waistline jacket has a high lapel neckline, caught with a boutonniere. The short sleeves create the broad shoulder effect. The skirt fits very slimly over the hips, and hangs with a decided flare.

Navy and hyacinth-blue crepe combine very effectively in this darling costume.

Shantung in natural shade or dusty-pink tub silk is another choice you'll like for this simple to sew suit.

Style No. 926 is designed for sizes 14, 16, 18 years, 36, 38 and 40-inches bust.

Pattern price 15 cents each.

MOVIE CLASSIC'S Pattern Service,
Fawcett Bldg., Greenwich, Conn.

For the enclosed.......... ..cents, please send me Elsa Buchanan Pattern No. 925—Sally Eilers Pattern No. 926 (circle style desired).

Size .... Bust ....

Name ....

Street ....

City ....

Patterns, 15c each

Canadian readers may order by mailing coupon to MOVIE CLASSIC'S Pattern Service, 133 Jarvis St., Toronto, Canada.

"You girls who want a lovely skin– *use my beauty care*" *says* GINGER ROGERS

Star of RKO-Radio's "Follow the Fleet"

LUX
LUX
TOILET SOAP

"Don't run the risk of clogging your pores! I avoid COSMETIC SKIN this way"...

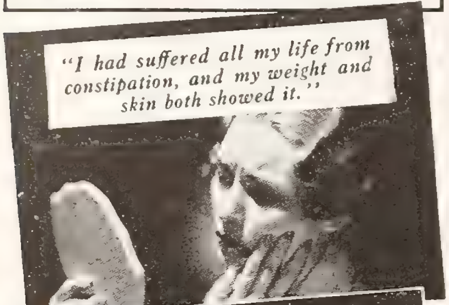
● It's when stale powder and rouge *choke your pores* that Cosmetic Skin develops—dullness, blemishes, enlarged pores. Use cosmetics? Ginger Rogers does. "But," she says, "I remove every trace of stale make-up with Lux Toilet Soap." Clever girls use this ACTIVE-lathered soap before they put on fresh make-up—*always* before they go to bed. "Lux Toilet Soap keeps skin smooth, flawless," says Ginger Rogers.

COULDN'T STOP CONSTIPATION

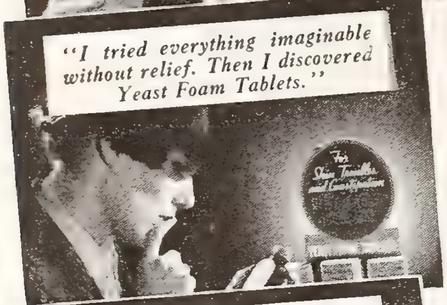
Now Wins 18-Year Fight!

This advertisement is based on an actual experience reported in an unsolicited letter. Subscribed and sworn to before me.

NOTARY PUBLIC



"I had suffered all my life from constipation, and my weight and skin both showed it."



"I tried everything imaginable without relief. Then I discovered Yeast Foam Tablets."

"Now thanks to Yeast Foam Tablets, I have lots of pep—and my skin's like a baby's."

REAL FACTS—not claims—make up the true experience told above. For this intimate letter is one sufferer's actual story, taken from just one of the hundreds of voluntary reports telling how this pleasant, palatable yeast brought welcome relief after years of failure with other remedies.

You, like these hundreds, can end slavery to cathartics with Yeast Foam Tablets. There's no irritation, no violent flushing. A food rich in needed tonic elements, Yeast Foam Tablets strengthen the digestive system naturally and stimulate sluggish intestines to normal healthy action. Constipation headaches and other symptoms go—your skin glows, pep returns, and you feel the surging energy of health again.

Ask your druggist for Yeast Foam Tablets today. And accept no substitute. Send for Free Sample.

NORTHWESTERN YEAST CO.,
1750 N. Ashland Ave., Chicago, Ill.

Please send free introductory package of Yeast Foam Tablets. F.G. 5-36

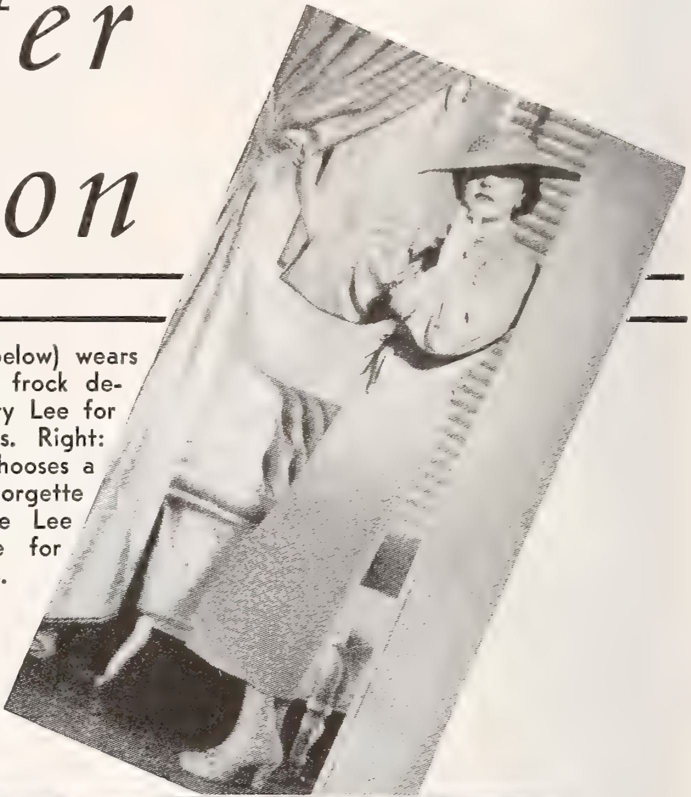
Name______________________________

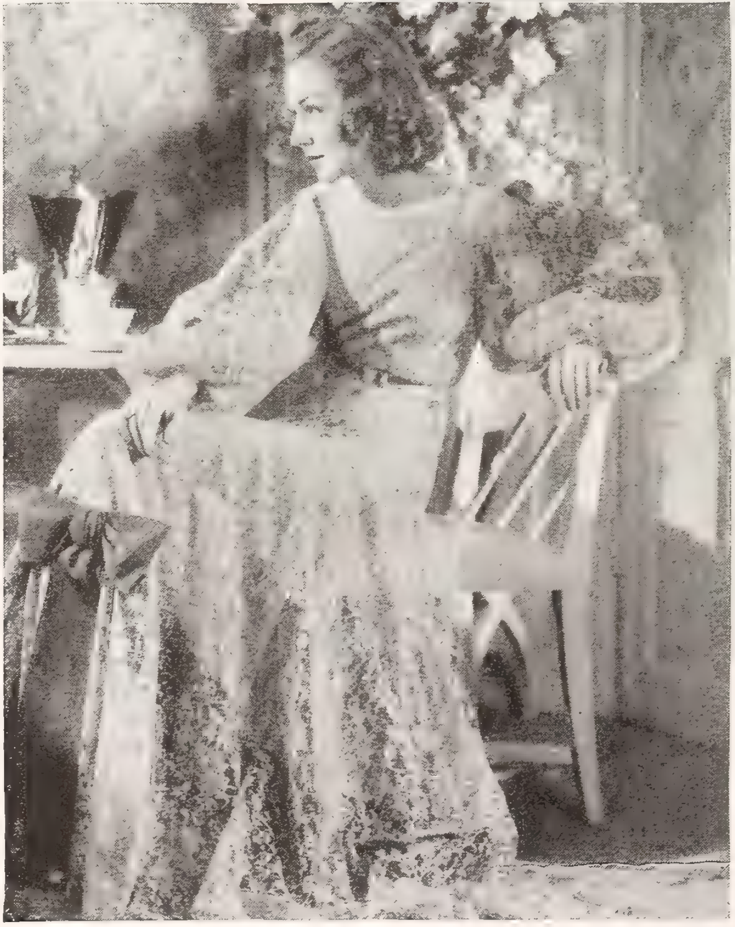
Address____________________________

City____________________State____________

Hollywood *After Noon*

Ann Shirley (below) wears a carmel lace frock designed by Letty Lee for ritzy tea-parties. Right: Mona Barrie chooses a smart grey georgette crepe Lettie Lee model suitable for luncheon dates.





Lettie Lee, noted Filmland costume designer, presents costumes appropriate for those three distinct P.M. programs—luncheon, tea and dancing

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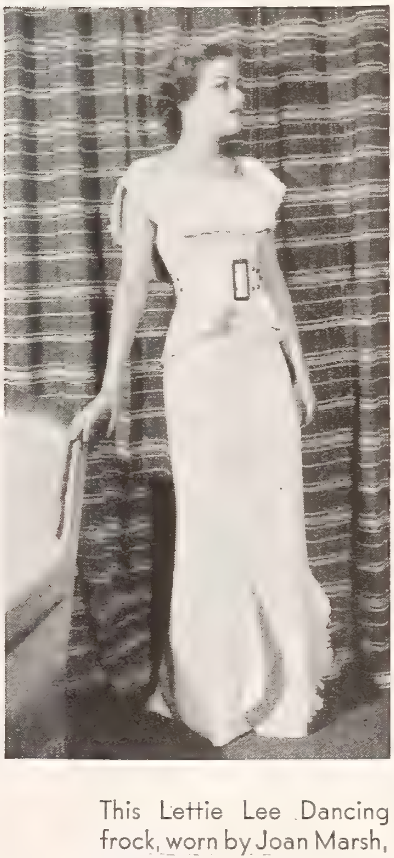
DAME Fashion is particularly feminine this spring!

This is according to Lettie Lee, famous Hollywood costume designer, whose gowns are worn by many a star.

"Femininity, spelled with a capital 'F,' has come into its own!" she declares. "Frills and furbelows are here in a big way.

"However, never forget one thing," she adds—this: *"Don't overdo this business of being feminine!"*

It is better, she thinks, to be a little too simply than a little too fancily dressed!



This Lettie Lee Dancing frock, worn by Joan Marsh, embraces the new vogue for white, also for frills

Now.. *a Lovelier way* to avoid *Offending!*

You are so *Fragrantly Dainty*

when you bathe with this lovely scented soap!

FIRST it brings sweet cleanliness . . . this exquisite Cashmere Bouquet Soap! Its rich, deep-cleansing lather leaves no chance of unpleasant body odor.

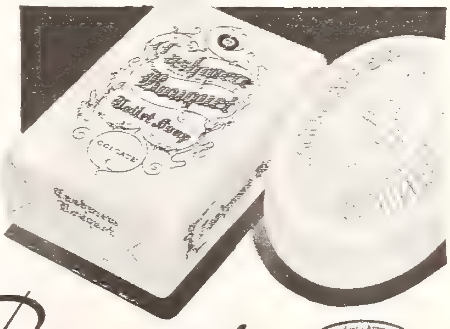
Then, its lovely, flower-like perfume lends you added glamour. It lingers about you long after your bath . . . gives you the *fragrant daintiness* men find so adorable.

Use this pure, creamy-white soap for your complexion, too. Its generous lather is so gentle and caressing. Yet it goes down into each pore and removes every bit of dirt and cosmetics . . . keeps your skin radiantly clear, alluringly smooth.

And now Cashmere Bouquet costs only 10¢ a cake. The same long-lasting soap which for generations, has been 25¢. Exactly the same size cake, scented with the same delicate blend of 17 costly perfumes.

Cashmere Bouquet Soap is sold at all drug, department and 10¢ stores.

NOW ONLY 10¢ *the former 25¢ size*

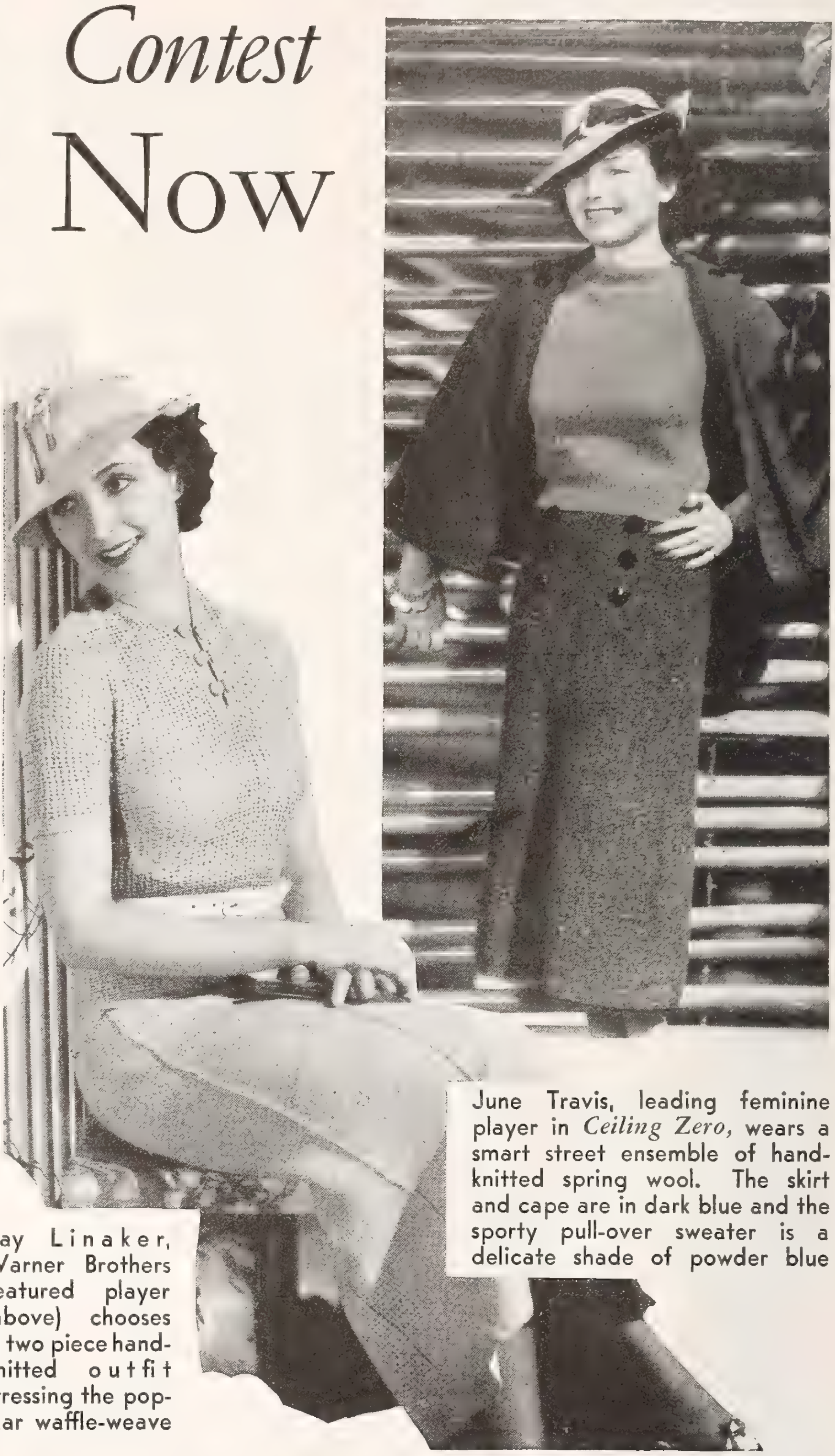


BATHE WITH

Cashmere Bouquet

THE LOVELIER WAY TO AVOID OFFENDING

Join Our *Knitting* *Contest* Now



Kay Linaker, Warner Brothers featured player (above) chooses a two piece hand-knitted outfit stressing the popular waffle-weave

June Travis, leading feminine player in *Ceiling Zero,* wears a smart street ensemble of hand-knitted spring wool. The skirt and cape are in dark blue and the sporty pull-over sweater is a delicate shade of powder blue

It is not too late to enter MOVIE CLASSIC'S great knitting contest and win a free trip to Hollywood . . . . a whirlwind, exciting vacation in the Cinema Capital where the editors of MOVIE CLASSIC and the stars of the great Warner Brothers-First National Studios will be your hosts

This story
will interest
many Men and Women

NOT long ago I was like some friends I have...low in spirits...run-down... out of sorts...tired easily and looked terrible. I knew I had no serious organic trouble so I reasoned sensibly...as my experience has since proven...that work, worry, colds and whatnot had just worn me down.

I had been listening to the S.S.S. Radio Program and began to wonder if my trouble was not lowered strength in my blood... I started a course of S.S.S. Tonic Treatment...at the end of ten days I noticed a change...I followed directions faithfully... a tablespoonful before each meal.

The color began to come back to my skin ...I felt better...I did not tire easily and soon I felt that those red-blood-cells were back to so-called fighting strength.

The confidence mother has always had in S.S.S....which is still her stand-by when she feels run-down...convinced me I ought to try this Treatment...it is great to feel strong again and like my old self.

Much more could be said...a trial will thoroughly convince you that this way, in the absence of any organic trouble, will start you on the road to feeling like yourself again. You should soon enjoy again the satisfaction of appetizing food...sound sleep ...steady nerves...a good complexion... and renewed strength.

There is no guess work in the S.S.S. Tonic Treatment...decades of popular acceptance and enthusiastic words of praise by users themselves speak even louder than the scientific appraisal of the progressively improved S.S.S. product which has caused millions to say to their friends—

S.S.S. TONIC

Makes you feel like yourself again

© S.S.S. Co.

Win a Free Trip to Hollywood!

THIS is your last opportunity to enter MOVIE CLASSIC'S most unusual contest.

By following a few simple knitting instructions, you can dress like a star. And, at the same time, you cân win an absolutely free trip to Hollywood.

MOVIE CLASSIC—in conjunction with MOTION PICTURE Magazine, Warner Brothers-First National Pictures and the manufacturers of Fleisher, Bear Brand and Bucilla yarns—gives you this remarkable chance of a lifetime.

All that you have to do to be eligible for a free trip to the movie capital is to knit, *for yourself,* one of the many attractive dresses modeled by a Warner Brothers-First National star. You will find three of these dresses illustrated on page fifty-one of this issue—and from any store selling Fleisher, Bear Brand or Bucilla yarns, you can obtain the MOTION PICTURE-MOVIE CLASSIC Knitting Instruction Book, which contains full instructions for knitting these and many other attractive dresses.

The prizes and rules are listed below.

THE PRIZES

The sponsors of this great nationwide knitting contest offer these fourteen valuable prizes: (1) One railroad trip, with all expenses paid, to Hollywood and return; (2) one airplane trip from New York to Hollywood, or Hollywood to New York, value $288; (3) Mendoza beaver coat value $100; (4) Tavanne wrist watch, value $100; (5) one year's supply of shoes (A. C. Lawrence), value $75; (6) one hand-hooked rug (Fleisher), value $75; (7) one handmade Afghan (Bernhard-Ulmann Co.), value $75; (8) and (9) one year's supply of Mojud Clari-phane silk stockings—each supply valued at $54; (10) one year's supply of Lentheric Perfume and Cosmetics, value $50.70; (11) evening ensemble of Coro Pearls (Cohn and Rosenberg) consisting of necklace and bracelet to match, value $50; (12) one year's supply of Maiden Form brassieres and girdles, value $50; (13) one Gruen wrist watch, value $50; (14) one year's supply of Corday perfume (Voyage à Paris), value $32.50.

THE RULES

1. To compete in this contest, you may knit any garment pictured on the opposite page or in the MOTION PICTURE-MOVIE CLASSIC Knitting Instruction Book.

2. This instruction book may be obtained in any department store selling Fleisher, Bear Brand or Bucilla yarns. The price of the book is 25c.

3. The contest opens February 1, 1936, and closes May 1, 1936.

4. The garment that you knit will be your entry in the contest—and it will be judged solely for quality and workmanship, by the nationally famous women named below.

5. The prizes will be as listed at left.

6. At any time between April 1 and May 1, 1936, wrap your entry carefully and mail it parcel post, insured, to Knitting Contest Editor, 20-22 Greene St., New York City, enclosing stamps for its return to you by parcel post, insured. Every dress will be returned. The sponsors of this contest will not be held liable in case of loss or damage to the garment submitted, but will take every reasonable precaution to return it safely.

7. All entries must be accompanied by all the bands from Fleisher, Bear Brand or Bucilla yarns used in knitting your garment, or by facsimiles of the bands.

8. Before sending your garment as an entry in the contest, you must reserve space for it by mailing the application blank (or facsimile) printed below. This does not obligate you to send a garment later. It merely reserves space for your garment, if you do send one.

9. In case of ties, duplicate prizes will be awarded.

10. Among the judges are: Mrs. James Roosevelt, the President's mother, Grand Duchess Marie, Tobé, fashion authority, Miss Winifred Ovitte, fashion authority, and Mrs. William W. Hoppin, society leader. Their decision will be final.

11. This contest is open to everyone except employees, or relatives of employees, of Motion Picture Publications, Inc., Fawcett Publications, Inc., Warner Brothers-First National Pictures, and the manufacturers of Fleisher, Bear Brand and Bucilla yarns.

Application Blank

Knitting Contest Editor
20-22 Greene Street
New York City

I would like you to know that your knitting contest interests me and that I am likely to submit an entry. In case I do, I wish you would reserve space for my entry—putting me under no obligation in any way, whether I try for a trip to Hollywood or not.

Name ....

Street ....

City ....

PHIL REGAN and
EVALYN KNAPP in
"LAUGHING IRISH EYES,"
a REPUBLIC PICTURE

SPARKLING EYES . . .
an invitation to
ROMANCE!

CREAMY MASCARA
WINX
CREAMY MASCARA
EYE SHADOW
WINX
LIQUID MASCARA
Winx
EYEBROW PENCIL
CAKE MASCARA
WINX

SPARKLING, LAUGHING EYES . . . eyes that say more than words can ever express . . . are the eyes that fascinate men, that invite romance.

Now, every girl can have eyes that sparkle . . . eyes that radiate life and beauty. Just a touch of WINX Mascara to the lashes and instantly they appear darker, longer, and more lustrous. It works wonders—brings out the natural beauty and charm of your eyes—enlivens your whole appearance.

Once you try WINX you readily understand why so many smart, well-groomed women use WINX regularly for both daytime and evening make-up. You will like the way its emollient oils keep your lashes luxuriantly soft at all times.

WINX Mascara is offered in four colors—black, brown, blue, and green—and in three convenient forms—the *new* Creamy WINX (which is gaining in popularity every day), and the old favorites, Cake WINX and Liquid WINX. All are harmless, smudge-proof, water-proof, non-smarting, and easy to apply.

Your local drug and department stores carry WINX Mascara in the economical large size. You can also obtain the complete line of WINX Eye Beautifiers in *Introductory Sizes* at all 10¢ stores.

WINX
Eye Beautifiers

STYLED BY HICKORY
"Princess Chic"
LASTEX FOUNDATION
Double Support where it is needed most

NOW you can enjoy the thrill of a beautifully moulded silhouette in the comfort found only in two-way stretch Lastex.

By its clever *double knitted* panel "Princess Chic" gives *double support* where it's needed most: in front, in back and at sides. Controls and shapes naturally, without even the suggestion of a bulge to mar the smooth fashion-right lines you are seeking. Lace brassiere is uplift and flattering.

The "Princess Chic" Foundation illustrated $4. With satin Lastex and lace brassiere $3.50. Girdles are $2 and $2.50. Shaped Panties $2.50

You should find "Princess Chic" and other beautiful Foundations, Girdles and Brassieres Styled by Hickory at your favorite Corset Department. If not—write for FREE descriptive brochure. Address 1143 West Congress St., Chicago, Illinois

A. STEIN & COMPANY · CHICAGO · NEW YORK

The Show Window

Unbiased reviews of the latest and most important screen offerings

EXCEPTIONAL

THE COUNTRY DOCTOR—a down-to-earth, beautifully handled drama which will appeal to every audience and long be remembered as a screen masterpiece. The Dionne quintuplets, as lovable as they are famous, fully justify the vast amount of money spent to use them in the picture. But do not consider this a film merely intended to exploit the quints, for they are of secondary importance to the well-developed, exceedingly human story. Jean Hersholt, in the title role, gives a flawless performance. June Lang and Michael Whalen are satisfactory as the lovers. Slim Summerville, John Qualen, Aileen Carlyle and George Chandler head the remarkably capable supporting cast. *Twentieth Century-Fox.*

THE GREAT ZIEGFELD—Based on the dramatic life of America's greatest showman, this truly remarkable picture is undoubtedly one of the outstanding screen offerings of this or any other year. And it is entertainment supreme, for it captures the spirit of the gay, swirling, pleasure mad life along Broadway and the glamour and excitement of "show business." William Powell, in the title role, gives an amazing performance, the best of his career. Luise Rainer, as Anna Held, and Myrna Loy, as Billie Burke share acting honors. From every standpoint, this is the screen at its best, offering comedy, pathos and drama. *Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer.*

LITTLE LORD FAUNTLEROY—a triumph for everyone concerned, particularly for Freddie Bartholomew, who sets a new standard for juvenile actors; for C. Aubrey Smith, as the boy's irascible grandfather; and for Dolores Costello, whose "comeback" performance as Lord Fauntleroy's mother is the best in her entire career. Any prejudice which may have been created by our American use of "Lord Fauntleroy" to describe a sissified boy, will find no fodder in this masterly production. Little Lord Fauntleroy is a normal, lovable kid and his adventures provide moving drama and hilarious comedy. *Twentieth Century-Fox.*

TRAIL OF THE LONESOME PINE—With this grand old drama of feudal warfare in the Kentucky hills, natural color has arrived. Filmed in the pine forests of the Sierras, every scene possesses breathtaking beauty and complete color naturalness. Without its great story, this picture would be a screen event; with its tremendous drama and the superb performances of the cast, it is easily the most important production of the year. Sylvia Sidney, Fred Stone, Fred Mac Murray,

Joyce Kay, Warner Baxter and Gloria Stuart in *The Prisoner of Shark Island*

Henry Fonda and Sylvia Sidney in the natural color picture, *Trail of the Lonesome Pine*

William Powell and Luise Rainer vie for "best performance" laurels in *The Great Ziegfeld*

Henry Fonda and little Spanky McFarland head the cast and their work is brilliant. This is the one "must see" offering of the month. *Wanger-Paramount.*

EXCELLENT

THESE THREE—A mature drama, based on Lillian Hellman's stage play, *The Children's Hour.* In the adaptation for the screen, all trace of censorable material has been removed and the result is consummate entertainment. Merle Oberon, Miriam Hopkins and Joel McCrea are co-starred—but the acting laurels must be awarded to two children, Bonita Granville and Marcia Mae Jones. *United Artists.*

THE MUSIC GOES 'ROUND—A rollicking musical, crammed with tuneful songs, clever dance routines and really hilarious comedy. Harry Richman, of New York stage fame, and Rochelle Hudson are co-starred, and Walter Connolly and Lionel Stander head the supporting cast. Recommended fare for family consumption. *Columbia.*

LOVE BEFORE BREAKFAST—Farce comedy of the *"It Happened One Night"* brand and very little short of that same standard. Carole Lombard has never given a better performance and Preston Foster, hitherto deprived of an opportunity to display his talent for comedy, will win a new host of fans. If you like to laugh, put this film on your "must see" list. *Universal.*

GENTLE JULIA—Jane Withers establishes herself as "tops" among the screen kiddies with the best performance of her career in this enchanting, whimsical page from the heart of childhood. Booth Tarkington wrote the story and the millions who have read and loved the book will find it brought to life in this picture. Tom Brown, Marsha Hunt, Jackie Searl and Jackie Hughes highlight the excellent supporting cast. *Twentieth Century-Fox.*

THREE GODFATHERS—Frankly intended as a "Class B" picture, this western drama relating the story of three desperadoes who face certain death to save the life of a baby, surprised even its producers by emerging as "Class A" fare which will appeal to every audience. Lewis Stone, Chester Morris and Walter Brennan head the cast and contribute sterling work. *Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer.*

THE PRISONER OF SHARK ISLAND—Grim, realistic drama, based on the true life story of Dr. Mudd, who for unknowingly aiding the assassin of Abraham Lincoln, was entombed in the notorious federal prison on "Shark Island." If you are easily affected by scenes of cruelty, you will be revolted by this picture. But, see it in spite of that, for, thanks to the great work of director and cast, it is an artistic masterpiece. Warner Baxter, the star, has never been so effective. Gloria Stuart, Claude Gillingwater, Arthur Byron, John Carradine and Harry Carey are outstanding in important roles. *Twentieth Century-Fox.*

FOLLOW THE FLEET—A new Fred Astaire-Ginger Rogers song and dance festival—not their best, but grand entertainment, nevertheless. In this one, Astaire proves himself as good a comedian as he is a dancer, and Ginger Rogers proves herself as good a dancer as she is a comedienne. Harriet Hilliard, a newcomer from radio, comes within an ace of stealing top honor with her beauty and singing. Credit Randolph Scott with his best performance to date. *RKO-Radio Pictures.*

WHICH IS YOUR LUCKY NUMBER?
1 DARK BRUNETTE
2 RACHEL
3 BEIGE
4 BRUNETTE
5 NATURAL
Lady Esther

You May Think It is No. 1 When It Really is No. 3; Or No. 2 Rather than No. 4

The Wrong Shade of Face Powder Will Make You Look Years Older Than You Really Are!

BY Lady Esther

Are you using the right shade of face powder for *you?*

That sounds like a rather needless question, doesn't it? For there is nothing a woman selects more confidently than her color of face powder. Yet, it is an actual fact, as artists and make-up experts will tell you, that many women use altogether the wrong shade of face powder.

The shade they so fondly believe makes them look their youngest and most attractive does just the opposite and makes them look years older than they really are!

Brunettes think that because they are brunettes they should use a dark shade. Blondes think they should use a light shade. Titians think they should use something else.

Choose by Trying

The fact is, you shouldn't choose a face powder shade according to your "type" or coloring, but according to which one is the *most becoming* for you. After all, a brunette may have a very fair skin while a blonde may have a dark or olive skin or any shade between. The only way to tell, therefore, is to try all five shades which, experts agree, accommodate all colorings.

So fundamentally sound is this principle that I want you to prove it to yourself at my expense. I will therefore send you all five shades of my Lady Esther Face Powder free of charge and obligation. When you get the five shades, try all five on. Don't think that your choice must be confined to any one or two shades. As I say, try on all five. Maybe the very shade you think least suited to you is really your most becoming, your most flattering.

Stays on for 4 Hours

When you make the shade test of Lady Esther Face Powder, I want you to notice, too, how smooth this face powder is—how evenly it goes on and long it holds. By actual test, you will find this face powder adheres for four hours or more.

Write today for all five shades of Lady Esther Face Powder which I offer free. With the five shades of Lady Esther Face Powder I will also send you a 7-day tube of Lady Esther Face Cream. The coupon brings both the powder and cream.

(You can paste this on a penny postcard.) (22) **FREE**

Lady Esther, 2030 Ridge Avenue, Evanston, Illinois

Please send me by return mail a liberal supply of all five shades of Lady Esther Face Powder; also a 7-day supply of your Lady Esther Four-purpose Face Cream.

*Name*____________________

*Address*____________________

*City*____________ *State*________

(If you live in Canada, write Lady Esther, Ltd., Toronto, Ont.)

EYE MAKE-UP
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The Show Window

WIFE VERSUS SECRETARY—Despite its sensational title, this clever comedy drama, co-starring Clark Gable, Jean Harlow and Myrna Loy, hasn't an objectionable scene or line of dialogue. The plot, hinging on a wife's natural resentment of a too-attractive secretary, builds to a smashing climax. The three principals are at their best. *Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer.*

DESIRE—Marlene Dietrich and Gary Cooper, co-starred in this sexy story of a jewel-thief who gives up her trade for love, dwarf the story with brilliant performances. Dietrich, in particular, shows vast improvement. She is less languidly decorative than usual and handles both her dramatic and her humorous scenes with great skill. This picture cannot be recommended for children, but it will please sophisticated adult audiences. *Paramount.*

GOOD

GIVE US THIS NIGHT—Overloaded with operatic arias and handicapped by a creaky plot, this musical drama, co-starring Gladys Swarthout and Jan Kiepura, is a distinct disappointment, which can be recommended only for confirmed music lovers. Gladys Swarthout deserves a better vehicle. *Paramount.*

HELL-SHIP MORGAN—Red-blooded, he-man drama with the tuna fishing industry as a colorful background. Ann Sothern, George Bancroft and Victor Jory are excellent, the story is convincing if melodramatic and the picture, as a whole, is one of the best of its type. *Columbia.*

THE HOUSE OF 1000 CANDLES—Despite a weak story, this drama of international intrigue and espionage, is better than average entertainment. Phillips Holmes, Mae Clarke, Irving Pichel and Rosita Moreno have the principal roles. *Republic.*

THE VOICE OF BUGLE ANN—Lionel Barrymore and Eric Linden, the co-stars of *Ah, Wilderness,* are teamed again in this down-to-earth, homey little drama. Unpretentious, but always entertaining, it tells of a man's love for a dog and his resentment when the dog is killed. Laid against a background of the rural South, the picture possesses great charm. Both Barrymore and Lindin are excellent and Maureen O'Sullivan contributes a nice bit of work. *Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer.*

THE WALKING DEAD—Again Boris Karloff stars in a horror-film, this time in the role of a man unjustly executed for murder, whose spirit returns to exact vengeance. Those with an appetite for grisly chills will acclaim this picture, despite the many confusions of its plot. *Warner Brothers.*

BOULDER DAM—Loaded with spectacular scenes and deftly balancing clever humor against heavy drama, this picture, with its colorful background and capable cast, has great entertainment value. Patricia Ellis, Ross Alexander and Lyle Talbot have the leading roles. It is interesting to note that many of the scenes show actual construction work on the great Boulder Dam project. *Warner Brothers.*

YOU MAY BE NEXT—A well contrived thriller, crammed with suspense, and offering a novel plot which hinges on the scheme

Marlene Dietrich and John Halliday in *Desire.* Gary Cooper is co-starred in the picture.

Dolores Costello and Freddie Bartholomew as mother and son in *Little Lord Fauntleroy*

Ginger Rogers and Fred Astaire in their latest song and dance-fest, *Follow the Fleet*

Merle Oberon and Joel McCrea are co-starred with Miriam Hopkins in United Artists' *These Three* of racketeers to extort money from radio broadcasters. Lloyd Nolan, Ann Sothern, Douglas Dumbrille, John Arledge and Berton Churchill head the cast. *Columbia.*

DESERT GOLD—For the third time Zane Grey's thriller reaches the screen and this time it emerges as an exceptionally good western—a picture which, in many theatres, will prove a more popular offering than the more sophisticated "supers." Buster Crabbe, Robert Cummings, Tom Keene and Marsha Hunt head the cast. *Paramount.*

THE LEATHERNECKS HAVE LANDED—Lew Ayres returns to the screen in this unusually entertaining melodrama of the U.S. Marine Corps. A good story, laid in war-torn China, good direction and excellent performances by Lew Ayres, Isabel Jewell and Jimmy Ellison lift this picture above its intended class. *Republic.*

HER MASTER'S VOICE—Edward Everett Horton, Peggy Conklin and Laura Hope Crews in a delightful domestic comedy that without striving for effects provokes a steady barrage of chuckles. The story hinges on the efforts of a meddlesome relative to break up a happy marriage. Peggy Conklin has great screen possibilities. *Paramount.*

PREVIEW MURDER MYSTERY—With the motion picture studio as background and professional pealousy as the motivation, this novel "whodunit" thriller is top-notch entertainment. Particularly interesting are the scenes which show a picture company at work in a modern studio. Reginald Denny, Frances Drake, Gail Patrick, Rod La Rocque and Conway Tearle head the cast. *Paramount.*

SNOWED UNDER—Smart and sometimes hilarious comedy, brilliantly played by George Brent, Genevieve Tobin, Frank McHugh, Glenda Farrell, Patricia Ellis and Porter Hall. The story hinges on the complications of a much-divorced author "snowed under" by his alimony bills. *Warner Brothers.*

FAIR

MESSAGE TO GARCIA—Rather unbelievable melodrama which hinges on the efforts of an American officer during the Spanish-American war to deliver a message from the President of the United States to the Cuban forces. John Boles, Barbara Stanwyck and Wallace Beery labor tirelessly to make their roles convincing but the story's flaws, creaky dialogue and ineffective backgrounds combine to form a grievous handicap. *Twentieth Century-Fox.*

ROAD GANG—Morbid, grim and depressing, this picture is really a preachment thinly disguised as entertainment. It attempts to condemn prison conditions by showing scenes of unwarranted brutality and torture, and, in doing so, exaggerates too obviously. Donald Woods, Kay Linaker, Carlyle Moore, Jr., and Henry O'Neill head the cast. *Warner Brothers.*

I'LL NAME THE MURDERER—Another "whodunit," this time offering a newspaper columnist as the one-man detective force who solves an un-solvable murder mystery and brings a big-shot gangster to justice. Marion Shilling, Ralph Forbes and Malcolm McGregor are featured. *Puritan.*

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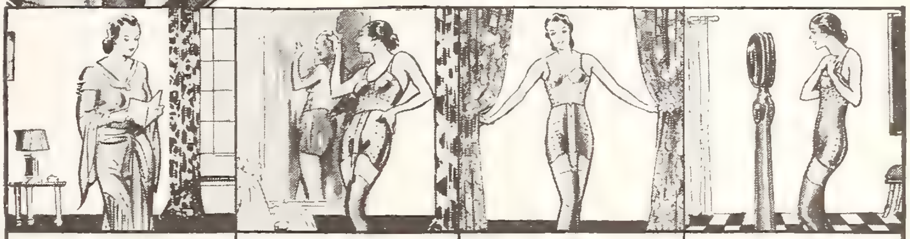

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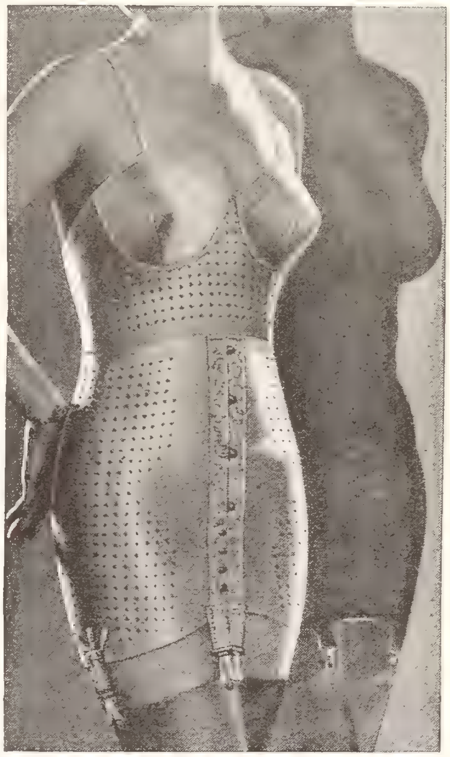

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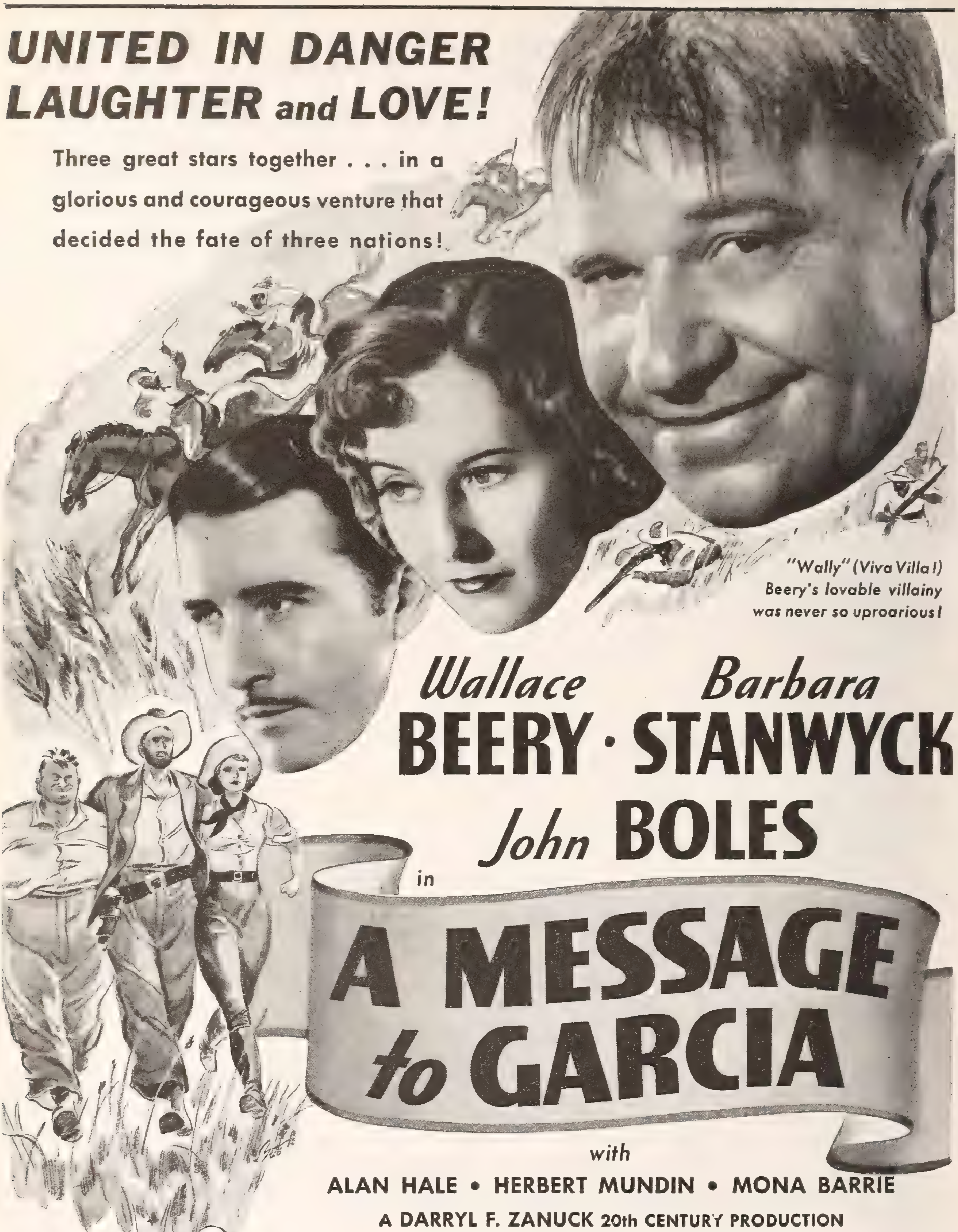

"Wally" (Viva Villa!) Beery's lovable villainy was never so uproarious!

Wallace **BEERY** · *Barbara* **STANWYCK**

John **BOLES**

in

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with

ALAN HALE • HERBERT MUNDIN • MONA BARRIE

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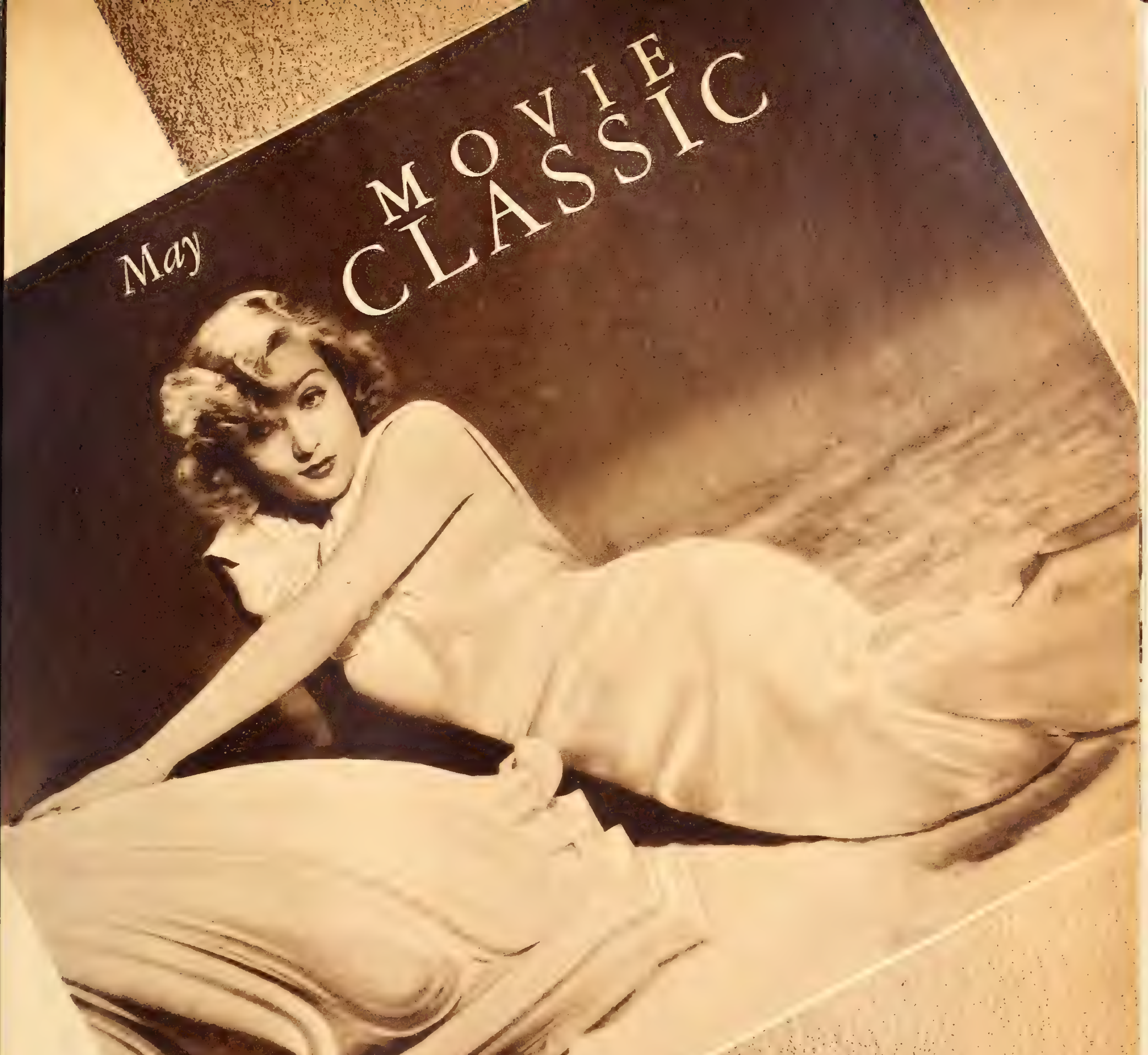
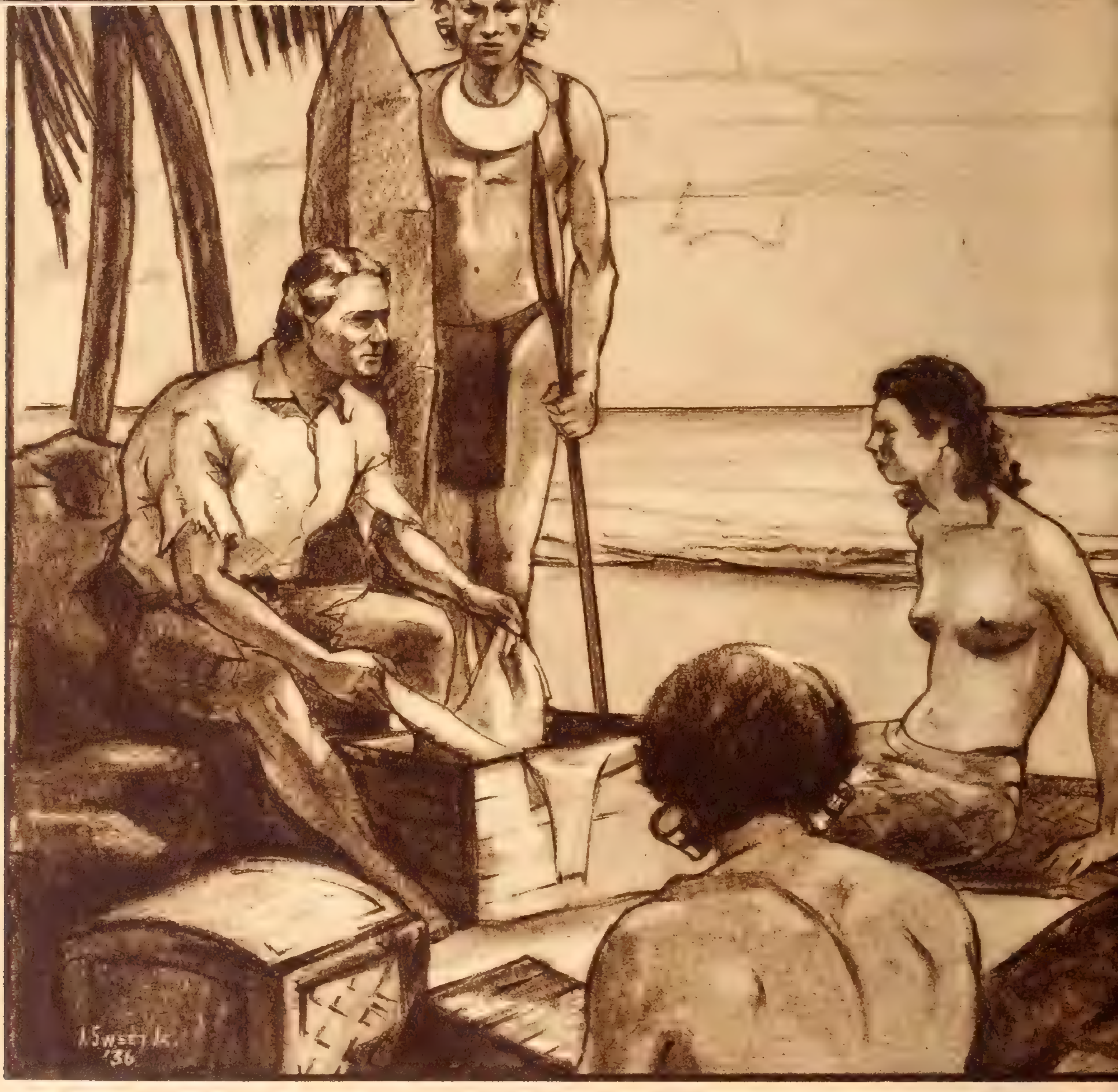


Carole Lombard

As modern as the imagined future, as glamourous as the romantic past, Carole Lombard has won a secure place among the really great personalities of the screen. She is to be seen currently in *Love Before Breakfast*, a rollicking marriage farce ideally suited to her talent

In *Quest*


J. Sweet Jr.
'36

Illustrated by Jay Sweet

Beginning Errol Flynn's Dramatic Life

# of Romance!

by

William Ulman, Jr.

THE BIG stoker spat out a tooth.

"I'm coming back and kill you!" he swore through pulped lips.

"Very well, old boy," calmly answered the young Irishman. "I shall be here for twenty-four hours. Drop in any time."

Heavy laughter greeted this from the men standing at the bar. Even the kanaka waiter who was picking up fallen tables grinned. The big stoker glared about him viciously and lurched through the bamboo doors, a stream of ugly profanity mixing with the blood that trickled from his mouth.

A glossy Alsatian shepherd dog crept from behind the bar and slipped his head affectionately on the Irishman's knee. The rubicund publican, whose eyes had seen things that belied his jovial face, swept a cloth over the bar before speaking with measured words.

"Nice hound you got there, younker!"

"Greedy devil," commented the boy comfortably.

"Think he's worth gettin' killed over?"

"I sha'n't be killed," came the positive answer. His humorous blue eyes were cold as a winter sky as he looked straight at the bland purveyor of beer and rum. The latter shrugged eloquently and moved off to answer an insistent clamor for a pint of stout.

A bearded gentleman in a tropical helmet smiled and crossed negligently to the boy's table. With the faintest suggestion of a bow he spoke.

"My name's Biennsen. Just out from the bush—rock tapping up Sepik way."

"I'm Errol Flynn."

They shook hands. "Glad to meet you, Flynn. Tomorrow might have been too late," he added significantly.

Flynn snorted, grinned, "What should I say? *'Te moritamur salutamus'*, isn't it?"

"You look a bit young for the salute of death, lad. Why not come up country with me? I'm leaving when the moon comes up. Fewer mosquitoes."

Six-foot-two of tempered bone and muscle snapped erect. "Sorry," he snapped, "I've an engagement with a gentleman here in Rabaul sometime tomorrow. I intend to keep it!"

"Right you are! But be careful—he'll have eight inches of steel slung between his shoulder blades when he comes back."

"I should imagine he'll need it." The reply was matter of fact as the eighteen-year-old son of the Clan Flynn of Dungannon strode from the bar.

"Healthy young animal!" This from Dr. Biennsen to no one in particular.

"Won't be so bloody 'ealthy this time tomorrow," was the bar-keep's gloomy prophecy. "An' all because the dirty swine kicked 'is lousy 'ound," he added wonderingly.

Outside, an appreciable amount of Flynn's confidence ebbed away. Not that he was worried about a fight with any man living, but this was his first night in Papua. And he was broke. The cool, sago-barked inn and white-netted beds were not for him. He was on his own—and "his own" was on the beach, in the parlance of men "down-under." The beauty of palm fronds etched against the Southern sky, brilliant even at night, the drowsy murmur

Story

of the phosphorescent surf, the seductive perfume of the D'Alberti flower, all these held no charm for him as he made his way to the white sand in search of a place to sleep comparatively free of snakes. After all, he was only eighteen and far from home.

● He'd landed in Papua—New Britain, to be exact—only that afternoon after having worked his way up on the packet from Sydney. He wasn't bothered about his family. He'd left a note for his mother, and his father was far down the Australian coast heading a zoological expedition. By the time he got back young Errol hoped to be well established for himself in the Islands. Such is valor of eighteen!

As he threw himself wearily on the warm sand, he grinned, his meteoric spirits on the rise again. An amusing thought had just struck him. He remembered his last talk with the principal of the school in Sydney. They had disagreed on the subject of what a young man should do in the lustrous tropical nights.

"Study!" said the acid little man.

"With all these beautiful ladies about, Sir?"

"You're too young for that sort of thing!" snapped the principal.

"Too young, is it, Sir?" His appraising eyes swept over the dried frame of the pedagogue. "Well, now, and here I've been thinking that it is when he's too old that a man stays in with his books and hearth all comfortable and—"

"Young man, you're—you're dismissed! Get out! Leave this office at once, d'you hear?"

Flynn backed to the door, smiling broadly. "Ah, the wonder of it!" he murmured softly as he watched the wizened man shake with impotent rage, "The very wonder of it! Such a big voice to come from such a little man!"

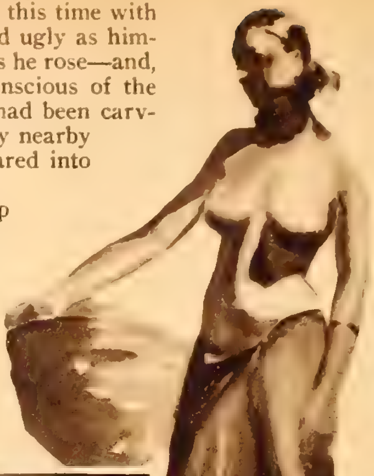
Errol chuckled on the beach of Papua, gave his pup an affectionate shove and muttered sleepily, "An' let that be a lesson to you, my fine furred friend. See to it that you avoid the lady dogs of the native villages, or the tropics'll get y' if y' don't watch out!"

And the hound growled happily at the very thought of it, and his master slept dreamlessly beneath the South Sea moon.

The sun woke him in the early dawn of the tropics. He yawned prodigiously, stripped, raced across the white coral sand and dove into the creaming surf. If he'd met a shark that morning, he'd have pushed it aside with a laugh or taken a bite out of it, he felt so good. The sun and wind dried him as he plucked his breakfast from a heavily laden paupau tree. The people of the town thought him daft as he strode toward the pub, smiling broadly with the joy of life and merrily saluting people he'd never seen before.

All that day he sat outside the pub in a crackling good humor, quite unconscious of the fact that he was being carefully watched by a bushy-haired native. It was late in the afternoon before the beetle-browed stoker appeared from the direction of the beach, this time with three pals, each as big and ugly as himself. Flynn's eyes chilled as he rose—and, again, he was quite unconscious of the fact that the native who had been carving a paddle handle all day nearby had miraculously disappeared into the brush.

As the men from the ship came up others poured out of the pub, anxious to see the sport. Wagers were placed—with the odds against Flynn. Only the barkeeper tried to intervene. After all, he'd had trouble with the constabulary before and wanted no more of it. But he was ruthlessly brushed aside. As the four ship-mates faced Flynn it became increasingly clear that if he was lucky enough to take care of the first there'd be another—and another—and another. It looked like murder and the odds dropped still further, despite the fact that Flynn coolly stood his ground.



Errol Flynn, adventurer, athlete, and South Seas vagabond, has by virtue of one great motion picture, *Captain Blood*, established himself as a screen personality of tremendous importance

● Suddenly from nowhere there appeared Dr. Biennsen and a party of his bushy-haired native boys, not one of whom but was a reformed headhunter from the interior. As they took their stations around the clearing, obviously eager, the kindly Doctor stepped forward.

"Hope you don't mind, Mr. Flynn. Just dropped by in the interests of good sportsmanship."

One of the stoker's pals stepped forward angrily, "Say! 'Oo the hell do you think you are?" He stopped abruptly, a vague look in his eyes as he felt the sudden prick of a spear at the small of his back. It was one of the Doctor's "boys." The boy smiled happily, "You savvy kai-kai man?"

"What the 'ell does he mean?" swore the unhappy man.

"Kai-kai man," answered Errol, "is a man-eater. He's trying to tell you that he used to be a cannibal They had them hereabouts, you know."

"So! So!" chattered the spear-boy, enthusiastically, "Me kai-kai man! You savvy?"

"Oh," replied the stoker's pal as he edged away.

"Before I whip you again, laddy," said Errol turning back to the stoker, "I want to warn you that last year I had the privilege of representing England on the Olympic boxing team. . . ." He stuck out his hand impulsively, "How about calling it off?"

The stoker, instead of answering, snarled and let one fly. Errol caught the wrist dextrously, twisted it and slipped a hand over the stoker's shoulder, deftly extracted an evil-looking sailor's knife, tossed it aside and squared away. He was as merciful as he could be under the circumstances. The fight was short —four blows, to be precise—and Errol carried the fallen man into the bar for a drink.

An hour later they were buddies and the stoker was roaring that "his pal" was the best damn' fighter in the Islands. He clinched his argument with a belligerent scowl and question, "He mus' be! Di'n't he lick *me?*"

After that Errol took to hanging around the beach in search of any way at all to earn a few shillings—and shillings are hard to find in the Island. His chief pastime was in bartering with the natives on the beach. During that whole period he made but one friend—Biennsen. It was through the efforts of the kindly geologist that word was gotten to Errol's family about the true state of affairs. The boy was far too proud to accept—or [*Continued on page* 89]

Stop! *Don't Lose* Your Temper

Merle Oberon, who is now to be seen co-starred with Miriam Hopkins and Joel McCrea in *These Three,* has sky-rocketed to stardom since she learned the folly of giving away to sudden anger

Merle Oberon, who prided herself on being a spit-fire, tells how she discovered the value of determined self-control

By MARIAN RHEA

Merle Oberon's current picture, *These Three,* is a screen adaptation of the stage play, *The Children's Hour,* which rocked New York with its daring theme. If Dame Rumor is to be credited, Samuel Goldwyn paid $100,000 for the screen rights—and that in the teeth of Hollywood's belief that the story would run afoul of censorship. As usual Goldwyn scored a triumph, for the picture is censor-proof and yet it loses none of the dramatic punch which distinguished the play.

Merle Oberon, unknown only two years ago, has had a sensational rise to screen fame, and at this writing, is one of three nominees for the Motion Picture Academy award—Hollywood's own tribute to artistry. She was born on the island of Tasmania, educated in India, and played her first important screen rôle in the English picture, *Henry the Eighth.*

THEY WERE rehearsing, after school, for the Class Play—event of events—at the smart finishing school in Calcutta, India, where the young and lovely Briton, Estelle Merle O'Brien Thompson rounded out her education. Rather, they had been rehearsing. They were now in the assembly room, deserted except for members of the cast.

Outside, it was warm spring and the afternoon sun painted a golden sheen on the palms along the drive way. The fragrance of exotic blooms swept through the open windows . . . Calcutta is heavenly in early spring.

Still, the day's charm was rebuffed by the scene on the assembly room stage. All was *not* well with the Class Play. The rehearsal had stopped. The star was displaying temper, or temperament was what she called it, perhaps. A little cluster of students with manuscripts in their hands stood by, frightened and embarrassed. They play director pushed back her hair from a damp forehead with a gesture that bespoke exasperation and hurt as well.

The star stamped her foot. She was lovely to look at, but there was no loveliness in her grey-green eyes. She was mad—mad clear through.

"I shan't do it that way!" she cried. "You are wrong! You all are wrong!" And then, as no one answered her, she staged her climax:

"I don't want to be in this old play, anyway!"

The teacher-director's voice was quiet as she answered: "Very well, then, Merle. You may withdraw. Give me your manuscript."

That was that. The young rebel thrust her manuscript into the other's hands and ran down the stage steps, her high heels beating a tattoo of angry protest. A door slammed . . . and they resumed rehearsal of the Class Play with another leading lady.

"And so," Merle Oberon (Estelle Merle O'Brien Thompson that was) told me, recalling that turbulent scene on the other side of the world, "the night of the play I sat in the audience and watched another girl triumph in the rôle I had thrown away. I had wanted terribly to be in that play, and then, in a fit of temper, I had lost the opportunity. I was sick with remorse. After it was all over, I went home and cried myself to sleep. All because I had allowed myself the brief, doubtful luxury of flying into a tantrum. . . ."

This reminiscence of Samuel Goldwyn's famous star, soon to be seen in *These Three,* Goldwyn's latest picture, came one day when she and I were having lunch at the Beverly Hills Brown Derby. We had been talking about temper and temperament. Merle said she didn't see much difference between the two.

"To me," she declared, "temperament is too often merely a fancy name for temper—and as for temper itself—" she added, thoughtfully, "well, it is probably the most futile [*Continued on page 87*]

Janet Gaynor
a Small Town Girl

Commentary by
JACK SMALLEY

JANET GAYNOR'S new picture, *Small Town Girl,* which she is making at Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer with Robert Taylor, serves as a reminder that Janet's consistent popularity is, in a sense, due to her keeping alive the tradition of the small town girl.

She has the charming simplicity associated with girls from those little towns most of us remember from childhood; the shadow of maples over the streets, the delectable odor of kitchens, the school where your first girl caused you to slick your hair and shine your shoes. Janet reminds you of those things, too, in her voice, which is untouched with artificial accents. She wrinkles her nose in conversation, gestures with a mobile little mouth, and her eyes sparkle with young enthusiasm.

Other details further endear her to fans whose loyalty is her precious possession—the fact that she rose from the ranks as an extra girl, wrote her own success story with hard work. She proved to a million girls that you don't have to have a flawless form and a face like a goddess to win out.

Janet is very small, weighing only a hundred pounds and standing slightly less than five feet. She is a hustling organizer when need be. Men, on meeting her, are invariably attracted. Her one marriage failed largely through lack of sympathy from her husband for her work, which means much to Janet.

Making *Small Town Girl* was, as usual in Gaynor pictures, more frolic than work. William Wellman, the harum-scarum director, added to the picnic spirit. His crew will stop at nothing to get his films through on schedule. While on location at Monterey they accomplished the impossible by carrying huge lights on their shoulders, up a rocky path, so as to save Wellman an extra day of shooting.

The location was new in picture work. The rocks, the green trees, the pounding sea, made it ideal to represent the coast of Maine.

Janet and Bob appeared to enjoy their assignment together. Whether their mutual liking may develop into an off-screen romance is one of the interesting conjectures which occupies Hollywood at the moment. Bob, it seems, is quite like the rest of us—he, too, has found Janet irresistible.

Janet Gaynor and Robert Taylor, lovers ideal in *Small Town Girl,* one of the new season's most romantic pictures. Many of the scenes were filmed on the beautiful Monterey Peninsula

Janet Gaynor Writes an Open Letter to a Beau

One of Hollywood's most popular girls frankly presents her requirements for romance and describes her ideal mate

DEAR DADDY-LONG-LEGS: I'm addressing you that way because, you remember, Daddy-Long-Legs was just a shadow with whom a young girl fell in love. All she saw was his shadow on the wall, with legs absurdly long because of the way the light fell on his figure, but she adored him!

Well, you are still just a shadow, Mr. Beau-To-Be, for I haven't met you yet. Really, that's why I'm writing you a letter—because you are quite imaginary (as yet) and you haven't the slightest notion of what sort of girl I am.

To be quite frank with you, I'm not always so sure on that score myself! I can, however, tell you about my likes and dislikes, and then you can form your own opinion of me.

First of all, my two big passions are dancing and going to the theater. So, if you don't like to dance or go to shows, I suppose your opinion of me has gone *ker-plunk,* before I've even gotten started!

Dancing is such fun, though, with the right partner and the tingle of good music, that I'm sure you must like to dance. For that "right partner" I like a man who is tall—very tall, in fact. Head and shoulders taller than I. I'm only five feet, so it isn't a difficult requirement to be quite a lot taller than I am.

You are, I fondly hope, the type who doesn't talk at all while dancing. I like to just dance and dance, and forget everything else.

But I should really be helpful in this letter to you, and try to organize my thoughts. Suppose I start with an imaginary date with you? Let's pretend we were going out together, and I'll just write down my thoughts.

First of all, you would call me up. Say the evening or so before, so that I wouldn't be busy. There are so many things to be accomplished in picture work that sometimes it seems as if I never get a minute for myself, unless I plan ahead.

I don't, therefore, like to have people just "drop in." [*Continued on page 90*]

Jean *and* Clark

and what they didn't

"When I first met Jean I thought she was a nice enough kid, but a rotten actress"

CLARK GABLE

SIX YEARS ago, Jean Harlow, with *Hell's Angels* behind her as her single screen appearance; and Clark Gable, with small parts in *Painted Desert, Easiest Way* and *Dance, Fools, Dance* behind him, met for the first time in *The Secret Six*, an M-G-M production which starred Wallace Beery and Lewis Stone. Beginners both.

The other day I talked with them on the set of *Wife versus Secretary*.

Stars both.

We sat, the three of us, in Jean's portable dressing room on the set. Near enough to the ice palace which had been constructed for the picture to hear the band playing, the clink of skates as professional skaters engaged for the sequence described arcs and figure eights and other geometric designs on the "ice" of the rink.

Jean wore ice skates and a blue skating outfit. Clark wore ice skates and brown tweeds. They had just shot a scene in which both had taken a "brodie" and had come up laughing. They had *taken* the brodie, too. Not once but several times. Meanwhile, their stand-ins had stood comfortably to one side watching the stars seeing stars and risking bruises.

I said to Jean and Clark, "What I want to know is this—what dreams did you two dream when you were making your first picture together back in the Neolithic age? Did you dream that it would come to . . . this?"

And I indicated, comprehensively, the small de luxe dressing room, Jean's maid hovering in readiness, Clark's man proffering him a gold cigarette case, the stand-ins standing at attention—the whole luxurious frame of stardom. . . .

And before the question was out of my mouth they answered in unison, "We *didn't!*"

"Nope," said Clark, "I can answer for both of us and if I'm wrong Jean can stop me. We didn't have a dream in our heads. We didn't even think about a tomorrow but only of the day itself. We never thought about being stars. We knew that there were such animals and we admired them, respectfully, but at a distance. For never once did we think of ourselves as potential stars, or any kind of stars at all. Fact is, we didn't think about it at all. While as for dreaming . . . well, dreams don't sit so well on an empty stomach."

"I still can't think of myself as a star," said Jean, "sounds silly but it's a fact that I never think of *me* as a *star*. I find myself thinking of Garbo and Dietrich and Colbert and Crawford and others as big stars, and then the thought comes, 'but *you're* a star, too'—and it doesn't ring the bell. It doesn't seem to be *real!*"

"Doesn't sound silly to me," Clark said, "because I feel the same way myself. Always have and always will."

"Clark hasn't changed one mite," Jean said, with an affectionate smile and her fellow star, "since his almost unparalleled success came to him. He's just the same today as he was that first day in *The Secret Six*. My chief recollection of him then is the way he threw hard rolls at me in one of the scenes—and then between the scenes, 'just for fun' . . . FUN! He got realism into those rolls, believe me. He aimed 'em with deadly precision. He gets realism into falling on the ice, too, as my

By the time Jean Harlow and Clark Gable co-starred in *Red Dust*, they had recognized in one another the qualities of greatness

"Clark Gable didn't impress me. I thought he was just another actor with a temporary job and no future . . ."

JEAN HARLOW

tell Gladys Hall!

fair limbs will doubtless bear witness tomorrow. What I mean is, we *fall*—and fall again. . . ."

"And Jean hasn't changed either," Clark said. "In the beginning, she wouldn't have thought of allowing anyone to take the blows for her. She doesn't think today of having anyone take the falls for her. . . .

"No, you see in the days of *The Secret Six* we just thought, Jean and I, that we had jobs and were darned lucky to have 'em. Our only hope was that there would be another job for us when the current one was finished. We never got beyond that point. . . ."

"At the risk of being called an Elsie Dinsmore or something," Jean broke in, "I was really thinking only of my mother then . . . of the sacrifices she had made, of the family opposition she faced when we came to Hollywood. I was just hoping, from hour to hour, that I would be allowed to keep on working, for her sake. Just as I would have felt if I'd been a stenographer or had any other kind of a job. I also had the hope that after a good many years and a lot of hard work I might develop into the kind of an actress I'd like to be. But of stardom, of great success, of all the glamour that went with the Garbos and the Loys I never had a thought or a dream. I just didn't place myself in their category at all. I didn't have time to dream. . . ."

"*I* was thinking of my tummy," grinned Clark "and what steady jobs could mean to *it!*"

"But it was fun," Jean said, blue eyes wistful, almost wishful for the departed days when she and her mother shared a modest home and very modest hopes; when Clark used shoe leather instead of a new Dusenberg for transportation.

"Well," I commented, "I *have* picked two honies! If you don't dream of stardom for yourselves, individually, didn't you think of it for each other?"

"Whad'd you mean?" asked Clark, blankly.

"I mean, didn't you, Clark, gaze upon the platinum blonde glory that was Jean and say to yourself, 'Here is the next big box office Glamour Girl! Here is a rising star! Here is the studio's next gift to the fans'?"

"I did NOT," retorted Clark, with the ruthless and unprettified honesty which characterizes everything he says, "I thought she was a nice kid but a rotten actress and that was as far as I went in thinking about her at *all.*"

Jean laughed.

"And you?" I turned to her, "did you think when you looked at Clark that he was to be the biggest star sensation since Valentino? Did you *know*. . . .?"

"IMAGINE my embarrassment," grinned Jean (they reminded me, the two of them, of high school kids playing Truth), "but honestly—NO! I didn't think about him at all. I mean, I thought that he was just another actor, and not such a hot one at that, with a job. I thought he was a lot of fun and I took his advice but only because I always take advice from everyone. . . ."

"It wasn't until we made *Red Dust* together," Clark cut in, "that I realized Jean was an actress to be reckoned with, a comer, a star . . . she had improved so vastly by that time that even a blind man could get a [*Continued on page* 62]

And as the lovers in *China Seas,* hailed as two of the screen's greatest stars, their first impressions of one another were amusing

Expose Each Other

Spell of the River

"Ol' Mississipp," the darkies call it—and its haunting romance has influenced the life and career of Irene Dunne

By WILLIAM F. FRENCH

THE LITTLE GIRL had a disastrous habit of standing on tip-toe to look down at the snow-white prow cutting through the dull green water—and of jumping up and down at the sight of long-legged water fowl scampering along wing dam and sand bar, or at a glimpse of a lazy catfish in the shallows, or at the sight of imagined wild things in the woods along the shore. And her slippers suffered from contact with the coils of tarred rope which cluttered the deck of the river steamer. But little Irene—"Missy Dunne"—the crew called her—didn't care.

It was when the boat tied in at the long, rickety river piers that her little slippers suffered most. Then they must find toe hold so their owner could hang over the rail and look down into the funny, patched, flat-bottomed boats of the colored river folk, who rowed, sculled and poled out from shore, bayou and creek to moor against the big boat, rub their black hands over its smooth paint, and lazily reckon where it had come from and how fast it could go. They had fish to sell—though no passenger ever bought any—and quaint river songs to sing for a silver piece.

The little girl loved those songs; they haunted her. She often stood on the aft deck, looking down at the squat stern of the boat, where the colored crew gathered to shoot dice and relate

In *Showboat,* Irene Dunne has a rôle which she can play from her heart—for the great river dominates her childhood memories

wildly impossible river yarns. And the men learned to keep a weather eye aloft for the little white lass who threw pennies down to them, and who was always asking old Moe, and that no-count Glimp from up the dirty waters of the Red, to sing the strange river songs of which they knew only snatches. And then, at night, they would find her in some far corner of the big boat, singing the songs over and over again; trying to put them together, and adding words to make them rhyme.

They would grin, and nod knowingly, as they always did when Negro music found a white soul to haunt—and "Ol' Man River" began to flow in white veins.

The endless, silent, mysterious roll of water; the hushed music that seemed to hang always over the bosom of the great river, the soft, bright moonlight, setting silver fire to a million ripples; the black, eerie shore shadows and the mist-covered hills beyond; the dank smell of moss and marsh, cut by the pungent scent of wild blossoms—and centuries old legends—these were the spell that held the darkies in its grasp. This was "Ol' Mississipp" to them—this, and a disturbing memory of the great piles of steamship fire-wood to be passed and the bales of cotton to be stored aboard.

All this, and more, passed through nine-year-old Irene Dunne's mind as she lay in her little cabin at night, counting the throbs of the big engines below, and listening to the lash of the great paddle wheel behind. River legends and darky songs, mingled with charts and models and figures and uniforms. Gay scenes in the cabins of river boats, brightly lighted; brilliantly painted showboats with their music and jokes and stages, and strict naval discipline and polished brass—all this was Old Mississippi to her.

When she was not on one of her many trips on the boats between St. Louis and New Orleans, she was at home in Kentucky—where pictures of races between river boats, photographs of partly built ships and etchings of old vessels decorated the walls, and where boat models and boat talk was as common as cornbread.

Her grandfather was a famous designer and builder of river steamships, and her father was soon to become supervising general of river steamboats for the United States Government.

So Irene Dunne carried more than a headful of colored folk legends and a heartful of dark music through school and to the Bush Conservatory of Music in Chicago with her. She carried the romance of "Ol' Man River" in her veins. And she has never got it out—not to this day. Even now she subconsciously picks out on the piano old river melodies and darky songs that she learned in those early girlhood days.

Little wonder then, that the first time she saw and heard the stage play, *Showboat,* her heart missed a beat, a lump rose in her throat and a haunting, persistent desire got into her blood. She wanted to play in *Showboat.* She knew just how "Magnolia" felt when she stood by that old rail, looking over the water and up at the moon. She knew "Julie" and the plaintiff half-wild streak in her. She knew "Cap'n Andy" and she knew the darkies who sang out their hearts to the river.

It was *her* show! It belonged to the river, and she belonged to Old Mississippi, too. She knew "Ravenal," the polite, genteel river gambler, with the heart of a poet and the mind of a child.

"There are some things you just don't talk about," explains Irene now, "and my lounging [*Continued on page* 70]

The Moon *Was* Their Home

The dramatic story of one of Hollywood's most ironic situations—ex-wife and ex-husband reliving their romance in make believe

By KATHARINE HARTLEY

Margaret Sullavan and Henry Fonda as the lovers in *The Moon's Our Home*. In real life they were married, but quarreled and were divorced

MARGARET SULLAVAN and Henry Fonda, ex-husband and ex-wife, are making a picture together. It's titled *The Moon's Our Home*. To those of you who do not know the amazing story behind it, it may seem just another fine picture. But to Hollywood, knowing all of the circumstances, this picture is an ironic anti-climax for one of the strangest of real-life romances. Henry Fonda and Margaret Sullavan, once madly in love and happily married—are now playing at love and marriage and. . . .

But wait, here's the plot of the picture. Later on, I'll tell you the story of their off-screen romance—and the irony will be apparent.

The Moon's Our Home was written by Faith Baldwin. Henry and Margaret play the parts of Anthony Amberton and Cherry Chester—a flamboyant explorer-author, and a temperamental Hollywood star. But when they first meet they're traveling under their own names, so they know each other only as plain Sam Smith and even plainer Sara Brown. They "meet up" in one of those old fashioned winter boarding houses in New Hampshire, where both of them have gone "to get away from it all."

Theirs is a mad romance from the start. They fight and they argue and they throw things at each other—and that, incidentally, is how they find out they're in love. Sam, I think, finds it out first. At any rate she turns him down the first time he proposes. She tosses her head and claps her hands over her ears and says "No!" What she wants is her freedom—her glorious, rapturous, untrammeled freedom! (Movie stars are always saying that, even when they're incognito!) And it isn't until the fourth try that he finally persuades her that they can be married and still keep their freedom. He promises that they'll make their home "in the moon" . . . and that they'll never tie themselves down!

However, on their wedding night they quarrel again, and she leaves him flat, and they're a long way from living in the moon. And they have an awful time getting together after that, but of course eventually they do and the story ends with their living "happily ever after," as most stories do.

The point is this—

The real life romance of Margaret Sullavan and Henry Fonda started out much as their picture romance does. They, also, met in a New England retreat, and, in a way, they too were incognito. (At least, like the people in the picture, neither of them knew that the other was going to be somebody famous.) Also, they argued and fought and threw things at each other, and at first Margaret didn't want to marry Henry because she wanted to keep her freedom, and then finally she did—again, just as it happened in the picture. It's all pretty much the same, as a matter of fact, right up to the time when the girl walks out. There the similarity ends. In Miss Baldwin's story the lovers get together again. But the Sullavan-Fonda marriage died in the divorce court.

For why, when, where and how, let's begin at the beginning. Oh, yes, and let me say right now—in case anyone wonders where I got this story—that I used to spend my summers in Falmouth.

[*Continued on page* 65]

Robert Taylor—Hollywood Aladdin

Even the genii of the old Arabian Nights' tale could not bring about a greater miracle than the sudden, spectacular rise of this young star

By MARY HILL

A LIFETIME'S accomplishment in a year!

From the first rung of the ladder to the top—success and world fame, all within twelve months from the start of a career which apparently has still greater triumphs in store.

That's the record of Robert Taylor.

No wonder the song he sang to a "lucky star" in *Broadway Melody of* 1936 rang with such sincerity.

Bob is a little breathless with the rush of success. He said so himself.

It was between scenes on the *Small Town Girl* set where he was playing opposite Janet Gaynor. We asked just how it felt to find one's self so suddenly lifted to the heights.

He pondered a moment. Then he gave up, with a brief sigh accompanied by his disarming smile.

"I feel like saying—hey, not so fast! You see, I can't tell just how I feel. Things have happened so fast that I haven't had time to think. There are a lot of things I want to straighten out in my mind as soon as I have the time."

It wasn't hard to see his point. In the last six months Bob's fan mail has jumped from the hundreds to thousands of letters each week. Headlines scream his success in *Broadway Melody* and in *The Magnificent Obsession*. He's acclaimed the "hottest new box office bet" in the business today. On every hand there are requests for interviews and autographs. People stare and talk, sotto voce, whenever he appears in public. Between all this and his almost daily work before the cameras, it is small wonder that Bob has had little time for self-analysis.

One thing was certain, however, without our asking—Bob has changed in the last twelve months. But the change is for the better. He has a great deal more poise—an assurance that comes only from experience and the inevitable psychological effect that the knowledge of having proved one's self is bound to give.

Those who recall Bob as he appeared a year ago think of a quiet and darkly handsome boy—shy and retiring. He moved about his business at the studio so unobtrusively that one barely noticed him at all.

Buried Loot, a crime short, first started people noticing "that young Taylor" who was studying with the other youngsters in the M-G-M school. Still, his inherent shyness made him a practical stranger until his work as the young interne in *Society Doctor* resulted in a buzz of interest. At that time, Taylor was more surprised than anyone else.

Bob still remained very much to himself. He wouldn't even go around the publicity department workers, that democratic and social group, thinking they might imagine he wanted something.

Possibly his attitude was a result of the suddenness with which he was thrust into pictures. After executives of M-G-M opened the doors of that great studio to him upon watching his performance in a Pomona College production of *Journey's End,* and gave him an opportunity to study acting, Bob was elated, but skeptical. So dubious was he about the whole matter, that he didn't forget his scholastic education and jump at the offer. Nearly through his senior year he was determined to finish—in spite of the fact that he would be risking the loss of his screen opportunity.

Taylor was not only modest, but also of a practical turn of mind. When he started in college, studying to be a doctor, he was prepared and only too aware of the years of study that were ahead of him. An overnight success was the thing farthest from his mind. And he entertained no glowing notions when he started at the studio.

Even after the enthusiastic notices of his work in *Society Doctor,* he went along, content with a steady day-to-day progression, hoping for a "break" but refusing to worry about the date of its arrival.

Of sturdy stock, Bob has always had his feet on the ground. Today, with a glittering vista spreading out before him, he has no elaborate plans. Dreams yes. But Bob never went in for plans.

"I never make plans," said he. "I've found it a lot more pleasant to do the best I can, and then let matters take their course. Possibly I'm superstitious [*Continued on page* 64]

Romance

Grace Moore and Franchot Tone bring to the screen the most romantic of all musicals

Grace Moore

IT WAS springtime in Old Vienna, and gangsters and gun-molls and G-men were many years in the future, and there were no tap-dancers, and the only kind of crooners the good burghers had ever heard about were spelled *kroner,* and you bought beer and wine and pretzels with them. . . .

And it was the young Emperor's birthday, and there was carnival in the streets. . . .

And the young Emperor himself, handsome and gay and devil-may-care, had doffed his ermine and dodged his advisors, and in the uniform of a young lieutenant of Hussars, made high revelry at the carnival with his citizens. . . .

And it was there he saw the little seamstress he'd eyed in the palace when she came with the girl he *had* to marry but didn't want to, and the devil flirted in his eyes and the little seamstress' eyes twinkled back. And so came love.

—And so comes to you the screen play on which Grace Moore is betting her reputation to win your hearts and your acclaim. For more than a year, she has fought for that kind of story to give you—a story of young love and romance, with the sweetness of peach blossoms and the music that violins and cellos love to sing and the kind of love-tale that steps off the humdrum surface of the earth and soars into the clouds of imagination and it-might-have-happened.

"They've had gangsters galore, and mammy-shouters and tap-dancers and realism," she said. "Now, why not give them their dreams come true?"

"What do you mean?" they asked.

"I mean the rich glamour of the Old World, the music of Fritz Kreisler, the fragile beauty of old lace and hoopskirts and peach blossoms in spring, the sweetness of simplicity and unsophistication, the warmth of dreams."

And so they gave in. She'd told them that her first picture, *One Night of Love,* while all right in its way, did not realize the promise of music on the screen, and that her second, *Love Me Forever,* did no better.

"All right," they said, "the next is up to you."

For a year, she worked with writers and lyricists and prop men and directors of this and that. And the result—*The King Steps Out.* No Moss & Hart, no Irving Berlin wrote the music. Fritz Kreisler did that—and you'll hear Grace Moore sing *The Old Refrain,* and *The End Begins* (which is really Kreisler's *Liebeslied*) and *Stars In My Eyes* and *Madly In Love* (which glows with the passion of the gypsies), and the *Soldiers' March,* wherein a grand chorus of marching men booms the cadences of the song back at her, and the *Austrian Hymn*—and *Learn How To Lose* which is Kreisler's eye-dimming, heart-stopping *Caprice.*

Your eyes will carry you back, too, back from 1936 and all its woes and worldliness to the days of misty memories, when fairy tales actually happened and "hot-CHA" was only a sneeze! Columbia raided the museums and the art galleries of Europe to make it real. Even from the Petit Trianon, after much dickering with France's government, they brought Napoleon's coach to lend authenticity to one scene. They built a palace—and they built a palace garden, because the spirit of romance and dreams might better be captured in a man-made garden than in the reality of nature. And so they hired a great stage because none

in Vienna

By HENRY LANGFORD

of Columbia's own stages were big enough. And they cut down many young peach trees and brought them there and re-planted them. And they silvered their trunks and their branches, that they might gleam as they would in a dream, and on their branches they put thousands upon thousands upon thousands of hand-made peach blossoms, until Fairyland became real. And in that garden, Grace Moore sings of her love for the young Emperor, Franchot Tone.

That the music might thrill to the depths of the emotion Kreisler poured into it when he composed it, Josef Pasternak, Grace Moore's famed musical director, himself was in charge of music for the film. And that there might be no awkward hit-and-miss between the singers' lips and the songs you hear, the songs were actually recorded at the same time the scenes were shot—and that, you know, is something new, for heretofore in screen musicals, the songs have been recorded separately and then "dubbed in"—(and sometimes, *some*times, they matched the movements of the singers' lips).

There will be beauty galore. Grace's gowns will themselves be dreams. Ernest Dryden, who was with Chanel of Paris and Saks of Fifth Avenue and who is a world-famed designer—but who, above all, is himself a *Viennese!*—designed her gowns.

There will be big dance numbers. But no hot-stepping chorines with undulating hips and shivering shoulders will step off jazz on a mirror floor or a revolving fan. Instead, the breath-catching beauty of the famed Albertina Rasch ballet of forty dancers will thrill your eyes.

All these things, and many more, were Grace's own ideas. Last but not least was her determination that Josef von Sternberg should direct—"because he knows Europe and he knows the feel of the Vienna of old, and the romance it knew and the dreams it spun," she explained.

They are finishing the story as this article is being written. And they've had fun, great fun—for, permeating the entire shooting, from beginning to end, was that comradely warmth and co-operation that sweeps through a company when a hit is in the making. It's an indefinable psychological manifestation that Hollywood knows—that unit jollity and fun and excitement that heralds a "great" film, even before the shooting schedule is half-way through.

Fun? I'll say so—even when things went wrong; things that in other pictures would have wrecked tempers and temperaments. There was the day a great tank burst, in which mermaids and fish were swimming together. The studio was flooded, and the poor fish died (but they rescued the mermaids). They rebuilt the tank, after everybody had laughed and talked of free fish dinners, and they shot the scene again.

Von Sternberg became human. He's been known in the past as a driver, a hard director. In this, he's changed. He even cared so much for a group of extras that instead of filling toy balloons for the carnival scene with hydrogen, which might explode and burn someone if fired by a careless cigarette, Von ordered non-inflammable helium gas used. And that cost the studio a pretty penny! The high excitement of it all caught Von, and he discarded the dun overalls in which he formerly liked to work, and blossomed out on the set in colorful ensembles and shirts of many hues, until even the grips kidded him and Von kidded them back.

[*Continued on page* 86]

Franchot Tone

Learn with

Professor Temple, the
of them all, gives

Shirley and her daddy, George Temple, on their arrival in Honolulu, where Shirley learned the hula-hula

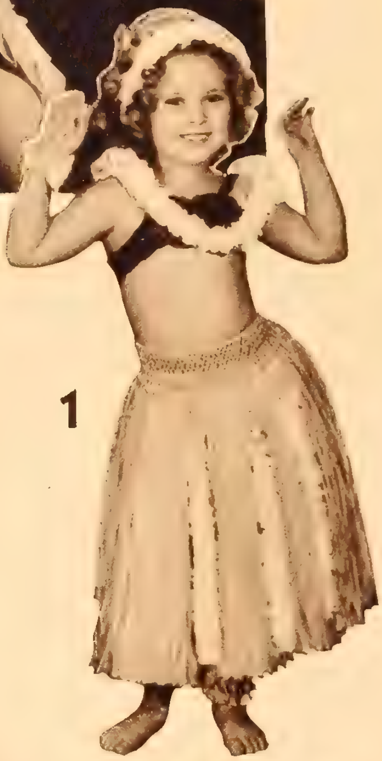
HERE'S A GRAND chance for any youngster to learn to dance like Shirley Temple . . .!

For in MOVIE CLASSIC, in a series of specially-illustrated and simply-explained articles, Shirley herself is going to tell just how she does the steps that have delighted the millions who have watched her dance on the screen.

She's going to tell and show, too, how she dances her own "private dance"—the steps she does in her own home, for fun. She'll explain every movement of each step, so that anyone can follow. And what's more, Shirley has posed for a series of photographs which show plainly how each step is taken. With Shirley's explanations and these pictures, any youngster can learn to do Shirley's dances.

BUT—

"I had to practice a lot before I could dance these steps *right,*" says Shirley.



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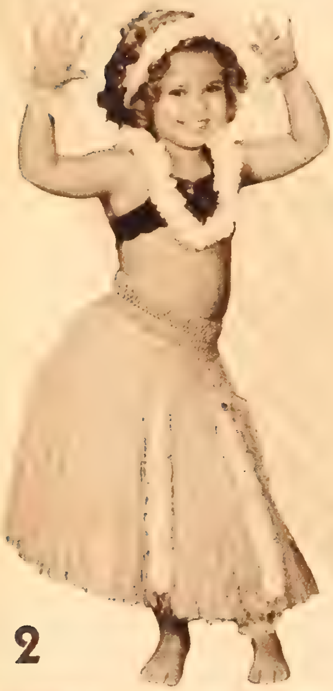

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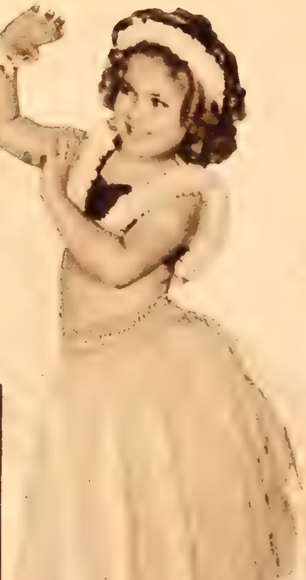

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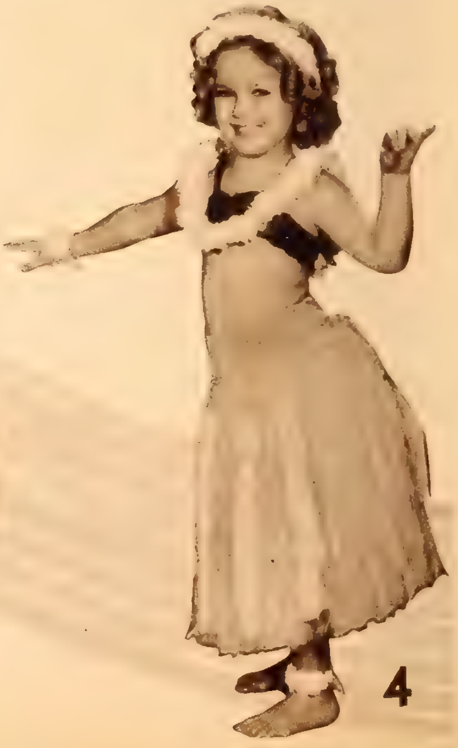

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to *Hula* Me!

cleverest little "hoofer"
a dancing lesson

Shirley and Jack Donohue, her dancing instructor, halt the day's work for an impromptu romp

And then she grins up at young Jack Donohue, the fast-footed young Englishman who was Shirley's dance instructor through the months that led to her present eminence as the screen's Number One Star.

Donohue knows how Shirley practiced. He can tell you. He showed her *how* to do the steps, just as in this series of articles Shirley will show *you* how to do them. BUT—after seeing *how*, it will take much practice to be able to do the steps correctly at dancing speed, with the apparent ease and grace with which Shirley herself does them. So, if learning seems to be slow at first, says Shirley, don't become discouraged, but do the steps over and over again—"and before too long, you'll be doing them just as

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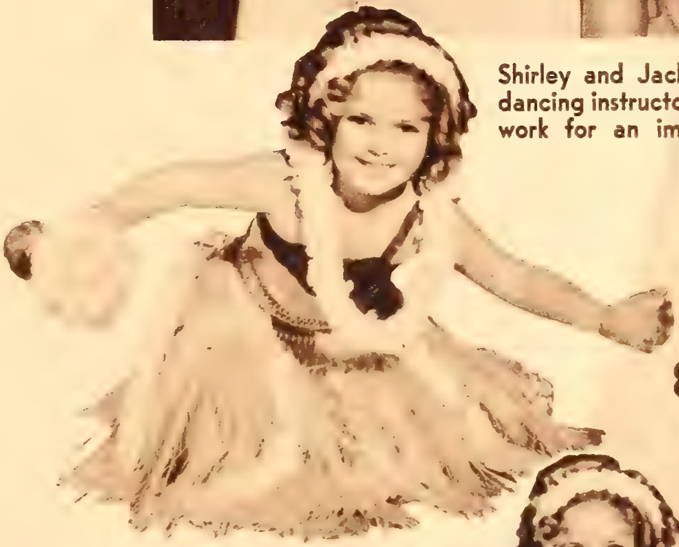

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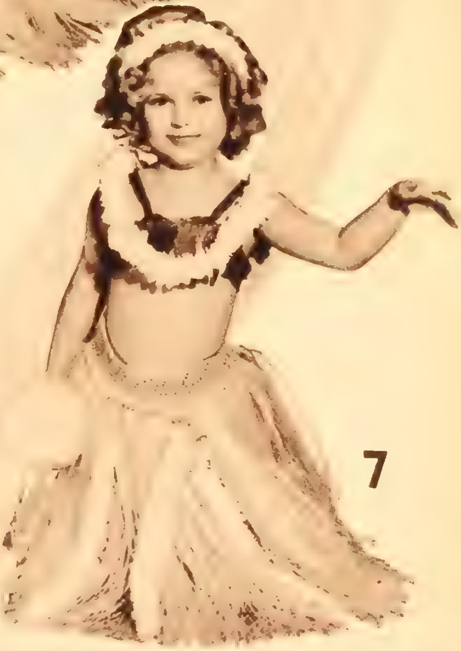

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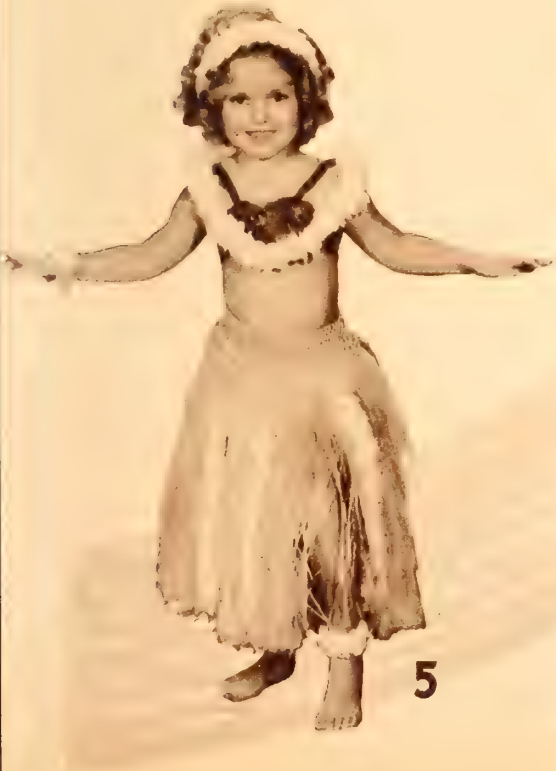

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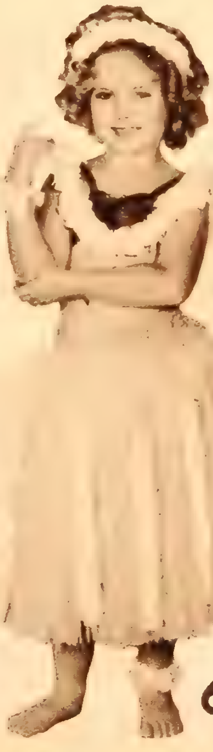

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Fred Astaire, retiring by nature and resentful of revealing publicity, is something of a "mystery man" even in gossipy Hollywood, but . . . .

I Knew Him *When-*

Fred Astaire, flying high in the latest Astaire-Rogers dance-fest, *Follow the Fleet.* Left: Helen Broderick, screen and stage star, and friend of the Astaires in the days of vaudeville

says Helen Broderick

YES, I knew Fred Astaire *when* . . . well, when he was playing "split-weeks" in vaudeville, always billed second or third because he wasn't considered good enough to perform after the audience had settled in their chairs; when Adele Astaire was considered the "star" of the family, and Fred just a bright little brother; when a pair of seventeen dollar shoes was an event in his life!

I know it's customary to say of someone who has reached the top, "I always knew he'd do it." I'm not saying that about Fred Astaire. It surprises me even now to think that the youngster I met in vaudeville in 1915 is one of the biggest box office draws in the country. And I think it surprises Fred Astaire, too.

I met the Astaires in 1915 in, of all places, Woonsocket, Rhode Island. We were playing in vaudeville there that Monday night. I know it was a Monday night, because vaudeville engagements were made on the "split week" basis. They began on Monday; if you filled the bill (no pun intended), they lasted until Thursday. If you didn't . . . . well, every vaudevillian in the country who wasn't a headliner trembled on Monday night.

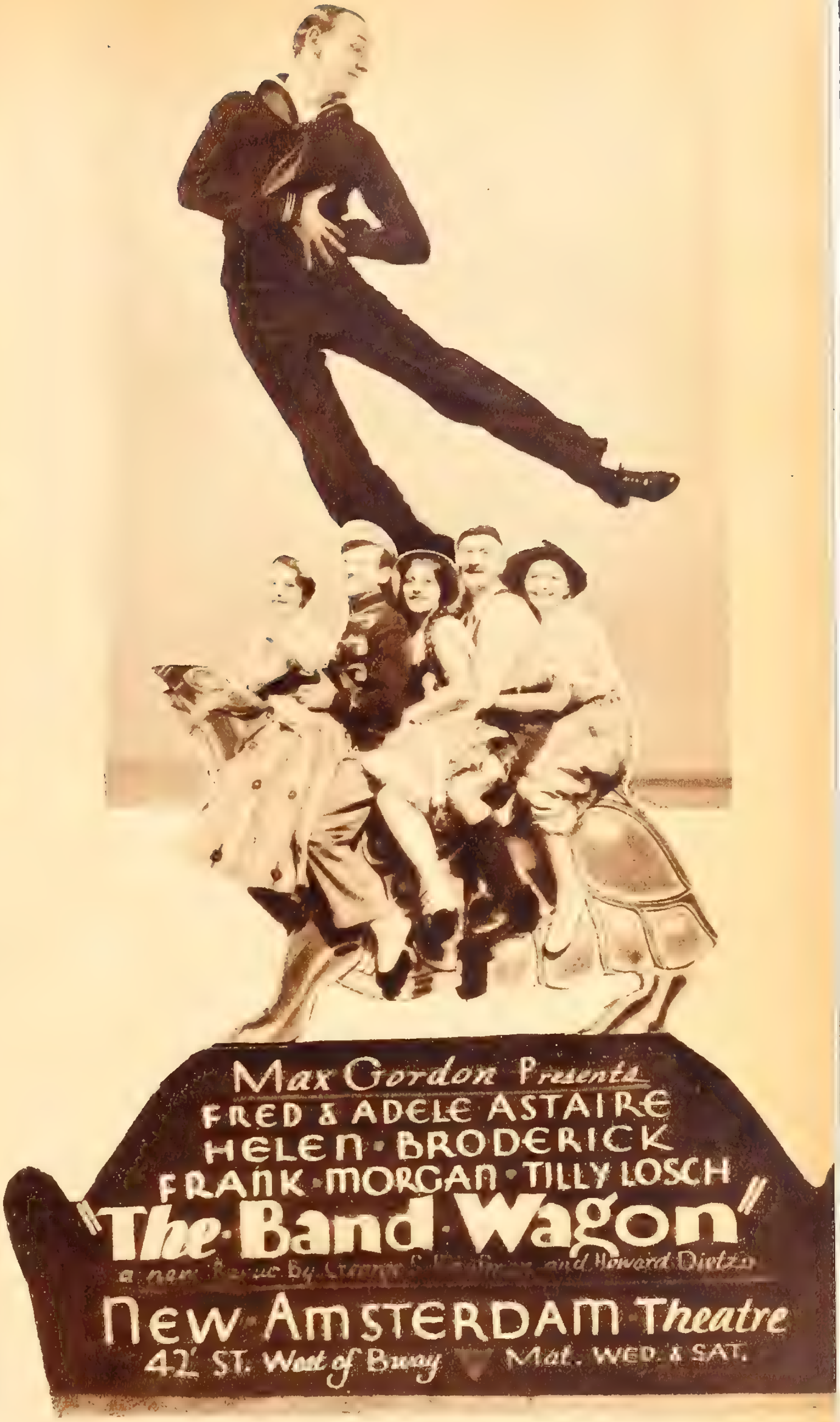
Fred's shoes led to our first acquaintance. Made of fine leather and obviously hand turned, they weren't the kind of shoes ordinarily seen backstage in a vaudeville theater. My husband eyed them enviously. With the easy familiarity of one vaudevillian to another, he observed:

"Say, youngster. Pretty nifty shoes you're wearing."

"Thanks," Fred replied, and then added significantly, "they cost *seventeen* dollars!"

Fred must have been about sixteen or seventeen then, and the price of those shoes represented a pretty big share of his income. No wonder he was proud of them. But, aside from his shoes, the rest of his clothes were always neat and well tailored also. Fred has always been well turned out, and has always worn his clothes with the nonchalant ease of a gentleman.

Vaudevillians in those days obtained engagements by forwarding their pictures to the theater managers. If the act didn't click on Monday night, there would be a knock at the actor's dressing room, and the theater manager would hand him



Ambitious dreams came true for Helen Broderick and Fred and Adele Astaire when they received their first stellar billing in, *The Band Wagon,* a famous Broadway hit. Above is reproduced one of the posters used to advertise the show

a folder with the succinct remark, "Here are your pictures." That meant your services were no longer required. As we inelegantly but aptly put it, it meant you were "canned."

The Astaires, my husband and I, were "canned" that night in Woonsocket. That was the first of our many bonds in common.

One of the surviving vaudevillians—I've forgotten his name—remarked:

"Too bad about the young Astaires! The girl isn't bad. But Fred is going to be much better off after he gets wise to the fact that he can't dance."

While we waited the next day for our agents to wire us where we could next try our luck, my husband and I had a chance to become better acquainted with the Astaires. I say "Astaires" because it was impossible to know one of them without knowing the others. Mrs. Astaire always traveled with her youngsters, chaperoning Adele and seeing that Fred was properly taken care of. He was the baby of the family, and even Adele mothered him a bit at times.

Our conversation concentrated mostly on "panning" the theaters for not recognizing our various abilities as entertainers. Adele Astaire resented their attitude vehemently, and talked confidently of the time when she would be a big Broadway star and "show them." That was my idea and my husband's, too. Eventually we were all to realize our ambitions. But Fred, who was destined to reach the highest pinnacle of all of us, said only:

"I've got a new routine in my mind that'll go over better than the last one, maybe. Do you want to try it, Adele?"

There you have a typical Fred Astaire attitude . . . and it still is. Like all real artists, Fred's standard of perfection was and is far above that which is possible for him to reach. Fred has never been satisfied with what he achieves. Every time he was "canned" in the old days, I had the feeling that he agreed with the manager that he wasn't quite as good as he should be, and immediately set out to make himself better the next time. But, too, like most artists, Fred has a deep sensitiveness, and I know that those early rebuffs left an indelible hurt. However, instead of embittering him, those early hurts made Fred Astaire more sensitive to the troubles of others, more ready to perceive them, more eager to help. Many destitute vaudevillians who knew Fred in the old days will testify that he *is* always ready to help.

In justice to the Astaires, I must say that it was Adele who was right about their dancing. They *were* good, even in the infancy of their career.

I met the Astaires frequently after our unsuccessful night in Woonsocket. I felt complimented when Mrs. Astaire sanctioned my friendship with Fred and Adele. The young Astaires were not encouraged by their watchful mother to become friendly with all of the people they met backstage.

Fred and Adele, like any brother and sister, did not always see eye-to-eye. One subject frequently caused dissension in the Astaire ranks. That was the [*Continued on page* 80]

Steffi Duna as the half-breed girl, and Fredric March in a scene from *Anthony Adverse*

Forward,

WHEN they heard that Warner Brothers were going to film *Anthony Adverse,* the self-appointed "Wise Men of Hollywood" gasped, shook their heads, raised their eyebrows and muttered:

"Oh, but they *can't* DO it . . . !"

Then they smirked and explained that such goings-on might be all right in a book, mind you, but on the screen!—well, a young fellow on the screen simply could *not* go around Europe and Cuba and Africa and America and England, having affairs here, there and everywhere with women.

Why, they said, what would women think of a hero who took his Angela, and his Faith, and his beautiful Cuban Dolores and his lovely half-breed, half-white-half-black, Neleta and a few others en route—took 'em, and loved 'em and left 'em . . .?

No, sir-ree! they said, it simply couldn't be done. NOT on the screen . . .!

And so Warners went ahead and did it.

And to add another item for the critics to howl over, they gave the rôle of Anthony Adverse himself—a blond, twenty-year-old, befuddled and bewildered lover—to Fredric March, who's more than a decade over twenty, and who's as black-haired as they come, and who's anything but befuddled and bewildered about love.

"Freddie March? *Freddie March??*" the anvil chorus screamed. "Heavens above, HE couldn't possibly play Anthony Adverse, even if they *dared* film the story. Why—he's *not the type!*"

All of which goes to show how utterly wrong these pre-critics of Hollywood's doings can be. For not only have Warners made *Anthony Adverse* into a picture, but they've starred March for the first time in his career. And both picture and March are great!

But, in sheer justice to the howlers, I may as well tell you that even Freddie March, himself, at the beginning, was among those who yelled: "Fredric March *can't* play the rôle."

He told me all about it in his dressing room on the Warner lot, during the last day's shooting on the picture. He told me that it was probably the most difficult rôle he's ever attempted. And he told me, too, that Anthony Adverse, despite his youth and his blond blandness and his befuddlement and bewilderment in love, will turn out to be one of the greatest "great lovers" of the screen.

"Certainly," said Fredric, "Anthony has his affairs here, there and everywhere. Woman after woman gives him her favor, and Anthony takes and moves on. And yet—he's not a philanderer. He's a real lover, a sincere lover, a complete romanticist, and women can't help but love him. . . .

"Why, the women who see him on the screen will love him just as truly as did the women in the story. Mark my words, this unsophisticated, mild, inexperienced youth will thrill women just as thoroughly as any of the ultra-clever 'Great Lovers' of the screen."

I looked at the Fredric March who was talking to me. It was a strange March, this one. When I made my date to talk with him about Adverse and love and things like that, I'd expected to see the Fredric March you all know—a well-dressed, black-haired, strong-jawed, thirty-odd-year-old man of the world. . . .

I knocked on his dressing room door and when the called, "Come in," I entered—and stood on the threshold, astonished. There sat a fellow—a boy of about twenty or twenty-two. His face was as smooth and unlined as a college freshman's. And his hair—it was as blond as taffy, and tangled in a mop of fuzzy curls in back. It was a rather "pretty" boy I saw—and the only thing about him that even reminded me of March was that jawline—which no makeup can conceal. He grinned at me.

"Surprised at this makeup?" he laughed. I nodded.

"Matter of fact, so am I," he conceded. And that's how we came to talk about his playing the rôle.

"When I first read the book," he told me, "I was on a boat, with my wife, between here and Europe. I knew I was to play the rôle, and I assumed that the movie script would skip most of Anthony Adverse's adventures in his twenties, and let me play him in his thirties—which seemed logical to me.

"And then—they gave me the script. It was the rôle of a boy of twenty they were handing me. I rushed to Mervyn Leroy, the director, and waved the script before him and said, flatly: 'Look here, Mervyn; I'm not twenty; I can't look like twenty; I can't act like twenty. I simply can't play this rôle!'

"Then he pulled a priceless answer: 'Why, Fredric,' he told me, 'forget it. Forget it—we've changed all that. We've made him *older*. . . !'

" 'That's better,' I told him, 'because I just *couldn't* play a youth of twenty.'

" 'Of course not,' said Mervyn, 'so we've made him twenty-TWO. . . .!'

By HARRY LANG

● "And that was that. I was so flabbergasted that I merely gasped that that was marvelous."

And the funniest part of it is that Fredric March, thirty-something though he is, plays the rôle of this stripling in his early twenties with a perfection that will astound those who see *Anthony Adverse* on the screen. I asked him how—

"Well, since I had to play it, I gave it thought," he told me. "I realized that to 'go overboard' on playing a kid rôle would ruin it. So I studied the youth of the early twenties of today—and I learned something. . . .

"I learned that the more you see and the more you study and understand these 'kids' of twenty and twenty-two, the more you realize that they're pretty grown-up. They're serious-minded. They're real. They've really stopped being kids. And I found that there's really no real gap between the thoughts and ideas of a man of twenty-two and a man of my own age.

"And so I played the rôle straight. I didn't try to 'play down' to the twenty-year-old level. That would have been a mistake. I let the twenty-two-year-old Anthony Adverse be an adult. A romantic adult, but an adult nevertheless. But I did let his bewilderment remain —not because that bewilderment is a necessary part of being twenty-two years old, but because it was a necessary part of Anthony Adverse. You see, that is the whole story of Anthony—

March!

The star of *Anthony Adverse* analyzes love...and women...and the most difficult rôle he has ever played

"He is an illegitimate child. He knows it. He is deeply conscious of it. And so he goes through life and the world, seeking, questing, always hunting for some unnamed something, the lack of which he feels. In that quest, he turns most naturally to woman for the solace and the surcease from bewilderment which he craves. And that is why he has these affairs. . . .

"And that is why women love him—not alone the women in the story, but today's women, too, who will see him on the screen."

I put in a remark:

"But the critics say," I told him, "that women in the audience will resent his affairs and his conquests of women."

He laughed.

"They will not," he said. "They will be wholly in sympathy with him—and, too, with the women who give him the love and help he so sorely needs. Because *every woman today, meeting Anthony Adverse in real life,* would feel the same sympathy for him.

"You see, Anthony is the irresponsible, 'lost' type of good-looking young man, for whom every woman in the world finds affection. It's not the mother-instinct you hear so much about. It's something different. Every woman instinctively feels responsible for every man she comes in close contact with. Let's say, instead of feeling she wants to 'mother' him, that she has the instinctive and subconscious desire to reform him. [*Continued on page* 68]

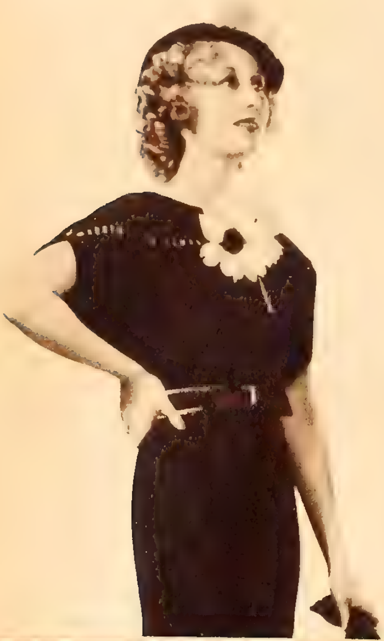
Fredric March in one of the later sequences of *Anthony Adverse*

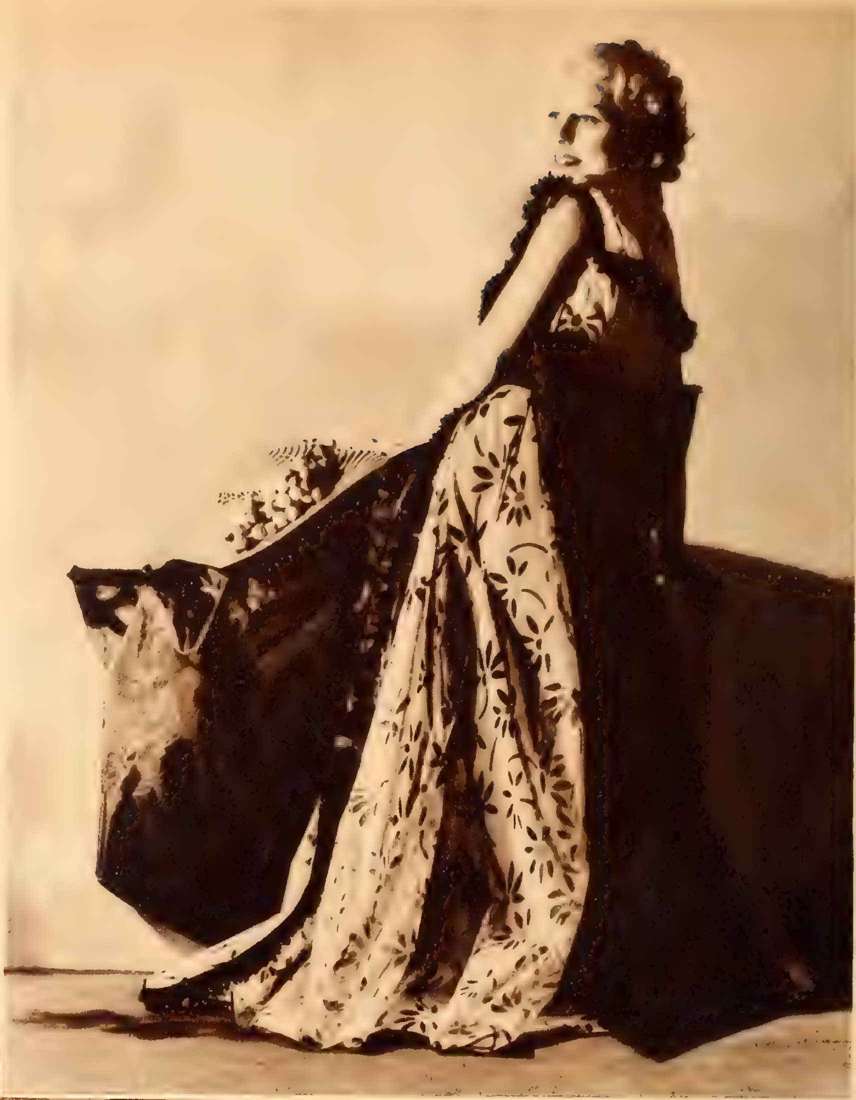
CREATED BY

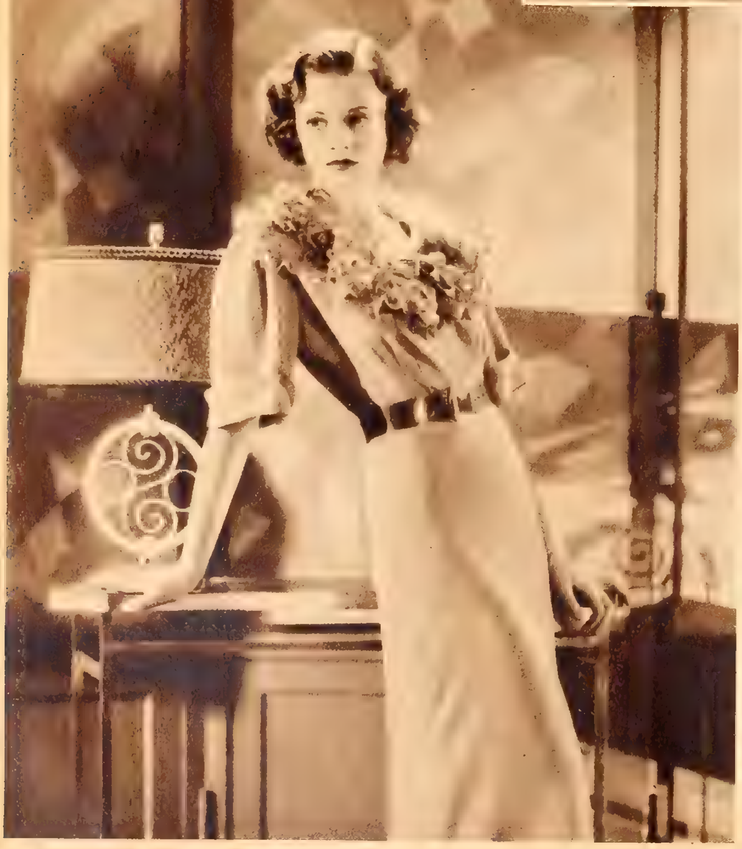
Lettie Lee

OF

HOLLYWOOD

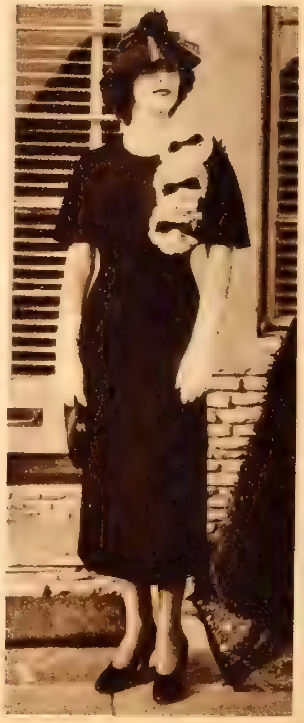






Petite and Charming Lettie Lee,

Wearing one of her latest creations made of Menke Kaufman's printed Sheer Gauze over a black taffeta petticoat.



(Top left) Dorothy Stone wears a **LETTIE LEE** street frock of black sheer crepe.

(Left) Miss Heather Angel, RKO star, wears a **LETTIE LEE** informal frock of beige sheer crepe with a flattering ruffled jabot of self-colored lace.

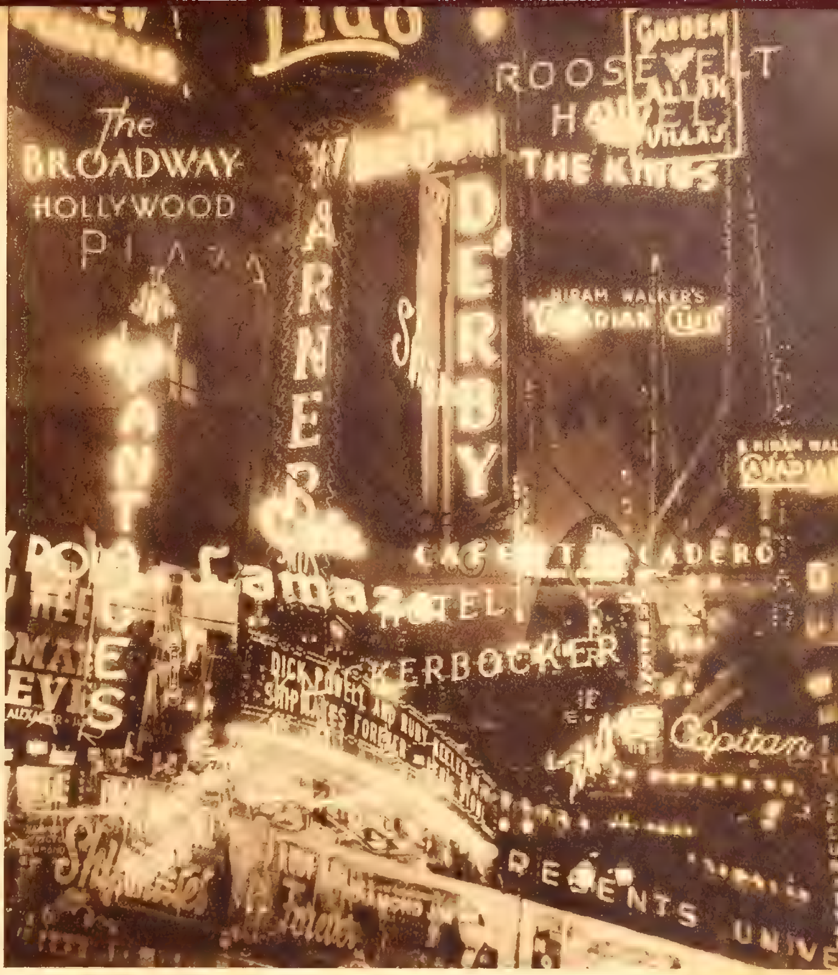
(Right) Linda Terry epitomizes luncheon or bridge tea chic in this **LETTIE LEE** creation of classic black and white.

LOOK FOR THIS LABEL

ORIGINAL By
Lettie Lee
HOLLYWOOD COUTURIERE

A list of stores in your city who feature LETTIE LEE gowns will be found on page 85

Street scene—with a wind machine



Come To Hollywood!

ALL ABOARD for Hollywood and points West!

Movie Classic's second annual Movieland Tour will leave Chicago July 19, the big special train headed West for the most exciting two week's vacation ever planned!

Chugging through the great Northwest, the Tour will come down the Pacific Coast from Seattle, through San Francisco, to HOLLYWOOD! Arriving here Sunday, July 26, there will be four glorious days of parties and sightseeing in the capitol of Filmland.

Mecca of the world, Hollywood will open its doors to Classic's visitors. You will be kings and queens of the celluloid city, visiting the studios, dining and dancing with the stars, going on sightseeing tours everywhere.

You'll no more than have a chance to catch your breath Sunday, when the Fawcett Magazines' and Motion Picture Publications' Surprise Party gets underway. That spot you're all read about, the famous Brass Rail, will be the scene of the first festivities.

Monday has been set aside for a tour of the beautiful 20th Century-Fox studio in Westwood hills, where Darryl Zanuck is making one box-office smash hit after another. Here's the home lot of Shirley Temple, Number One star of the world; here Ronald Colman, Warner Baxter, Loretta Young, Gloria Stuart, Rochelle Hudson, John Boles, Claire Trevor, June Lang, Alice Faye, Victor McLaglen and a host of other great luminaries make their pictures. On this lot have recently been made *Captain January* with Shirley, *Message to Garcia* with John Boles and Wallace Beery, *Prisoner of Shark Island* with Warner Baxter and Gloria Stuart. McLaglen and Colman are making *Under Two Flags,* and many films will be in production during the summer. Our party will have a special guide, souvenir programs will be issued, and stars will be on hand to welcome you.

In the evening another banquet (you'll gain weight on this trip, we fear!) at the Biltmore Bowl, night spot in the heart of Los Angeles. The Biltmore Hotel is making arrangements for a big program there, with Jimmy Grier's orchestra, and there'll be dining and dancing all evening. A special table will be provided for hosts and hostesses from the movie colony who will be on hand to see that you have a grand time, and enjoy every minute.

Then, on Tuesday, Paula Stone, Warner Brothers' player and daughter of that grand star of Broadway and Hollywood, Fred Stone, will be hostess at a big afternoon party at her home. Here will be another chance for you to mingle with the stars, just as we did at the Raquel Torres party last year, getting autographs, having your pictures taken with the stars, and getting acquainted with those you have admired on the screen. Be sure to bring your kodaks and plenty of film!

[*Continued on page 72*]

The big iron gate so hard to crash

Luncheon at the Tennis Club

Binnie Barnes *Wouldn't* Accept Defeat

How a courageous London working girl overcame seemingly hopeless handicaps and lifted herself to beauty, fame and stardom

By SONIA LEE

SO YOU are a weeping Cinderella waiting for a Miraculous Midnight?

So you spend your odd moments dreaming of Fame and Fortune and mourning over your shortcomings?

There is a girl in Hollywood—Binnie Barnes—who probably had more difficulties to overcome than you, or you, or you!

In the Universal picture, *Sutter's Gold*—the brilliant saga of California's discoverer of gold, and of the history-making days of '49—you will see her opposite Edward Arnold. An amazingly vital person. A woman poised and sure and beautiful.

Today fame and fortune and beauty are hers. Because she had the courage to work for beauty, to work for fortune, to work for fame!

Binnie was by no means a beautiful child. She was a rather unattractive adolescent; gawkily tall; handicapped by a limited education and a cockney accent that immediately defined her humble background.

As she grew older Binnie Barnes realized: that she must change her voice and accent, that she knew nothing about clothes, that her education was too meager for success, that she was not taking advantage of her height, her broad shoulders, her slim legs and her potentially lovely hair.

Today Binnie Barnes is a beautiful girl! More important still, she is a dynamic, alluring personality.

She changed not only her circumstances, but herself as a person. As every woman could do! As *you* can do if you have a will to learn, the courage to appraise your faults correctly, and the good sense to evaluate your assets and to capitalize on them.

"I had been a tomboy most of my life," said Binnie. "I remember when I was working near London as a milk-maid for the Finchley Manor Farm—I must have been about fifteen then. My hair was cropped like a boy's. I was always wearing overalls. I was not by any means, a beautiful sight to behold. But when, after a succession of jobs, I began dancing for a living, I realized how many things there were about me which required changing."

And so here is the first rule for you who want to succeed: Be honest with yourself!

"I had very little education as a child. We were desperately poor. And before I could do anything else I knew that I must make up quickly for that limited knowledge of mine. So I saved every penny I made in the dance halls, and then went to France for an intensive course at a private school.

"When I came back to London I really began taking stock of my appearance and counting my other handicaps!

"My worst one was my cockney accent. It was so thick you could cut it with a knife. No matter what my ambition was, my speech, I knew, had to be instantly corrected.

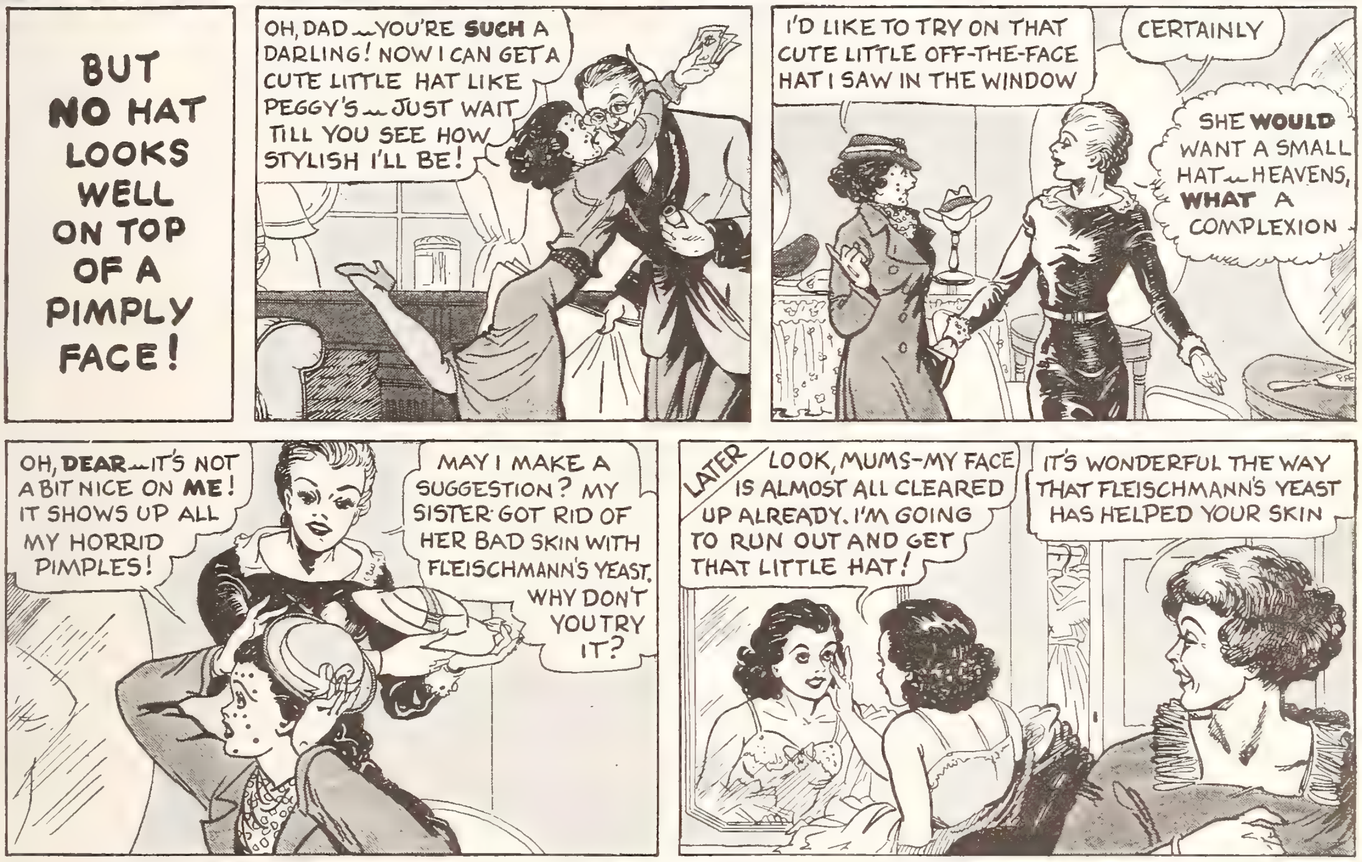
"I went to all of the phonograph shops, and bought all the records on which speeches or recitations or lessons in English were recorded. I bought a tiny victrola. And during every spare minute I had that victrola was going.

From the moment I was up in the morning I would be at it. And all through dressing and breakfast and whatever household duties I had, I would listen closely. Sometimes I would stop the needle and go back, trying to enunciate some word, listening again to a certain phrase.

"Of course, I listened to people around me. At the night clubs where I danced, when I encountered people who spoke purely and clearly, who had

[*Continued on page* 82]

I WISH I COULD WEAR OFF-THE-FACE HATS!


BUT NO HAT LOOKS WELL ON TOP OF A PIMPLY FACE!
OH, DAD — YOU'RE SUCH A DARLING! NOW I CAN GET A CUTE LITTLE HAT LIKE PEGGY'S — JUST WAIT TILL YOU SEE HOW STYLISH I'LL BE!
I'D LIKE TO TRY ON THAT CUTE LITTLE OFF-THE-FACE HAT I SAW IN THE WINDOW
CERTAINLY
SHE WOULD WANT A SMALL HAT — HEAVENS, WHAT A COMPLEXION
OH, DEAR — IT'S NOT A BIT NICE ON ME! IT SHOWS UP ALL MY HORRID PIMPLES!
MAY I MAKE A SUGGESTION? MY SISTER GOT RID OF HER BAD SKIN WITH FLEISCHMANN'S YEAST. WHY DON'T YOU TRY IT?
LATER
LOOK, MUMS — MY FACE IS ALMOST ALL CLEARED UP ALREADY. I'M GOING TO RUN OUT AND GET THAT LITTLE HAT!
IT'S WONDERFUL THE WAY THAT FLEISCHMANN'S YEAST HAS HELPED YOUR SKIN

THE NEXT WEEK
HI, THERE JERRY
GOSH, CLAIRE — IT'S SWELL TO SEE YOU — AND DON'T WE LOOK NIFTY! THAT'S ONE HONEY OF A HAT, I'LL SAY!

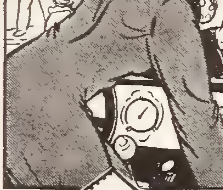
Don't let Adolescent Pimples keep YOU from looking your best

JUST when good looks make such a difference in good times—from about 13 to 25 years of age, or even longer—many young people become afflicted with ugly pimples.

During this time, after the beginning of adolescence, important glands develop and final growth takes place. This causes disturbances throughout the body. The skin, especially, becomes oversensitive. Waste poisons in the blood irritate this sensitive skin and pimples appear.

Fleischmann's fresh Yeast helps to give you back a good complexion by clearing these skin irritants out of the blood. Then—pimples go!

Eat it *regularly*—3 cakes a day, before meals, plain, or in a little water—until your skin is entirely clear. Start today!


FLEISCHMANN'S YEAST

—clears the skin

by clearing skin irritants out of the blood

Copyright, 1936, Standard Brands Incorporated

BINNIE BARNES IN UNIVERSAL'S "SUTTER'S GOLD"

What
BEAUTIFUL HAIR!

Follow the stars' advice and yours can be just as lovely.

Make up your mind this spring that you are going to have a permanent wave with the same radiant natural beauty as those you see on the screen. You can, too, if you will demand and make sure you get a genuine Duart Wave. The Motion Picture Hairstylists Guild, world's most distinguished hairstylists, endorse the Duart Wave exclusively. They say, "We have tested every known waving method but have found none to equal Duart in giving the hair such glowing brilliance, deep lustrous waves and dainty ringlets."

To add a flashing touch of sunlight, use Duart's Hollywood Hair Rinse. One of the twelve beautiful shades will match your hair. No dye . . . No bleach. Send the coupon below and 10 cents for a full size package of rinse and get your **FREE BOOK** of Hollywood stars' new spring hairstyles.

DUART
permanent waves

SEND 10c FOR HAIR RINSE AND FREE BOOKLET
DUART, 984 Folsom Street, San Francisco, Calif. Enclosed find 10c; send me shade of rinse marked and copy of your booklet, "Hollywood Coiffures for 1936."

Name..
Address..
City.......................... *State*..............

☐ Dark Brown
☐ Chestnut Brown
☐ Titian Reddish Brown
☐ Henna
☐ Golden Brown
☐ Titian Reddish Blonde
☐ Black
☐ White or Gray (Platinum)
☐ Ash Blonde
☐ Medium Brown
☐ Golden Blonde
☐ Light - Golden Blonde

DEMAND THIS SEALED PACKAGE FOR A GENUINE DUART WAVE

DUART WAVES ARE THE CHOICE OF THE HOLLYWOOD STARS

HOLLYWOOD'S BEAUTY

by DORIS DUMONT

Spring is the time to look for new hairstyles and new beauty ideas so I decided to visit several of the leading lights of the Motion Picture Hairstylists Guild. The members of this organization compose the hairstyling departments of every studio in Hollywood. They are the most distinguished, most highly paid group of hairstylists and beauticians in the world today. Every lovely star you see on the screen has been beautified by a Guild member. It has been said that this Guild is Hollywood's "Book of Knowledge" on beauty.

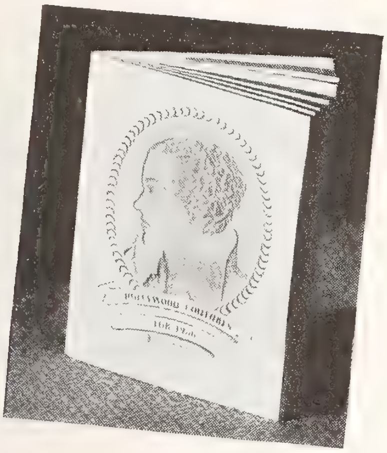
At Paramount Studios I talked with Leonore Sabine, the head hairstylist who is responsible for the lovely glamorous coiffures worn by such stars as Carole Lombard and Marlene Dietrich. Miss Sabine is president of the Motion Picture Hairstylists Guild. We discussed permanent waves and I asked why the stars *always* have beautiful waves, while so many of us ordinary mortals feel we have to depend partly on luck. Miss Sabine replied:

"Of course the stars cannot afford to trust to luck but any woman can be equally certain of a beautiful permanent if she will have her hair waved by the method selected by the stars."

At United Artists Studio I asked head hairstylist Nina Roberts for more information. She it was who cut off those famous curls when Mary Pickford decided to wear a bob. Also to her credit are the famed Merle Oberon hairstyles. When I asked what waving methods are being used by the stars, she replied:

"We have tried them all but nearly every star you see on the screen has her hair waved by the Duart method, for only Duart gives individual heat control to each curl. In the Duart method each heater is regulated by a separate thermostat and the smaller curls get less heat than the larger ones. This pro-

BOOK OF
FOR SPRING



duces an absolutely uniform wave with never a danger of those ugly frizzy ends."

Thanking Miss Roberts for this valuable bit of information, I hurried over to see Helen Hunt, head hairstylist at the nearby Columbia Studios. When I arrived Miss Hunt was designing a new hairstyle creation for Grace Moore, whom you will soon see with Franchot Tone in "Cissy." When I told her that I was looking for beauty news, she replied:

"Well, you'll live a long time before you get any bigger news than this," and she handed me an attractive jar labeled "Creme of Milk." "Here at last is what every woman in the world has been looking for," she continued. "It is a beauty creme actually made from milk. Real, honest to goodness, pure, fresh, dairy milk! Hollywood's cosmeticians say it is the greatest scientific discovery ever made in cosmetics. Already you will find this new creme on the dressing table of almost every star in Hollywood and of course we hairstylists are using it too and telling all our friends about it."

Never have I seen anyone in Hollywood show such enthusiasm over a new beauty product, for here we have a cosmetic factory on every block and some sort of a new cream is born every minute. But never before has anyone succeeded in making a beauty creme from milk, the finest skin beautifier that has ever been known. This new product is being advertised on this page for the first time anywhere—better send for a jar.

I haven't space here to tell you about my visits to the other studios but all the hairstyles I selected are in the book shown above. It is packed full of the smartest, most alluring coiffures Hollywood has ever produced. Send for this book and take it to your hairdresser—she will be able to copy one of the hairstyles for *you*. In the Duart Permanent Wave advertisement at the left, there is a coupon which you may use to send for this booklet.

DUART'S
FACIAL CREME of Milk

Hollywood Cosmeticians Wildly Praise NEW BEAUTY CREME made from *Milk*

Milk in a Beauty Creme! It has been done at last!

Screen stars, Hollywood cosmeticians, and beauty editors pronounce Creme of Milk the greatest scientific cosmetic discovery ever made. Think of it—all the famous beautifying qualities of pure fresh dairy milk have been compounded in the form of a new all-purpose facial creme. Now in this one amazing creme made from milk you will find everything you need to cleanse your skin more thoroughly than ever before, and to banish dryness, roughness and blemishes. Your skin will be kept so smooth and soft that your powder will cling perfectly for hours and hours. No other powder base will be necessary.

Hollywood has taken Creme of Milk right to its very heart. The Head Hairstylists at United Artists, Paramount, Columbia, MGM, and Universal Studios report that already a jar of Creme of Milk is to be found in almost every star's dressing room.

"All are enthusiastic," say the hairstylists, "about the discovery of Creme of Milk and are using it to remove their makeup and protect their skins from the loss of natural oil which occurs with the use of ordinary cremes."

You can begin to enjoy this thrilling new beauty creme at once. Mail your coupon today! Creme of Milk is so new stores haven't yet had a chance to buy it. So we are sending a full 20-cent size jar for only 10 cents.

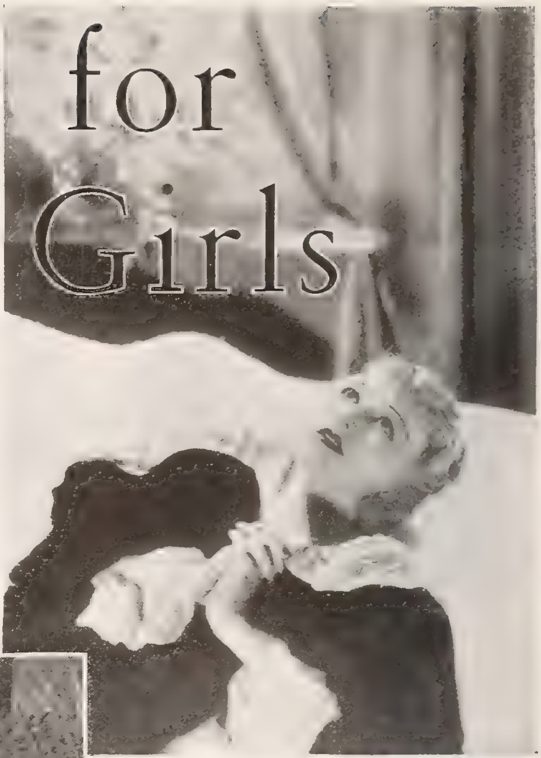
DUART'S
creme of milk
ALL-PURPOSE FACIAL CREME

SEND 10 CENTS FOR FULL 20c SIZE JAR . . . SEND 50c OR $1 FOR LARGER RETAIL SIZES

DUART, 984 Folsom Street, San Francisco, Calif.
I enclose (10c), (50c), ($1.00) for which please send me one jar of Creme of Milk at once.
Name..........
Address..........
City.......... *State*..........

Tips for Tiny Girls

Isabel Jewell, no bigger than a minute, tells how to overcome the handicaps of small stature



Isabel Jewell, skyrocketing to new screen fame, is one of Hollywood's smallest girls. Left: Beverly Roberts and Isabel Jewell take time out for a sunbath while vacationing in Palm Springs

SIZE is no handicap to Isabel Jewell. She refuses to let the world think of her as a tiny person. Actually she is one of the smallest stars of the screen, but what Isabel lacks in stature and advoirdupois, she makes up in brains. She has considered the problem of tiny women from every angle and was more than delighted when I asked her to outline her ideas on the subject.

"I was always little," she said, "and when I was a child on our ranch in Wyoming, someone was always telling me I couldn't ride such and such a bad horse because I was *too* little. My favorite answer was that while I might be little, I was wirey and then I'd ride the horse, just to show them I could."

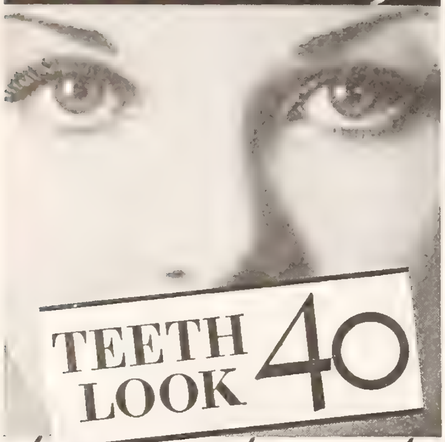
Napoleon was a little man but he did quite well, insists Isabel, and so did Queen Victoria who also was small of stature. Isabel has her own rules for making herself seem normal in size and here is the way she gave them to me.

"Never, never talk baby talk if you are a small girl," she insists, "and never act coy. Never think of yourself as being small. When I meet men, no matter if they are well over six feet, I make it a point to keep my eyes on theirs and to modulate my voice to its lowest. A low, resonant voice makes a big impression while one that is babyish or high, only intensifies one's smallness."

Strangely enough, until Isabel pointed it out to me, she had never impressed me as being so tiny on the screen. Do you remember her grand role in *Tale of Two Cities?* As she sat there in the tumbril, on the way to the guillotine, and swayed the hearts of the audience with her pathos did you think of her as being small?

"I always keep my chin high," she continued, "for one who is small cannot afford to be meek and shy. My clothes too are carefully selected to off-set any suggestion of coyness and child-like demureness. I avoid all ruffles and select clothes which have straight, long lines. I wear size twelve

[*Continued on page 79*]



AGE 19

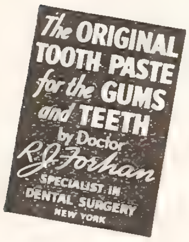
TEETH LOOK 40

because she used a HALF WAY *tooth paste*

Don't waste another day on half way dental care. Superficial cleansing may keep your teeth white—*for a while!* But when your neglected gums grow soft and tender, all the half way measures in the world won't preserve your teeth.

Now—while your teeth are still firm and sound—replace half way care with the tooth paste that does both jobs. Forhan's whitens your teeth and fights the menace of spongy gums at the same time.

Why quit half way in caring for your teeth when Forhan's gives *two-fold* protection at the price of most ordinary tooth pastes? Be safe. Get Forhan's today!



The ORIGINAL TOOTH PASTE for the GUMS and TEETH
by Doctor R.J. Forhan
SPECIALIST IN DENTAL SURGERY
NEW YORK

Forhan's

DOES BOTH JOBS { CLEANS TEETH
SAVES GUMS

BEAUTY FLASH

KNOW THE LATEST BEAUTY SECRETS—LEARN ABOUT THE NEW BEAUTY DISCOVERIES—AND ABOVE ALL LEARN ABOUT THE BEAUTY THRILL OF 1936

Get Your Name On The

Beauty Guide MAILING LIST

For Only 10c in Stamps or Coin Write Today To: BEAUTY GUIDE EDITOR
P. O. Box 25, Quincy, Mass.

"*How can I be* More Attractive?"

a thousand women a day write Ginger Rogers

To the many requests for advice on beauty, Ginger Rogers gives one answer, "The secret of beauty for every woman lies in color harmony make-up, originated by Max Factor, Hollywood's make-up genius, and consists of powder, rouge and lipstick created in harmonized shades that dramatize the charm of every type."

Color Harmony Powder Gives New Beauty

"POWDER in your color harmony shade can give you more beauty than other shades," says Ginger Rogers, "because it is created to enliven your skin with youthful radiance. It beautifies through the magic of color harmony, a secret originated by Max Factor." If you want new loveliness, try Max Factor's Powder in the color harmony shade for your type. Max Factor's Face Powder $1.

Ginger Rogers
in R. K. O.'s
"FOLLOW THE FLEET"

Rouge that Imparts Youthful Charm

"SCREEN STARS," says Ginger Rogers, "use Max Factor's Rouge, because the color harmony shades add an exquisite lifelike color that harmonizes with the powder and lipstick." If you want to see what a difference it makes to use a color created to dramatize your type, try Max Factor's Rouge in your color harmony shade. Max Factor's Rouge 50¢.

© 1936 *Max Factor & Co.*

New Lip Make-Up Gives Lips Lasting Color

MAX FACTOR'S Super-Indelible Lipstick in the color harmony shade for your type will give you an alluring, lasting color. Being moisture-proof, you may apply it to both inner and outer surface of the lips. This gives them an even color, keeps them smooth. Max Factor's Super-Indelible Lipstick $1.

Max Factor ★ Hollywood

Would you like to try Hollywood's make-up secret — powder, rouge, lipstick in your color harmony shade? Mail coupon below.

Mail for POWDER, ROUGE AND LIPSTICK IN YOUR COLOR HARMONY

MAX FACTOR, Max Factor's Make-Up Studio, Hollywood:
Send Purse Size Box of Powder and Rouge Sampler in my color harmony shade; also Lipstick Color Sampler, four shades. I enclose ten cents for postage and handling. Also send me my Color Harmony Make-Up Chart and 48-page Illustrated Instruction book, *"The New Art of Society Make-Up"*. FREE.
5-5-4

NAME ______________________
STREET ______________________
CITY ______________ STATE ______________

COMPLEXIONS	*EYES*	*HAIR*
Very Light ☐	Blue ☐	BLONDE
Fair ☐	Gray ☐	Light ☐ Dark ☐
Creamy ☐	Green ☐	BROWNETTE
Medium ☐	Hazel ☐	Light ☐ Dark ☐
Ruddy ☐	Brown ☐	BRUNETTE
Sallow ☐	Black ☐	Light ☐ Dark ☐
Freckled ☐	*LASHES* (Color)	REDHEAD
Olive ☐	Light ☐ Dark ☐	Light ☐ Dark ☐
SKIN Dry ☐ Oily ☐ Normal ☐	*AGE*	*If Hair is Gray check type above and here* ☐

Weak, Rundown Nervous, Skinny Folks!

Without Cost—Make This Amazing IODINE TEST!

Within 1 Week Sea Plant IODINE in Kelpamalt Must Give You Tireless Energy, Strong Nerves, Pounds of "Stay-There" Flesh or the Trial is FREE . . . It Costs You Nothing!

KELPAMALT, the new mineral concentrate from the sea, gets right down and corrects the real underlying cause of weakness, skinniness and nervous rundown conditions—IODINE STARVED GLANDS. When these glands don't work properly, all the food in the world can't help you. It just isn't turned into flesh. The result is, you stay weak and nervous, tired out and skinny.

The most important gland—the one which actually controls the body weight—needs a definite ration of iodine all the time—NATURAL ASSIMILABLE IODINE—not to be confused with chemical iodides which often prove toxic. Only when the system gets an adequate supply of iodine can you regulate metabolism—the body's process of converting digested foods into firm flesh, new strength and energy.

To get this vital mineral in convenient, concentrated and assimilable form, take Kelpamalt—now recognized as the world's richest source of this precious substance. It contains 1300 times more iodine than oysters once considered the best source. 6 tablets alone contain more NATURAL IODINE than 486 lbs. of spinach or 1387 lbs. of lettuce.

Make this test with Kelpamalt. First weigh yourself and see how long you can work or how far you can walk without tiring. Then take 3 Kelpamalt Tablets with each meal for 1 week and again weigh yourself and notice how much longer you can work without tiring, how much farther you can walk. Notice how much better you feel, sleep and eat. Watch flattering extra lbs. appear in place of scrawny hollows. And if you don't gain 5 lbs. this very first week the trial is free. 100 jumbo size Kelpamalt tablets—four to five times the size of ordinary tablets—cost but a few cents a day to use. Get Seedol Kelpamalt today. Kelpamalt costs but little at all good drug stores. If your dealer has not yet received his supply, send $1.00 for special introductory size bottle of 65 tablets to the address below.

SPECIAL FREE OFFER

Write today for fascinating instructive 50-page book on How to Add Weight Quickly. Mineral contents of Food and their effects on the human body. New facts about NATURAL IODINE. Standard weight and measurement charts. Daily menus for weight building. Absolutely free. No obligation. Kelpamalt Co., Dept. 774, 27-33 West 20th St., New York City.

SEEDOL
Kelpamalt Tablets

Manufacturer's Note:—Inferior products, sold as kelp and malt preparations—in imitation of the genuine Seedol Kelpamalt are being offered as substitutes. The Kelpamalt Company will reward for information covering any case where an imitation product has been represented as the original Seedol Kelpamalt. Don't be fooled. Demand genuine Seedol Kelpamalt Tablets. They are easily assimilated, do not upset stomach nor injure teeth. Results guaranteed or money back.

Hollywood Highlights

Our Star Reporter Sees All, Hears All and Tells All in This Revealing Glimpse of Hollywood at Work and at Play

by Hedda Hopper

I HEARD a nifty the other night that I'll pass on to you. Mrs. Herman Mankiewicz, the wife of one of the ace writers at Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer Studios, wanted a trip to New York, but she didn't want to leave hubby in the big house, so she rented the house, got him an apartment, installed a cook, and sailed away. Well, Herman took a gang home to celebrate, but the dinner was not up to par, and the next day on the lot, he ran into his brother, Joe, and poured out his woes. Joe cracked out with, "well, what kind of a cook do you expect from the Pinkerton Detective Agency?"

Which reminds me of the story about the director and his girl friend. They were "devoted" for about three years, but couldn't make up their minds to say those fatal words, " 'Till death do us part." One dismal morning, after a very gay evening at the Trocadero, the girl's best friend called her and said, "Dearie, did you know so-and-so got married this morning?" The girl in question said, "Don't be silly. We had a swell evening and never got home until six A.M. But I'll call him up just the same." And she did! And repeated the silly rumor. His reply was, "Yes, darling, it's true, but you see, sweetheart, that's the picture business!"

The Serious Side

Now I'm convinced that's what the public expects of Hollywood. Try to tell them it's a hard-working village and they laugh in your face. Why, the other day at high noon, at Hollywood Boulevard and Vine Street, a policeman was killed and another injured. The murderer was shot and will probably die. All because a man loved a telephone operator and couldn't live without her. If they had been connected with the picture business, the circulation of all the newspapers in the land would have reached a new high.

Which brings me back to darling Thelma Todd, who loved life and never harmed any living thing. And Jack Gilbert's will, which should be inscribed in the forecourt of Grauman's Chinese Theatre so that all could read and ponder. He was called all sorts of names, but in his will he remembered everyone who had ever been kind to him. I remember Jack so well in his first talking picture, *One Glorious Night*. He worked so hard, held his head so high, but the look of fear never left his eyes. He had to do silly, stupid, long love scenes with a girl who had no more warmth than an iceberg. He knew they were bad, but it was a new medium and Lionel Barrymore, the director, after spending a life-time on the stage, should have known more about it than Jack. But it turned out that he didn't, and Jack was lost.

A Haunted Cafe

They have torn down the old commissary on the Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer lot and are building a bigger and

Jean Arthur celebrates the arrival of spring by taking a dip in her private swimming pool

Jean Harlow, William Powell and Marion Davies watch the thoroughbred speedsters at Santa Anita

Hedda Hopper, celebrated actress, veteran Hollywoodite and popular member of the Film Colony's social clique, will be a monthly contributor to MOVIE CLASSIC

better eatery, but I'm thinking that many ghosts will haunt the old place if they try to go fancy or high-hat. In that old restaurant, where the stars mingled with the extras with a cheery, "Hello, how's the old world treating you these days?", the spirits of Marie Dressler, Lon Chaney, Karl Dane, Paul Bern, Thelma Todd, and Jack Gilbert still hover. And here every morning, for his cup of coffee, comes Clark Gable, just as he did when he was an extra struggling up the ladder. He still enjoys having breakfast with "the gang," which means the carpenters, the grips, and the electricians. He says it starts his day off right.

A Favorite Returns

I had a bit of work in *Dracula's Daughter* at Universal. A newcomer named Gloria Holden plays the lead. She certainly looked spooky, but between scenes she sits and knits! Margaret Churchill plays the love interest. She's blossomed into a lovely girl since her happy marriage to George O'Brien, and says, with a twinkle in her eye, "Can you imagine my daughter's surprise when she grows up to find that I took a day off from *Dracula's Daughter* to have her christened?" She named her Orin O'Brien. And then we discovered that our director, Mr. Hilliard, had directed the first picture George O'Brien ever made. George strapped faked fins on his back and played a shark! He did the underwater swimming scenes for one of the early thrillers.

While walking over to the set, a big black lady sitting in a glorious Cadillac limousine, waved at me as I passed by. I looked and looked, and I'll be darned

[*Continued on page* 60]

COFFEE AND DOUGHNUTS AGAIN! THAT MEANS HE HASN'T A JOB YET!
I BET I KNOW WHY HE'S STILL OUT OF A JOB!
SO DO I...BAD BREATH! HE'S SUCH A NICE BOY, TOO. THERE MUST BE SOME WAY TO HELP HIM... I KNOW!
SO ANN LEFT THIS HINT AT JIM'S PLACE
WHAT'S THIS? AN AD ABOUT BAD BREATH AND HOW IT BEGINS WITH THE TEETH... I WONDER NOW—
JIM INVESTIGATES
YES, IMPROPERLY CLEANED TEETH ARE BY FAR THE COMMONEST CAUSE OF BAD BREATH. I ADVISE COLGATE DENTAL CREAM BECAUSE ITS SPECIAL PENETRATING FOAM GETS TEETH REALLY CLEAN!
I'LL CHANGE TO COLGATE'S TODAY!
TEN DAYS LATER
HERE'S A REAL TIP FOR YOU AT LAST, ANN! I'VE GOT A SWELL JOB NOW!
OH, THANK YOU, MR. ROGERS!
I GUESS THAT COLGATE AD WAS RIGHT!
NO OTHER TOOTHPASTE EVER MADE MY TEETH SO BRIGHT AND CLEAN!
Now—NO BAD BREATH behind his SPARKLING SMILE!
COLGATE RIBBON DENTAL CREAM
20¢ LARGE SIZE
Giant Size, over twice as much, 35¢
Tested and Approved Good Housekeeping Bureau

Most Bad Breath Begins with the Teeth!

MILLIONS realize how true this is, and use Colgate Dental Cream for real protection. Its special penetrating foam removes decaying food deposits lodged between the teeth, along the gums, and around the tongue—which dentists agree *cause* most bad breath. At the same time, a unique, grit-free ingredient polishes enamel—makes teeth sparkle.

Try Colgate Dental Cream—today! Brush your teeth, your gums, your tongue, with Colgate's. If you are not entirely satisfied after using one tube, send the empty tube to COLGATE, Jersey City, N. J. We will refund TWICE what you paid.

TO STOP CONSPICUOUS NOSE SHINE

POWDER MUST BE PROOF AGAINST SKIN-MOISTURE

You get back 2½ times your money's worth if Luxor moisture-proof powder is not shine-proof on your skin.

● Shiny nose is the reason most women use powder, which explains why 6,000,000 women prefer Luxor already. It has the magical effect of combatting skin shine in the critical place where any powder shows its first sign of failure—around the nose.

Now only a trial will convince you of this. We know, because among 5,000 women recently, more than half using a sample of Luxor liked it better than their present powder.

2½ times your money's worth back!

Get the regular 55c package of Luxor at any cosmetic counter. Choose any one of the flattering shades best suited to your type. Wrapped with the Luxor package is our gift to you, a 2-dram bottle of La Richesse Perfume selling regularly for $3 an ounce in the stores.

Then give Luxor the severe test we have mentioned. If it does not satisfy you better than any powder you have ever used, keep the flacon of La Richesse Perfume worth 75c and mail us the partially used box of Luxor face powder. We will send you our check for the 55c you paid, plus the postage.

Thus with the 75c gift of perfume, plus our check for 55c you get 2½ times what you paid for Luxor if you are not satisfied. Act now!

55c moisture-proof FACE-POWDER Luxor

Coupon brings 4-piece make-up kit!

Try Amazing New Luxor Hand Cream

This marvelous new skin softener keeps hands soft, white, smooth. It is guaranteed non-sticky and dries instantly. At all cosmetic counters.

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Chicago, Illinois Dept. H-5

Please send me your 4-piece make-up kit including generous amount of Luxor Moisture-Proof Powder, Luxor Rouge, Luxor Special Formula Cream and Luxor Hand Cream. Here is 10c to help cover mailing. (Offer not good in Canada). Check,

POWDER: Rose Rachel ☐ Rachel ☐ Flesh ☐
ROUGE: Radiant ☐ Medium ☐ Sunglow ☐ Pastel ☐ Vivid ☐ Roseblush ☐

Name ....
Address ....
City ....

$1,000 For An Idea!

[*Continued from page* 10]

ing opposite him, leaned casually against a chair; Roland Young stood behind the British blond, with others in the background.

Remember the Bison emblem, which Tom Ince used on his 'Westerns', made at Inceville, in the early days of Hollywood?" queried Tom Ricketts, pioneer picture actor and ace-director. "It appeared not only at the beginning, but was smeared all over the picture. That was done to prevent unprincipled rivals from sniping 'shots' and sequences, as was frequently done in those days."

Harry Myers, whose experience in Filmdom goes back to the Mack Sennett regime at Edendale recalled the origin of the Triangle Film Company's popular trade-mark—a triangle with the names of Griffith, Ince and Sennett flanking the three sides.

Lorimer Johnson, another player whose memory goes back to the genesis of the film industry, brought up the Liberty Bell emblem used by Lubin. "Lubin lived in Philadelphia and he knew how dear to the people's heart the Liberty Bell was," Johnson explained, "so he appropriated it, putting his name underneath in bold letters."

Of course Miss Pickford and Mr. Lasky are fully capable of inventing an appropriate design for their pictures; but they have asked Fawcett Publications, through the 3,000,000 readers of SCREEN BOOK, HOLLYWOOD, MOVIE CLASSIC, SCREEN PLAY and MOTION PICTURE, to help them invent a really original trade-mark. There are several very good reasons for this.

First, Pickford-Lasky seeks to capture wide public interest for its productions. It is felt that the films are deeply indebted to the people for their loyalty and support.

Second, there is a feeling that the people in the industry are too close to it for the fresh inspiration which Miss Pickford and Mr. Lasky want their trade-mark to express. They believe that some outsider will have just the right idea they seek.

The entries will all be passed on by Miss Pickford, Mr. Lasky and Capt. Roscoe Fawcett, who constitute the board of judges. Time being the essence of all things, as Mr. Lasky points out, contestants are urged not to delay sending in their suggestions, conforming to the conditions here stated. The sooner your idea is received, the more careful consideration can it be given.

The most effective trade-marks are simple in design and construction. They must definitely stand for the product they are intended to identify and advertise, either directly or by happy suggestion. Pickford-Lasky's pictures will be made for the world-market. They will strive to be entertainment plus—pictures you can't forget!

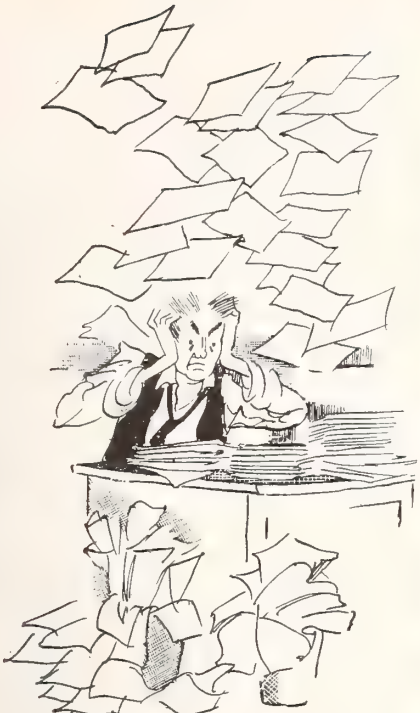
Wherever music can be incorporated into the plot-structure, it will be used, because it is recognized as the language of widest appeal. *One Rainy Afternoon*, the first Pickford-Lasky production, which is now nearing completion, is a fine example of the company's ideal. It is a bright comedy-romance of modern Parisian life. Besides Lederer and Miss Lupino, the cast includes Roland Young, Hugh Herbert, Joseph Cawthorn, Countess Liev de Maigret, Eily Malyon, Georgia Caine—all of them names to conjure with.

"Only four major productions a year will be made by Pickford-Lasky," said Mr. Lasky, "as 'mass-production' is furthermost from our minds. If possible, something of these aims and ideals should be suggested in the trade-mark."

Somewhere in the ether, there is an idea at large which embodies these characteristics. The contestant who gets on that wave-length will win the Grand Prize of $500. There are also five individual prizes of $100 which will be awarded to the best suggestion received by each of the five Fawcett magazines. Thus the final victor will really get $600 for his time and thought on behalf of Pickford-Lasky. And he will experience an added thrill every time he sees his brain-child on the billboard, in the newspaper advertising and on the screen, in connection with all the pictures Mary Pickford and Jesse L. Lasky make.

Read carefully the following conditions of the trade-mark contest and then send in your idea of what will make the best emblem for Pickford-Lasky Productions, *pronto!*

1. The contest opens February 1st and closes April 15th, 1936.
2. All persons are eligible to compete, regardless of whether they are subscribers or regular readers, except employees of Fawcett Publications, Inc., Motion Picture Publications, Inc., and Pickford-Lasky Productions, Inc., and their families.
3. It is not necessary to submit a drawing of your suggested trade-mark, if you describe it adequately in words.
4. Do not submit fanciful or decorated designs, and send your letter to the magazine in which you read about the contest.
5. Winners will be announced as soon after the contest closes as possible. Watch this magazine for the exact date.
6. In case of ties, duplicate prizes will be awarded.
7. Address your entries to Trade-mark Contest Editor, MOVIE CLASSIC Magazine, 7046 Hollywood Blvd., Hollywood, Calif.
8. The decision of the judges will be final. No entries will be returned.
9. Prize-winners agree to sign over to Pickford-Lasky Productions, Inc., all rights and title to winning entries, and to accept the prize-money as full compensation for the same.



HERE are the *PRIZE WINNERS*

MOVIE CLASSIC'S QUESTIONNAIRE CONTEST brought a veritable storm of entries. They were read with the keenest interest and many of the story titles suggested on your entry blanks will be found during the next few months in Movie Classic. The tremendous task of mailing the promised photographs of Norma Shearer as *Juliet* is now underway and we trust that by the time this magazine reaches the newsstands, each contestant will have received his or her picture.

And here are the prize winners:

First Prize of $25—Mrs. Jacob G. Smith, 602 Crossett St., Syracuse, New York.

Second Prize of $10—Helaine B. Leschinsky, 124 Fourth St., Passaic, New Jersey.

Third Prize of $5—Mrs. F. C. Wester, Sulphur Springs, Texas.

Fourth to Thirteenth Prizes of $1 each—Marilyn Milner, 1601 Liberty St., Alton, Ill.; Lillie Belle Baker, Rt. 1, Box 36, Corsicana, Texas; Jeanne Tobolka, 671 E. 158 St., Bronx, New York; Venice Childers, 2644 Jackson, Chicago, Ill.; Aobin Adair, 1430 Laurel Ave., Hollywood, Cal.; Gladys Skiba, 4813 S. Seeley Ave., Chicago, Ill.; Mrs. W. G. Damery, 29 Duke St., St. John, New Brunswick, Canada; Jack Jones, 330 Park St., Bristol, Virginia; Margaret E. Marrer, 117 Pennsylvania Ave. W., Warren, Pa.; and Zelda Ketchum, Thompson, Illinois.

NERVOUS?

It's a fear that every woman dreads—that fear of embarrassment. Over and over again, you've said—"I wish I could be completely safe!"

And now at last—*you can!* Modess—the new and utterly different sanitary pad—is here! *It's certain-safe!* It stays soft! It stays safe!

STEP OUT AND PLAY WITHOUT A FEAR!

Yes—say goodbye to "accident panic"—once you discover certain-safe Modess.

No striking through—as with many ordinary reversible pads. Notice the specially treated material on sides and back. Modess can't chafe—the edges stay dry. Just wear *blue* line on moisture-proof side *away* from body—and complete protection is yours!

End "accident panic"—ask for Certain-Safe

Modess!

The Improved Sanitary Pad

Try N-O-V-O—the safe, easy-to-use, douche powder in its new Blue and Silver Box. Cleanses! Deodorizes! (Not a contraceptive.) At your drug or department store

Be Wise—Alkalize

Alka-Seltzer Makes a sparkling alkalizing solution containing an analgesic (acetyl salicylate). You drink it and it gives prompt, pleasant relief for Headaches, Sour Stomach, Distress after Meals, Colds and other minor Aches and Pains.

TUNE IN THE NATIONAL BARN DANCE SATURDAY NIGHT NBC-NETWORK

Alkalize with Alka-Seltzer AT ALL DRUGGISTS 30¢-60¢
SPRING SHOWERS QUICKLY COME AND GO, ABOUT THIS TIME OF YEAR
WE'VE HAD OUR ALKA-SELTZER AND OF COLDS WE HAVE NO FEAR
COLDS
THE STORM IS O'ER AND WHAT IS MORE THE SUN'S OUT BRIGHT AND GAY
THAT'S JUST HOW ALKA-SELTZER SCARES MY OLD HEAD-ACHES AWAY
HEADACHE
LET'S EAT! I THINK THIS SPRINGY AIR GIVES US AN APPETITE
THEN WE'LL TAKE ALKA-SELTZER, JUST TO KEEP US FEELING RIGHT
ACID INDIGESTION

WORK FOR THE

GOVERNMENT
$1260 to $2100 Year
TO START
Men — Women
New 40-hour week means many Postal Appointments
Mail Coupon Today— SURE
COUPON
FRANKLIN INSTITUTE
Dept. H306
Rochester, N. Y.
Rush FREE list of U. S. Government big pay JOBS, 32-page book describing salaries, hours, work. Tell me how to get one of these jobs.
Name ....
Address ....

Hollywood Highlights

[*Continued from page 57*]

if it wasn't Irene Dunne all done up in burnt cork to do a scene for *Show Boat!* What price art?

Bill Rogers' Souvenirs

I went yesterday to call on Mrs. Will Rogers. What a magnificent, simple woman she is! The living-room was aflame with all the mementoes of Will's busy life. Silver-trimmed saddles from every country in the world, even China and Japan; keys, big and little, for most of the cities in America; an invitation from the Prince of Wales; another from the late King George; paintings, water-colors and sculptures by Russell, the famous cowboy artist. And there, hanging in a row, the chaps worn by his children when they were youngsters.

Joe Davidson, the famous sculptor, is out here to do a bust of Will. It should have been done years ago, but Will never had time. I met Mr. Davidson at a dinner the other night. You know Joe is a marvel—looks like a lion with that great shaggy beard of his. One of the young players, thinking he was an actor who had grown hair for some part he was about to play, called out to him, "Come on over here, Toots, and tell me all about yourself!"

A Barrymore's Retort

Speaking of the Barrymores, it was Lionel who took over brother Jack's missing bonds and stocks and tucked them away for safe-keeping. I hear that Jack is running away with the Norma Shearer picture, *Romeo and Juliet*. Jack had an offer to do *Hamlet* over the radio, but the stipend didn't meet with his approval and he wired back, "Thanks for your telegram, but I'm afraid you're selling *Hamlet* rather short Stop With all good wishes, allow me to say that good Hamlets are scarcer than good authors."

Speaking of *Hamlet,* Leslie Howard has become an excellent swordsman at Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer's expense, so when he opens on Broadway that part of it will be pat anyway. I understand the balcony in *Romeo and Juliet* is so high above the studio stage that they have engaged a human fly to double for Romeo's ups and downs, but when it's all finished, you can bet your last dollar it will be a thing of beauty. Norma has never failed, and you've got to admire her courage.

Claudette Breaks a Record

Speaking of stars, I understand that Claudette Colbert built her new home on Federal Home Loan, and that her salary of one hundred and fifty-thousand dollars for *Under Two Flags* is a new all-time high. Her recent marriage to Dr. Joel Pressman will cut down her high rate of income tax. Believe it or not, a top salary star, saves about $30,000 a year by being married.

Understand Mae West doesn't own a motor car—the risk is too great. People have been known to throw themselves in front and behind of stars' cars to collect insurance. In fact, it's a new Hollywood racket. You might like to know there's a tiny church midway between Mae's apartment and the studio, and some time during each day Mae stops by to light a candle and say a prayer for her good luck. Hope this won't hurt her rating since she became Public Envy Number I!

Lost In Hollywood

Philip Merivale, when he came out from New York to do a part in *Give Us This Night,* wanted to rent a Ford, and was on his way to do that very thing when he passed a show window with a beautiful yellow Buick on display. Yes, he bought it! When he left town, he drove it down to the station, got an extra ticket, and the car took the same train with him. When Merivale was out here before, he did a year's term at Fox, but never got beyond the test stage. The day before the year ended, an official of the studio rushed up to him and said, "I just saw that last test you made, and I believe we can use you, for your test looks just like Karloff!"

There's a million dollars worth of talent walking the streets of Hollywood waiting and struggling for an opportunity. Superb actresses like Alice Brady, who is putting on *Outward Bound* at the Uplifters' Club for one night just to keep her hand in and keep from going mad.

Why Hollywood Parties

People wonder at the parties in Hollywood, but you work at such a high pitch that when it is over you just can't sit down and knit. Of course, the races took up a lot of slack. There you could see all the stars screaming for their favorites, which is just another way of letting off steam. Wish you could have seen some of Bing Crosby's coats. The horses all envied him!

Joan's Ambition

Understand Joan and Franchot Tone are each taking two singing lessons a day. I hear Joan hopes to make grand opera. I suppose Tone just wants to see that she stays in the right key.

Young Doug Fairbanks is here from London, and I couldn't help wishing as I watched him the other night that he and Joan could meet now for the first time. They would now be ready for each other. Doug was such a *young* man when they were married.

Doug, Senior, still lets you feel his arm muscles so you will know how fit he is. He's taking the clipper ship to Honolulu. I understand, when you fly on that, they weigh everything including the handkerchief in your pocket.

A Beautiful Newcomer

Billy Haines' Valentine party for Mr.

Jack Warner and his new bride looked like "Burke's Perrage" and "Who's Who in America" combined. There were more stars than you'll ever find in the heavens. You can always pick out the English by their bad teeth and fine jewelry. The stars speak for themselves! Also among those present was Madeleine Carroll, the famous Continental star, back in town doing the night spots with the Fairbanks duo. She is to make a couple of pictures for Walter Wanger. She's a beauty and a darling, and has taken Mrs. Clark Gable's house.

Praise for Kiepura

Mary Ellis also flew in from London to do a Walter Wanger picture. She tells me she has taken a twenty-year lease on an English house, and when she described her orchards and her meadows it all sounded so wonderful that I started right in packing. May will find me on the bounding sea!

I'm also going to visit Jan Kiepura in Poland. The writing fraternity had a field day at Jan's expense, but I coached him for the picture, *Give Us This Night,* and I adored him. He was just a naughty boy, and whoever expects a tenor to be like other people! The writers will all have to eat their words when they see him in the picture, for he is a knockout. When it comes to business, there has never been a contract like his. He himself drew it up. You see, he studied to be a lawyer, and that little monkey remembers everything—and I mean, *everything.*

Fight Scenes

W. C. Fields was so mobbed on his first day at the studio that he had to go back to Soboba Springs for another week's rest.

Fred MacMurray, our 1935 hero, also '36—he's only played opposite Colbert, Lombard, Hepburn, Sidney, and Bennett—is fast becoming one of our best fighters. He mixed them pretty with Henry Fonda in *Trail of the Lonesome Pine* and he's done it again with Alan Baxter in *Thirteen Hours by Air.*

It's An Ill Wind

As George Raft steps out of Paramount, his bodyguard and stand-in, lovingly called "The Killer," is doing a swell job in *Florida Special.*

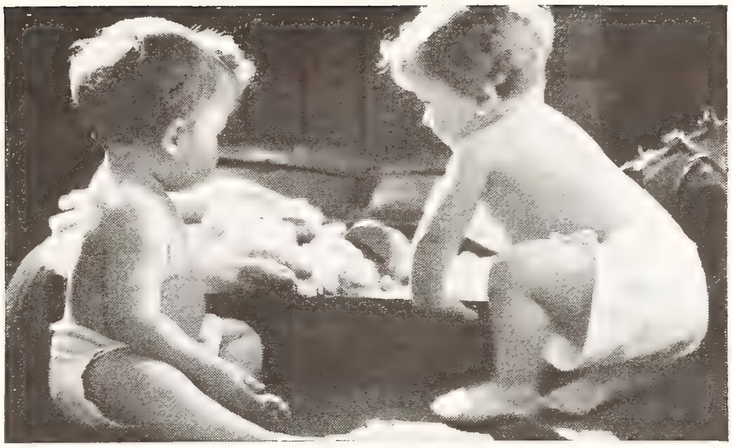
Anti-Climax

Watching Henry Fonda and his ex-wife, Margaret Sullavan, in *"The Moon's Our Home,"* reminds one of the story about the man who stalked dramatically out of the house after saying to his wife, "Everything is over between us. You will never see me again! Good-by!" And then having to go back to get his hat!

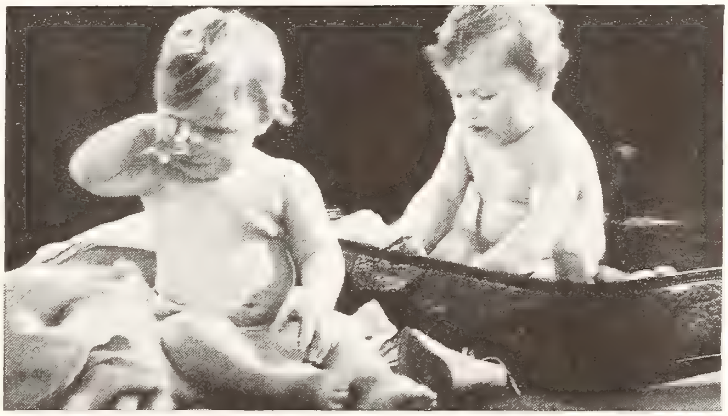
Scene In The Rain

We've been having a spot of rain these last few weeks which always throws our daily life out of gear. The Easterners take is as a personal insult, but the English revel in it. It reminds them

[*Continued on page* 84]



● ***"Listen—you're my twin and best pal—but it'll be a cold day when I go traveling with you again! Crab—whine—boo-hoo . . . all the way home! I know what you need though—watch me unpack our suitcase and get it!"***



● ***"Now stop your whimpering! I know you're chafed and hot and cranky—I don't feel any too comfortable myself. I am hurrying, aren't I? I'll find it if I have to dig clear through to China!"***

● ***"There you are! Now will you take back what you said about me? Sprinkle yourself with that soft downy Johnson's Baby Powder and smile for a change. And then give some to Sister!"***

• • •

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● ***"I'm Johnson's Baby Powder—I'll defend your baby's skin from chafes and rashes . . . I'll keep it soft and satin-smooth—I'm that way myself! No gritty particles in me as in some powders—and no orris-root. I'm made of the purest, finest Italian talc. (Your baby will like Johnson's Baby Soap, Baby Cream, and Baby Oil, too!)"***

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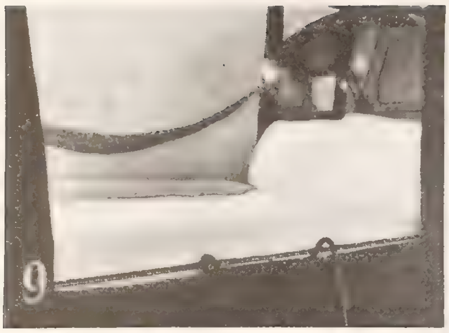

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Serve EDWARD ARNOLD'S
Hot TUNA Sandwich
For late evening suppers

Melt ⅓ cup butter in top of double boiler. Add ⅓ (scant) cup flour and stir until well blended. Add 2⅓ cups milk. Cook over hot water, stirring occasionally, until thick. Add 1 teaspoon salt, a dash each of pepper and cayenne, 3 tablespoons of lemon juice and ¾ cup mayonnaise. Blend thoroughly. Add 2 cups BREAST-O'-CHICKEN tuna fish shredded. Heat through, but do not stir. Serve over hot toast points. (Serves 6 to 8).

Look for the . . .
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WHEN YOU BUY TUNA FISH

The non-fattening energy food with a delicious flavor

WESTGATE
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Jean and Clark Expose Each Other

[*Continued from page 35*]

glimmer of the glamour . . . a glamour of the glimmer . . . y'know.

"Thanks for that, Mr. G.," chirped Jean, "and right back at you—while we were working together I didn't recognize you for what you were. I didn't 'get' you. But when I saw you on the screen—well, then I *did* get the full impact of the Gable personality. I did then. I still do. When we're actually in production, working together, I just know you're a good scout and a lot of fun. That's all. But when I get a look at you on the screen I think, 'For goodness' sake, didn't I even try to make a date with *that?*'

"I DON'T know, I think I must always have felt in my bones, even if I didn't consciously think it, that Clark was a grand actor. Otherwise, I wouldn't have taken his advice quite so seriously all these years. Even in this picture I read my lines over to him and he suggests that I stress this line or emphasize that word and I always do what he tells me to do, and he's always right."

"And thanks for that, Miss H.," said Clark with an aw-cut-it-out-now expression—"and here's back at *you*. One of the reasons why Jean is a star is that she's never got beyond believing that she can learn from others. She never has been 'teched' with the know-it-all malady."

"You see," Jean cut in, wearing an aw-cut-it-out-now expression in her turn, "we were very unimportant persons then. Wally Beery and Lewis Stone were the stars. And very kind they were to both of us. They helped us read lines. They taught us camera tricks. They gave us advice and encouragement and everything in their power to give. They really *cared* about us. . . ."

"And that," said Clark, "is the one outstanding thing about those earlier days—how kind everyone was to me. If I dreamed any dream at all it was that there might be such a thing as the brotherhood of man—and movie actors. It was so different from the theatre where all of the stars—especially the big women stars—are the prima donnas and the rest of the cast cattle. Boy, they could make things sizzle for you, some of those babies! There was none of that temperament stuff out here and I couldn't get over it. I've never yet had any experience with any star or player trying to hog things, to give the other fellow a shove—down."

"D'you remember, Clark," Jean laughed, "the funny little dressing room you had, tucked away at the end of nowhere?"

"Just enough room to change my coat and vest," said Clark, "well, it was all I needed. Matter of fact, it's all I need now."

"We weren't allowed to see the rushes," Jean reminisced.

"And now we don't want to," said Clark.

"The rushes," said Jean, "were only for important people. We just did our days work and went home. We went to the commissary for lunch and if there wasn't an empty table, which there often wasn't, we sat at the lunch counter and very glad to be there, too."

"Very glad to be eating at all," said Clark, "that was me. I was dreaming of the day, if you must have a dream, when I could let out my belt a notch or two. . . ."

"We never studied our scripts," mused Jean.

"For a darned good reason," laughed Clark, "we didn't have any scripts to study. We weren't important enough for that—or perhaps they thought we couldn't read! We arrived on the set with painstaking punctuality and the director told us what to do and we did it, to the best of our abilities."

"Did you work awfully hard?" I asked. "Were you under a strain and nervous all the time?"

"No," said Jean, "we weren't important enough for that. What we did or did not do was of such little consequence. The picture didn't in any sense depend on us, you know. It's only when you carry responsibility that you carry the 'white man's burden'. . . ."

So this is how starlets keep those trim figures! A bit strenuous, maybe, but it does save dieting—and it's more fun. So say these four play girls of the Universal Studios

"We still don't see the rushes," said Clark, "we haven't seen a foot of this film. I didn't see half a foot of *Mutiny* until it was previewed. What's the use? It's all 'in the box' by that time. There's nothing we can do about it. And if anything is seriously amiss they'll call us back for retakes fast enough."

"BUT you must have had ambitions in those days," I persisted, "if not dreams. After all, you must have known that other beginners had become stars, and you must have thought . . ."

"I *didn't,*" said Clark, "I don't know what that makes me, but I didn't, I'd had other jobs before—in lumber camps, in the oil fields, on farms, on the stage. I'd never thought, when I had them, of becoming the 'Big Boss.' I carried a spear in a play with Jane Cowl. I just hoped that I'd carry that spear sufficiently well to be allowed to keep on carrying it. Ambition doesn't rear its ugly head in my breast, I guess. I make very few demands in life, have very few wants. And so the movie work was just another job to me. I hoped I wouldn't be fired. I dreamed of three squares a day and a decent place to sleep. I never got beyond it. . . ."

"Me, too," agreed Jean, "you see, I knew that *Hell's Angels* was just one of those accidents—it was absolutely that, a fluke. It didn't give me any reason to suppose that it would lead to anything important. I didn't think I could act. I was so absorbed in having a job and in hoping for a follow-up that I didn't have time to think where a follow-up might lead."

And they both mean what they say. If they don't they've been lying to me all these years. For I've talked with Clark and Jean frequently since the days when they were unknown beginners. And of all the stars I know they are the most genuinely, the most honestly, unaffected by success. They are the most honest and sincere, and humble in their own self-esteem.

Clark was glad he "had a job" when he played in *The Secret Six.* As a star of *Wife versus Secretary,* he's still glad he has a job.

Jean hoped, when she played in *The Secret Six* that one day she might be the actress she aspired to be. As a star of *Wife versus Secretary* she still hopes that she will be the actress she aspires to be.

I honestly believe that of all of the top-notch stars in Hollywood today, these two have the largest and most loyal legions of personal friends. Neither has lost perspective, neither has lost the ability to remember the days of poverty and struggle. And to my own knowledge, those memories have made them keen to realize the problems of others. I could cite innumerable instances to show their willingness to help. But neither would appreciate the broadcasting of such good deeds.

They are two stars who do not look down upon the good earth.

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Robert Taylor—Hollywood Aladdin

[*Continued from page* 39]

about elaborate schemes. I feel if I don't count on a thing too much I've a better chance of getting it."

As FAR back as he can remember, Bob never took anything for granted. Regardless of what he may read about himself and how much in demand he seems to be, he views everything from a tentative standpoint.

"Inferiority complex?" we asked.

"The word has been well overworked," admitted Bob. "But I guess that is the real explanation of the thing. Understand, I don't go around imagining people would be bothered enough to dislike me. But I can't bring myself to assume that they like me, unless I actually have tangible reason for believing they do.

"I don't want to lose perspective on myself," he went on. "That's one reason why I'm going to take a little time out the first chance I get. I've been very lucky. For that reason I can't afford to lose my sense of values in the rush.

"No one can keep on going without something solid behind him. That's what I want to build—something solid."

Bob is deeply in earnest. And his words brought to mind something he said after finishing his trying work in *Magnificent Obsession.*

We were struck with the change in him. He seemed graver, with a quiet poise and something in his blue eyes that hadn't been there before. Bob had been through an ordeal, and had come out with a new warmth and understanding. His face was leaner, and he appeared more handsome than ever.

At the remark that he looked older, Bob said at the time, "I feel older—much. I didn't realize before how much there was for me to learn.

"It was the first part which caused me to carry a heavy responsibility. Previously I got along by just being myself—and there were many others in the casts whose rôles were more important than mine. In *Magnificent Obsession,* for the first time, I knew I had to carry a large part of the picture and actually *act.* Each scene had to be right. Our director insisted upon the best and would shoot a scene ten or twelve times until satisfied."

That sense of responsibility has made a deep impression upon Taylor. With this rôle of his in *Small Town Girl* he feels the urge and necessity to do his best. He studies zealously, and endeavors to widen his knowledge and experience as much as possible.

"I would hate to be just a fad," he confessed. "I want something genuine to offer. That is possibly the most important conclusion I've come to since getting this far. There's a long way yet before I am at the top—and the only chance I have of making the grade is by having some firm ground-work behind me.

"Another thing I've found at this stage," continued he, "is that the higher you go the greater are your responsibilities in every direction. Everything is relative—with each boost there is a counterbalance.

"People tell me how lucky I am. Granted. No one realizes it better than I, but there's something I read recently which strikes me as being only too true. It was to the effect that it is all very well to be in the spotlight while treading on a purple carpet but annoying when you step on a banana peel. There's always the chance of that skid, you know.

"But, really I'm not as gloomy as all that. One has to take his chances in anything, and I'm certainly not complaining about mine.

"In what other business imaginable could I have won such rewards as the screen has given me in one short year?"

June Knight bids warm weather a sun-worshipper's welcome on famous Malibu Beach, summer playground of Hollywood's stars. With the season of sparkling water and golden sand at hand, Hollywood, en masse, is going down to the sea in bathing suits

The Moon *Was* Their Home

[*Continued from page* 38]

It was in Falmouth, Massachusetts, that they met, wooed and were married!

Henry was there with the University Players when Margaret came down from Boston to join them. At first he was too busy to even notice her. He was one of the group's most tireless workers; rehearsing in the mornings, painting scenery in the afternoons, acting in the evenings—and, after the performance, producing a floor show in the theater's night club.

Bretagne Windust, the company's director, cast them opposite each other in a play and on their opening night something happened which finally made Henry wake up to the fact that there *was* a new girl there. It was a terribly tiny thing, but—well, have you ever noticed how sometimes you'll sleep through a thunder storm and another time be awakened by the soft sound of a curtain flapping? Well, anyway, Henry had been in that kind of a sleep.

It happened during the second act. Henry was playing the part of a wounded aviator. Margaret was nursing him back to life. She had just bound his wounds and was urging him to rest. Her line was, "There, dear, and now I'll cover you with this nice warm blanket"—and then she was supposed to reach for the blanket, and cover him with it. Margaret delivered the line, reached for the blanket, and saw that it wasn't there! But she hesitated only for an instant. Then she said coolly, in that smooth southern accent of hers, "No, come to think of it . . . ah don't guess ah will!"

Well, that panicked them. It panicked the audience. And it panicked Henry. It just about made his heart turn over with joy. What poise! What a sense of humor! What an actress! What a girl! The more he thought about it the more he laughed inside, and the more he laughed inside, the more certain he became that Margaret was worth his attention.

HENRY found that Margaret's humor and gayety were practically permanent and not reserved just for difficult situations. She was bubbling over with spirit all the time and that tickled Henry and they were like two school kids at play. At night, after the night club had closed, he'd escort her home along the beach to the cottage where she lived with the other girls of the company. It was a moonlit walk and the air blew in soft and sweet off the water, and that particular stretch of beach is about the most romantic spot in the world—but it was not romantic for Fonda or Sullavan. Oh no indeed! Their evening walks were more in the line of scrimmages, marathons, track meets—or whatever you want to call them. "On your mark, get set, one, two, three, GO!" And down the beach they'd sprint! Or they'd

[*Continued on page* 66]

Every woman should make this "Armhole Odor" Test

If you deodorize only—because it is easy and quick—you will always have an unpleasant, stale "armhole odor"—test yourself tonight by smelling your dress at the armhole

THE more fastidious you are, the more surprised and shocked you may be when you realize that you cannot prevent "armhole odor" unless your underarm is kept *dry* as well as sweet.

Tonight, as soon as you take off your dress, smell the fabric under the arm. No matter how careful you are about deodorizing your *underarm,* you may find that your *dress* carries the embarrassing odor of stale perspiration.

This is bound to happen if you merely *deodorize.* Creams and sticks are not made to *stop* perspiration. They do not keep the underarm *dry,* so perspiration collects and dries on the fabric of your dress.

And the very next time you wear that dress, the warmth of your body brings out an unpleasant, stale odor.

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Women who care deeply about good grooming know that there is no short cut to true underarm daintiness. They insist on the *complete* protection of Liquid Odorono.

With Odorono, not even the slightest drop of moisture can collect on your dress to spoil the pleasant impression that you would otherwise make.

Odorono's action is entirely safe . . . ask your doctor. It works by gently closing the pores in that little hollow of the underarm. Perspiration is merely diverted to less confined parts of the body where it may evaporate freely and inoffensively.

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Odorono comes in two strengths. Regular Odorono (Ruby colored) need be used only twice a week. Instant Odorono (Colorless) is for especially sensitive skin or emergency use—to be used daily or every other day. On sale at all toilet-goods counters.

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R K O Player

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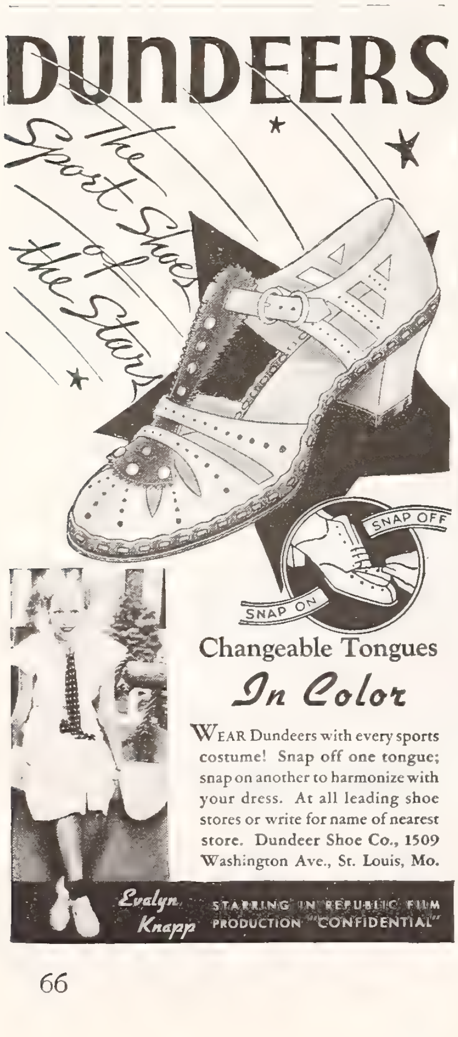
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Evelyn Knapp STARRING IN REPUBLIC FILM PRODUCTION "CONFIDENTIAL"

The Moon *Was* Their Home

[*Continued from page 65*]

play leap frog for a mile or so! Howling, laughing, screeching, tumbling along. Just a couple of hoodlums!

But all that was before *Coquette,* and *Coquette* changed everything. Do you remember it? Helen Hayes played it on the stage and Mary Pickford made a movie of it . . . and it's one of the saddest love stories ever written! Margaret and Henry were cast as the ill-fated sweethearts.

It was the first serious romance they had ever played in together, and it was the first time that Henry had ever had to take her in his arms. At one time or another, during his several seasons with the Players, he had embraced practically every girl in the company—histrionically speaking, of course—and it had never seemed at all difficult before. But now, suddenly, there was Bretagne calling for a rehearsal of the love scene, and there was Margaret waiting for him to take her in his arms . . . and there was he, standing like a big cluck, not able to move. Finally he said, "Sorry . . . I've got the hiccoughs . . ." and begged to be excused. But it wasn't the hiccoughs—and nobody knew that better than Henry. Henry had fallen in love.

That was when they began fighting. Afraid he'd tell her how wonderful she was, Henry concentrated, instead, on telling her how terrible she was—and Margaret, not to be outdone, told him right back! No more games and gay racing along the beach. Only bickering and bantering through rehearsals day after day. Watching them, Bretagne Windust was sure the play would be a flop. Margaret and Henry just didn't seem to work well together—rather, they were at each other's throat. A fine situation when you were doing the greatest love story of the day! But it was too late now. The play was scheduled, and as it was scheduled, so it opened.

Well, it was one of the greatest successes the University Theatre had ever known! Hard boiled society matrons and salty Cape Cod sea captains alike sat in their seats and sobbed. So did everyone—debutantes and shop-keepers and artists and rich men's sons. They couldn't help it. And the reason the romance "hit home"—was because it was so real. Henry, unable to keep his secret from Margaret anymore—unable to continue his foolish fighting pretense—had told her through the lines of the play!

A few weeks later they were married. At first Margaret hadn't wanted to marry right away. It was the end of the season . . . neither of them had jobs for the winter . . . and neither of them had much money saved. But Henry had laughed at that. What was money . . . What were jobs . . . what was security . . . compared to love!

Well, Margaret was soon to find out what was money . . . what were jobs . . . what was security! Henry, it seemed, really could get along without good food to eat, and nice clothes to wear. A can of sardines and a loaf of bread seemed to sustain him for a week. But Henry had accustomed himself to such things during his last few lean years in New York and Margaret, it must be remembered, was fresh from an expensive finishing school. There was no getting around it: the cheap places in which they lived and the cheap food they ate and hounding the producers' dreary offices all day wore her down—while Henry thrived on it. In spite of all they were going through, he was still enthusiastic, still hopeful; he could still laugh, and he still liked to play games!

FINALLY Margaret thought she saw the end of their troubles. She accepted a job with the Chicago company of *Strictly Dishonorable!* But when she broke the good news to Henry, and told him to start packing—Henry said "No!" He was not going to Chicago to be supported there by her! His chances were in New York—and so that's where they'd stay!

That scene was the end of their marriage. Margaret figured that if he couldn't face reality now, he'd never face it! Maybe *he* could live a dream-filled existence in the moon, but she couldn't. So if he wanted to go on living in the moon, he could go on living there alone.

And that's how it happened to end so quickly. Not because they weren't fond of each other . . . but because they couldn't see eye to eye. Margaret—a realist . . . straight, direct, facing facts, always to the point. Henry—an incurable dreamer. She got a divorce.

But they *were* still fond of each other. They proved that when Margaret made her big success in her first film, *Only Yesterday,* and then wired at once for Henry to join her on the coast. He arrived and they were seen everywhere together, and Margaret did her best to get him into pictures, too. But it just didn't work out that way. So he went back to New York. Then the next summer Margaret returned to the University Theatre on the cape, where Henry still was, and appeared in a couple of plays with him. There they sprinted along the beach and played leap frog—and apparently it was all just as it had been before—before their romance. At any rate if Henry ever did have any hopes of winning back his wife, he lost them the next year when he heard of her whirlwind marriage to William Wyler.

By that time, as you know, Henry had clicked in a New York play, *The Farmer Takes a Wife,* and Walter Wanger had signed him for pictures. So Henry arrived on the Hollywood scene just about in time to dance at his ex-wife's wedding.

He was terribly busy for a while . . . one picture after another . . . with scarcely a night out. Not seeing him around with any of the Hollywood beauties, Hollywood shook its head and said, "He's still in love with Margaret."

But then finally Henry had a breathing spell and he started breezing around town with Shirley Ross and others of the younger crowd—and that theory was blasted. But now comes this picture together, to start everyone talking again.

And of course they—Henry and Margaret and Wyler, too—knew that it would. However "talk" doesn't stop Margaret from doing anything she wants to do—and she wanted Henry in her picture! She knew from past experience that they teamed well together.

Well, do you know what's happened? Margaret's been meek as a lamb all during the making of this picture—no temperamental outbursts, no scenes that weren't in the script! Yes, it's been heavenly in the studio—and that's a new kind of atmosphere for a Sullavan set!

But what intrigues me, quite naturally —and you, and you and you!—is, how do *they* feel about it? Of course, they won't say. (One of the stipulation's of Margaret's contract for this picture was that no interviews on the subject were to be requested!) But, just the same . . . *how* do they feel?

In those love scenes, most especially, and there are lots of them in the picture! How does he feel when he takes her in his arms as he used to do once—not for fame and for money, but for love? And how does she feel? Does she remember? Are his arms, like old friends, comfortable and warm . . . or are they cold and impersonal . . . prop arms like the scenery around them?

Remember that Margaret and her husband, William Wyler, after being separated for some time, are now strongly rumored to be on the verge of an actual divorce. So strong are the rumors that in all probability, Margaret will actually file suit before this magazine reaches print. Once freed from her somewhat hasty marriage to Wyler, will she and Henry Fonda re-marry? Will the memories re-kindled by this on-screen romance re-kindle their off-screen love?

Well, I have just watched them at work together. At first they were sitting on the side lines, talking and laughing, and then Director Bill Seiter called them for a scene. "Come on, Sullavan," said Henry, getting up. "It's that love scene. Let's get going . . ."

He calls her Sullavan now. Sullavan . . . good fellow . . . pal . . . Sullavan . . . just as though she had never been his wife. "Come on, Sullavan. It's that love scene. Let's get going."

I watched them closely. Both of them seemed casual about it. And afterwards they sat on the sidelines again, and Maggie said, "A good scene, Hank."

His voice was just as nonchalant as hers as he thanked her and returned her compliment. "You played it perfectly that time, Sullavan—"

But still I wondered . . . I couldn't help it. They could look casual about love. But remember, after all, they're both actors! Do you wonder, too?

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The alert girl or woman today in her quest for beauty, through the cultivation of charm, personality and good health, should not overlook the first requisite of loveliness—*a perfect skin.*

The smart woman will be glad to know of this simple way to attain a beautiful skin—the way so many fastidious women of today are acquiring it.

One of the most remarkable skin beauty aids is the Linit Beauty Bath. Imagine stepping into a bath as soft and luxurious as rich cream, bathing as usual and, after drying, finding that your skin is soft and satiny smooth as a rose petal.

To enjoy the refreshing luxury of the Linit Beauty Bath, you merely dissolve some Linit in a tub of warm water and bathe. It is such a simple means of keeping the skin alluringly soft, that there is no excuse for any woman, who takes pride in her personal charm, to have anything but a clear, soft, smooth skin.

Once you try Linit, you will be happy to make it the daily feature of your bath. Parents will be glad to know that Linit is a valuable aid in bathing the baby and children, for in many cases of irritation the Linit bath is most soothing to the skin.

YOUR DAINTY UNDERTHINGS will be refreshed and restored to their original loveliness when laundered with Linit. Just follow the simple directions on the package.

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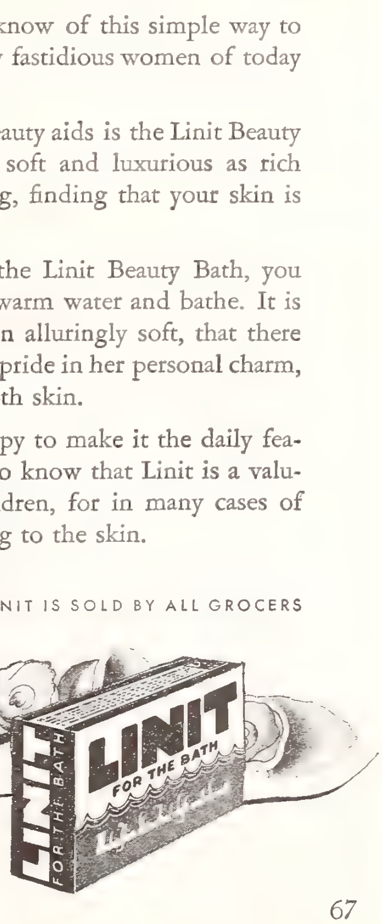

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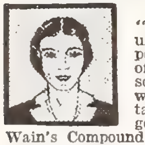

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Forward, March

[*Continued from page* 47]

"Every woman is, at heart, the potential reformer of the man she loves.

"With all his charm, Anthony Adverse has one other ingredient in his make-up that stimulates this instinct in woman. That is a fundamental weakness. The reason is his knowledge of his illegitimacy. He feels incomplete, unsound. Women, intuitively, sense that. And they try to reform him, to make him strong. And so they go about it in the ages-old, unchanging way of women with men through time and place. They love him, they try subconsciously to give him the sense of conquest and of power. And all the time, the truth is that instead of women 'falling for' him, he is in reality 'falling for' them. He is not the Don Juan, the conqueror, the philanderer, at all. He is still the befuddled, bewildered seeker.

"And the strangest part of it all is that Anthony always returns love in full measure. He gives himself completely—until he moves on and a new woman takes the place of the old. He believes himself, with each successive affair, finally and utterly in love, and so gives himself completely to his flame of the moment.

"In short, to resort to the colloquialism of today, it's not that women are pushovers for Anthony—it's rather that Anthony's a pushover for any women."

THE men March works with—the workers on the stage and the men in the press department—are strong for him. You might imagine that a man who talks of love in high-phrased language might be a bore to matter-of-fact materialists like the publicity guys. But he's not. They concede him the right to talk of love as much as he will—because (a) he knows what he's talking about and (b) he's a regular guy.

"He *ought* to know about love," said one of the men. "He has played the lover often enough, on stage and screen; he gets enough fan-letters from women who write of love and ask him about it; and besides, the fact that he's one of the happiest-married lovers in Hollywood is actual proof that he knows love.

And then they went on to tell me of how he clowns on the set—of how he can switch without a break from an impassioned love-speech to some wisecrack. There was the scene where he tells Olivia de Havilland, playing the role of Angela, of his love for her. He stands on the earthen threshold of her parents' humble cottage.

The cameras ground as he poured out his love to the girl. He went through the scene perfectly, warmly, impassionedly. And then, without hesitation, his voice rolled on—

"—I love you—love you, Angela, and if you grips back there would get a couple of shovels and dump some dirt here on this step, maybe it'd make this stance a bit less awkward . . . !"

"Cut, CUT!" yelled the director.

They like Freddie, too, because of his open-house policy in that amazing green portable dressing room he uses. That dressing room is in his contract. If Warners wanted him, they had to take his dressing-room, too. So they took it.

It's a huge affair, once presented to him by Twentieth-Century-Fox. Wherever he goes, he takes it along. It has an electric refrigerator and gas range and running water in the kitchen; it has a shower bath and other conveniences in the bathroom; it has a telephone that's plugged in to the set phone; it has a bedroom, a radio, and a bar.

"What'll you have?" is the oftenest-spoken phrase in the room. And whatever the answer, Freddie produces it. The people who work with him love to visit Freddie in his dressing room between shots: And they don't grumble at the awkwardness of carrying that dressing-room around. "Portable" it's called, but they had to assign a five-ton truck to the dressing room throughout production; nothing else would move it. And nothing would move Freddie, either. He had to have that dressing room—or else . . . !!!

"Damnation," exploded a sub-executive; "that dressing room of Freddie March's cost us almost as much as the rest of the production in toto—whatever that is!"

Just how much that "rest" amounted to is one of those studio secrets. But it's no secret that March's own share was a big item. For it's Hollywood common knowledge that March's salary-per-picture is the highest for any non-starred performer on the rolls. That is—non-starred before this, his first starring picture. March gets more per role than many ace stars!

But it's not just audiences who go for him. The men who work with him feel the same way. Because he's just as "regular" offscreen as he is charming onscreen. He does things like—well, here's what he did at the end of *Anthony Adverse:*

His contract had finished, and as far as he was concerned, when they shot the last scene of the film, he was done—owed the studio no more work. Yet he knew that the publicity boys were anxious to have him pose for a set of portraits and stills. He didn't have to do it—and it would have cost thousands of dollars if he'd insisted on being paid for coming in and doing it.

"Poo!" he said—"I'll do it on my own time. And he did—he came in, voluntarily, and posed throughout a ten-hour day, changing makeup, and costumes often. He did much more work in that one day than he ordinarily does in three or four days of shooting. They thanked him. "Forget it," he said; "you fellows have been swell to me; I can do this little in return, can't I?"

No wonder they like him.

Party Line in Hollywood

[*Continued from page* 14]

make any more pictures together, they have been scheduled for a new song-and-dance carnival yclept *Watch Your Step*. And they're already rehearsing.

By the by, did you hear about Ginger composing and selling a song! The title's "I Can't Understand Why You Don't Understand Me," and it's being plugged by none other than the one and only Irving Berlin. He says that Ginger has talent, but, shucks, we all knew that.

An Orchid To Mary

And right now I'm going to strain the expense account to present an orchid to Mary Pickford. Here in Hollywood are scores of once famous screen-favorites who have slipped from their pedestals and been forgotten. That is, they've been forgotten by all but a few great-hearted, loyal friends like Mary. Now and then someone calls them to the attention of the studios and mentions the fact that they deserve a little work. Everyone agrees that something *should* be done about them and then they get to talking about the next day's races at Santa Anita or the price of Beverly Hills real estate and the old-timers are again forgotten. But Mary, without saying a word, did something. She gave 200 of them jobs in *One Rainy Night*.

It's A Gamble

Speaking of the late, lamented races at Santa Anita, don't cherish the idea that Hollywood's star and starlets bet heavy sugar on the ponies. Like the hoi polloi, they swarmed around the windows which catered to two dollar bets. Even Bing Crosby, who has a stable of so-called horses, admits that he never wagered more than two bucks a race—and invariably lost.

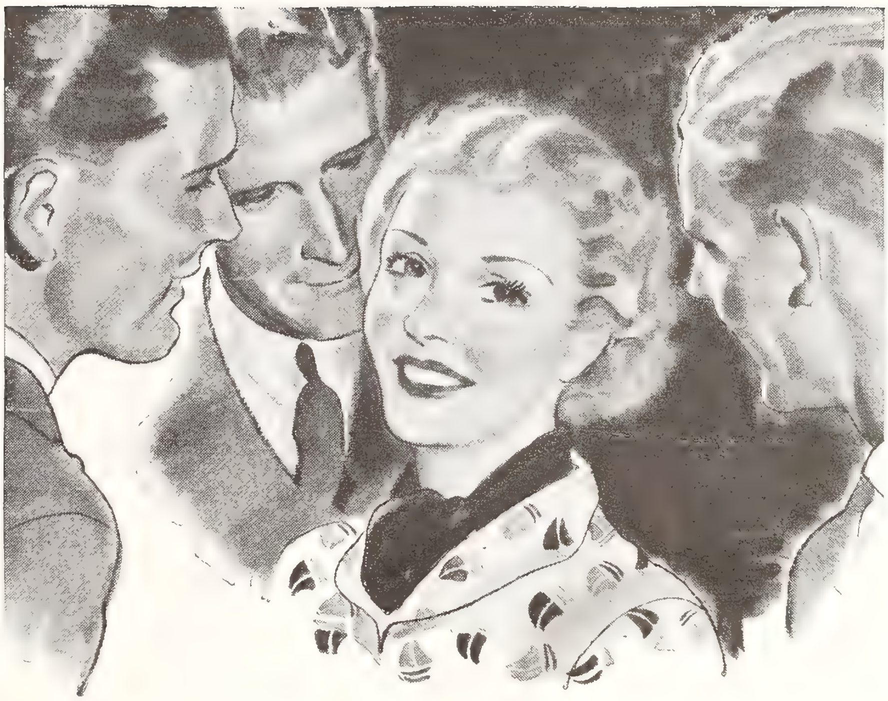
So did his horses.

Tax Tax

As a matter of fact, the only man who's making big money in Hollywood these days is Uncle Sam. I might have doubted the sad facts had only one star told me, but since they all agree I'm forced to believe that all of the players earning more than $3,000 a week turn over a neat seventy-five percent to the federal and state treasuries for income tax.

Heart Interest

Doug Fairbanks, Jr., is back in town, ready to start production on his first picture for United Artists—and his arrival caused a great furor along the Boulevard. The excitement was not because of his production plans, but because at last we gossips had a chance to find out whether his current heart interest is Gertrude Lawrence or Elissa Landi. He's most uncommunicative, is Douglas, but after chatting with him, we'll string along with Elissa.



What makes a girl "Click"?

JOAN is pretty. She is smart. And she is asked everywhere.

Barbara looks at Joan with secret envy. For Barbara, too, is pretty. And she is smart. But evening after evening, she is left at home alone.

Why? What makes one girl "click" socially and another fail, when both are equally good-looking?

The truth is, Barbara could be just as popular as Joan if it were not that she is careless—careless about something no girl can afford to overlook.

You can't blame people for avoiding the girl or woman who is careless about underarm perspiration odor. It's too unpleasant to tolerate in anyone, no matter how pretty she may be.

There's really no excuse for it these days when Mum makes it so easy to keep the underarms fresh, free from every trace of odor.

Just half a minute is all you need to use Mum. Then you're safe for the whole day!

Use it any time—*after* dressing, as well as before. It's harmless to clothing. It's soothing to the skin, too—so soothing you can use it right after shaving your underarms.

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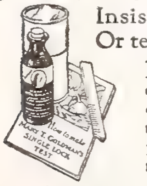

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City.............................. State..........
Color of your hair?..................................

Spell of the River

[*Continued from page 37*]

to play that part was one of them. I let it be known where the knowing was important that I would like to take over 'Nolie's' part if the occasion ever arose. But, knowing the part and the tremendous success of the show, I had little hopes of ever being called upon.

"WHEN I finally did receive word to come for an audition for the part, my surprise and joy were about equal. Because now I had another reason for wanting to play it, on top of all the others, and also another reason for feeling I would never get the chance.

"When I was first in New York trying to find a singing engagement, I was given an audition by Oscar Hammerstein, Jr., the man who wrote the play *Showboat.*

"I went to his office with high hopes. But he said I wouldn't do, and I was so disappointed I broke down and cried and cried and cried.

"This time, however, Oscar wanted me to have the part, and was glad that Ziegfeld decided to give me the opportunity to take it over. I experienced one of the greatest thrills I have ever known when I opened in *Showboat.*

"I knew Ziegfeld was worried about me, and in spite of the tremendous confidence I had, way down inside me—for I felt I knew 'Nolie,' Captain Hawks' daughter, and 'Julie' and the *spirit* of the story as well as the 'feel' of the music better than anyone else could—I was frightened.

"One of the girls came up to me, just before the curtain was raised, and said:

" 'Ziggy's in the second row. Go out and show him a real 'Nolie' from down the old river.'

"It was the habit of producers to notify a player regarding his or her performance at the end of the show. But Ziegfeld didn't wait for that. At the end of the first act a note was brought to me. Mr. Ziegfeld had written: 'My worries are over. You're swell!' After receiving that, I just sailed through the rest of the show.

"Sometimes I think I owe any success I've had to *Showboat.* For, without the inspiration of that play and the driving desire to play 'Nolie,' I might have lacked the determination to succeed.

"Of course I loved every performance I ever played in that show. To me it is the greatest show ever written. Every time I sang one of my songs it wasn't a task, it was a joy. And little 'Nolie' never wanted more to sing 'Julie's' songs than I wanted to sing Helen Morgan's, who played 'Julie,' you remember. I can't tell you just why, but *Bill* has always been my favorite song. Of course *I Can't Help Loving That Man* and *Old Man River* will always haunt me, because they breathe the spell of the river."

Later, after seeing the show three times, Edna Ferber, who wrote the story from which the play was taken, said that Irene Dunne was the perfect "Nolie"—the one "natural" for the part.

But in spite of her success in the stage play, Irene Dunne was never entirely satisfied. Her greatest ambition was not fulfilled. She wanted to play the part on the screen. She wanted to bring the spell of the river to the movies. She wanted to interpret the spirit of the Old Mississippi to the millions of movie fans throughout the world. She wanted to make them feel the romance it had made her feel.

Most of all she wanted to tell the story of people who spent their lives on the old river she loved so well, and to re-live, through "Nolie" some of her own girlhood dreams.

Three years ago we sat in Irene Dunne's Beverly Hills home. She was talking, quietly, half dreamily, with a far-off look in her eyes.

"It's so seldom one's deepest desire is realized," she mused, "that I imagine I'm courting disappointment by letting myself day-dream of the time when my wish might come true. Instead, I suppose I should be thankful for what has already been granted, and forget the rest.

"Yet, I can't get it out of my mind.

It isn't "just a racket" when Elizabeth Allan, Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer's promising young English importation, swings it. She's one of the best and most enthusiastic tennis players in Filmland

It's almost as persistent as the spell of the old river itself.

"The thing I want more than anything else in the world to do is to make the picture *Showboat*. To be 'Nolie' on the screen is the height of my ambition. But there doesn't seem to be much chance of my doing it, does there?"

But dreams do come true, and yesterday I was in Irene Dunne's dressing bungalow over at Universal—and on the set with "Nolie." For in the familiar scenes of the old river show-boat Irene *is* "Nolie." She isn't playing that part, she is *living* it.

No motion picture director ever before experienced such rehearsals as the company of *Showboat* gave from the very first "shooting." Many of them had been in the original stage play, and had played hundreds of performances with Irene. They knew their parts backwards, and loved them.

IN her own work Irene was helped not only by the spell of the river and her love for the story the picture tells, but also by the close friends who faced the camera with her. For many of those players have become an inseparable part of the play to her.

When she learned that the producers were planning to cast the picture without Charles Winninger as the old Captain, she went to them with tears in her eyes.

"But Charlie *is* 'Captain Andy'," she explained. "Why, there *couldn't* be any other 'Captain Andy.' It would be a dead thing in any other player's hands. I couldn't do it with anybody else."

And Irene admits she didn't only mean she couldn't; she also meant she *wouldn't*—in spite of the fact that she wanted to play that picture more than she wanted anything else in the world.

How does all this influence Irene Dunne's work in *Showboat?* Will she do as those in the show with her claim: turn in a dramatic performance superior to anything she has ever done; sing as no movie fan has ever heard her sing, and put into her work even more of that subtle charm and sweetness of hers than we have ever before seen? In other words, will Irene live up to the expectations of the other members of the *Showboat* family, and surpass her best in each and every one of her past performances?

We who have seen her working on *Showboat* set and stage—if you can call re-living her childhood romancing as "Nolie" and singing the songs that haunt her, "work"—are probably prejudiced by the spell of the river that has, in some way, seemed to invade Hollywood's cold concrete stages. But right now we are inclined to agree with Charles Winninger, and Director Whale, and Jerome Kern, who wrote the music for the show, and Oscar Hammerstein, who wrote the play (and who, with Kern, haunts the sets almost daily) and those rare critics the grips and cameramen, and predict a great triumph for Irene—and for "Old Man River."

Do You Ever Wonder

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Don't Entrust Your Own or Your Family's Well-Being to Unknown Preparation

THE person to ask, whether the preparation you or your family are taking for the relief of headaches is SAFE to use regularly, is your family doctor.

Ask him particularly about Genuine BAYER ASPIRIN, and go by what he says.

He will tell you, we are sure, that millions of people take it, year in and year out, without ill effect.

He will tell you, too, that *before the discovery* of Bayer Aspirin, most "pain" remedies were advised against, by doctors, as upsetting to the stomach. And often; as bad for the heart. Which is food for thought; especially if you seek *safe* relief as well as quick relief.

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You can get it at any drug store — at a new and radically reduced price — 15¢ a box — simply by asking for it by its full name "BAYER ASPIRIN." Make it a point to do this — to ask for Genuine Bayer Aspirin and to see that you get it. There is no longer any reason — thanks to Bayer's present low price — to accept an unknown preparation in its place.

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Needs no water to apply—really waterproof!

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Come to Hollywood!

[*Continued from page 49*]

Wednesday will be devoted to the cross channel trip to Catalina Island, the Riviera of the West. You've all read about Catalina, with its harbor like something out of fairyland, its hotels and dancing pavilions, its grand food and scenic wonders.

In between, there'll be a trip through Beverly Hills, with guides to show all the wonder homes of the stars. Down palm-lined avenues of this, the richest little town in the world, you'll roll in special cars, to see the homes of stars famed in every land.

Hollywood, of course, is the grand climax of this two weeks' vacation trip, but the rest of the journey will be filled with sights to see and things to do. Coming out, the Movieland Tour goes through Rainier National Park. There will be trips through Seattle, Chinatown to see in San Francisco, and many other excursions. Going back to Chicago, the trip will take you through even more wonders of the West.

That's the outline of our second annual Movieland Tour. It will be even bigger and better than the first one, which was so tremendously enjoyed by 200 guests last year.

Once more the special train will be booked for only 200 persons. That means some will be disappointed if their applications are received too late. Don't delay—get in your reservation now for this grand tour to Hollywood!

Full details are contained, along with schedule of costs, in a booklet which will be sent you free of charge, with no obligation on your part. Just fill in the coupon at the end of this article, and we'll do the rest.

If you can't join the tour leaving July 19, then join our Movieland Special, leaving August 9.

Of the second tour, we'll visit Universal studios, again enjoy a party at a home of a star, and in every way duplicate the thrills of the first tour. Complete plans for this second trip will be announced later in MOVIE CLASSIC.

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Now You're Talking

[*Continued from page* 6]

best. Many of them are historical, and when I study in school what I have seen on the screen, it seems much easier because it seems real and not just something in a book. I not only learn the facts of that special incident, but I see the whole background of homes, furnishings, sports, etc., that were peculiar to that period of time. The producers carry out each small detail to make the whole picture as authentic as possible.

I think *David Copperfield, Les Miserables, Mutiny on the Bounty* and *Captain Blood* the best pictures of the past year, and among the best ever produced. I have read each of the books since seeing the pictures and enjoyed them far more than I would have had I not already seen the pictures.—*Agnes E. Williams, Star Route, Callands, Virginia.*

Not To Be Laughed At—The motion picture industry, within the past five years, has made enormous strides in giving the public better productions—that is, the feature pictures are better in many ways. The comedies, however, are still the kind to appeal to a moron. We have passed out of the stage where we had to look at pies being tossed across the room by would-be comedians; cars dashing madly around curves in pursuit or in escape and knocking down all the hoi polloi in sight are antiquated; the flood of Micky Mouse cartoons is ebbing; portrayals of animals acting as people—to me one of the most disgusting kinds of comedy we have ever had—are passing out of favor, but at present we have parodies on the old-fashioned songs that, in hideous colors and faces and in exaggerated attempts to be funny, are getting to be bores. Isn't it possible to have a genuine comedy that doesn't leave a bad taste in the mouth or a feeling that time has been lost? No longer in the city theatres are advertisements of merchants run as in small towns; often there being only the feature with news reels. Do we have to have comedies every time as an appetizer? Better for the houses in small towns to follow the suit of the big cities and omit the "funny" reels now and then than to show worthless trash. Modern painting, music, and writing have all gone jazz. Cannot the motion picture industry, which is making such marvellous productions now for the main features, raise the standard of the comedy from its jazz state?—*Clarence Huffman, Charleston, Illinois.*

Wants Variety—My favorite movie topic is New Faces and more of them. The majority of movies now-a-days are like the old fashioned Stock Companies that we had about twenty years ago. Some of the movie companies play the same actors in the same kind of rôles, picture after picture, and one becomes bored to death watching these actors go through their same mannerisms and tricks like mechanical dolls. Lately I saw a picture in which the cast was mostly new to the screen and I got a positive thrill watching them act. I hope Hollywood does something about the above nuisance for variety still remains the spice of life.—*T. J. Jones, 127 Hicks Street, Brooklyn, New York.*

Plaudits For Mrs. Temple—You probably won't print this letter because Hollywood couldn't stand it. All these questions about

[*Continued on page* 76]

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Summer Approaches

[*Continued from page 8*]

frequently as you did during the cold winter months.

Campana's Italian Balm is an excellent skin softener. It makes chapped, rough, red skin soft, smooth and white, and is especially effective after your hands have been in water. It also prevents and soothes sunburn and windburn. This delightfully fragrant lotion spreads widely, therefore should be used sparingly. A four and one-half ounce bottle costs only fifty cents—so it's economical to use.

The lovely ladies are the ladies with sparkling teeth. It isn't the smile that wins—it's the teeth the smile reveals that does the trick! "What to do—to have beautiful teeth like my favorite movie star," is the question I find in hundreds of your letters every month.

The answer to sparkling teeth, healthier gums and prettier smiles is the Pro-phy-lac-tic New Round End Bristle Tooth Brush. The idea is to brush your gums as well as your teeth to stimulate the circulation and nourish the gum tissues. With this new brush you can massage your gums until they glow, and without any danger of piercing or scratching the tenderest of gums.

This small adult tooth brush has the tufted tip for getting at those rear molars which are otherwise particularly difficult to reach. The bristles are securely sealed in the handle so they won't come out. Each member of the family can readily distinguish his own brush for the handles are gaily colored in eight different shades. They are priced at fifty cents each and available in hard, medium and soft textures. The Junior size also is only thirty-five cents.

YOUR eyes are a feature which retain their importance through every season and every age of beauty. When you are young they are your most outstanding feature. If they are deep, dark and beautiful, they frequently offset a multitude of minor defects. But as you grow older, they become danger signals—the first area to show neglect and betray your years!

The ideal way to insure beautiful eyes would be to build up a bulwark of unimpeachable good health. But ideal ways are not always as practical as we might wish them to be. However, there are many things you can do to enhance the natural beauty of your eyes.

The first law of beauty is cleanliness and it applies just as well to the eyes as to the body as a whole. The eye bath is the simplest and most neglected of all beauty rites. Yet everyone needs the cleansing action that can be secured in no other way.

Eye-gene is a new lotion which will cleanse, soothe, refresh and clear irritated eyes. It acts as a soothing balm, irrigating the surface of your eyeballs and aiding in quieting the nervous twitching resulting from strain. Common eye strain can be immediately relieved through complete relaxation and a few drops of Eye-gene. The common forms of eye strain come from jangled nerves, an exceedingly popular ailment in this age of noise and rush. More serious inflammations should be referred immediately to a physician.

Here is a special rejuvenating treatment for eyes that have grown tired and show it. It takes a little time, but you

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Many sufferers relieve nagging backache quickly, once they discover that the real cause of their trouble may be tired kidneys.

The kidneys are one of Nature's chief ways of taking the acids and waste out of the blood. If they don't pass 3 pints a day and so get rid of more than 3 pounds of waste matter, your 15 miles of kidney tubes may need flushing.

If you have trouble with frequent bladder passages with scanty amount which often smart and burn, the 15 miles of kidney tubes may need flushing out. This danger signal may be the beginning of nagging backache, leg pains, loss of pep and energy, getting up nights, swelling, puffiness under the eyes and dizziness.

Don't wait for serious trouble. Ask your druggist for Doan's Pills — used successfully by millions for over 40 years. They give happy relief and will help flush out the 15 miles of kidney tubes. Get Doan's Pills.

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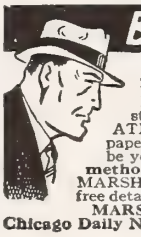

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will find it worth every minute, for it not only has its effect upon the eyes themselves, but upon the whole nervous structure.

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Scientists are inclined to believe that perfect vision can be obtained only through relaxation—and yet they have advanced what seems at first consideration a contradictory statement. They contend that the eyes are at rest only when in *motion*. The old story of the elderly woman who took up fine sewing to improve her eyesight is applauded as a scientific gesture by the modern optician.

It is now stated that an excellent way to secure relaxation is by that old-faithful exercise called *palming*.

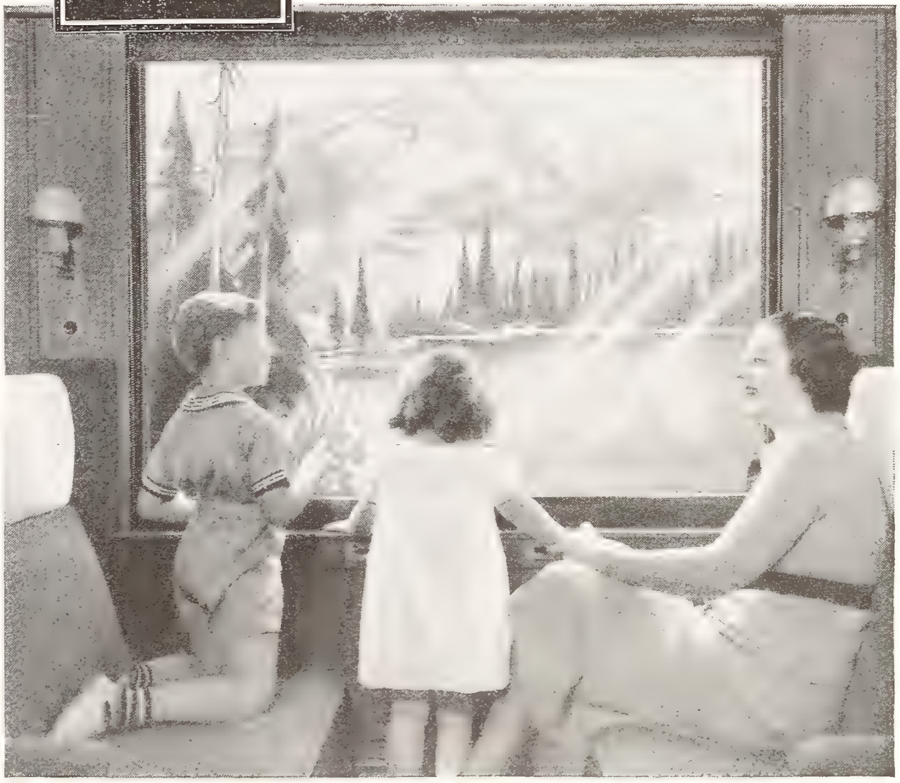
Close your eyes and cover them with your cupped palm to completely exclude all light. Avoid all pressure on your eyeballs. Try to "see" a dense field of blackness. The closer you come to it, the better your sight. Try for five or ten minutes at a time, several times a day.

Another simple and worthwhile exercise is to cast your eyes obliquely up to the right, then down to the left and back to center. Reverse, and repeat half a dozen times.

Rolling—a complete circular roll, first to the right and then to the left, is another good exercise for strengthening your eye muscles.

In closing allow me to say that cleanliness is the foundation to beauty and your spring cleaning is an important factor in your beauty routine if you wish to be as attractive as your favorite Hollywood star!

Heavy rains turned the Radio Pictures lot into a miniature lake, but Jean Parker, working in *Farmer in the Dell,* seems to enjoy wading between the set and the studio commissary



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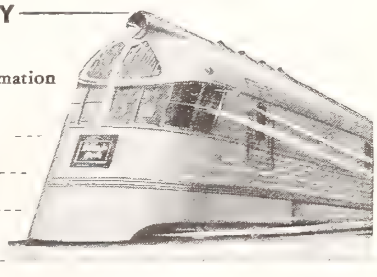

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Now You're Talking

[*Continued from page 73*]

Will Rogers and Shirley Temple's popularity, in plain language, get my goat. Why not? To me the reason is logical. Rogers was and Shirley is the kind of people God meant us to be—simple and unaffected. Mrs. Temple deserves credit for some of Shirley's popularity, because of the fact that she is a child and might lose her appeal if not properly guided. The actors and actresses of Hollywood spend all their efforts in beautifying the outside instead of brushing up on the inside. That which lasts comes from within, not without, and all the clothes, the suave and sophisticated airs will never take its place in Hollywood or any other place.—*Mrs. H. L. Wheeler, 248 Sly Avenue, Corning, N. Y.*

We Welcome Criticism—As a movie fan I guess I am about the average. I enjoy my fan magazines and am particularly partial to *Movie Classic*, so I'd like a chance to air my peeves herein. I rather enjoy reading about a star's ideas on anything from love to politics, enjoy reading their theories on fate, their beliefs, and their superstitions. But oh, Mr. Editor, I am *so* tired of reading that Mr. Star is "as simple in his desires today as he was before he came into prominence." He *couldn't* be and, furthermore, why should he be? Clark Gable, for an example, bought a Dusenberg, a bit too extravagant a desire for an oil fields worker. Then too, there is the little matter of patience. If each star is an exception to the rule of temperamental stars, where is the rule? Why can't we read that "so and so, after a hard day's work, begins to fret and stew a bit?"—*Ena Grossman, 2845 East 77th Street, Chicago, Ill.*

Opera Paves The Way—We who formerly considered grand opera as something made for those who live in New York and own diamond tiaras have been taught recently that opera is for *us*. The movies, although they have not yet given us a complete opera, have paved the way to that development by letting us hear the superb voices of Pons, Swarthout, Tibbett, Eddy, Martini, and others in many lovely operatic airs. They have shown us something of the musical lives of such singers, and taught us enough of the jargon of the opera that when *Aïda* or *La Boheme* or *Carmen* is finally screened, we will approach it as old veterans of the operatic world. There is another art which has thus far been neglected on the screen,—the art of painting. When we are occasionally shown an artist's studio, it is usually a setting for intrigue, not the workshop of a creative mind and fingers. Couldn't we have some films about artists, using their jargon, showing their actual canvases instead of faked daubs, and perhaps starring some of the Swarthouts and Eddys of the world of painting—real painters, who could make the art galleries come alive for us, as the opera house has already done?—*Mrs. L. J. Buchan, 723 Exposition Boulevard, New Orleans, La.*

A Deserved Tribute—May I offer an appreciation of the art Basil Rathbone brings to the screen? But his clear-cut method of presenting the English language to us is something which I wish every English speaking individual would make an attempt to imitate. A student in a Southern city, I advised my classmates to see *A Tale of Two Cities* twice. First for the enjoy-

[*Continued on page 78*]

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Learn the Hula With Me

[*Continued from page* 43]

easily as I do."

That's the first of a few basic rules Shirley passes on to you from her teacher, Jack Donohue: *Keep at it.*

So, let's go. Here's Shirley herself, telling and showing how to do, first

The HULA-HULA
(By Shirley Temple)

Last summer, when Mommy and Daddy took me to Hawaii during my vacation from the studio, I learned how to do a real Hawaiian Hula-Hula dance. The natives there gave me a present of a hula skirt, made out of something that looked like grass, and they hung leis around my neck and dressed my hair with flowers, when I did the dance for them.

The Hula is the hardest dance to describe that I know. Because you see, you do not dance it with your feet, but with your body and your arms. If you remember that, I guess it isn't so hard. It is an old, old native dance in Hawaii, and Mommy tells me it is one of the most graceful dances in all the world, and full of deep religious meanings handed down from the ancestors of the Hawaiian people, and that it tells of the joy of living as they knew it in their islands long, long ago.

If you would like to see how I look when I dance the Hula-Hula, you can see the pictures I had taken to show you, and maybe you can try some of the movements of the dance. I will try to tell you how it goes.

You can start like I stand in Fig. I. Without moving your feet or your arms, then, you swing your hips to the left, and then to the right (Fig. II). You must not do this fast, but slow and gracefully. Do this several times and then—

Turn partly to the right, swinging your arms over as in Fig. III. Then do the same to the left side. Repeat this several times, too. Then—

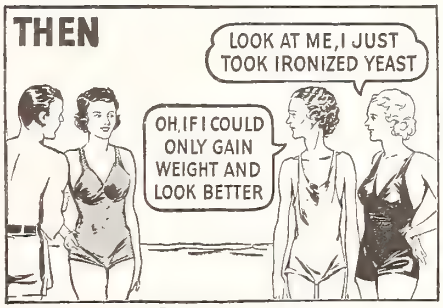
Turn to the right again (Fig. IV) and swing your hips again and again to the left, taking a short step in that direction each time. Repeat this three or four times, and then do the same in the reverse direction, the same number of times.

Then step slightly forward with the left foot, hold your arms out at the side, and sway from side to side (Fig. V), after which you can swing your arms into the position shown in Fig. VI, changing from right to left to right to left several times, always swaying your body in time with the music.

And, at last, when you are about to finish, you can drop slowly to your knees (Fig. VII) always dancing with your body and arms, until at last you come to a sitting-kneeling bow as in Fig. VIII at the end of the dance.

A FEW WEEKS AGO I WAS ASHAMED OF MY FIGURE —I WAS SO SKINNY

Posed by professional model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Now You're Talking

[*Continued from page 76*]

ment of a wonderful production. Second, to receive an English lesson from Mr. Rathbone. There is much rivalry among us adolescents as to who can do the best imitations of Stepin Fetchit, Durante, West. This, at the most will get us no further than a starring spot in our class plays. But to form a Basil Rathbone habit will, I believe, help us lay a straight road to our respective goals after graduation, no matter what form our ambitions may take. Thank you, Mr. Rathbone. We lip-lazy, tongue lolling millions, with our quaint dialects and unique accents need you.—*Erstyne King Benton, 416 Ross St., Macon, Ga.*

A Jean Harlow Fan Objects—In the March issue of this magazine there was a very interesting article "My Ten Commandments for Personality" by Cecil B. De Mille as told to Helen Harrison. As Mr. De Mille is one of the world's greatest star makers I believe each commandment is a golden rule, especially number two: "Don't Change Your Personality" and number three: "Don't Try to Be Different." At the present time in Hollywood there is a star who has overlooked these two important commandments. Of course, many movie lovers will agree with me that we love Jean Harlow because her platinum hair used to make her look different from the ordinary star. It made her glamorous and divine. Of course her latest picture was good, but I believe it could have been better if Miss Harlow had not changed to brownette. Some writers believe she is now "going places as a dramatic star." But she has already gone places as a dramatic star. Did she not thrill us and made us use our handkerchiefs in *Her Man* with Clark Gable and also in *Reckless* with Franchot Tone? We want Jean Harlow as she was in *China Seas* and *Reckless* and now that she has changed we feel as if we have lost our first love. I wish Miss Harlow would consider her public's point of view and go back to her own personality.—*Mrs E. Matus, 1200 West Commerce Street, San Antonio, Texas.*

Grace Moore, in *The King Steps Out,* plays a princess in disguise as a poor milliner's maid. She is convinced that her new picture will be her best to date

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Tips for Tiny Girls

[*Continued from page* 54]

and the garments I find in stock are too childish for my taste so I buy fourteens and have them altered. I also avoid bright colors as I would avoid poison. Small people should not dress conspicuously."

"I avoid large accessories for if I carry a huge handbag, people begin to wonder where the bag is going with the girl. The only large things I ever wear are large hats and I adore them. All tiny girls can wear big hats of the picture type without embarrassment. Also I never think of myself as small. I try to avoid all self-suggestion that I am tiny. I take care to see that my dresses are long and even when the style calls for shorter skirts, I always wear mine longer. They give height and dignity to small girls."

Isabel's tiny figure could have been a handicap in her desire to be a great dramatic actress, had she let it.

Once the director, Boleslawsky selected her for a very dramatic role but he was taken off the picture, which was *Day of Reckoning*, and Charles Brabin was put on. When he saw Isabel he held up his hands in horror and told the front office that such a tiny person could never carry such a dramatic scene. But when he saw her first rehearsal, he went all over the lot bragging about the *find* he had in his picture.

A tiny girl, insists Isabel, should never wear big rings, ear-rings or other jewelry.

"The voice I think is the most important of all," she mused, "it is difficult to think one small and futile when one hears a deep toned, well modulated voice coming from that person's mouth. I watch my voice most carefully and perhaps that's why I don't seem small to audiences. My voice makes them forget it."

"Men?" Isabel laughed, "well, some men like small girls and some don't. I make it a point never to let a man's great height keep me from going out with him. Being small but not kittenish and coy, instills the protective instinct in tall men."

Isabel is just five feet tall and weighs only ninety pounds. She is one of the most popular members of the film colony.

"Nothing can be more objectionable than a girl who is little but loud," she said. "One can develop charm and a strong personality without trying to out-shout the others."

So, if you are a tiny person, take a tip from what she has told you, for Isabel is going places in a big way.

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I Knew Fred Astaire *When . . .*

[*Continued from page* 45]

dance routines. Fred always worked these out, even as he does today. And, too, as today, he didn't believe in sparing either himself or his partner. When a step looked difficult, Adele would try, kid-fashion, to stall out of it by pretending that she didn't like it. And then, while interested vaudevillians frankly gathered around the Astaire door to listen, the conversation would be something like this:

Adele (innocently): Fred, I don't think that new step's so good.

Fred (suspiciously): Why not?

Adele (still innocently): I don't know. I just don't like it.

Fred (placatingly): Well, let's try it again.

Adele (firmly): No. I don't like it. Let's leave it out.

Fred (more firmly): That step stays in.

Adele (more firmly yet): It's *out!*

Fred (scornfully): I'll bet you can't do it, that's why you don't like it. *That's* why you want to cut it out, I bet.

Adele (derisively): Oh, I can't do it! Well, Mister, I *will* do it.

Fred (happily): Well, let's see you try. See, it goes like *this*. . . .

And then the sounds emanating from the Astaire dressing room would indicate to us shameless eavesdroppers that the Astaire difficulties were being lost in the shuffle of their feet.

FRED is a fine pianist, and he usually played for Adele's "single." But sometimes he felt the need of variety in his music. I remember entering the theater one afternoon to hear the dismal sound of a wind instrument coming from the Astaire dressing room.

Adele met me backstage. "It's Fred," she wailed. "He's got a cornet, and he's practicing to be Sousa's band or something. Isn't it *terrible?*"

It was. Adele and I decided that something should be done about it. Fred always resined the stage before the performance started, in order to insure a smooth dancing floor for the act. When he returned to his dressing room after his "resining" expedition that night, he found a petition on his table, signed by every vaudevillian Adele and I had been able to contact. It implored him, in the name of mother, home, and country, of everything a man held sacred, to *please* refrain from practicing on that cornet in the theater.

He seemed nonplussed for a moment. Then his sense of humor came to the rescue. He grinned, and put the paper away. We never heard the cornet again.

Time went on, and some of the dreams we had dreamed together began to assume definite shape as realities. We were all in New York, and definitely on the way up. The Astaires had appeared in numerous Broadway show

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successes, when along came the big hit, *The Band Wagon.* When I was engaged to co-star with the Astaires and Frank Morgan in that show, I was delighted, not only because it was an opportunity for big things, but because it meant closer contact with my old friends, Fred and Adele. Adele was lovelier than ever, and sparkling with the joy of her success. Fred was still the rather serious, rather sensitive boy of vaudeville days. He still had his winning, boyish grin; and his air still seemed to indicate that he wasn't quite satisfied with the best he could do.

The night *The Band Wagon* opened, I found Fred backstage, pacing up and down, obviously worried. I wasn't exactly at ease, myself. I started to pace after him.

Fred stopped his own worrying to banter me out of mine.

"Listen," he declared. "You're wearing out my worrying board. You take the one next to me."

I HAD to laugh then. And side by side, Fred and I paced our boards, stopping occasionally to examine them for signs of wear.

"At any rate," Fred consoled me, "if we don't go over tonight, no one is going to hand us our pictures and suggest that we go on to Woonsocket tomorrow night."

Those days of struggle in vaudeville were always good for a laugh when we recalled them later. I remember that when Fred Astaire opened in *The Gay Divorce,* I wired him, "Can use you in Woonsocket and Pawtucket next week."

But, to get back to *The Band Wagon,* it did "go over"; it became one of the smash hits of the season. And the Astaires were the toast of Broadway.

When the famous Astaire team was eventually broken up by Adele's marriage to Lord Cavendish, many people wondered whether Fred could find a worthy successor to his sister. The girl who took Adele's place worried about it. But not for long. She has told me many times how considerate Fred was, how kind and how painstaking, as he taught her to "fill in" for Adele. Such patience and such consideration were surprising to a girl who was accustomed to the brusk hurry-flurry of show business. But no kindness on Fred Astaire's part could be surprising to the people who know him.

Fred's own marriage followed later. His wife was the first girl I had known him to be really interested in, and the success of their marriage has never ceased to please the myriads of people who wish him everything good in life.

It amuses me to remember Fred's reaction when someone first suggested Hollywood to him. He grinned.

"Absurd! Who'd want to see *my* face in pictures?"

I think that in spite of what he had already done, if anyone had told him that he was destined for the career in pictures that has since been his, he would have laughed out loud.

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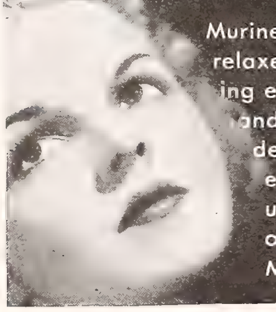

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Binnie Barnes Wouldn't Accept Defeat

[*Continued from page* 50]

beautiful diction, I was all ears.

"In the meanwhile, I started taking voice lessons. I knew by then that I wanted to go into the theatre and realized how important a good speaking voice was.

"I haunted the theatre. I attended every matinee I possibly could, and sat close to the stage so that I could not only *hear* the actors, but watch them speak.

"I have always found that listening helps a lot. Most of us are too busy talking to find out what others have to teach us."

It wasn't long until Binnie Barnes' voice was clear and pure; until it had that remarkable resonance it has today. Definitely, it became an asset in her search for success.

"I was a shameless eavesdropper. But I learned."

She had the *will to learn!* Today she still has it. Even though she is now acclaimed as an actress of high caliber she is not satisfied with herself. At the moment, she is studying German, continuing with her voice lessons, daily practicing on the piano. She will take a day or two off to learn how to ride a bicycle, roller-skate, ice-skate, or turn handsprings. She concentrates intensely. Every *new* thing is a challenge to her.

As long ago she accepted the challenge of her inadequate speech, so she accepted the challenge of every other handicap.

"There were a lot of things wrong with me. And I took stock of them one by one," she says today.

ALMOST as if she were a stranger to herself, she picked at every flaw. *As every woman must do who seeks self-improvement!*

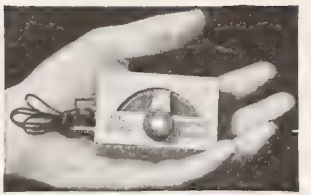
Binnie knew that all faults may become assets. But it takes intelligence to convert one into the other.

"First, I reduced my upper arms. They were bulgy and too well developed. Exercises and massage helped.

"I was wearing my hair in an Eton crop. It made me look far too boyish. All about me were girls who, I believed, had no more to give than I. Yet they were getting along much faster than I was. I discovered it was because they possessed an essentially feminine quality which I lacked. I set out to acquire it.

"I began to change myself with direction and with thought," she tells today. "I permitted my hair to grow until I could coil it low at the nape of my neck. Then I used a rinse which brought out all the highlights in it. The change in hair-dress and in the tone of my hair did very nice things to my complexion and to my eyes.

"With my arms reduced so that they were in accord with the rest of my body



NEW!! MIDGET POCKET RADIO
$2.99 COMPLETE POSTPAID

Fits in any small pocket easily. Weighs only 4 ozs. as shown. Comes in four beautiful colors (Black, Green, Brown, White). No tubes, batteries, or electrical connections needed! Nothing to wear or need replacement—will last for years—only one moving part! Separates and receives broadcast stations with beautiful clear tone. Range up to 50 miles—MUCH GREATER under good conditions—very little static or interference! Can be used by ANYONE ANYWHERE! NO CRYSTALS TO ADJUST! Absolutely complete with midget phone and instructions to use while in bed, hotels, at home, autos, offices, camps, on bicycles or any place you may be. No complicated or messy hookups—takes only a second to connect! THOUSANDS OF SATISFIED OWNERS. THESE ARE FACTS! Send only $1.00 and pay postman $1.99 plus postage on arrival or send $2.99 (Cash, M. O. Check). Ideal Gift. Guaranteed. ORDER NOW! State Color. Foreign orders 65c extra.

TINYTONE RADIO CO. Dept. F-5 KEARNEY, NEBR.

LEARN TO DANCE AT HOME

Easy as A-B-C. Each course complete in illustrated booklet. Your choice of:

BEGINNERS or ADVANCED TAP or BALLROOM COURSE $1 EACH

(Includes Plain Waltz; Fox Trot; Tango; Carioca; Continental, etc.)

ALL 3 COURSES $2
Sent prepaid or C.O.D. (in U.S.A.) plus postage.

FREE with $2 order—your choice one pair dancing taps or latest "Top Hat" exhibition dance.

BILLY TRUEHART Dept. N, 5308 Almeda Blvd., Houston, Texas

Your Eyes Made Beautiful
LASHES
QUICKLY APPLIED, MAKES EYES MORE BRILLIANT, EXPRESSIVE!

The secret of the captivating beauty of movie stars' Long, dark, lustrous lashes that transform eyes into bewitching pools of irresistible fascination. Makes the eyes look larger, more brilliant, and far more expressive. Try a pair of these wonderful lashes and you will be surprised at such magic charm so easily acquired. Quickly put on by anyone, absolutely safe, can be used again and again. Mailed promptly on receipt of coin. 35c pair, 3 pair $1.00.

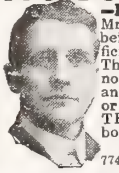
MITCHELL BEAUTY PRODUCTS, Dept. 2001-E, St. Louis, Mo.

Old Leg Trouble
HEALED WHILE WORKING

Congestion from VARICOSE VEINS, SWELLING, MILK LEG, or Injuries cause itching, leg rash and most old leg ulcers. Viscose Home Method relieves pain, heals many sores or no cost for trial. Mention your trouble for a FREE BOOK.

DR. F. G. CLASON VISCOSE CO.
140 N. Dearborn St. Chicago, Ill.

NO JOKE TO BE DEAF
—Every deaf person knows that—



Mr. Way made himself hear his watch tick after being deaf for twenty-five years, with his Artificial Ear Drums. He wore them day and night. They stopped his head noises. They are invisible and comfortable, no wires or batteries. Write for TRUE STORY. Also booklet on Deafness.

Artificial Ear Drum

THE WAY COMPANY
774 Hofmann Bldg. Detroit, Michigan

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To relieve the torturing pain of Neuritis, Rheumatism, Neuralgia or Lumbago in 9 minutes, get the Doctor's Prescription **NURITO**. Absolutely safe. No opiates, no narcotics. Does the work quickly—must relieve your pain in nine minutes or money back at Druggist's. Don't suffer. Use guaranteed **NURITO** today.

IN MAY MOVIE CLASSIC

Read THE HUMAN BEHIND THE STAR, one of the most revealing articles ever written about Hollywood's famous personalities. It will offer new highlights on Carole Lombard, Joan Crawford, Gary Cooper and a number of other favorites.

and my hair strikingly changed, I had a foundation on which to begin my clothes program.

"I always had the idea that I must minimize my height. And so I wore low-heeled shoes, which were most unflattering to my rather nice ankles. In addition, I wore tailored suits with tailored blouses and ties, with the idea that they hid my broad shoulders and made me look shorter. Instinctively, I knew that if I wanted to achieve a feminine quality my wardrobe plan had to be radically altered.

"I didn't quite know what was suitable to me. And so every week-end I bought a bolt of the cheapest cloth I could find, and, with a fashion book in front of me, would design things which might be right for me.

"First, I discovered that broad shoulders could be an asset. And so, in designing clothes for myself, I deliberately tried to capitalize on them.

"It was a trial and error method, and it took me a long time to discover what I could wear to advantage. I filled many waste baskets with my thwarted efforts. But eventually, I found the proper neckline, shoulder line and skirt design.

"I learned also by watching smartly dressed women in theatres, restaurants, and even on the street. Many a time I would follow a well-dressed woman for blocks, so that I might analyze her charm.

"It was a painful process. But eventually there I was—wearing high-heeled shoes, as I should have done long before with no respect whatever to my height. I abandoned the severely tailored, and adopted glamorous touches at throat and wrists. My broad shoulders no longer frightened me, because I called attention to them, and found by doing so, that they definitely contributed to personality."

Binnie Barnes developed herself not only into a beautiful girl but into a glamorous one. Into an arresting type.

Success came to her—as it does to anyone willing to forego the ease of inactivity and to labor long—sometimes painfully—for the ideal she had set for herself. And the most important point is this: She was not satisfied with a partial improvement. Each step forward merely gave her added incentive.

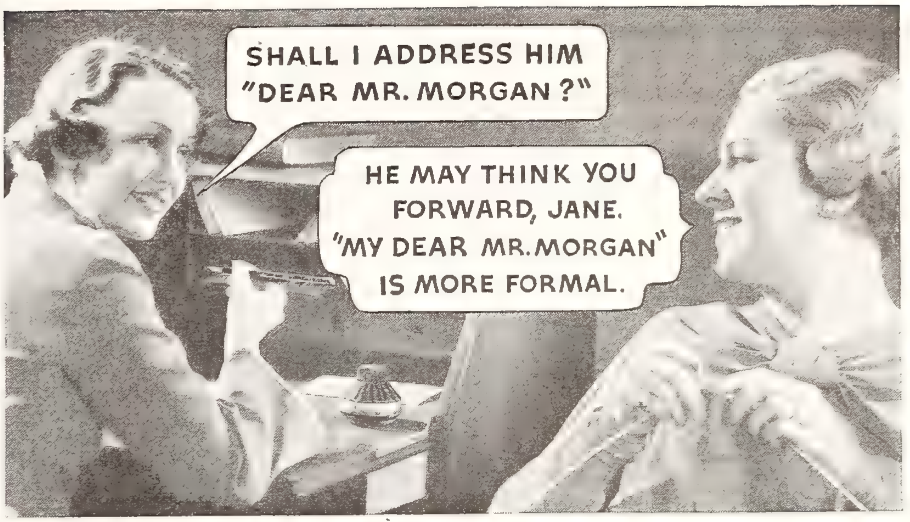
And finally when she was in the theatre—when she was behind the footlights—she was an exciting figure with an intense beauty, which was not only physical but spiritual as well. For her beauty was the product of her brains.

When Binnie Barnes came to Hollywood on the wings of her hard won fame in *The Private Life of Henry VIII* the town saw a tall girl, whose height was an asset; a girl with lovely scintillating hair, a girl with universal glamor; a girl who was feminine and charming, who spoke in rich enthralling tones.

All of these were things which Binnie Barnes had acquired by constant effort, by being honest with herself, and by working to make all her faults an asset.

In truth she is a self-made woman!

She made herself over—as can every woman, who will take the time and the thought to do so!



SHALL I ADDRESS HIM "DEAR MR. MORGAN?"
HE MAY THINK YOU FORWARD, JANE. "MY DEAR MR. MORGAN" IS MORE FORMAL.

SOCIAL MISTAKES

That Make a Person Ridiculous

—Princess Rostislav cures them in her new little 20-page booklet "Guide to Correct Social Correspondence"

YOURS TO KEEP—FREE!

Parker gives it solely to introduce Quink, the new quick-drying, pen-cleaning ink!

How should an unmarried girl sign a note to a stranger? To an acquaintance? To an intimate? How should a married woman sign her name? A divorcee? A widow? A gentleman? What salutations and closes are correct? What address on the envelope? What colors of ink are outlawed for social correspondence?

What things must be included in an invitation to a married couple? To a bachelor? In letters of introduction? In congratulations? In notes of thanks? Or from a house-guest? What is omitted from a note of REGRET that should *always* be in a note of ACCEPTANCE?

Do you write "*Warmly*," "*Hurriedly*," or "*Cordially yours*"? When is it poor taste to include, "*I remain*" or "*Believe me*"? When is "*Respectfully*" NEVER to be written?

Social errors and omissions in correspondence are humiliating, costly, and suggest poor breeding. Write the right thing, in the right way, at the right time. All these courtesies and correct forms, religiously followed by the best social usage, are now explained—with actual examples—in the beautiful Princess Rostislav's "Guide to Correct Social Correspondence."

Here's how to get it, FREE—Simply go to any store that sells ink and for 15c get Parker Qu*ink*—an amazing, new discovery in writing ink. Tear the top flap from the box the bottle comes in. Letter your name and address on the back, PLAINLY. Then mail the box-top to The Parker Pen Company. We'll mail you Princess Rostislav's guide promptly, FREE AND POSTPAID.

But first note this—Qu*ink* is made two ways—(1) WASHABLE, and (2) PERMANENT. WASHABLE Qu*ink*, for home and school, is the only ink that can be spilled SAFELY on hands, clothes, woodwork, or rugs. Soap and water remove it without trace. But PERMANENT Qu*ink* lasts as long as the paper.

Yet both kinds of Qu*ink* cleanse your pen as it writes—a Parker or any other pen. And Qu*ink* will give your writing new distinction. Not watery—but rich and full-bodied, with a brilliancy of color.

Qu*ink* dries ON PAPER so fast you'll throw away your blotters and your present ink. Get Qu*ink* today. Then mail us the box-top for Princess Rostislav's priceless guide. You'll never part with it. The Parker Pen Co., Dept. 717, Janesville, Wisconsin.

Social Correspondence
Quink

Parker Qu*ink*

Made by the Makers of the Celebrated Parker Pens

The Best **GRAY HAIR REMEDY IS MADE AT HOME**

YOU can now make at home a better gray hair remedy than you can buy, by following this simple recipe: To half pint of water add one ounce bay rum, a small box of Barbo Compound and one-fourth ounce of glycerine. Any druggist can put this up or you can mix it yourself at very little cost. Apply to the hair twice a week until the desired shade is obtained. Barbo imparts color to streaked, faded or gray hair, makes it soft and glossy and takes years off your looks. It will not color the scalp, is not sticky or greasy and does not rub off. Do not be handicapped by gray hair now when it is so economical and easy to get rid of it in your own home.

GET RID OF UGLY HAIR

ZiP

DEPILATORY CREAM

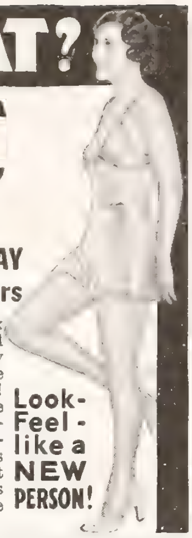
As delightful as your choicest cold cream. Simply spread on and rinse off. Every trace of hair eliminated. Sold everywhere.

Write for Booklet. Free Demonstration with *ZIP* Epilator at *Madame Berthé* – Specialist, 562 Fifth Avenue, New York

Why be FAT?

"I LOST 50 lbs."

THIS QUICK, EASY WAY
PROVED SAFE for 26 years



● Get rid of fat the quick way that has been tested and **proved safe and successful** by thousands of delighted people during the past 26 years! Why experiment or take chances? Millions of packages have been sold. Hundreds of letters prove results are just what you want. Don't let fat rob you of happiness when it is so easy to be slender.

Look-Feel-like a NEW PERSON!

DO AS THESE WOMEN HAVE DONE!

Mrs. L. R. Schulze, 721 S. Pleasant St., Jackson, Mich., writes: "After being overweight almost all my life **I reduced 55 lbs.,** with RE-DUCE-OIDS. Never was in such excellent health as I am since taking them." Gladysse L. Ryer, Registered Nurse, Dayton, O., writes: "Lost 47 lbs., did not diet." **REDUCED 34 LBS.** Mrs. J. Fulfs, Honey Creek, Ia., writes: "Lost 34 lbs. RE-DUCE-OIDS are pleasant to take, and **dependable.** I feel fine." A California Graduate Nurse writes: "I lost 27 lbs. of fat, after other methods failed. **I recommend RE-DUCE-OIDS** as a preparation of merit." We wish we had room for more of these wonderful experiences, telling of reductions as great as 80 lbs. The writers tell of feeling better while and after taking RE-DUCE-OIDS. **Effective and safe for 26 years** . . . RE-DUCE-OIDS contain **no dinitrophenol.** Pleasant, easy to take.

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Your money back in full if not delighted . . . you are the judge. No risk, so don't delay, fat is dangerous! At drug or dep't stores. Or send $2 for 1 package; or $5 for 3 packages direct to us. Currency, M. O., stamps, or C.O.D., plain wrapper.

Scientific Laboratories of America, Inc. Dept. F365
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☐ Send me FREE BOOK, "HOW TO REDUCE"

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Look Young! FREE Book Tells How

No Cosmetics, No Massage, No Straps

Send at Once!

Men! Women! Beauty expert tells in thrilling book sent free how you can easily erase wrinkles, "crow's feet", hollow cheeks, double chin and other marks of age.

5 minutes a day in your own home by an easy method of Facial Exercise that any one can do. The method is fully explained with photographs in a new sensational book sent free upon request in plain wrapper. **PAULINE PALMER, 1081 Armour Blvd., Kansas City, Mo.** Write before supply is exhausted.

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STANDARD ART STUDIOS
104 S. Jefferson St. Dept. 226-E CHICAGO, ILLINOIS

Hollywood Highlights

[*Continued from page 61*]

of "ome!" The James Hiltons can be seen climbing the mountains back of their apartment. I found a beauty for them, and the first day there he said, "Don't you ever see anyone on this climb?" I said, "No, this has been my exclusive hike for six years." He pondered that a moment, and then said, "If this were anywhere near London, we'd have to have officers to keep the traffic moving."

And that reminds me, an editor, while walking in Beverly Hills, was bitten by a dog. The owner of the pet dismissed the incident by saying, "You see, sir, my dog has never seen a pedestrian before."

Just rushing off to a cocktail party, so I'll have *Higher Lights* for your next month!

The end

MOVIE CLASSIC brings you Favorite Recipes of the Stars!

Are you looking for "something different" to serve your guests? A tasty, intriguing dessert? An unusual entree?

Well, then, here are the perfect answers to your problems.

MOVIE CLASSIC offers you the favorite recipes of Hollywood's most famous food connoisseurs—recipes collected from the four corners of the earth and served at Filmland's most brilliant dinners.

Write now for your choice of these kitchen-tested recipes, printed on a punched leaflet to fit a standard collegiate notebook. Order one or a dozen, but order NOW, for our stock of recipes is dwindling rapidly.

Mona Barrie's Favorite Soups	5c
Tuna Recipes from James Cagney	5c
Leftover Surprises from Sally Eilers	5c
Mae Clarke's Favorite Cakes	5c
Adrienne Ames' Apple Recipes	5c
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E. G. Robinson's Honey Cakes	5c
Margaret Sullavan's Tasty Puddings	5c
Raisin Recipes from Noah Beery, Jr.	5c
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Cottage Cheese Delights from Binnie Barnes	5c
Savory Ham Dishes from Gloria Stuart	5c

Address your letters to Sally Martin, MOVIE CLASSIC food editor, 7046 Hollywood Boulevard, Hollywood, California. NO LETTERS ANSWERED UNLESS A STAMPED AND SELF-ADDRESSED ENVELOPE IS ENCLOSED.

WAKE UP YOUR LIVER BILE—

Without Calomel—And You'll Jump Out of Bed in the Morning Rarin' to Go

The liver should pour out two pounds of liquid bile into your bowels daily. If this bile is not flowing freely, your food doesn't digest. It just decays in the bowels. Gas bloats up your stomach. You get constipated. Your whole system is poisoned and you feel sour, sunk and the world looks punk.

Laxatives are only makeshifts. A mere bowel movement doesn't get at the cause. It takes those good, old Carter's Little Liver Pills to get these two pounds of bile flowing freely and make you feel "up and up." Harmless, gentle, yet amazing in making bile flow freely. Ask for Carter's Little Liver Pills by name. Stubbornly refuse anything else. 25c at all drug stores. © 1935, C.M.Co.

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THE NATURAL EYESIGHT SYSTEM Gives Your Eyes a New Deal

If you wear glasses, or think you should, our FOUR MONTHS' TRIAL OFFER—containing the inspiring story of glasses discarded for Nearsight, Farsight, Astigmatism, Old Age Sight, Eyestrain, Weak Eyes, Eye Muscle Trouble, Etc., as told by USERS AT HOME of this Revolutionary System—will be mailed FREE upon request.

NATURAL EYESIGHT INSTITUTE, Inc.
Dept. 65-A, Los Angeles, Calif.

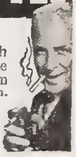
Old Money Wanted

$1000.00 for 1908 Lincoln cent. $2000.00 for 1912 Buffalo nickel. $5000.00 for 1920 Silver Dollar. Big premiums paid for coins now in circulation. Wealth may be yours if you recognize rare money. Keep posted. Latest complete 28 page buying catalog 15c.

Bob Cohen Dept. 161 Muskogee, Okla.

Hand Out FREE CIGARETTES

EARN UP TO $95 WEEKLY



Introducing NEW WAY TO SMOKE. We furnish you Free Cigarettes. Ask any man to have a Free Smoke. Hand him LIGHTED Cigarette from beautiful pocket-size "Magic Case." Just touch button. Presto! Out comes LIGHTED Cigarette automatically. No batteries or electricity. Get Magic Case for 15 days' trial at our risk. State favorite brand cigarettes.

MAGIC CASE MFRS., Dept. E-980,
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CATARRH AND SINUS CHART—*FREE*

Guaranteed Relief or No Pay. Stop hawking—stuffed-up nose—bad breath—Sinus irritation—phlegm-filled throat. **Send Post Card or letter for New Treatment Chart and Money-Back Offer.** 40,000 Druggists sell Hall's Catarrh Medicine. 63rd year in business. . . Write today!

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All type yarns. 800 different colors. Satisfaction guaranteed or money back. We pay postage.

FREE. Sample Card—800 Different Colors. Knitting Box FREE with every $3.00 Purchase.

WOOL TRADING CO. (Est. 1920)
Dept. 81, 370 Grand St., N. Y. C.

ONE CENT A DAY PAYS UP TO $100.00 A MONTH

The First Mutual Health Insurance Co., Wilmington, Del. offers a NEW accident policy that covers every accident. Pays up to $100.00 a month for 24 months for disability and $1,000.00 for death. Costs just 1 cent a day—$3.65 a year. Open to anyone, ages 10 to 60, without doctor's examination. SEND NO MONEY. A policy will be mailed for 10 days FREE inspection. Just mail your age and beneficiary's name and relationship. Write Dept. 328 today.

Stores You Should Know

● On page 18, you saw dresses created by clever Lettie Lee, who has been so successful in designing for Hollywood that now her creations may be obtained throughout the United States. Lettie Lee Fashions are on sale in these cities, and in these leading stores—one of which must be near *you:*

Atlanta, Ga., Leon Frohsin
Abilene, Tex., Ernest Grissom, Inc.
Asheville, N. C., Jean West Ladies' Shop
Austin, Tex., Marie Antoinette Shop
Amarillo, Texas, Marison Co.
Baltimore, Md., Jeanette Beck
Birmingham, Ala., Burger Phillips Co.
Baton Rouge, La., Ellzey Shop
Beaumont, Texas, The Fashion
Boston, Mass., Jordan Marsh Co.
Canton, Ohio, Stern and Mann
Cleveland, Ohio, The Halle Bros. Co.
Cincinnati, Ohio, Jenny, Inc.
Chicago, Ill., Mandel Bros.
Chattanooga, Tenn., Pickett's, Inc.
Charleston, W. Va., The Vogue
Denver, Colo., Denver Dry Goods Co.
Daytona Beach, Fla., Irwin's
Dallas, Tex., Titche Goettinger
Des Moines, Ia., Wolf's, Inc.
Detroit, Mich., Tuttle & Clark
Enid, Okla., Klein's, Inc.
El Paso, Tex., Popular Dry Goods Co.
Fort Worth, Tex., The Fair
Fort Wayne, Ind., Wolf & Dessauer
Grand Rapids, Mich., Horpolsheimer's
Galveston, Tex., McBride's Dept. Store
Greenville, Miss., Nelm's and Blum Co.
Gladewater, Tex., Rose Shop
Great Falls, Mont., Stiles Style Shop
Houston, Tex., The Fashion
Hot Springs, Ark., Eleanor Harris
Hutchinson, Kan., Pegues Wright Dry Goods o.
Huntington, W. Va., The Style Shop
Jackson, Miss., R. E. Kennington Co.
Joplin, Mo., Ramsay'
Jackson, Mich., Bess Winchester Gowns
Jacksonville, Fla., Sligh's Inc.
Kansas City, Mo., Herzfeld's
Lansing, Mich., The Style Shop
Lincoln, Neb., Hovland Swanson Co.
Little Rock, Ark., Kampner's
Louisville, Ky., Besten & Langen
Lubbock, Tex., Craig Gholson Co.
Madison, Wis., Simpson's
Memphis, Tenn., Levy's Ladies Toggery
Miami, Okla., Rose Bud Shop
Milwaukee, Wis., Florence Danforth
Mishawaka, Ind., Milady Shop
Monroe, La., Bella Scherck Davidson
Muskogee, Okla., Calhoun Dry Goods Co.
Montgomery, Ala., A. Nachman, Inc.
Nashville, Tenn., Cain Sloan Co.
Newport News, Va., Nachman's Dept. Store, Inc.
New York City, Russek's
Norfolk, Va., Worth, Inc.
Oak Park, Ill., Bramson's
Oklahoma City, Okla., D. F. Payton Co.
Omaha, Neb., McGuires
Orlando, Fla., Louis Ladies Redy-to-Wear
Peoria, Ill., Block & Kuhl Co.
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Port Arthur, Tex., Bluestein's
Raleigh, N. C., Taylor Furnishing Co.
Roanoke, Va., Samuel Spigel
Roswell, N. M., The Bray Moore Shop
Sacramento, Calif., Bon Marche
St. Petersburg, Fla., Belle and Co.
Salt Lake City, Utah, Makoff Classic Shop
San Angelo, Tex., Cos Rushing Greer Co.
San Antonio, Tex., Frost Bros.
San Diego, Calif., Ballard & Brockett
Seattle, Wash., Frederick & Nelson
Shawnee, Okla., Mammoth Dept. Store
Shreveport, La., The Fashion
Spokane, Wash., Alexanders
Springfield, Mo., Neff Petterson
St. Louis, Mo., Sonnenfeld's
St. Joseph, Mo., Hirsch Bros. D. G. Co.
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Waco, Tex., Cawthons
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West Palm Beach, Fla., Stone & Thomas
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Wichita, Kans., Garfield Leichter Clothing Co.
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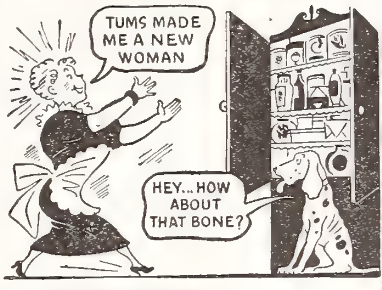

OLD MOTHER HUBBARD
HAS FILLED HER BARE CUPBOARD
WITH ONIONS AND STEAKS AND CHEESES;
HER STOMACH FEELS GRAND
SINCE SHE KEEPS TUMS ON HAND...

Can You Finish This Jingle? $250 IN CASH

And 100 Other Valuable Prizes for Best Last Lines

WRITE YOUR LAST LINE HERE

NO ALKALIES FOR ACID INDIGESTION

MILLIONS have found they do not need to drench their stomachs with strong, caustic alkalies. Physicians have said this habit often brings further acid indigestion. So much more safe and sensible to simply carry a roll of Tums in your pocket. Munch 3 or 4 after meals—or whenever troubled by heartburn, gas, sour stomach. Try them when you feel the effects of last night's party, or when you smoke too much. Tums contain a wonderful antacid which neutralizes acid in the stomach, but never overalkalizes stomach or blood. As pleasant to eat as candy and only 10c at any drug store.

TUMS FOR THE TUMMY

TUMS ARE ANTACID... NOT A LAXATIVE

EAT LIKE CANDY
TUMS
10¢
STOMACH DISTRE
HANDY TO CARRY

A Valuable Prize For Everyone Who Enters

Can you write a last line to this jingle? It's easy! It's fun! And your "last line" may win one of the 158 valuable prizes! 1st prize—$100.00; 2nd prize—$50.00; 3rd prize—$25.00; *five* prizes of $5.00 each; *fifty* prizes of $1.00 each; 50 Eversharp pencils; 50 hunting knives. Every entrant will receive a worth while gift besides. Get your information about TUMS from the advertisement at the left, then read the simple rules.

SIMPLE RULES

Write your "last line" in dotted line, tear out whole advertisement, and mail with your name and address to the address given below. If you submit more than one entry, simply write your additional "last line" on a plain sheet of paper. But EACH "last line" submitted *must* be accompanied by the wrapper from a 10c roll of TUMS which you can secure at any drug store.

Elaborateness will not be considered. Only skill with which "last line" is completed, and neatness will count. Every entry will be individually considered and acknowledged with a worth while free gift. No entries *will be returned.* Judges will be chosen by officials of the A. H. Lewis Co. In event of tie, duplicate prizes will be awarded. All entries must be postmarked not later than midnight of May 31st, 1936. Prize-winners will be notified prompty thereafter.

Address your entries to Contest Department, Room 22-B, The A. H. Lewis Co., 4th and Spruce Streets, St. Louis, Missouri. (Be sure to enclose wrapper from a 10c roll of TUMS.)

MAKE UP TO $26.00 IN A WEEK

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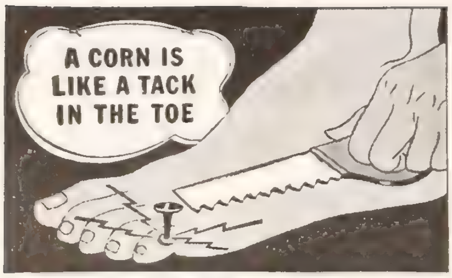
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Romance in Vienna

[*Continued from page* 41]

WHEN the carnival scene was over, there was a feast on the set, for one of the booths was filled with every conceivable kind of salami and cheese as in the Viennese street carnivals of old—and they weren't fake wursts and cheeses, either. And so Grace and Tone and Von and the extras and bit players and electricians and grips, when the scene was done, raided the wienie-shop and there was a picnic on the stage.

In her last picture, Grace did jazz dancing. In this she dances one of those grand old Viennese waltzes with Franchot Tone. And then, believe this or not, she milks a cow! Von and the extras and the grips thought they'd have a laugh on Grace when it came time to shoot the scene, but Grace turned the tables. She actually approached the cow from the correct side (and if you don't think that's important, try the wrong side on a cow some time!), set down her stool and pail and whizz-whizz-whizz and strum-strummmm-strummmmm, she sent the milk hissing into the pail.

"I used to live on a farm," she explained afterward.

To Grace herself, the making of this picture has been the fulfillment of a long dream, and more, it has been a dream come true in more ways than just making a picture she's wanted to. For it's true that more than anyone else in Hollywood, Grace Moore is imbued with the spirit and the warmth and the romance and the dream of old Central Europe—the grand old Central Europe that is dead and that will probably never live again.

She sings about the set, between shots and during set-ups. She is as happy as a kid on Christmas morning. And that despite the fact that she must rush to finish it (this is written after mid-February and on March 4, Grace has to be in New York with the Metropolitan opera—and then she must forget old Vienna and its romantic dreams and she must do her work in the pompous posturing and furious lunging of the old-time opera).

And that's why, when each day's shooting ends on the set of *The King Steps Out*, there are happy "so-long-see-you-tomorrows" all over the stage. And Grace steps over to von Sternberg and wants to know how the day's shooting went. And Von tells her it was grand, and lights glow in his eyes as he looks at her such as never glowed therein, even when he was directing Marlene.

"Oh," cries Grace, "I am so happy, Yo-zef! (That's what she calls him.) For I'm sure it will be a wonderful picture, Yo-zef . . . !"

And he calls back to her:

"I'm happy, too, Dah-ling. It *will* be a grand picture, Dah-ling . . . !" (That's what *he* calls *her.*)

And, meanwhile, all Hollywood's calling *The King Steps Out* the musical hit of the year.

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Don't Lose Your Temper

[*Continued from page* 31]

and costly of emotional indulgences.

"I should know about that," she went on, ruefully. "My own temper has made a lot of trouble for me."

"*Your* temper?" I put the question incredulously, because if you know Merle Oberon, you'll know she is about the most even-tempered girl in Hollywood. I remember the time when she had agreed as a special favor to me, to be photographed for a fashion story, and the modiste who made the clothes was almost two hours late for the appointment. There was Merle, sitting, waiting in a dressing gown! She even had to cancel another engagement because of the delay. And yet, all she said was: "Never mind. Those things do happen. It's all right. . . ." In view of this, it was difficult to believe she knew the meaning of "temper."

AND then she told me about the Class Play incident in Calcutta and what it cost her. And she told me other incidents, too, in which she had gotten *roaring mad*—and what those incidents had cost her.

"Yes," she repeated, soberly, "I had a temper, all right. I was wilful and imbued with the arrogant confidence of the very young and thoughtless. I wanted my own way. I was prepared to fight for it. I think I was even proud of the *chip on my shoulder*—"

"But not now?" I interrupted.

She shook her head in its plain grey felt hat that made her eyes all grey. "No, not now. I learned the price of such fireworks was too high. . . . And I learned that real victories are not won by getting angry, anyway. I learned that anger usually means only loss of dignity and that self-control is the truly powerful weapon in any human battle.

"There was a time in London when I quarrelled with a man for whom, at that time, I cared a great deal. I was very young and inexperienced. I had beaux, of course, as every girl in her 'teens has, but this man was different. He was in his thirties and a man of the world. Suave, sophisticated. . . ."

She was silent for a moment, remembering. Then—

"We quarrelled," she said. "At least, I quarrelled with him. I cannot recall what it was about, now, but I think he was late for an engagement with me. Unavoidably so, as I remember, but that made no difference to me, then. I was used to bringing the boys I knew to my feet with apologies, even for my own transgressions. I was used to being very arrogant and imperious.

"I tried these tactics on him. When he finally arrived I wouldn't listen to his attempted explanation.

"'There is NO excuse!' I told him.

"To my angry amazement, he agreed with me. 'Since you choose to assume

[*Continued on page* 88]

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Don't Lose Your Temper

[*Continued from page 87*]

such an attitude, that is true,' he said, quietly.

" 'What—what do you mean?' I asked.

" 'I mean you are too angry to entertain any vestige of reason,' he said.

"I said something bitter, then, and again he answered me quietly. The calmer he remained, the more I berated him. I thought up cutting things to say and said them, the words tumbling over each other. Of course, ultimately, I began to cry. And all the while, he just sat looking at me and speaking kindly, quietly, until, completely beside myself, I told him I never wanted to see him again. Then he left.

"Of course," she confessed, "the next day, I was sorry and ashamed and I apologized. He was as gentle and considerate as ever. There was no question of forgiveness, he said. He had forgotten the incident already. But I always have realized that I would have remained more of a person in his eyes if that scene hadn't occurred.

"So," Merle went on, "I began to think about this rather complacently accepted temper of mine. It began to dawn upon me that, far from being 'distinctive' or 'individual,' it was a decidedly unattractive liability. I began trying to control it.

"That," she admitted, "wasn't easy at first. I 'back-slid' many times, I am afraid. Habits are difficult to break."

She finished her dessert and lit a cigaret. I voiced a question. "Speaking of temper, did you ever have the urge to throw things?"

She smiled. "Well, I don't know that I ever was the vase-throwing type, although I once did throw a bound manuscript at the door which had just closed on a theatrical producer with whom I had disagreed. However, he was well gone before the crash.

"As time went on, though," Merle told me, "such occasions became rare and then—" with modest pride, "practically extinct. I learned that anger is dangerous; that it always leaves its mark; that this mark is a black mark. I began to notice with distaste other people's quarrels and to be embarrassed by them. I began to recognize the tragedy of such quarrels and to realize that the cruelties thus given and received are never quite forgotten . . . that they leave scars which forever deface the beauty of love or friendship."

It was nearly three o'clock, now, and the waiter had long since brought our check. Merle looked at her watch.

"Good Heavens," she said, "I am keeping someone waiting . . . I must run! I'm forty-five minutes late now!"

I smiled significantly. "Will he be angry?"

She got the point . . . smiled back. "I don't think so," she said. "I have him well trained. Besides—" giving a last dash of powder to her engaging small nose, "it takes TWO to make a quarrel!"

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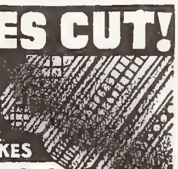

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29x5.25-19	2.60	1.15
30x5.25-20	2.60	1.15
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28x5.50-18	2.95	1.15
29x5.50-19	2.95	1.15
6.00-17	3.10	1.15
30x6.00-18	3.10	1.15
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In Quest of Romance

[*Continued from page* 30]

sue for—largesse of any kind from relations. But it is significant that not long afterwards he was sent for by the District Commissioner and offered a spot as a member of the Constabulary.

NOW, a white constable in the Islands is far more than a cop. He's "Govamin." He's England, the British Lion, in person—and even in the deep interior the head-hunting natives have a healthy respect for "Govamin." Not, by any manner of means, that they still don't take a white man's head as quickly as a native's if they get the chance. In fact, a white man's skull is a mark of real distinction in the Ravi-hut. However, the constabulary is quite content in the knowledge that they have, at least, minimized cannibalism.

Errol tells the tale, if you warm him by a hearth with a sound drink and a fragrant pipe, of a conversation he had during his first week as a constable. He was sent to talk to an old native who had come to the coast to trade and had become involved in trouble with a crafty Chinese merchant. The conversation went something like this:

"You've eaten a lot of men in your time, eh, Bushimai?"

"Yes, Chief!" And he hastened to add, "But that was before Govamin said it was wrong!"

Two days later, "Bushimai" escaped with three other natives. They had headed into the impenetrable jungle without supplies nearly two hundred miles from a friendly village. They were given up—either the jungle or inimical head-hunters would get them.

Weeks later Bushimai appeared in his home village, happy and well-fed. Bushimai was alone. But, of course, when Flynn finally caught up with him, Bushimai devoutly swore that he had never eaten a man since the Govamin said it was wrong.

Errol's adventures in that part of the world were just starting. He was shifted down to the Kaviang territory, a small and dangerous island, there to take care of all the natives—head-hunters and cannibals alike—to keep the peace and protect the lives of the white plantation owners, the missionaries and expeditionary parties. One lone white man with a handful of native soldiers—who, themselves, had undoubtedly tasted the flesh of man.

It was with no more help than these men, some good, some with the light of treachery carefully masked behind heavy eye-lashes, that he ventured up into the foul, viciously hot interior, alive with fever spitting mosquitoes, snakes and gorgeous flowers—whose very touch might cause a man to lose an arm, poisoned, anguished. . . .

To Be Continued

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Janet Gaynor Writes An Open Letter to a Beau

[*Continued from page* 33]

I don't drop in on others. Guess I'm not a "dropper-in" girl. To me, small groups are enjoyable, while big parties are too confused and noisy to be fun. It's so much better to gather a little, intimate group. And that applies to a date. It's too difficult just to drop in and say, "let's go someplace."

Not that I'm formal—heavens, no! But don't you think my plan is sensible? It's best in Hollywood, anyway.

You'll probably wonder if you should send that Gaynor girl flowers when you take her out. What girl doesn't like to get flowers! Still, it is a problem, dresses being what they are—you wouldn't know just what would fit my costume. I remember one corsage that was simply strewn with wires, wires that poked and tickled and scratched until I was so uncomfortable and embarrassed I didn't know whether to laugh or cry!

IF YOU want to give me a real surprise, I'll tell you a secret. I have a terrific yen for those Hawaiian leis. You know I spend most of my vacations in Honolulu. Well, over there they all wear leis at dances and parties. And I love 'em.

They are made in a loose necklace, from dainty little tuberoses, and truly they are delicious. You can wind them about your neck, or let them hang down your back—oh, there are so many ways to wear leis that I'll turn poet before I know it! So there's a special bit of inside information, Mr. Shadow. But you'd probably go mad trying to find a lei in Hollywood such as you get in Hawaii.

You don't have to tuck a box of candy under the other arm, because I don't eat sweets. I'll eat about anything else, though, so don't worry about a temperamental appetite when you take me to dine.

And I love movies. If there's a good movie I haven't seen, I'd almost pass up a dance to go see it.

I have already said I want you to be tall. But you don't necessarily have to be an athlete. I suppose all girls get crushes on athletes during their careers, but I've found out that you can't be an expert tennis player, for instance, and still find time to be an expert at your profession. And I therefore prefer a man who has made himself an expert at his job rather than at his favorite sport.

I used to play tennis and golf a great deal, but after getting a bump on the head during the making of a picture, my doctor has told me to avoid heavy exercise. So I won't require you to play games.

It would be fine if you could be a professional man, say a physician. Not a lawyer—they aren't quite my type. I might be mistaken, though—but you'd have to work pretty hard to change my notions.

You can talk about yourself. In fact, I like to hear men talk about themselves, and I promise I'm a very good listener. But you must be interesting. Actually, most men are interesting when they talk about their enthusiasms.

Janet Gaynor's home, though unpretentious, boasts one of Hollywood's most beautiful flower gardens—a tribute to Janet's taste

BEING a man, this observation probably has never occurred to you!

The way a man dances shows how he thinks!

I suppose that sounds a bit foolish to you. But look; if you keep up with dance steps, you've certainly been keeping up with the social changes about you. Most men keep right on using the same steps they learned in college. You can, in fact, tell the date they left school, almost to the month! And at that point they just solidify.

But we were talking about you, Mr. Unknown Beau. And you wouldn't be a back number, I'm sure.

You would dress well, and look as attractive and as much at ease in a dinner jacket as in your sport clothes. You'd be up to date and interested in new things. You'd be able to talk about the theater, and the movies. You'd realize that I couldn't have the same enthusiasm as you might from the fact that a certain stock had gone up three points. You'd be a constant challenge to a girl to keep up with your mental progress.

Lots of people have said that two persons couldn't be happily married if little oddities of habit were there to annoy. Like biting your nails or holding your fork wrong or failing to open doors for a lady. Well, I'm afraid that these little things mean nothing if you are in love. It's only when they fall out of love that personal quirks become unbearable.

If the important qualities are there, you can even gnaw your nails. I don't care!

Above all, you must be a good sport—and that also means having a strong sense of humor.

Suppose we go on a picnic and it rains, ants get into the lunch basket, and nothing seems to go right. Could you manage to laugh anyway? Could you grin and forget it? Or would you get crabby? That's a tough test for a man, I'll grant, but it is important. If a party is a flop, don't make it worse by glowering. I'd want you to be resourceful enough to suggest something else, to be able to make the best of a bad bargain and laugh it off.

I know you won't change to fill my little prescription. People don't change. Any girl who hopes to alter a man to suit herself is in for a sad awakening. If I should like you well enough, I would absolutely make up my mind to accept your faults, and pray that you'd accept mine.

ANOTHER thing, Mr. Beau—I'd let you have time to yourself. I believe that every couple should have time to just sit and think in a corner, or take a stroll without the other tagging along. People pester each other too much. It's more fun, really, to go off by yourself and read or day dream or think out problems, and *then* get together and exchange ideas.

Not that I believe in being separated. The theory of separate vacations being good for the soul, for instance. How could you enjoy a vacation if we weren't together? Most people can't afford more than one vacation a year, anyway. Even when making a lot of money, you can't get away from the job. No, sir, you'd just have to put up with having me tag along. But I wouldn't pester.

This has gotten to be a terribly long letter, I'm afraid. I hope you don't think me too exacting and hard to get along with. I'm not, really—but I determined to be frank and say exactly what came to mind. Actually I work hard and try to have fun, and that's the way with all of us when we get right down to it.

The main thing, I believe, is that you would be tolerant and amusing and have the sort of mind that lures you into interesting and exciting bypaths of knowledge—and that you'd be just a jump ahead of me instead of me being a jump ahead of you. And with that sage advice I will now sign myself, with sincerity—

Your friend,

Janet Gaynor

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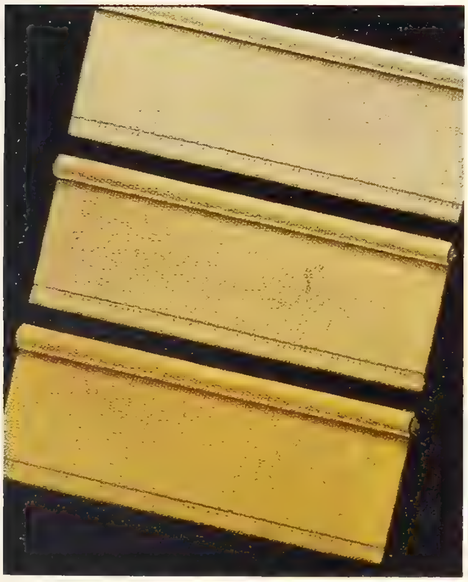

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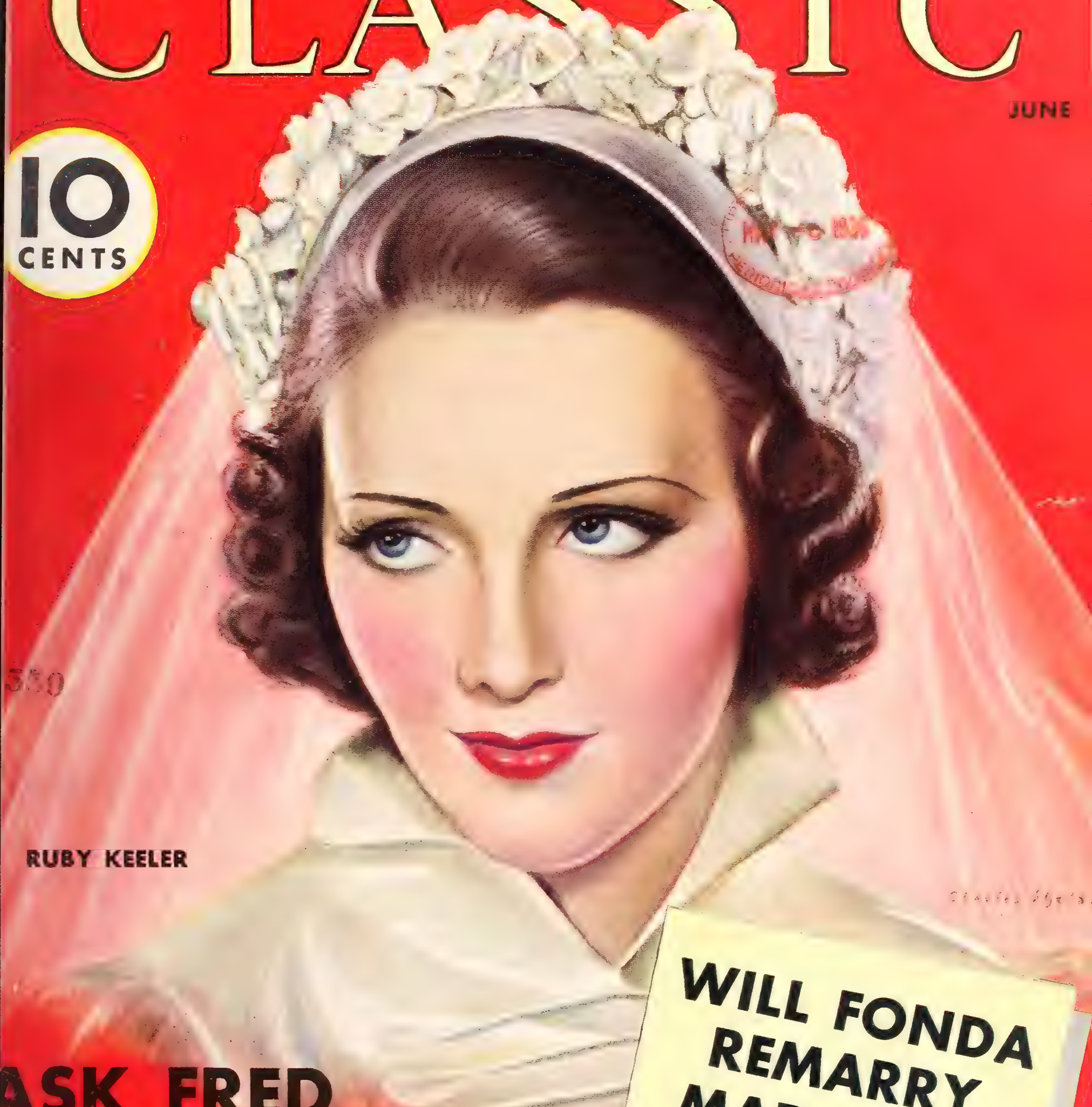

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See A gala first night at the Tivoli Opera House ...Jeanette MacDonald the glamorous star!

See San Francisco in flames...a roaring cauldron of death and destruction!

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New!

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MOVIE CLASSIC

EDITED IN HOLLYWOOD

JUNE, 1936
VOL. 10 No. 4

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Editor

JACK SMALLEY
Managing Editor

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Now *You're Talking*

Wherein our readers express their frank opinions of screen stars and current pictures

With *Little Lord Fauntleroy* and *Professional Soldier* making the theatre turnstiles buzz, Freddie Bartholomew's stock soars to a new high. And the letters praising his work are legion

$15 Prize Letter

Film Music Lauded—The symphonic music in motion pictures is truly something of which its producers may be proud. I know, from personal contacts, that most of the individual musicians in the studio orchestras were the country's finest concert artists before they came to Hollywood. And they work long, difficult, exhausting hours to create the beautiful music to which we thrill. Many of the composers are splendid American-European trained musicians and deserve much praise. Synchronization is at a high point of refinement now. All this makes for superb production. It is a wonderful thing that all classes, all people may now hear the best of the world's music. What a boon to those who have always loved good music and have been unable to afford it! It will also, I am sure, prove a blessing to those who never learned to care for the classical compositions until they had "meaning" through connection with certain scenes in the films. I was most aware of this angle when viewing *A Midsummer Night's Dream.* How marvelously the action and music harmonized! Let us give more thought and thanks to the makers of motion picture music!—*Frances Learned, Libby Road, Paradise, Butte County, Calif.*

$10 Prize Letter

Comedy of Recollection—Laughter! What an elusive thing it is! It seems as if the more elaborate the preparations for a laugh, the less people feel like laughing. This is as true in movies as it is over the radio. When will motion picture producers realize that people laugh more quickly over situations that are part and parcel of their lives and experiences than at any other stamp of thing? The laughter I heard in *Ah Wilderness*, when the graduation class was performing, was the kind of merriment that surely must be the motion picture producer's dream! It was spontaneous! Tremendous! And why? I'll warrant that more than 85 per cent of that audience had been through the experience of graduation. It struck a reminiscent chord that made the oldest and youngest delighted. And the utter simplicity of the setting was part of its effectiveness! And yet I've sat through miles of expensive and un-funny farces, built up on utterly impossible situations that failed to bring one ripple of merriment to the audience!—*Mrs. A. H. Lott, Pentagon Court, D-1-6, Baton Rouge, La.*

$5 Prize Letter

Dramatic Short Shorts—Here is an idea for the producers who are responsible for our short features on theatre programs. Instead of so many being devoted to music and song, why not take advantage of that space of time to present drama in condensed form, somewhat as the "short short story" is presented in magazines. Very unusual plots could be used.—*Warren Allen, 2116 Chamberlain, Chattanooga, Tenn.*

$1 Prize Letters

Science Made Easy—Most of us concede the acting honors of the screen to Charles Laughton but after seeing Paul Muni in *The Story of Louis Pasteur* I think Mr. Laughton had best look to his laurels. During the entire run of *Pasteur* not once was I conscious of the fact that there was such a person as Paul Muni; it was Pasteur I was watching. He came to life so vividly that I fairly trembled when he gave the boy the serum which he hoped would cure him of rabies. But I do hope Mr. Muni gets all the praise he deserves for one of the finest portrayals it has been my privilege to witness.—*Edith Blez, c/o N. W. Ayer, West Washington Square, Philadelphia, Pa.*

MOVIE CLASSIC urges its readers to take the floor and present on this page their candid opinions of pictures and stars. Each month MOVIE CLASSIC offers these cash prizes for the best letters: (1) $15; (2) $10; (3) $5; all others published, $1 each. The editors will be the sole judges and reserve the right to publish all or part of any letter received. Write your letter now—to MOVIE CLASSIC'S Letter Editor, 7046 Hollywood Boulevard, Hollywood, California.

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Personalities of the Month

Eleanore Whitney

ONCE in awhile a Hollywood studio gets a newcomer who, soon after, has the entire lot talking to itself—a fledgling who thrills even blasé studio workers.

Such a player is petite Eleanore Whitney, Paramount starlet who is already being groomed for stardom.

Ninety-eight pounds of flashing vivacity, Eleanore came to Hollywood for one picture, *Millions In The Air*, billed as "the world's fastest tap dancer," only to remain on a long-term contract as one of the happiest finds of many seasons—a natural actress, a clever dancer and a distinct personality.

Years ago they used to call what Eleanore Whitney has "It." But Clara Bow and her ilk would have tough sledding alongside of Eleanore's type today because of the girl's versatility.

Discovered at the age of ten by Bill Robinson when the sepia King Of Taps visited Cleveland, Eleanor's home town, Eleanore proved in record time that her dancing and personality were far above the average.

So thrilled was he with the youngster's natural ability that Robinson, upon his return to New York, sent for her and her mother in order that the child might continue her instruction under his tutelage. So to New York went the Whitney household and soon Eleanore was on the road under the watchful eye of Rae Samuels, "Blue Streak Of Vaudeville."

From this Eleanore graduated to "singles," finally entering the personal appearance shows of Rudy Vallee and Jack Benny.

Discovered by Paramount scouts while with Benny, Eleanore was shipped to Hollywood on a one-picture deal. The short contract was torn up approximately three days after shooting had started on *Millions In The Air*, however, and a long-term arrangement was agreed upon.

John Howard

WRITER, student of botany and Phi Beta Kappa, John Howard fought against becoming an actor from the time he was forced to play *Little Lord Fauntleroy* as a child until little more than a year ago.

Now he's reproaching himself for having turned down three proferred screen tests before he finally capitulated and won a Paramount contract.

He set out to become a university professor and frankly confesses that until recently his attitude toward Hollywood was somewhat snobbish. "I had a decidedly low opinion of the picture industry," he grins. "I didn't want anything to do with it. But I've been converted." Nevertheless, he still regards acting as a means to an end. He wants to be a director, he wants to write scenarios and plays, he also wants to be a concert singer.

Paramount, having signed him on a long-term contract and assayed his ability by giving him important rôles in four pictures, is thoroughly content to have him remain an actor.

His real name is John Cox. He was born in Cleveland, Ohio, and spent most of his boyhood in Duquesne, Pennsylvania, where his father was a steel mill executive.

In Western Reserve University, he wrote, directed and starred in a number of school plays, managed the basketball team, sang solos with the University choir, was elected president of the senior class and won a Phi Beta Kappa key. On graduation day, he was presented with the Warion Trophy, awarded each year to the outstanding man of the senior class.

Oscar Serlin, a Paramount "talent scout" saw him in a school production of *John Brown's Body* and immediately offered him a screen test. Howard refused and was not persuaded to change his mind until he had graduated.

To date he has scored in four pictures, *Annapolis Farewell, Millions In the Air, Soak the Rich* and *Thirteen Hours by Air.*

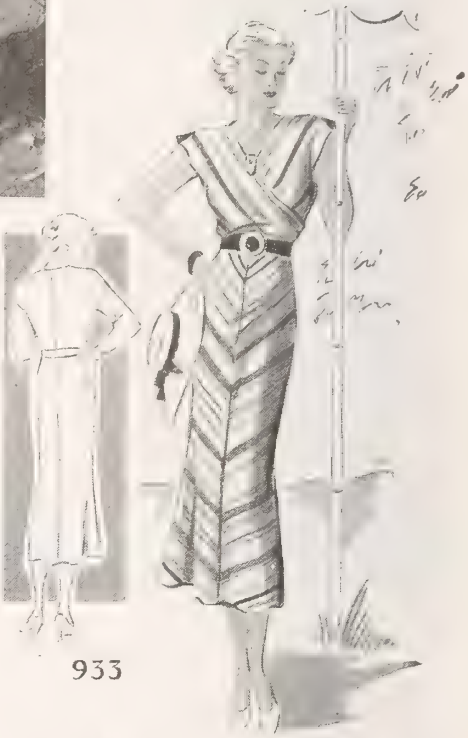
EASY NOW TO GET TEETH LOOKING TWICE AS WHITE!

New!
PEPSODENT TOOTH POWDER
1 GETS TEETH TWICE AS BRIGHT *. . . adds charm to any smile!*
2 IS TWICE AS SOFT *...safe even for children's teeth!*
3 CLEANS MORE THOROUGHLY *. . . foams between teeth*
4 LASTS WEEKS LONGER *. . . far more economical to use!*
Large Can 25c
Family size 50c
Holds over twice as much
PEPSODENT
The Professional Tooth Powder for Daily Home Use

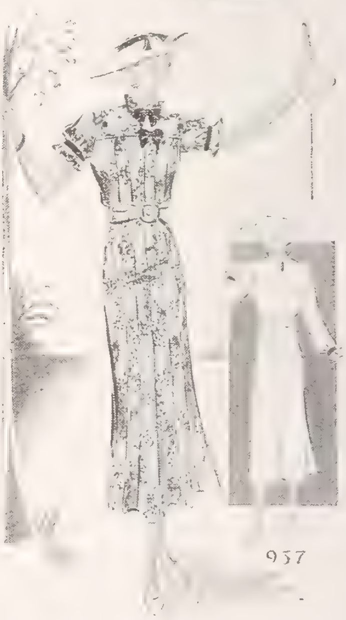
Preludes to Summer

Try these two new styles straight from Hollywood

Evalyn Knapp wears striped linen. Style 933 is patterned in sizes 14, 16, 18 years, 36, 38 and 40 inch bust. 15c



933



937

Style 937 is worn by Paula Stone and designed in sizes, 14, 16, 18 years, 36, 38 and 40 inch bust. 15c

MOVIE CLASSIC'S Pattern Service,
Fawcett Bldg., Greenwich, Conn.

For the enclosed................cents, please send me Evalyn Knapp Pattern No. 933—Paula Stone Pattern No. 937 (circle style desired).

Size .... Bust ....

Name ....

Street ....

City ....

Patterns, 15c each

Canadian readers may order by mailing coupon to MOVIE CLASSIC'S Pattern Service, 133 Jarvis St., Toronto, Canada.

Hollywood Does A Mirthful Martial Musical Up 'Brown'

JOE E. **BROWN**

joins the army and 'slays' the world as the head man of a riotous regiment of singing

"SONS O' GUNS"

Including Joan

BLONDELL

Beverly Roberts, Eric Blore, Winifred Shaw, Craig Reynolds, Joseph King, Robert Barrat

TAKE A BOW, LLOYD BACON, FOR YOUR DIRECTION

And the Same To You, Warren & Dubin, for These Great Songs

"A Buck And A Quarter A Day", "Put On A Uniform", "In The Arms Of An Army Man"

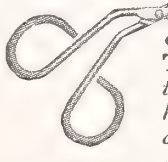
THE PICTURE OF THE MONTH

Those thousands of "Bright Lights" audiences who demanded another song-and-dance show for Joe have had their way! Warner Bros. went right out and bought that famous stage musical 'Sons O' Guns,' equipped it with an uproarious cast and all modern conveniences including new Warren and Dubin songs, and a passionate apache dance number by Joe that stops the show. The riotous results emerge as the month's top entertainment.

BRIGHT
EYE DEAS
by Jane Heath

Do CANDLELIT dinner tables appear in your When-to-be-Beautiful Chart these early spring months? Then make this simple, amusing experiment. First, make up your face. Then, with KURLASH, curl the lashes of *one eye*. Add LASHTINT to these lashtips and touch the eyelid with SHADETTE. Now light a candle and look in a mirror. Notice how the side of your face with the eye unbeautified "fades away" . . . but how the other seems more delicately tinted, glowing and alive. It's the best way we know to discover how eye make-up and curled and glorified lashes can make your whole face lovelier. KURLASH does it without heat, cosmetics or practice. ($1 at good stores.)

Naturally, the candlelight test will show up straggly, bushy, or poorly marked brows. And that will be your cue to send for TWEEZETTE, the automatic tweezer that whisks away offending hairs, roots and all, painlessly! Probably you'll want a LASHPAC also, with a unique stick of mascara, like a lipstick, to darken lashes and mark brows. It has a clever little brush for grooming too! Each, $1—at good stores.



• *Have you tried* TWISSORS—*the new tweezers with scissor handles—marvelously efficient*—25c.

Write JANE HEATH *for advice about eye beauty. Give your coloring for personal beauty plan. Address Dept.* SB-6.

Kurlash

The Kurlash Company, Rochester, N. Y. The Kurlash Company of Canada, at Toronto, 3

DONALD WOODS Invites You To A Party

Meet the popular young star who will be host to MOVIE CLASSIC'S Movieland Tour

by Jack Smalley

WHEN MOVIE CLASSIC's annual tour to Hollywood arrives in Filmland August sixteenth, with four exciting days of sightseeing in prospect, the highspot of the trip will be the party Donald Woods is giving for the trippers.

Donald is inviting his friends among the picture people to be on hand, and his charming home in Beverly Hills will be thrown open to the two hundred visitors. Here you will mingle with your favorites of the screen, take snapshots galore, sign them all for autographs, and see how this "other half" of the world really lives.

Donald Woods, your host, is one of the most popular young men in the colony, both professionally and personally. His work as the printer in *Frisco Kid,* with Jimmy Cagney, was hailed by critics, his rôle as the husband whose wife Ronald Colman loved in *A Tale of Two Cities* was even better, and then he topped all these performances as the leading man in *The Story of Louis Pasteur,* with the star, Paul Muni.

Despite his success as one of Warner's most capable young actors, Don wants to be a director.

There is one other person who believes in encouraging this ambition—the tall, slender, titian-haired "Mrs. Don." Their romance was one of those campus affairs which began while Don was working his way through California University as a night switch-board operator in a Berkeley hotel. The popular coed, Josephine Van Der Horck, walked into the lobby one night, thought the nice young man looked very tired, went out and

[*Continued on page* 80]

Donald Woods has planned a perfect day of entertainment for the members of our Movieland Tour, who, in his new home, will meet the most famous stars of the screen

THE PICTURE YOU'VE DREAMED ABOUT!

The Golden Voice of
GRACE MOORE
•
The Romantic Dash of
FRANCHOT TONE
•
The Glorious Melodies of
FRITZ KREISLER

Grace Moore
FRANCHOT TONE
"The King Steps Out"
WALTER CONNOLLY
Raymond Walburn · Victor Jory · Elisabeth Risdon
And the World-Famed Albertina Rasch Ballet
Screen play by Sidney Buchman
Directed by JOSEF VON STERNBERG

COLUMBIA PICTURES

Frank Capra's genius achieves another masterpiece in this magnificent comedy drama by the brilliant Robert Riskin. *See it now—you'll want to see it again!*

GARY COOPER
Mr. Deeds Goes To Town
JEAN ARTHUR
George Bancroft · Lionel Stander
Douglass Dumbrille · H. B. Warner
A FRANK CAPRA Production

Screen play by Robert Riskin
Story by Clarence Budington Kelland

GANTNER
Floating Bra
SWIM SUITS

"Jinx" Falkenberg, appearing in Big Brown Eyes Walter Wanger Productions!

Miracles of smartness! Gantner floating bra* suit (above) in gorgeous quilted matelassé . . . cork buttons . . . $8.95. Below, uncut velvet effect, soft as sea-mist . . . perfectly adjustable, with multicord straps . . . $7.95.

(*amazing concealed semi-detached uplift, found only in a Gantner)

Gantner styles at smart shops everywhere!
(Style book upon request)

GANTNER & MATTERN CO., Dept. F
San Francisco Chicago New York
Makers of America's Finest Swim Suits

Vacation Beauty Problems

By

Alison Alden

Presenting complexion aids which will guard against summer beauty foes

Irene Hervey, rapidly scaling the cinema ladder, vacations on a famous desert "dude ranch" near Palm Springs

GAY, spontaneous frolics of summer are beckoning new diversions, new modes and *new beauty.*

If you've been in the swirl of the formal dinner and supper dances during past months, you've probably captured a new "crush" to escort you through warm weather sports and informal parties.

Competition with fair damsels of your social set will be the bane of your existence, unless you protect your beauty against sun and salt water bugaboos.

It's easy to "forget" night after night, and sometimes year after year, but it's an inevitable fact that neglected skin will become "old" and tired. When the damage is done, in a panic of fear or regret, your leading question becomes, "now, what can I do?"

Fortunately, there *is* an answer—and it comes direct from Hollywood. Your favorite movie stars are stressing the fact that it's high time to realize that no natural law prescribes *so many* wrinkles for *so many* birthdays.

In our civilized world, woman has learned the use of powder puffs and cleansing creams and nourishing creams.

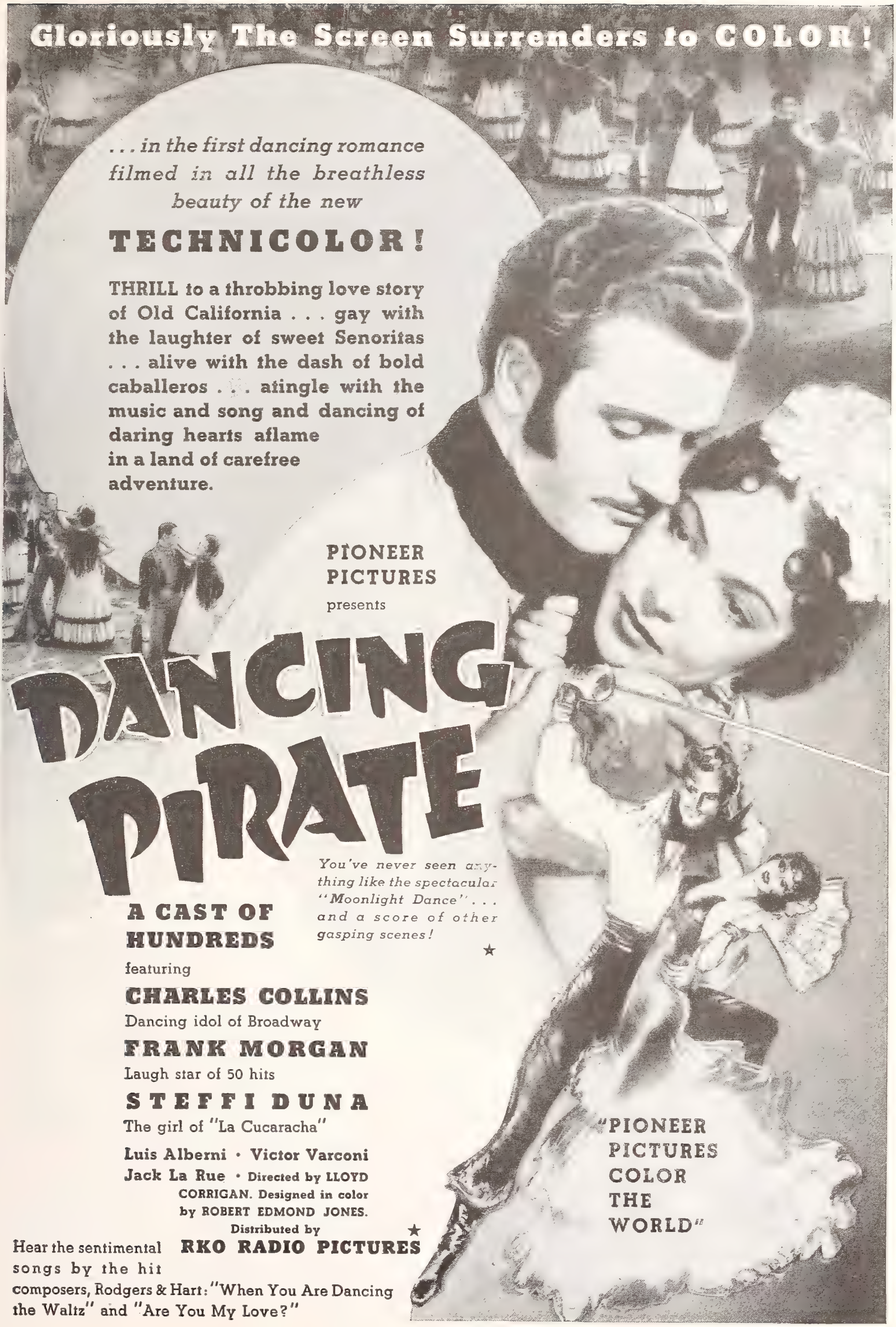
Sunburn is not only an occasional but a frequent cause of "fatality to beauty." Tan is another matter—since the skin that tans rarely burns. However, tan, like burning, is a beauty hazard that the wise woman avoids.

Tanned skin rarely regains its lovely, fragile transparency without hours and hours of consistent treatment. Sunrays are of value to your system—but they toughen and dry the tissues of your face. Many a leather-like, weather-beaten skin of middle age lost its beauty in youth through needless exposure—week after week—at beach and mountain resorts. It's so uncalled for too—because it's such a simple matter to apply a rich cream over your face, arms and neck before exposing them to the sun.

Cleopatra had priceless secrets of beauty, and with them she conquered hearts. It has taken years of research for us to learn the recipe for keeping her complexion so lovely . . . so petal-smooth. However, it has been done at last. A manufacturer is offering a Complexion Cream which will ward off hateful wrinkles and keep skin scrupulously clean.

Ada Allan's Cleo 3-D All Purpose Cream, priced at only $1.00 for a four ounce jar, is a remarkable revivifying emollient cream that contains *Sunshine Vitamin D,* said to be Cleopatra's secret.

This vitamin is important to beauty and health—and yet harmful if absorbed in the wrong manner. When you apply this fine textured cream to your face, arms and neck, before venturing down to the beach sands, you are giving your skin the opportunity of benefiting by the important and [*Continued on page* 73]



Gloriously The Screen Surrenders to COLOR!

. . . in the first dancing romance filmed in all the breathless beauty of the new

TECHNICOLOR!

THRILL to a throbbing love story of Old California . . . gay with the laughter of sweet Senoritas . . . alive with the dash of bold caballeros . . . atingle with the music and song and dancing of daring hearts aflame in a land of carefree adventure.

PIONEER
PICTURES
presents

DANCING PIRATE

You've never seen anything like the spectacular "Moonlight Dance" . . . and a score of other gasping scenes!

A CAST OF HUNDREDS

featuring

CHARLES COLLINS
Dancing idol of Broadway

FRANK MORGAN
Laugh star of 50 hits

STEFFI DUNA
The girl of "La Cucaracha"

Luis Alberni • Victor Varconi
Jack La Rue • Directed by LLOYD CORRIGAN. Designed in color by ROBERT EDMOND JONES.

Distributed by
RKO RADIO PICTURES

Hear the sentimental songs by the hit composers, Rodgers & Hart: "When You Are Dancing the Waltz" and "Are You My Love?"

"PIONEER
PICTURES
COLOR
THE
WORLD"

The Dancing Divinity

JESSIE MATTHEWS
in
"IT'S LOVE AGAIN"
with
ROBERT YOUNG
. . . . . Romance, Comedy, Adventure in Rhumba Rhythm . . .
COMING TO YOUR FAVORITE THEATRE
A GB Production

Behind-the-scene news and gossip about Filmland's pictures and stars—an up-to-the-minute report of the latest happenings

Party line in Hollywood

By

ERIC ERGENBRIGHT

WE HAD Jean Harlow on the party line a few days ago and took advantage of the opportunity to query her about those wedding rumors. And what did we get for our pains? Merely assurance that Bill Powell is a swell fellow, that they see one another frequently and that she's a lot happier now that the new brownette locks have lifted from her the stigma of being "that blonde." Shucks, we knew all those answers—but here's a prophecy. The wedding bells will ring by early fall.

A Hollywood Bonanza

Bill Ulman, the clever scribe who authors the Errol Flynn biography now appearing in MOVIE CLASSIC, became so chummy with Errol during their many interviews that he and his interviewee decided to collaborate on a scenario. And so . . o . . o, they wrote an epic tale around the life of Sir Charles Brooke, the English sailor who made himself the Rajah of Sarawak. Errol took it to Warner Brothers, where he is very much the white-haired lad these days; Warner Brothers were ecstatic; Bill is buying a new house; Errol Flynn is trying on costumes for the rôle of Sir Charles and everyone is happy—notably the editor of this magazine who feels certain that the close friendship between Errol and Bill has resulted in the best biographical serial ever printed in these pages.

Jane's Triumph

Jane Withers, the little moppet who rose to screen fame with her portrayal of a "brat" in one of Shirley Temple's pictures, has just signed a personal appearance contract which will route her through half-a-hundred eastern theatres at the very, very tidy salary of $3,500 a week. And Shirley, meanwhile, has been offered nearly four times that amount for a one day appearance at a Baby Parade. Mrs. Temple rejected the offer.

Wynne Gibson and Arline Judge rest after their strenuous game of tennis which Isabel Jewell refereed

Mae Murray and Clara Bow were in Hollywood, looking as beautiful as ever. Clara prefers her ranch to pictures now

A Note From London

A too-brief note from Helen Vinson informs me that she's bought a home in London and plans to stay there indefinitely, working in English-made pictures. And no chance of her being lonesome for Hollywood, either, for Clive Brook and Mary Carlisle are playing in her current picture. She says Alice White's in London and quite the sensation of all the gay spots.

Those English have taking ways, by Jove—and they're jolly well taking almost all of our Hollywood stars to London.

A Swell Gal

An electrician pal of mine was on the party line just now with a story about Carole Lombard and I can't see how to avoid the purchase of an orchid.

He tells me that during the filming of *Love Before Breakfast,* the script called for Carole, or her double, to be saved from a sinking yacht. The scene was faked, but the water which swept the decks of the studio built yacht was anything but bogus. The double refused the job, so Carole said to-the-dickens-with-her and did the scene herself. For nearly two hours, she was drenched with icy water. Her clothes were wringing wet, her shoes were sopping wet and her hair was still wetter. But before she would consent to change into dry duds, she had a huge can of coffee brought on the set and insisted that all of the crew who had shared the deluge should share the hot coffee.

Show me a star the electricians praise, and I'll show you a real human being!

Four Aces

On the Radio Pictures lot, they're preparing to film a super-western entitled *The Last* [*Continued on page* 75]

Evalyn Knapp proudly displays her latest catch, a scrappy calico bass. She is one of Hollywood's expert fisherwomen

They wondered why he passed them by, for *Her*...

KAY
VIVIAN
FRANCES

She was so *Fragrantly dainty*

Hers is the lovelier way to avoid offending . . . She bathes with fragrant Cashmere Bouquet Soap!

So *alluring* . . . your fragrant daintiness when you bathe with this lovely scented soap!

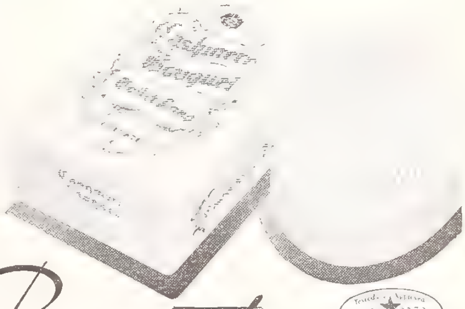
And how completely safe you are from any fear of offending! For Cashmere Bouquet's rich, luxurious lather goes down into every pore . . . washes away so thoroughly every trace and cause of unpleasant body odor!

Then Cashmere Bouquet's subtle, costly perfume lingers glamorously . . . Hours after you've stepped from your bath, it still whispers lovely things about you.

You will want to use this pure, creamy-white soap for your complexion too. Its generous lather is so gentle and caressing. Yet it removes every trace of dirt and cosmetics; leaves your skin radiantly clear, alluringly smooth.

Cashmere Bouquet now costs only 10¢! The same long-lasting soap which for generations has been 25¢. The same size cake; scented with the same delicate blend of 17 rare perfumes. Cashmere Bouquet is sold at all drug, department and 10¢ stores.

NOW ONLY 10¢ *the former 25¢ size*



BATHE WITH

Cashmere Bouquet

THE LOVELIER WAY TO AVOID OFFENDING

Slenderized BY JANTZEN

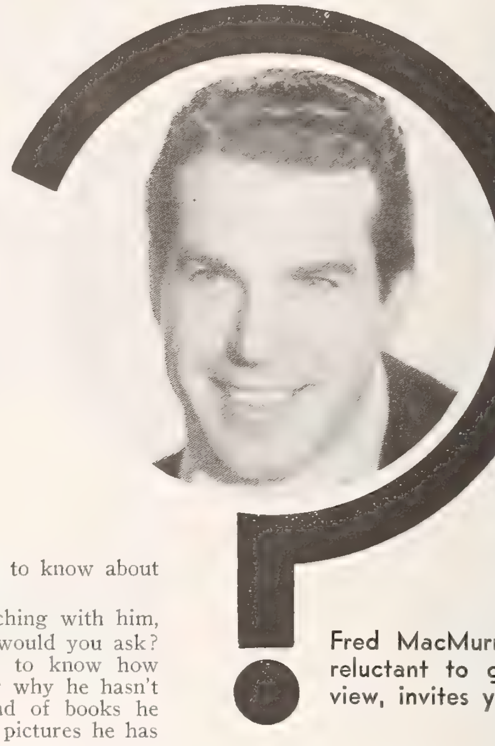
In the new Jantzens you will find the loveliest fabrics of the year in richness of texture and beauty of design. The marvelous elasticity achieved through Jantzen-stitch gives them figure-control qualities to an amazing degree. They mold the body into slenderizing lines of beauty. Being Jantzens, they fit perfectly, permanently.

IRENE BENNETT, *appearing in the Paramount picture,* **"The Sky Parade"** *wears the Jantzen* BRÄ-TUCK MIO, $4.95. *Other Jantzen models* $4.50-$8.95.

Jantzen molded-fit swimming suits

Jantzen Knitting Mills, Dept. 281, Portland, Ore.
Send me style folder in color featuring new 1936 models. *Women's* ☐ *Men's* ☐
Name____________________
Address____________________

Ask Fred MacMurray A



Fred MacMurray, usually reluctant to grant interview, invites your queries

Here's a Chance to Conduct Your Own Interview With a Popular Star

WHAT do you want to know about Fred MacMurray?

If you were lunching with him, tete-a-tete, what questions would you ask? Perhaps you would like to know how he entered pictures . . . or why he hasn't married . . . or what kind of books he reads . . . or which of his pictures he has enjoyed the most . . . .

Here, then, is your chance to ask those questions and obtain direct answers from Fred MacMurray himself. Movie Classic's Inquiring Reporter will act as your intermediary.

Simply fill in the coupon at the bottom of this page, writing legibly, or—still better—typing, the questions you want him to answer. Inclose the clipped coupon in an envelope addressed to the Inquiring Reporter, Movie Classic, 7046 Hollywood Boulevard, Hollywood, and look in the August issue of Movie Classic for Fred's own answers.

He has been the subject of thousands of letters received by this magazine—letters which demand information about his career, his personality, his plans and his mode of living. And now we invite you to satisfy your curiosity in the most direct fashion.

Naturally, the editors reserve the right to throw into the discard all questions which violate the bounds of good taste. And, PLEASE, do not ask him to name his favorite star or to name the actress he considers most beautiful! Such questions obviously cannot be answered by a man who wishes to preserve his popularity.

And remember, questions received later than May 21, cannot be answered.

The Inquiring Reporter,
Movie Classic Magazine,
7046 Hollywood Blvd.,
Hollywood, Calif.

Please ask Fred MacMurray the following questions, answers to which will appear in the August issue of Movie Classic.

____

____

____

____

____

Your name__________________________________

Unusual Recipes

•

Movie Classic has a treat in store for you and your family. You may now send for unusual recipes for everything from soup to after dinner snacks—which were found right in the kitchens of the stars!

Solve the problem of unusual dishes by ordering these leaflets, personally autographed by film celebrities, and become the popular hostess you have always desired to be.

The recipes are kitchen tested by Anna Bell Lee, noted food authority, and are printed on a punched leaflet to fit any 8½ x 11 loose leaf notebook.

•

Send a three cent stamp for each leaflet desired

•

- Mona Barrie's Favorite Soups
- Tuna Recipes from Jim Cagney
- Leftover Surprises from Sally Eilers
- Mae Clarke's Favorite Cakes
- Adrienne Ames Apple Recipes
- Raquel Torres Mexican Dishes
- Heather Angel's Salads
- Andy Devine's After Dinner Snacks
- E. G. Robinson's Honey Cakes
- Margaret Sullavan's Tasty Puddings
- Raisin Recipes from Noah Beery, Jr.
- Pinky Tomlin's Favorite Hot Breads
- Valerie Hobson's Casserole Dishes
- Cottage Cheese Delights from Binnie Barnes
- Savory Ham Dishes from Gloria Stuart

•

Address your letters to Dorothy Dwan, Movie Classic Food Editor, 7046 Hollywood Blvd., Hollywood, Calif. NO LETTERS ANSWERED UNLESS A STAMPED AND SELF-ADDRESSED ENVELOPE IS ENCLOSED!

"Kiss me again or I'll yell for help!"

There was a young actor
...oui, oui!
No respect for convention
had he.
He got slapped on the cheek
And jailed for a week
Just for kissing a girl in
Paree!

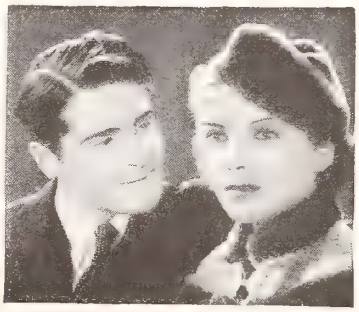
* * *

The reason is not hard
to see...
The answer is simply that
he
Never met the young miss
Till he stole that sweet
kiss
But things happen fast in
Paree!

PICKFORD-LASKY PRODUCTIONS
presents

Francis **LEDERER**
in **ONE RAINY AFTERNOON**

with
IDA LUPINO
HUGH HERBERT
ROLAND YOUNG
Erik Rhodes · Joseph Cawthorn
Directed by
ROWLAND V. LEE
Released thru United Artists



GLAZO

presents

A NEW POLISH
FAR SUPERIOR
TO ALL OLD-STYLE
FORMULAS

GLAZO
Liquid Polish
20¢

The most important news in years, for lovely hands

HERE is such a nail polish as you've dreamed of wearing! The new Glazo, with its remarkable new formula, attains a beauty of sheen and color far beyond the realm of polishes of the past. Every longed-for virtue of nail polish perfection reaches its zenith in Glazo's new creation.

You've never seen a polish so rich in lustre ... so long and perfect in wear. Chipping and peeling are gone—and—forgotten woes. Glazo's exclusive, fashion-approved shades retain their full beauty for several *extra* days.

Streaking becomes a lost word, for new Glazo floats onto every finger with perfect evenness of color. Evaporation has been so amazingly reduced that the polish is usable down to the last drop.

For even a day, don't deny your fingertips the luxury of this new Glazo. Just 20 cents.

Owen Davis, Jr., Anne Shirley and Erik Rhodes desert the hustle and bustle of the studio for an outing in the pine clad San Bernardino mountains

It's Picnic

Balmy spring days interest Hollywood's stars—and the rest of the world—in picnic luncheons

by Sally Jeffries

WARM, lazy days with the first touch of summer in the air are ideal for a trek into the country. A jaunt into the surrounding country or to the beach always calls for a basket of lunch for most of us are, at heart, picnic lovers, and adore delving into a hamper packed full of good things to eat.

There are, definitely, two kinds of picnics: One demands food that can be cooked on a fire upon arrival, while the other calls for sandwiches, cold meats and other foods already prepared.

Anne Shirley, Owen Davis, Jr. and Erik Rhodes, youthful R.K.O. players, took time off from their studio duties, one day recently, and hit for the wide open spaces. They carried food that was ready to eat; a well filled luncheon basket containing two thermos bottles, one filled with chilled chocolate, the other with fruit cup; meat loaf sandwiches, cheese chummies, palate ticklers, marble cake and naturally all of the trimmings.

The following are the young stars' favorite picnic recipes:

Picnic Fruit Cup

1 qt. pure grape juice
1 qt. cider
1 qt. charged water

Method—Blend fruit juices and store in fruit jar. When ready to serve add chilled charged water.

Chilled Chocolate

6 squares bitter chocolate
¾ cup sugar (more or less according to taste)
3 cups milk
Pinch salt

Method—Scald milk, melt chocolate in small sauce pan over hot water, add sugar, salt and gradually the boiling water, when smooth place on range and boil 1 minute, add scalded milk. Beat and serve. Sweet chocolate may be substituted and sugar omitted. Have equal weight in sweet chocolate as squares are smaller than bitter chocolate.

Picnic Meat Loaf

2½ lbs. ground beef
½ lb. ground pork
1 cup soft breadcrumbs
1 small onion
4 tbls. celery top leaves chopped very fine
2 eggs
Salt to taste

Pepper to taste
½ tsp. curry powder
1 cup tomato sauce (more if loaf will stand it, without becoming too moist to shape.)

Method—Mix all ingredients together well and shape into loaf. Sprinkle with flour and place in well oiled uncovered baking pan. Pour oil or melted fat over loaf and place in hot oven until well browned. Reduce heat to medium and bake about one hour. Cool thoroughly before slicing for sandwiches.

Cheese Chummies

2 pkg. Philadelphia Cream Cheese
½ cup grated pineapple well drained

Method—Blend cheese and pineapple together well. Spread thin slices of whole wheat bread and top with unspread slice.

Picnic Palate Ticklers

1 doz. hard cooked eggs
1 red apple chopped fine (do not peel)
4 tbls. sweet relish
½ tsp. celery seed
Salt to taste
1 tsp. dry mustard
Mayonnaise to taste and slightly moist.

Method—cut eggs lengthwise, remove yolk. Mix yolk with all ingredients and fill whites, heaping mixture rounding on top. Sprinkle with paprika. Wrap in wax paper until serving time.

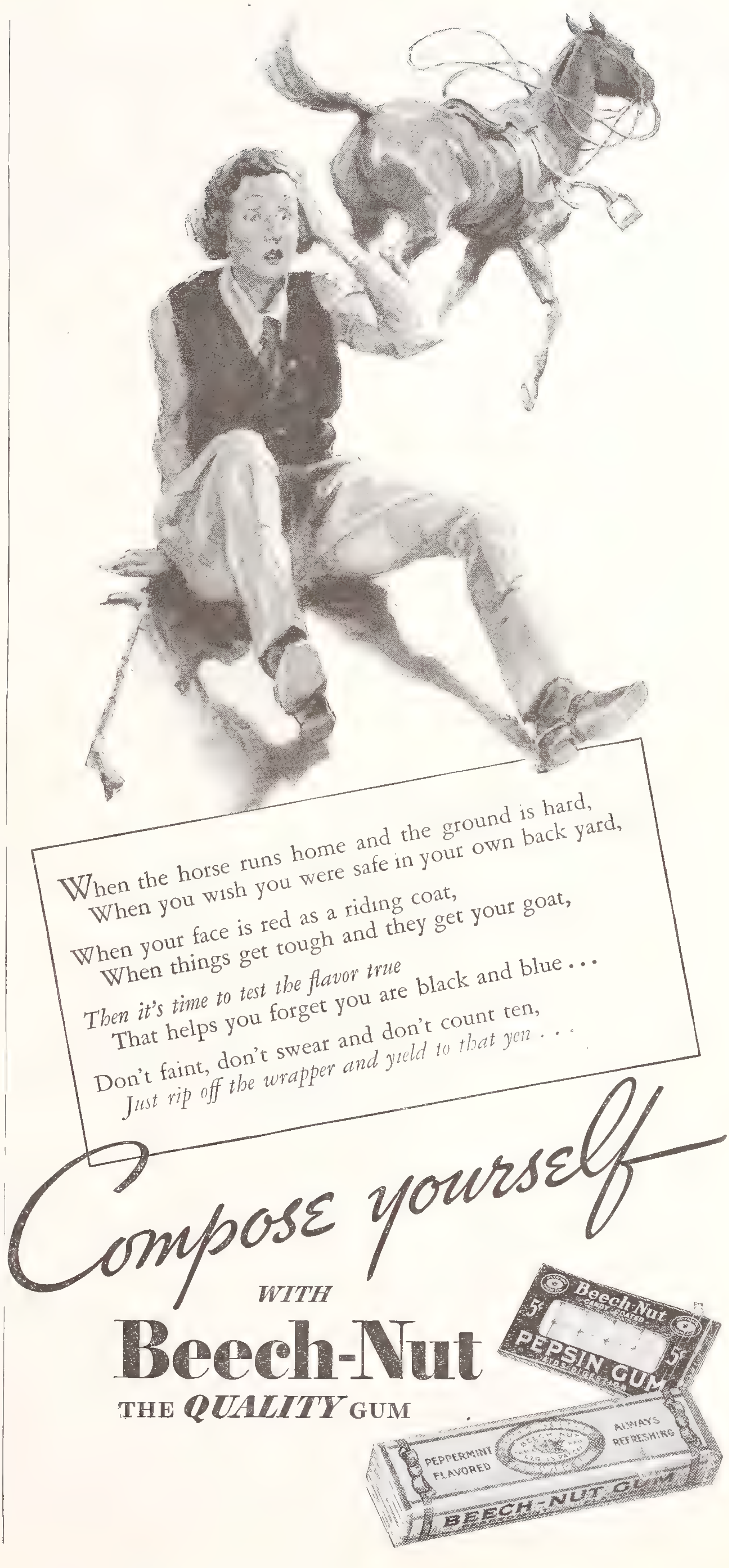
Time

Marble Cake

½ cup butter
1 cup sugar
2 eggs
1¾ cups cake flour
½ teaspoon salt
1½ teaspoon baking powder
½ cup milk
1 tablespoon maple sirup
1 tablespoon melted chocolate
½ teaspoon cinnamon
¼ teaspoon nutmeg
¼ teaspoon allspice

Place butter in warm place where it will soften slightly, but *must not melt.* Cream sugar into butter gradually. Add the yolks of the eggs which have been beaten. Sift flour and salt together several times, and add alternately with the milk. Sift baking powder in a little of the flour which is added last. Fold in egg whites which have been beaten stiff. Place one third of the mixture in a separate bowl and add spices, sirup and melted chocolate to it. Drop a spoonful of each mixture alternately into cake pan. Bake in moderate oven. This cake is excellent to serve without icing, particularly when taken along for a picnic.

Take advantage of these recipes—load the family into the car—pick a cool, shady spot, and we promise you a happy day!


When the horse runs home and the ground is hard,
When you wish you were safe in your own back yard,

When your face is red as a riding coat,
When things get tough and they get your goat,

Then it's time to test the flavor true
That helps you forget you are black and blue . . .

Don't faint, don't swear and don't count ten,
Just rip off the wrapper and yield to that yen . . .

Compose yourself
WITH
Beech-Nut
THE ***QUALITY*** GUM

Rosita Moreno in "House of a Thousand Candles," a Republic Picture

Doubly **ATTRACTIVE!**

MEN find her "doubly attractive" since she learned the secret of lovely, fascinating eyes. And it's the same story over and over again whenever a girl first learns how easy it is to have long, lovely lashes.

You, too, can have that fascinating loveliness that invites romance, if you bring out the natural beauty and charm of your eyes with WINX Mascara. It works wonders. Just a touch of WINX to your lashes and instantly they appear darker, longer and more lustrous . . . your eyes sparkle ...your whole appearance seems improved.

Try WINX today and see for yourself why so many smart, well-groomed women use WINX regularly for both daytime and evening make-up. You will particularly like the way its emollient oils keep your lashes luxuriantly soft and natural-looking at all times.

WINX Mascara is offered in four colors—black, brown, blue, and green—and in three convenient forms—the *new* Creamy WINX (which is gaining in popularity every day), and the old favorites, Cake WINX and Liquid WINX. All are harmless, smudge-proof, water-proof, non-smarting, and easy to apply.

Your local drug and department stores carry WINX Mascara in the economical large size. You can also obtain the complete line of WINX Eye Beautifiers in *Introductory Sizes* at all 10¢ stores.

CREAMY
WINX
CAKE
CREAMY MASCARA

WINX

Eye Beautifiers

The Show Window

Unbiased reviews of the latest screen offerings

EXCEPTIONAL

MR. DEEDS GOES TO TOWN—It's comedy . . . it's farce . . . it's romance . . . it's drama . . . and it's a riot! This is easily the picture of the month and in all probability the picture of the year! The adaptation, the dialogue, the direction and the performances are flawless. And the story is the perfect screen plot.

"Longfellow Deeds," a small town boy who writes greeting card poetry and plays the tuba in the town band, suddenly inherits twenty millions—and goes to town. Relatives, shyster lawyers and racketeers cluster for the feast. The newspapers try to make a sap of him. And the girl he loves proves to be the "sob-sister" who brands him a fool.

From start to finish it's a laugh carnival. And Gary Cooper, in the title rôle, has never given such a performance. This picture will make him the screen's Number One star! Jean Arthur, Lionel Stander and a numerous supporting cast make every scene a standout. Don't miss this one—for it's the screen at its best! *Columbia.*

Jean Arthur and Gary Cooper score heavily in *Mr. Deeds Goes To Town,* this month's outstanding picture

EXCELLENT

THE SINGING KID—The best Al Jolson film-musical since the early days of talkies. Boasting a well-developed plot and an effective love story, as well as several stand out musical sequences, *The Singing Kid,* will have wide audience appeal. Edward Everett Horton and Allen Jenkins are outstanding in comedy rôles. Cab Calloway and the Yacht Club Boys brighten the musical numbers, and Beverly Roberts, a newcomer, impresses as the love interest. *Warner Brothers.*

Charles Wilson, Lee Tracy and Edward Arnold in a scene from *Sutter's Gold,* a moving historical drama

PETTICOAT FEVER—Robert Montgomery and Myrna Loy are co-starred in this grand little laugh-fest, which, without being pretentious, is certain to be welcomed by every audience. Smart dialogue and hilarious situations kept the preview audience in an uproar from the opening scene to the final fade out. The plot gets under way with a plane wreck which forces an English lord and his fiancée to become the guests of a wireless operator in the wilds of Labrador. The operator (Montgomery) hasn't seen a white woman for two years; the English lord is a congenital idiot; his fiancée (Myrna Loy) is bored—and the fun starts from there. *Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer.*

Myrna Loy and Robert Montgomery are co-starred in *Petticoat Fever,* an unusually amusing comedy-drama

SUTTER'S GOLD—Epic in its sweep, and biographical in character, this highly dramatic offering follows the career of John Sutter, a Swiss emigrant, through his adventurous efforts to build an empire in

Spanish California, his discovery of gold, his fight to save his holdings from claim jumpers and his final defeat and death. In spite of the fact that it is too episodic, the film manages to sustain interest, and Edward Arnold, as Sutter, gives a superb performance. Without being a really great picture, *Sutter's Gold* is a worthy candidate for every "must see" list. Credit Lee Tracy and Binnie Barnes with outstanding work. *Universal.*

I MARRIED A DOCTOR—Remarkably fine performances, excellent direction, clever dialogue and convincing plot combine to make this film version of Sinclair Lewis, *Main Street* one of the outstanding items on this month's screen menu. Homely in flavor, it depicts the American scene as understandingly as a small town newspaper and will leave every audience well-pleased. Pat O'Brien, as Dr. Will Kennicott, gives his best performance to date and Josephine Hutchison, as his misunderstood wife, establishes herself as one of the screen's really outstanding actresses. Louise Fazenda, Ray Mayer, Guy Kibbee, Ross Alexander and Alma Lloyd have strong rôles. *Warner Brothers.*

13 HOURS BY AIR—A thoroughly entertaining mixture of comedy and melodrama, this picture will prove very interesting to aviation enthusiasts, and, due to the amusing and exciting situations, it will appeal to almost any type audience. Fred MacMurray, the pilot of a transcontinental airplane makes a forced landing in the mountains after battling a raging blizzard which provides plenty of thrills. The passengers stranded in this remote spot include a rich heiress, Joan Bennett, with whom MacMurray falls in love, an escaping criminal, a rich boy, played by Bennie Bartlett, his guardian, Zasu Pitts, and several others. A thrill comes when the thief is overpowered by MacMurray with aid supplied in excellent comedy vein by the youngster, Bartlett. *Paramount.*

MOONLIGHT MURDER—One of the most intricate murder mysteries a movie audience was ever asked to solve. The plot is so novel, and the denouement so unexpected that it would be criminal to include in a review more than this one tip: the crime proves to be a "mercy killing." Leo Carillo, Chester Morris, Grant Mitchell, Frank McHugh and Madge Evans have the leading rôles and turn in very good performances. All in all, this is one of the most satisfactory "whodunits" in many a day. *Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer.*

EVERYBODY'S OLD MAN—Theatregoers will be interested in seeing Irvin S. Cobb, erstwhile writer, emerge as an actor—but that's just the thing he doesn't do. His naturalness throughout this light comedy is the quality that will endear him to the public. Theme of the story is threadbare. Cobb, a packing plant owner, persuades Rochelle Hudson and Johnny Downs, children of a deceased rival, to appoint him trustee, which they do, not knowing his identity. Cobb determines to make their failing plant a success to teach his nephew, Norman Foster, a lesson in operation. Story ends with Cobb realizing his ambition and Foster falling in love with Rochelle Hudson. In spite of the plot weakness, it's grand entertainment. *Twentieth Century-Fox.*

GOOD

BORN FOR GLORY—Totally devoid of love interest and too tragic for popular

[*Continued on page* 22]

DO BRUNETTES LOOK OLDER THAN BLONDES

THIS BRUNETTE GIRL IS ACTUALLY 3 YEARS YOUNGER THAN THE BLONDE!
No!

THE ANSWER IS THAT 7 OUT OF 10 BRUNETTES USE THE WRONG SHADE OF FACE POWDER!

BY *Lady Esther*

If there's one thing women fool themselves about, it's face powder shades.

Many women select face powder tints on the wrong basis altogether. They try to get a face powder that simply matches their type instead of one that enhances or *flatters* it.

Any actress will tell you that certain stage lights can make you look older or younger. The same holds true for face powder shades. One shade can make you look ten to twenty years older while another can make you look years younger.

It's a common saying that brunettes look older than blondes. There is no truth in it. The reason for the statement is that many brunettes make a mistake in the shade of the face powder they use. They simply choose a brunette face powder shade or one that merely matches their type instead of one that goes with the *tone* of their skin. A girl may be a brunette and still have an olive or white skin.

One of Five Shades is the Right Shade!

Colorists will tell you that the idea of numberless shades of face powder is all wrong. They will tell you that only five shades are necessary and that one of these shades will flatter your tone of skin.

I have proved this principle. I know that five shades will suffice. Therefore, I make Lady Esther Face Powder in only five shades. One of these five shades, I know, will prove just the right shade for you. It will prove your most becoming and flattering.

I want you to find out if you are using the right shade of face powder for *your* skin. I want you to find out if the shade you are using is making you look *older* or *younger*.

One Way to Tell!

There is only one way to find out and this is to try all five shades of Lady Esther Face Powder—and that is what I want you to do at my expense.

One of these shades, you will find, will instantly prove the right shade for you. One will immediately make you look years younger. You won't have to be told that. Your mirror will cry it aloud to you.

Write today for all the five shades of Lady Esther Face Powder that I offer free of charge and obligation. Make the shade test before your mirror. Notice how instantly the right shade tells itself. Mark, too, how soft and smooth my face powder is; also, how long it clings.

Mail Coupon

One test will reveal that Lady Esther Face Powder is a unique face powder, unparalleled by anything in face powders you have ever known.

Mail the coupon or a letter today for the free supply of all five shades that I offer: I will also send you a 7-days' supply of my Four-Purpose Face Cream.

(*You can paste this on a penny postcard.*) (23) FREE
Lady Esther, 2030 Ridge Ave., Evanston, Ill.
Please send me by return mail a liberal supply of all five shades of Lady Esther Face Powder; also a 7-days' supply of your Lady Esther Four-Purpose Face Cream.

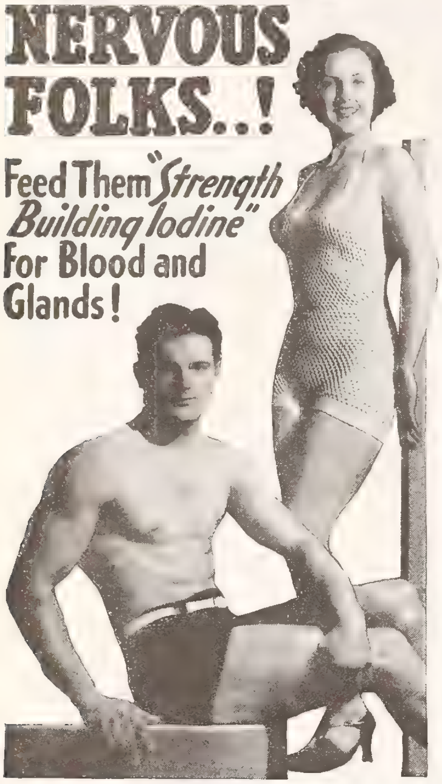
*Name*____________________

*Address*____________________

*City*____________ *State*____________
[illegible]

How to Build Up WEAK, SKINNY RUNDOWN NERVOUS FOLKS..!

Feed Them "Strength Building Iodine" For Blood and Glands!



Thousands Say It's Quickest Way to Add Lbs. of Solid Flesh—Make You Strong and Rugged—Make You Sleep, Eat and Feel Better—Advise Seedol Kelpamalt for Best Results!

Here's new hope and encouragement for thousands of even naturally skinny, weak, worn out, haggard-looking men and women whose energy and strength have been sapped by overwork and worry, who are nervous, irritable, always half sick and ailing. Science says one of the principal causes of these rundown conditions is "GLANDS STARVING FOR IODINE." When these glands don't work properly, all the food in the world can't help you. It just isn't turned into flesh. The result is, you stay skinny, pale, tired-out and rundown.

The most important gland—the one which actually controls body weight and strength-building —needs a definite ration of NATURAL ASSIMILABLE IODINE all the time—to regulate metabolism—the body's process of converted digested food into firm flesh, new strength and energy.

Thousands say, for NATURAL IODINE in convenient concentrated and assimilable form, take Seedol Kelpamalt—now recognized as the world's richest source of this precious substance. It contains 1,300 times more iodine than oysters, once considered the best source. 6 tablets alone contain more NATURAL IODINE than 486 lbs. of spinach or 1,387 lbs. of lettuce.

Try Seedol Kelpamalt for one week and notice the difference. If you don't gain at least 5 lbs. of "stay there flesh" feel stronger, eat better and sleep better, the trial is free. 100 Jumbo size Seedol Kelpamalt Tablets—four to five times the size of ordinary tablets cost but a few cents a day to use. Get Seedol Kelpamalt today. Seedol Kelpamalt is sold at all good drug stores. If your dealer has not yet received his supply, send $1.00 for special introductory size bottle of 65 tablets to the address below.

SPECIAL FREE OFFER

Write today for fascinating instructive 50-page book on How to Add Weight Quickly. Mineral contents of Food and their effects on the human body New facts about NATURAL IODINE. Standard weight and measurement charts. Daily menus for weight building. Absolutely free. No obligation. Kelpamalt Co., Dept. 825, 27-33 West 20th St., New York City.

SEEDOL
Kelpamalt *Tablets*

Manufacturer's Note:—Inferior products, sold as kelp and malt preparations—in imitation of the genuine Seedol Kelpamalt are being offered as substitutes. The Kelpamalt Company will reward for information covering any case where an imitation product has been represented as the original Seedol Kelpamalt. Don't be fooled. Demand genuine Seedol Kelpamalt Tablets They are easily assimilated, do not upset stomach nor injure teeth. Results guaranteed or money back.

The Show Window

consumption, this British offering has importance, nevertheless, because it brings to the screen the most realistic scenes of naval warfare ever filmed. Its main sequence, a battle between a German raider and a British cruiser, is as authentic as if it had been filmed from Admirality records. John Mills, a celebrated European star, is unusually effective in the leading rôle. *Gaumont British.*

THE SKY PARADE—Frankly intended for juvenile audiences, this newest Jimmy Allen thriller fills the bill to perfection. It may seem a trifle silly to adults, but the kids will love it. The plot, good clean action throughout, concerns the development of commerical aviation since the war and its authors, wisely choosing to write down to their audience, having packed it with just the suspense which will be most appreciated by youngsters. William Gargan, Kent Taylor and Robert Fiske, as three fliers, are excellent and Grant Withers is a satisfactory heavy. *Paramount.*

TOO MANY PARENTS—What this lacks in box office names it makes up in entertainment value and human appeal. Women, always susceptible to child films, will find it especially entertaining. It concerns the lives of boys in military school, and is full of pathos and comedy. George Ernest tops with his characterization of the boy who grieves over his father's neglect to the extent that he writes letters, presumably from his parent to himself. He is punished, and tries to commit suicide. Hilarious comedy is supplied by Carl Switzer, and little Billy Lee. Others in the cast are too numerous to mention, but each performance is excellent. *Paramount.*

ROBIN HOOD OF EL DORADO—Misses being an epic but is colorful entertainment. Beyond question, Warner Baxter has another sterling performance to his credit in the rôle of Joaquin Murietta, an early California bandit. Equally good is J. Carrol Naish, playing the notorious Three-Finger Jack who murders for the love of it. What would have been a bitter and tragic film has been given a semi-operatic touch with singing and dancing throughout, which relieves the grimness of the story. Bruce Cabot, who finally shoots Baxter, believing the bandit had killed the fiancée of his brother, scores nicely in his part. Ann Loring, Eric Linden, and Soledad Jimenez, give excellent performances in important rôles. *MGM.*

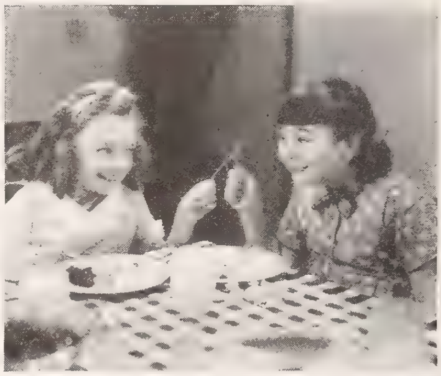
O'MALLEY OF THE MOUNTED—This fast-moving action drama of the Canadian Mounted Police gives George O'Brien ample opportunity to please his fans. O'Brien is detailed to round up a gang responsible for the death of one of the Mounties—which he does by becoming a member of the mob and framing a fake raid on a bank. The inevitable romance comes when the girl, played by Irene Ware, befriends O'Brien although she thinks he is a desperado. Victor Potel is responsible for good comedy relief, and James Bush scores as the girl's brother, falsely accused of murder. *20th Century-Fox.*

YELLOW DUST—While frankly a Western, the direction, dialogue, and well defined action, along with good performances from Richard Dix, Leila Hyams, and Andy Clyde, will please even the more sophisticated audiences. With the Western fans, the picture is bound to go over big. The Dix following will like his portrayal of the

Al Jolson again dons blackface for his rôle in *The Singing Kid,* his best picture in several years

Irving S. Cobb establishes himself as a star of first caliber in *Everybody's Old Man,* a laugh riot

Fred MacMurray and Brian Donlevy in a scene from *Thirteen Hours by Air,* a thrilling aviation drama



Betty Jean Hainey and Jane Withers are inseparable pals in Jane's new picture, *Little Miss Nobody* college chap who comes West to prospect for gold and turns into a hard riding, two-fisted hero. He teams up with Andy Clyde who supplies just the right comedy relief. The love interest between Dix and Leila Hyams is adroitly handled and doth not detract from the central plot, which hinges on Dix's fight to wrest his claim from the heavy, Onslow Stevens. *Radio Pictures.*

LITTLE MISS NOBODY—This newest Jane Withers picture starts as comedy, turns into melodrama, and misses fire only because of a thin story. Theatregoers will probably anticipate most of the plot developments, but even so, they will revel in the youngster's mischievous pranks which keep the orphanage and its matrons, played by Jane Darwell and Sara Haden, in a constant uproar. Jane holds up nobly as the incorrigible inmate of the home, going from comedy to pathos in her own inimitable way, Harry Carey has an important rôle and Betty Jane Hainey, a very capable child actress scores heavily. *Twentieth Century-Fox.*

FARMER IN THE DELL—Based on the Phil Stong novel of the same title, this comedy-drama of life in the Hollywood studios is mildly disappointing—principally because its gags have been used in every other film with a similar locale. Fred Stone, starred as the Iowa farmer who comes to Hollywood to get his daughter in pictures and instead finds himself exploited as a great character star, gives a satisfactory performance but is obviously handicapped by the producer's tendency to make of him a second Will Rogers. Jean Parker, Frank Albertson, Moroni Olsen and Esther Dale have important rôles. *Radio Pictures.*

TWO IN REVOLT—A natural for animal lovers. The affection between a young horse trainer, played most capably by John Arledge, and his dog, and a horse will pull at the heart strings of any audience. Romance is injected smoothly when Arledge falls in love with Louise Latimer, the stable owner's daughter. *Radio Pictures.*

BROADWAY PLAYBOY—A mildly amusing comedy of Main Street coming to Wall Street. Warren William gets all there is out of his rather weak rôle of the man who has made a success in New York, and is engaged to June Travis, a night club singer. He sends for his pal from Big Bend, Gene Lockhart, to be his best man, who comes to the city with his wife, Kathleen Lockhart. Much of the success of the picture is due to these two grand troupers. They suspect the girl's family of being mercenary and array themselves for battle. Suspense is kept high as to whether the small towners are right in their suspicions. Final apologies all around provide genuine comedy and laughs. *Warner Brothers.*

CHARLIE CHAN AT THE CIRCUS—Once again Charlie and his baker's dozen of "honorable off-spring" parade across the screen, this time against the background of a circus. A seemingly inexplicable murder occurs and Charlie goes to work, employing the same philosophies and the same methods which have already endeared him to screen audiences throughout the world. Warner Oland and Keye Luke again head the cast. *Twentieth Century-Fox.*

TILL WE MEET AGAIN—A rather melodramatic love story, laid against the background of World War espionage. Herbert Marshall and Gertrude Michael as enemy spies go through a hair-lifting series of adventures, find their love in conflict with their duty and win through to happiness. *Paramount.*

Here are the Winners!
IN THE FIRST
SEARCH·FOR·TALENT

These seven young women are the lucky winners in the popular Search for Talent conducted by HOLD-BOB bob pins, Universal Pictures, Motion Picture and Screen Play! They have been sent to Hollywood . . . all expenses paid . . . Good luck, young ladies. HOLD-BOBS are happy in the part they played in offering you your big chance!

Reading from top to bottom, the winners are:
Dorothy Kate Brown, Atlanta, Georgia
Norma Jane Slider, New Albany, Ind.
Margaret Hehn, Chicago, Illinois
Helen Dax, Minneapolis, Minn.
Dorothy Dalton
Memphis, Tennessee
Caroline Oliver
Tallahassee, Florida
Frances Nalle
Dallas, Texas

Here's Your opportunity

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ANNOUNCE A
SECOND
SEARCH·FOR·TALENT

A winner selected every month—who will receive a screen test and $50.00 in cash!!

Because of the tremendous popularity and the intense interest with which the recent Search for Talent was received . . . HOLD-BOB bob pins in conjunction with Walter Wanger Productions, Motion Picture and Screen Play Magazines are giving *you* another chance for movie fame!! In this new Search for Talent you may enter as many times as you wish . . . if you're not a lucky winner one month, you have a chance the next month!

All you need do to enter is fill out the entry blank on the back of the HOLD-BOB card, attach your photo, and send it to Search for Talent Headquarters. At least one of the monthly winners, at the conclusion of the entire contest, December 31, 1936, will be sent to Hollywood, all expenses paid, to appear in a Walter Wanger Production at United Artists Studio!!

While you're filling out the entry blank on the back of the HOLD-BOB card—notice the outstanding features of the HOLD-BOB pin: small, round, invisible heads; smooth, round, non-scratching points; flexible, tapered legs, one side crimped; *and* HOLD-BOBS come in colors to match your hair. No wonder HOLD-BOBS are so popular and are Hollywood's favorite bob pins.

Get full details for entering the new Search for Talent on the back of every HOLD-BOB card. You can identify HOLD-BOBS by the Gold and Silver Metal Foil Cards.

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SMALL, INVISIBLE HEADS
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Starting MAY 1st

"HERE'S MY SECRET OF A LOVELY SKIN"

This advertisement is based on an actual experience reported in an unsolicited letter. Subscribed and sworn to before me.

Eunice G. Rittrich
NOTARY PUBLIC

"My face and back were simply covered with pimples, and no medicine seemed to help."

"Then I read how your tablets helped others. I tried them and soon began to see results."

"I felt better; pimples vanished. When friends envy my skin, I advise Yeast Foam Tablets."

IF YOU are one of the thousands of unhappy girls who are looking for the TRUTH about ugly skin blemishes, eruptions, and pimples—who want to be relieved of embarrassment—let the above true experience encourage you. It is typical of countless letters of gratitude from women who have disposed of skin trouble and won back their charm with the help of pleasant-tasting Yeast Foam Tablets.

If you, too, are embarrassed by a skin marred with ugly blemishes—let Yeast Foam Tablets show you the way to regain your beauty. By supplying vital corrective elements, they rid the body of the poisons which cause such trouble—quickly, naturally, without discomfort. Get Yeast Foam Tablets today, and regain the beauty of a lovely, clear skin.

Ask your druggist for Yeast Foam Tablets today—and refuse substitutes. Send for Free Sample.

NORTHWESTERN YEAST CO.,
1750 N. Ashland Ave., Chicago, Ill.
Please send free introductory package of Yeast Foam Tablets. FG-6-36

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Address ______________________
City ______________ State __________

Hollywood Highlights

Peek behind the scenes with Our Star Reporter and learn the latest about your favorite stars at work and at play

by Hedda Hopper

NOW that the headaches resulting from Income Tax Day have in part subsided, we can, maybe, get back to normalcy. A lot of the higher-bracketed stars didn't quite know what they were letting themselves in for when they signed contracts at such fabulous salaries. Bill Powell was misguided enough to think he was an actor, but now learns he's a philanthropist. For, from eight in the morning until any old hour of the night, he slaves and his tax bill will take care of about 250 people. Same is true of Freddie March, and of Claudette Colbert, and all the others who do more than four pictures a year.

No Cow-Girl

Grace Moore has been more than generous to the press in the matter of headlines, telling how badly she's been treated, etc., but it seems to me that Columbia has given the little lady everything but the fillings out of the stockholders' teeth. She calls it "a factory." Understand she's on her way back to make more movies in the "factory." But this time she won't have to croon to a cow.

A New Song Team

Gladys Swarthout returns soon, to be starred with Frank Forest. He has a glorious voice and made his reputation in Europe under the name of "Foresta." His test was delayed the other day until his new evening clothes could be finished.

They Shall Not Pass

At Paramount the other day a fire started on one of the sets. A sprinkler system went haywire and a general alarm was sent in, but when the firemen arrived on the scene, they couldn't get through the gate, because they had no passes.

Hail The Glamour Queen

What with Marlene Dietrich, in mourning for Jack Gilbert, going into all black, even for breakfast, and going to England for a couple of pictures for Alexander Korda, the title of Number-

Lee Tracy has planned a grand vacation! He leaves shortly for a cruise into Mexican waters on his sailing yacht.

Clever of Marion Talley to design this hat for beach wear. It resembles a seashell, but is a woven straw coolie hat.

Hedda Hopper, celebrated actress, veteran Hollywoodite and popular member of the Film Colony's social clique, is now a monthly contributor to MOVIE CLASSIC

One-Glamour-Girl falls to Carole Lombard, a home town product. In her picture, *Love Before Breakfast,* she's a reincarnation of Gaby Delys, in looks and actions. Gaby, bless her, was as popular with the girls as she was with the boys, and the more she took off, the more beautiful she became. She died from the effects of an operation for goitre . . . a simple operation, except when it is done without leaving a scar on the throat. What price beauty! Carole, who started life as Jane Peters, got her first break in pictures, playing the lead opposite Eddie Lowe. She wasn't ready for that. Went to bits and extra work, but is now the bright star at Paramount. That, my buddies, means hard work and the ability to catch brickbats, and a divine sense of humor. From the gateman to the office boy, they love Carole.

Not Forgotten

Nancy Carroll, who had just moved into her redecorated home in Beverly Hills, threw a party. I took Mrs. Chauncey Olcott, wife of the famous tenor of another age, who's just arrived by motor from New York, and John Colton, who wrote *Shanghai Gesture*. Rita Olcott said, "Hedda, darling, I won't know a soul there, and those young people will look at me and think I should be stuffed and put into a museum." Well, we just got our noses inside when Virginia Sinclair, Frank Nelson, Frank Shields and Michael Bartlett pounced on Rita, and she was the life of the party. Michael sang *My Wild Irish Rose,* which was Chauncey's favorite song. It does my heart good to see the older ones come back.

Multiplication Problems

Went to a preview of Irvin Cobb's picture, *Everybody's Old Man,* and that's exactly what he is. You feel you could take all your troubles to him and everything would be all right. He's so happy being in pictures . . . says he loves it so . . . would do it for nothing,

[*Continued on page 77*]

SUMMER is the ideal time to REDUCE!

Reduce . . . *your* WAIST THREE INCHES AND HIPS IN TEN DAYS

with the PERFOLASTIC GIRDLE *or it won't cost you one cent!*

. . . . Read how Miss Jean Healy reduced her hips 9 INCHES!
"Why Jean! What a gorgeous figure, how did you get so thin?"
"I read an 'ad' of the Perfolastic Co. and sent for their FREE folder".
"They actually allowed me to wear the Perfolastic for 10 days on trial . . .
"and in 10 days, by actual measurement, my hips were 3 INCHES SMALLER".
"I really felt better, my back no longer ached, and I had a new feeling of energy"
"The massage-like action did it . . the fat seemed to have melted away".
"In a very short time I had reduced my hips 9 inches and my weight 20 pounds".
"Jean, that's wonderful, I'll send for my girdle today!"

You Can TEST the PERFOLASTIC GIRDLE and BRASSIERE For 10 DAYS at our expense!

WE WANT YOU to try the Perfolastic Girdle and Uplift Brassiere. Test them for yourself for 10 days absolutely FREE. Then, if you have not reduced at least 3 inches around waist and hips, they will cost you nothing!

THE MASSAGE-LIKE ACTION REDUCES QUICKLY, EASILY and SAFELY

■ The massage-like action of these famous Perfolastic Reducing Garments takes the place of months of tiring exercises. It removes surplus fat and stimulates the body once more into energetic health.

KEEPS BODY COOL AND FRESH

■ The ventilating perforations allow the skin pores to breathe normally. The inner surface of the Perfolastic is a delightfully soft, satinized fabric, especially designed to wear next to the body. It does away with all irritation, chafing and discomfort, keeping your body cool and fresh at all times. A special adjustable back allows for perfect fit as inches disappear.

■ The Perfolastic Girdle and Brassiere knead away the fat at only those places where you want to reduce, in order to regain your youthful slimness. Beware of reducing agents that take the weight off the *entire* body . . . for a scrawny neck and face are as unattractive as a too-fat figure.

SEND FOR 10-DAY FREE TRIAL OFFER

■ You can prove to yourself quickly and definitely whether or not this very efficient girdle and brassiere will reduce *you.* You do not need to risk one penny . . . try them for 10 days . . . at our expense!

Don't wait any longer . . . act today!

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Without obligation on my part, please send me FREE booklet describing and illustrating the new Perfolastic Girdle and Brassiere, also sample of perforated rubber and particulars of your 10-DAY FREE TRIAL OFFER!

Name ....
Address ....
City .... *State* ....

■ *Use Coupon or send Name and Address on Post Card.*

Love

as burning as Sahara's Sands

From Ouida's romantic novel of the French Foreign Legion, flashes this glorious spectacle-drama of men's heroism and women's devotion, enacted by one of the greatest casts the screen has ever seen.

UNDER TWO FLAGS

starring
Ronald
COLMAN
(Beau Geste)

featuring
Claudette
COLBERT
(It Happened One Night)

VICTOR
McLAGLEN
(The Informer)

ROSALIND
RUSSELL
(Rendezvous)

with GREGORY RATOFF • NIGEL BRUCE • C. HENRY GORDON • HERBERT MUNDIN

AND A CAST OF 10,000

a DARRYL F. ZANUCK 20th CENTURY PRODUCTION
(Les Miserables . . House of Rothschild)

Presented by Joseph M. Schenck
Directed by Frank Lloyd *(Cavalcade . . Mutiny on the Bounty)*
Associate Producer Raymond Griffith • Based on the novel by Ouida

20th CENTURY FOX

Luise Rainer

As Anna Held, in *The Great Ziegfeld,* Luise Rainer scores one of the outstanding screen triumphs of the year. Her piquant personality and unusual beauty have made her one of the most discussed "discoveries" of all time

Meet the Wife

by

Al Jolson

(*As Told to Harry Lang*)

One of Hollywood's most devoted husbands tells all about the talented Irish girl whom you know as Ruby Keeler

RUBY?—Look here, now, how can I tell you about her? I don't know what to tell; I don't even know where to begin.

Sure, sure, she's my wife. We've been married nearly eight years now. And happy?—say, I'm the luckiest man in the world! Biggest piece of luck that ever happened to me (and I've had all kinds of good luck, too, as well as bad, in my life!) was when Ruby Keeler stood up there and said the "I do" that made her *my wife* . . . !

But tell you about her?—say, what can I tell? Except that she's sweet. And plain and simple. And lots of times just a great big kid. Never can tell what she's going to do next. Wanna know what she did to me this morning? Listen—

Here we were, up home in Encino in that big house, with all of God's sunshine busting down on us and the birds singing and life stirring in the green hills and all that. And we just wake up and Ruby asks me:

"Al, who's a good lawyer?"

"Whaddayou want a lawyer for, honey? You ain't gonna divorce me now, are you?" I ask her, kidding.

"No," she comes back, "but I want a lawyer. I want to make my will."

Well, it floored me. I nearly fell out of bed.

"Will?" I yelled. "What you talking about a will for? You're not dying yet, are you? Anyway, I've got my will all fixed up and I'm seeing to it that your folks are all taken care of in case something happens to me—you know. . . ."

"I know, Al," she said, "but I have been thinking. I realized that maybe I ought to see that they're all right if something happens to *me*, too."

(She's like that, all the time. Always thinking of her folks—her dad, her mother, her relatives. Nothing's too good or too much for them.)

Well, I didn't tell her any lawyer to go to. I just dragged her out in the solarium—and boy, have we got a solarium! Say, our solarium isn't four white walls and leather chairs and stuff and things. Our solarium is God's sunshine and some grass to lie on . . . ! So I told her to just lie down there in the sun and let it soak in. "That's what you need, honey," I told her, "a good sunbath, not a lawyer." And I came on down to the studio here, and I guess she's still out there, soaking in the sun.

Ruby Keeler, since her marriage to Al Jolson, has skyrocketed to screen stardom—but her home, her husband and her adopted child are the trinity around which her life still revolves

Let me tell you something else—we're happy together. Never mind anything else you may ever hear. Why, listen—every once in a while, she does or says something and I realize, with a kind of surprise and catch of the breath and a jump in my heart that after these eight years, she still likes to be with me better'n anything else.

Two days before last New Year's, I was reading one of these Hollywood chatter-sheets, and there was a prediction by one of these fortune-tellers, about what's gonna happen in 1936. Well, it said that "Ruby Keeler and Al Jolson will be divorced in 1936."

I waved the paper at Ruby. "Look," I say to her, "let's fool this guy. There's still two days left in 1935. Let's you an' me go right downtown now and get a divorce *this* year, and then we can show this mugg he don't know what he's talking about."

Now, listen—all kidding aside, and I'm being serious: I'm not going to say here, or to you, or to anybody, ever, that we'll never be divorced. How can I say that? How can anybody ever say that. Why, we're just human, after all, aren't we? Things like that are liable to happen to anyone. BUT—I will tell you one thing, and don't you ever forget it:

IF ever Ruby and I are divorced, I can tell you two things it WON'T be on account of!—it'll never be on account of any other woman, or any other man! Not for me, ever; I never want any other woman! And Ruby—God knows why—she says she loves me and is satisfied with me. Maybe some day she'll get mad if I have to go make a personal appearance in Black Hills in Dakota, or something, and divorce me for that, but it'll never be on account of another woman! And as to how she feels about me—

Look. The other day, she was tired and kind of worn out and I suggested that she go to Arizona and take a rest cure. Well, she didn't like the idea so much, but I talked her into it. She needed it. So the night came for her to go.

"Al," she says to me, "you needn't go all the way down to the depot with me—if you don't want to." Well, I guess she meant it, but I knew better. Listen, if she had to buy a ticket all by herself, God knows where she'd land. And if she had ten pieces of baggage to check, she'd get one of 'em and the other nine'd be left somewhere else. So I went along, and I bought the ticket and got her baggage attended to, and then, while we were waiting for the train time, she looks at me kind of funny and says: "Al, honey, how'd you like to walk up and down the platform with me?"

So we walked, and she grabbed me kind of tight, and she was quiet, and I asked her: "Whatsa matter, honey? Something wrong?"

She stopped right there, and she looked at me kind of mad and she said:

"Listen—didn't you ever get it in your dumb head that maybe I don't wanna leave you?" And honest, she darned near busted out crying right then and

[*Continued on page* 90]

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[*Continued on page* 90]

The Road to

THERE was a dull explosion in the distance, as if a shell had found its mark. Then, two more explosions in quick succession—nearer. In front of the weary men in mud-covered, faded, blue French uniforms, the ground ripped apart. Instinctively, they ducked, shielding themselves from the shower of earth and rock and shrapnel. A moment later, they were tensely peering ahead once more, into the low-lying, agitated battle haze, trying to see the shell-torn area across which they soon would be running. As soon as "Lieutenant Dinet" gave the order.

The scene was a "registered area" just behind the Western Front. The time: late 1916. Day and night, night and day, the "Boches" were raining shells on this narrow strip of land—at ten-second intervals. Replacements for the front-line trenches could not reach the front lines without crossing this particular segment of Hell. They could not cross except between the bursting of shells. And shells, with clock-like precision, fell every ten seconds. *Seconds*, not minutes.

The whole platoon could not cross all at the same time. They had to cross in sections, timing their breaks for the other side so perfectly that there would be explosions just ahead of them, then just behind them. The soldiers showed no terror of this race with Death. Young and old, they were battle-hardened, grim, and too well-disciplined to do anything but carry out orders.

The first section started running. On their heels raced the second. Then the third. Into an inferno of acrid, sulphurous smoke, sharp explosions, volcanic earth. The Lieutenant, straining his eyes, saw the third section vanish; where they had been, there was only a crater-like shell hole. The Boches had mistimed one of their shots, had blown them to bits. But the Lieutenant had no time to think about it. He and the fourth section had to take their own chances. They, too, started running. . . .

A moment later, the explosions stopped. The smoke began to clear. Simultaneously, a sharp voice called out: *"Cut!"* The scene was ended. The Lieutenant and his platoon, including the recently destroyed third section, slogged back through the heavy mud. The Lieutenant pulled off his trench helmet, sank into a canvas chair labeled "Mr. March."

. . . And this was my first glimpse of war in the filming, my first glimpse of the most ambitious, most realistic war picture since *All Quiet on the Western Front*. Its title is *The Road to Glory*. Its stars are Fredric March, Warner Baxter, Lionel Barrymore, June Lang, all of whom have unforgetable rôles. Its director is Howard Hawks, who saw action in France

Glory

With war clouds gathering over the world, Hollywood undertakes the greatest of all battlefield dramas, a timely and bitter indictment of war

by
James Reid

during the World War and knows whereof he is directing. Its producer is Darryl Zanuck, fast-thinking production chief of 20th Century-Fox Studios, who is already famous for timing pictures with news headlines. The newspapers scream of Europe re-arming, of iron-soled shoes marching toward frontiers, toward which guns and tanks and trucks are rolling. The world has almost forgotten the chaos of 1916, just twenty years ago. The world has almost forgotten what it is like to go to war.

The Road to Glory will be a dramatic reminder. Not just another war picture. Not just another hour's entertainment. Not another propaganda preachment. But a dramatic reminder.

It is based, in part, on the French film, *Wooden Crosses,* famed for its photography of life—and death—at the front. All long shots of troops on the march and of troops in action in *The Road to Glory* will be actual excerpts from the French picture, so realistic that in its filming thirty-seven men met accidental death. Director Hawks, a demon for realism, achieved his own effects without casualties of any kind.

Warner Baxter is *Captain Paul La Roche,* nerve-shocked veteran of months of front-line fighting, who fortifies himself continually with vast quantities of [*Continued on page* 62]

Fredric March and June Lang, in the rôles of a French officer and a Red Cross nurse, are the lovers whose devotion brightens the panorama of hatred and death

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[*Continued on page 62*]

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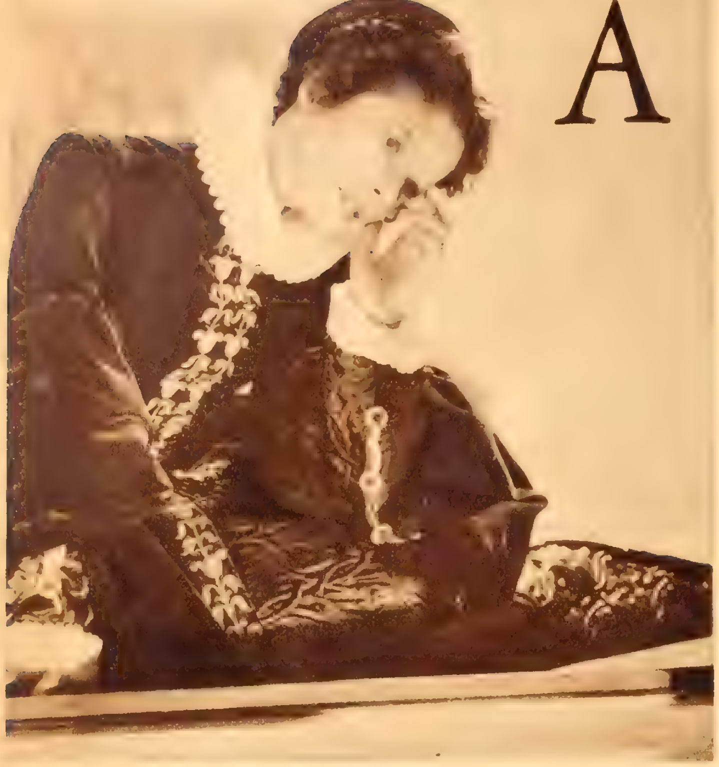
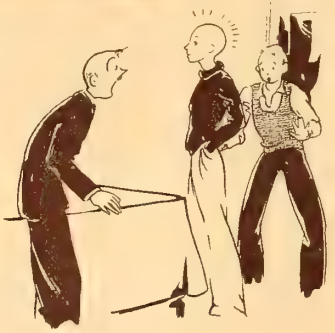
KATY *had* A Complex

The never-before-revealed story of the tremendous sacrifices made by Katharine Hepburn in her climb to fame and stardom

by Virginia Lane



Few great stars have ever surmounted such handicaps as those which faced Katharine Hepburn. Acclaimed today as one of the greatest dramatic stars, she is now starring in *Mary, Queen of Scots,* for Radio Pictures



"KA-KA-KA-KATY! Bee-u-ti-ful Katy!" A large-sized mud pie spun through the air and the teasing voices stopped abruptly.

She had a good aim, had Katy. Her brothers removed the debris carefully and eyed her with fresh respect.

"I'm not beautiful and I don't care. I'm a *funny face,*" she shrilled at them, every freckle blazing with her fury, "and I can do anything you can do!"

"No, you can't," loftily. "You're just a little girl. Go play with your dolls, little girl."

Katy bit her lips. You didn't cry. Not at eight. You were *big* then. You did something about it. Katy marched into the house and shook a quarter out of the small china pig that held her Christmas money. Then she marched out. Down to the main section of Hartford and it seemed as if all Connecticut was quaking under her feet. Into the barber shop she went. Men stared. What was Dr. Hepburn's little red-head doing there?

"I want all my hair cut off," she announced imperiously. She had to say it fast because privately, she thought her hair was the nicest thing about her. Much better than her up-tilted nose or her funny green eyes. It curled in crazy little ringlets all over her head and she loved to have Dad brush his hand through it. "Shaved right to the skin," she said firmly and closed her eyes tight . . .

No one saw her steal back into the house. She went directly up to Tom's room and hauled out his corduroy pants. She adored Tom. In secret, of course. If she could just look like him—

Tom was the first to see the strange apparition. He saw his pants walking into the living room and his sweater—and his birthday tie. "Hey!" he yelped. The family turned as one man. As one man they raised the roof off the Hepburn abode. Standing undaunted in the center of the storm Katy said proudly, "I can do anything now that the boys can do!"

. . . But later that night Mrs. Hepburn turned to her husband with something like fear in her eyes. "I wonder what's going to happen to Kate? She's capable of such tremendous sacrifice to gain a goal—even to cutting off her hair!"

What happened was that Katy decided to be the greatest actress on earth.

It wasn't a boldly flaunted decision, an airy illusion. She said it simply, the way you say "I'm going to be a housekeeper or a good secretary." And she might as well have said, "I'm going to be the world's greatest flag-pole sitter" for all the attention producers paid her.

In a little restaurant around the corner of Fifty-fourth street Katy sat thinking it over. New York had never seemed so aloof—and so desirable—as it did that fall evening. She had climbed fifty million steps that day. Or so her feet said. Most of it, she had to confess, had been done searching for the washroom in tall buildings. She'd been too abashed to ask where it was—and once she'd found it she had been so furious at herself that instead of repairing her make-up the way she intended, she'd scrubbed her face clean with green soap. It still smarted. But not quite so much as the producer's words when he saw her. "*You*—an actress? There must be some mistake!"

Blindly she reached for a roll. Home was only a short distance away and she was so lonely it was like a physical ache. But there was her break with her father—he hadn't wanted her to go on the professional stage. Amateur stuff, that was all right for his Kate. But not Broadway. It had cost her more than she cared to admit, that break with him. They had been so close, especially since Tom's death. And now, with a wall between them. . . . She pushed back the tears impatiently and re-read her letter of introduction to Edwin Knopf. He was in Baltimore running a stock company.

[*Continued on page* 64]

Gary Cooper, Sandra Shaw and "Slim Talbot" fishing near Ensenada, Mexico and (right) a snapshot of Gary taken during his African hunting expedition

Gary Cooper has been accused of "going high-hat" but to his intimates he is still a

"Homespun" Hero

by Pauline Swanson

THEY told me Gary Cooper had gone high-hat. That he had bought himself a fancy home in Beverly Hills . . . and a houseful of too ornate white furniture . . . and a long, lean Dusenberg to ride around in. And that none of his old friends could see him anymore because he put on his white tie and "tails" every night and stepped out with the Four Hundred.

Now, such talk means fight in my country, for, a long, long time ago, I stood and looked into those deep, blue Cooper eyes and swore a silent vow that G-A-R-Y spelled all that was manly and unspoiled in these Hollywood hills.

So they said he was high-hat!

Well, said I to myself, we'll see about that.

And I went down to see Jeff Davis. Jeff is a westerner of the old school, hailing from Gary's home state of Montana, and he runs a little saddle shop hidden away on Cosmos street in Los Angeles. The saddle business isn't rushing anymore, but Jeff manages to find enough to do to keep busy—and besides, he likes to talk. A lot of people come in and sit for hours and exchange stories of the old West with Jeff, and one of them—and secretly Jeff's favorite—is Gary Cooper.

"Seen Gary lately?" I asked Jeff as soon as I settled myself in the visitor's chair in the back room of his shop.

"He was here yesterday," Jeff beamed, perking up at once. "And full of talk about his new picture.

"Forgot all about a dinner date he had and stayed all evening," he gloated reminiscently. "He said he needed something to 'whittle' on the set, so I gave him a lot of leather strips I'd saved up, and showed him how to make Indian moccasins."

Then Jeff showed *me* how to make moccasins, and I forgot to ask him if he thought Gary had gone high-hat.

Next day I saw "Slim" Talbot, the rangy one-time cowhand from Wyoming who has been Gary's stand-in and double since that day four years ago when he wandered onto a Paramount set and the director stood the two of them up together and declared that they were as like—all twelve and a half feet of them—as two peas in a pod.

Slim and Gary not only look alike. They think alike, and one of the things they are surest of is that hunting and fishing are more fun than anything. Just as soon as one of Gary's pictures is "in the bag," the two of them pack up their guns or their fishing tackle and hike off for the hills. Slim has a trailer camp wagon, with two soft bunks and a fully equipped kitchen. He and Gary roll it up to the side of the stream, and set up housekeeping—they're their own cooks and [*Continued on page* 82]

Joan, shortly after her Hollywood arrival, was Harry Langdon's leading lady

An early portrait, taken soon after the signing of her first screen contract

Do you remember the "hot-cha" girl of *Our Dancing Daughters* days?

Evolution of

In which lies pictorial proof that glamour is not always inherent, but can also be acquired—witness these amazing portraits

It is hard to recognize Joan in this early portrait, for she had not yet learned to accent her eyes and mouth

In *Sally, Irene and Mary,* Constance Bennett and Sally O'Neill were her fellow chorines

Joan Crawford

A famous dramatic star, Joan now takes her place as the screen's most glamorous personality

In *Grand Hotel* (right), she bade farewell to the jazz era and set serious drama as her goal

Will Fonda *Remarry* Margaret Sullavan?

The story of one of Hollywood's amazing love tangles

by Murphy McHenry

Margaret Sullavan and Henry Fonda, once married and now divorced, are lovers again in *The Moon's Our Home*. Will they again be lovers in private, off-screen life?

THERE'S little use in trying to "understand" Margaret Sullavan. She isn't the type that can be "understood." Her life history has been a series of unprecedented, unpredictable, unexpected happenings, usually self-engineered. To date her batting average in the league of love has been practically nil and, as the saying goes, "she has two strikes on her."

Hollywood was surprised that Sunday morning, a couple of years ago, when Margaret and Director Willie Wyler, a nephew of Carl Laemmle, Sr., hired a fifteen-passenger airplane, flew to Yuma, Arizona, and were married before the famous Justice of the Peace Freeman—Yuma's marrying judge.

Hollywood was just as surprised to learn that Margaret and Willie had definitely separated—for a second time—and that Margaret, in very business-like fashion, had secured a divorce at Juarez, Mexico. It was all very matter-of-fact. Some called it "cold blooded."

The explanation is that Margaret Sullavan considers her private life her very own and doesn't particualrly care what the rest of the world thinks. Yet, underneath the surface, she is very much the feminine type and has a deep sense of domesticity. Which brings up to the fact that she and Henry Fonda, her first husband, may remarry.

No, they haven't said so. Neither Margaret nor Henry is the kind to make any such announcement. One has to draw one's own conclusions from the evidence at hand. But, as they argue in the courts, the circumstantial evidence is strong enough to warrant the suspicion that they will make a second try of matrimony.

And, under their new and different circumstances, it is entirely likely that their remarriage would be lasting and happy. In all Hollywood, they seem the only ones who are fitted for each other.

But first, let's look back to the first romance. They were both very young. Both were seeking success on the stage. They had no home life. There was a sort of professional rivalry—to see which one would be the first to attain a measure of lasting success. The cards were stacked against them.

Henry Fonda had given up the stage in his home town of Omaha to seek fame and fortune in the East. He went to Falmouth, a Cape Cod resort, joining a dramatic company which provided entertainment for the vacationers. There, wearing his costume for *The Devil in the Cheese,* he met the girl they all called Peggy. On the program she was billed as Margaret Sullavan.

Henry Fonda was—and still is—a very shy individual. One can hardly picture him having an easy time getting acquainted with a girl. He is a great deal like the personality he portrayed in *The Farmer Takes a Wife*. His shyness could easily be mistaken for stubbornness.

Peggy was also shy. Tutored in exclusive private schools, reared within the confining limits of an aristocratic Southern family, she was far from being a "flirt."

Happy days followed. The afternoons they didn't have to give matinee performance, Hank and Peggy romped along the Cape Cod beaches. Some days they would go fishing. They fell madly in love with each other. Then came the end of the

[*Continued on page* 86]

The Fairbankses, *pere et fils,* are in competition with their film plans. Doug Senior will bring "Marco Polo" to the screen; Junior will produce and star in a series of pictures to be made alternately in England and in Hollywood for United Artists

Behind the scenes with *Romeo and Juliet*—the greatest love drama ever filmed

The Immortal

"HAVE you been on the *Romeo and Juliet* set?" "They say Mercutio died today—it was marvelous." . . . "Look—there goes one of the ladies in the ballroom scene." . . . "They've got pigeons drinking out of the fountains, and peacocks strutting around on the balconies." . . . "I sneaked into Juliet's bedroom when no one was looking—you've never seen anything like it, I give you my word." . . . "Did you get a peek at the *Romeo and Juliet* set?—you lucky devil!"

So it goes today on the ordinarily blasé M-G-M lot. Wherever you see two or more people gathered together, eyes blazing, words tumbling from their lips, you can take a ten-to-one shot that they're talking about the glories of *Romeo and Juliet*. Or, more accurately, one is doing the talking—the lucky devil hereinbefore mentioned—while the others open wide their ears to absorb whatever exciting tidbits he may offer.

For *Romeo and Juliet* is one of those productions touched with the magic which makes its every detail exciting. And because you who read are invisible, you are granted a privilege denied to the solid flesh—that of slipping through the iron door, past the Cerberus on guard, and in among the lights and shadows, the cables and cameras, the grips and actors, whose good fortune it is to be here by right and not on sufferance.

Standing at the edge of the set, you peer into a shadowy chamber whose dim gray vaults seem to recede mysteriously to infinite distances—the tomb of the Capulets. In the foreground stands the carved stone bier of Juliet, with four thick ivory candles in their tall, gray wrought-iron holders, like four sentinels at the corners, strangely suggestive of the child's prayer: "Matthew, Mark, Luke and John, guard the bed that I lie on." Gray,

Leslie Howard (upper left) as Romeo had to practice fencing for hours before playing his rôle. John Barrymore (left) as Mercutio, has an outstanding part in the picture

by Ida Zeitlin

Leslie Howard and Norma Shearer in one of the dramatic sequences of Shakespeare's greatest play. The sets for the picture are lavish beyond comparison

Romance

shading to black, is the keynote of the scene, highlighted only by the emerald-green garb of Paris, lying dead in Romeo's arms at the foot of the bier, and by the gaily-colored flowers banked about it—not the conventional stiff flowers of death, but simple, innocent little blooms, with something pathetic in their vigil, as though they wondered what they were doing here, far from the sunlit fields where they belong.

Romeo, who has just killed Paris in the duel he couldn't avoid, is in somber black, his white face so haggard with grief and despair as to recall inevitably Friar Laurence's earlier words:

> "Affliction is enamour'd of thy parts,
> And thou are wedded to calamity."

George Cukor, whose *Little Women* and *David Copperfield* forever bear judgment to his flawless taste, stands beside the cameraman, directing the scene. His voice is quiet, his gestures quiet—only the brilliance of his eyes behind their glasses, the involuntary movements of his body as they follow the actors' movements, betray the intensity of his absorption.

Romeo drags the body of Paris to a stone recess in the wall. "Cut!" calls Mr. Cukor. Paris jumps up and becomes Ralph Forbes. Romeo relaxes and is Leslie Howard.

Juliet has not yet appeared. But the knowledge of her presence in her dressing room, a few feet away, lends an added glamor to the occasion. For if Juliet means to you what she does to most people—the essence of all the color and light and warmth in Shakespeare's greatest romance—then you won't be able to suppress a throb of excitement at the prospect of your first glimpse of her in the person of Norma Shearer.

Here, while they make ready for the next scene, is your chance to look about. Genial Reginald Denny, playing "Benvolio," enters with a towel draped shawl-like round his head, as though he were emerging from a Turkish bath. Actually he is emerging from strenuous fencing practice for his fight with Basil Rathbone as "Tybalt."

A small figure, whose straight fair hair swings in what used to be known as a Dutch cut, has taken over the wardrobe man's job for the nonce, and is vigorously applying a whiskbroom to Mr. Howard's doublet and hose. Now that you think of it, wasn't that same figure perched on the bier a moment ago, eyes glued to her father's face as he mourned over Paris! For if you fail to recognize her as [*Continued on page* 58]

Norma Shearer, absent from the screen for more than a year, gratifies a lifelong ambition by playing Juliet. She studied the rôle for months before production started

My DAD

A famous daughter writes a very revealing article about her famous father

Fred Stone and his daughter, Paula, are still inseparable pals

IN EVERYONE'S life there must be a someone with whom to share your hopes, your ambitions, your dreams—a person to understand your failures and mistakes, and more important than all, someone to counsel you in the event of success.

It is probably natural that my father should have been the one on whom I showered not only child-worship, but an even greater devotion as I've grown up and entered the career scheme of things in Hollywood. The reason is most distinctly no lack of love and affection toward my mother. The fact that I was the wrong answer to my father's prayers is solely responsible.

A great lover of the outdoors, an all-round champion of sports, my father longed for a son to enjoy with him the many pastimes he loved so well. So determined was he that I should be a Junior, that he had chosen my name—it was to be Montgomery after the partner with whom he gained international recognition on the stage.

Despite all the expressed preference for a son, my arrival was not the disappointment my mother feared. Promptly Daddie changed my name to Paula, after his brother Paul, and it wasn't until I had reached the toddling stage that my Mother discovered why Dad had never spoken of that disappointment. One day during her absence from the house he bundled me up and drove to the nearest barber-shop. There my long curls were neatly snipped off, and the remainder of my locks closely shorn in boyish fashion. Dad made no explanation, no apologies, as we returned home to face mother's horrified exclamations. He merely grinned broadly and said with real pleasure. *"Now,* doesn't *he* look swell!"

From the time I was able to toddle, I was his constant companion. While he was working on the stage, I sat in the wings of the theatre and watched him. For a few breath-taking moments before the curtain went up, I would be out there with him, spinning about in his arms.

Professionally, he is a great artist. Personally, he is a greater father. His devotion and constant attention to all of us has always been of primary importance. There were always gifts, surprises, lovely toys, but it was his interest in them, *with us,* that made them prized possessions. He never said, "Now there are your toys—go play with them." He joined us in our fun.

A typical example of his enthusiasm in this respect took place on my sixth birthday. Mother invited a number of children to celebrate. Shortly after all had arrived, she called me aside. "We are having little Sally Jones from New York to our party," she said.

I didn't know any Sally Jones, and told mother I didn't want a stranger at my party. But she insisted Sally was a nice little girl—and come she did. None of us saw her enter. She appeared first at the top of the stairs, eating a large red apple. Done up in a curled blond wig, short frilled dress and a baby bonnet MY DAD finished his apple—curtsey'd and came boompity-pump down the long stairway in one of his funniest falls! We screamed with laughter—and Sally Jones was the belle of the party from that moment on.

It is impossible to think of Dad without Will Rogers. They were closer than brothers and their families shared their friendship. I remember Will Rogers from as early a time as I remember my father. Will, Dad, and my uncle, Rex Beach, were our three musketeers.

One of the earliest thrills of my life was riding on Will's lap, in full Indian regalia, in a Long Island "Wild West" parade when I was two.

In 1916, while Dad was scoring in *Chin-Chin* on Broadway, the Rogers family moved next door to us in Amityville, Long Island. Will, Jr., Jimmie and Mary Rogers were as much our brothers and our sisters as our very own. The "community horse," on which we learned to ride as soon as we learned to walk, was "Dopey," a Shetland pony who was like his name—a gentle, lazy poke. One by one, as we were graduated from "Dopey" we were placed on livelier mounts. There were no limits to Dad's and Will's determination that we would all ride—and ride well. When we were thrown, a daily occurrence for some one of us, we were told "get right back on there."

No effort, no amount of exertion was too much when it came to interesting us in horses. On my seventh birthday, in one of the coldest Januarys in years, the family noses were flattened tightly against the window watching for Dad. At the familiar honk of the horn we ran to greet him. He had driven the eighteen miles from New York with a Shetland pony—in the *back seat* of our large new sedan! A birthday gift for me. My own mount! And that little pony dumped me into more mud puddles and brambles before he became an ex-member of our family.

Dad entertained no notions whatsoever that his daughters should follow in his footsteps. Our childhood ambitions "to someday be a great actress" he noted only casually. He revered his profession as the greatest in the world, but he wanted us to have a home. As a little boy he had joined the circus. He had never known from the time he was nine years old what "home" was, so he wanted us to enjoy all he had missed. It was his wish that we be "just kids"—without worry of careers.

But one day he returned home after several weeks absence on the road, to discover Dorothy giving an imitation of him

Fred Stone

by
Paula Stone

as he appeared in his current show and me imitating Dorothy imitating Dad. Recognizing our determination, he set about our training. It has always been his belief that those who aspire to the profession should be better than good. That they should be highly specialized artists. His own earnest efforts for perfection were proof on this point. The accomplishments, some almost unbelievable, for which he was famous, were no chance ideas leisurely worked out. Months of patient practice for improvement were behind each of his amazing stunts. He has worked as long as eight hours a day for nearly a year on a single routine before he ever thought of *suggesting* that it should become part of a show.

The grounds of our home resembled a tumbler's nightmare. There were see-saws, ladders, wooden horses, and wide spring boards. Will Rogers supplied the monotony-relief. When Will arrived on the scene, Dad would stop his tumblings and the two of them would indulge in roping calves on the front lawn. Passing motorists by the carload were attracted to these impromptu exhibitions, and soon the Sunday afternoon slogan among the town folk became, "Let's go out to Stone's place and see the show."

Dad never tired of the strenuous demands of his work, probably because of the fact that he always had a hobby to absorb his interest during his rare hours of leisure. You could always tell what his current hobby was by the people in his dressing room. When he became interested in boxing, Jim Corbett became one of his close friends. In fact, Daddie went in so strongly for boxing that he became Corbett's sparring partner, and had Jim not talked him out of it just in time, he might have given up the stage and pursued boxing as a career. While making *The Red Mill* Dad's hobby was baseball. He organized his own team and plunged enthusiastically into the "diamond business." Connie Mack, Manager of the Philadelphia Club, and many other prominent figures in that field of sport became his buddies.

The sport which Daddie loved the most, and the one he was allowed to enjoy for the briefest time, was flying. I had gone with him to the field the day of his near-fatal airplane crash. I was so proud watching him from the ground, flying his own plane. Then a horrible eternity—sensing first that something was wrong—suddenly realizing that the machine which bore my Dad was spinning, reeling, roaring down, down—

Despite his own loyalty to the theatre, Fred Stone didn't want Dorothy and Paula, his talented daughters, to go on the stage

I was the first to reach his side. I held his head in my arms as he regained consciousness. I bent to hear his whispered words. "You can fly up—you can fly side-ways, but I'll be gosh-danged—you can't fly down."

Wise cracking!

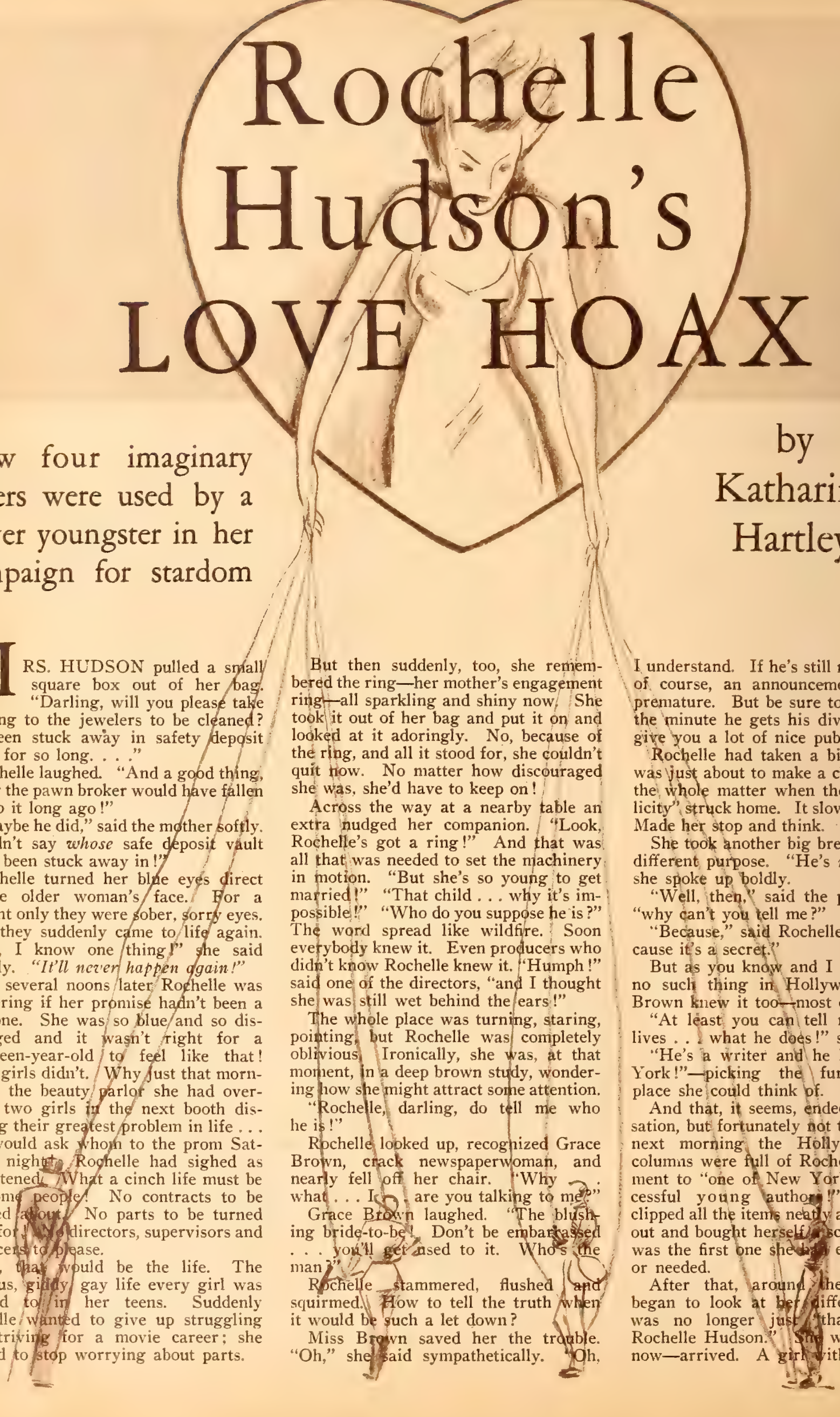
Almost every bone in his body was broken. Physicians despaired of his life and told us he would never walk again. We had to tell him.

"Shucks," he said, when he saw us crying, "Dontchu believe 'em."

He was still wise cracking when Will Rogers was allowed his first visit. "You know, Will," he grinned, "Lindy and I have a great deal in common. He knows aviation from the ground up, and I know it from the sky down."

IT WAS two long years after the accident before Dad could resume his stage work—and then he returned to Broadway in *Ripples,* which also marked my New York debut. *Jayhawker,* his next show, was a great personal success and resulted in his first motion picture [*Continued on page* 81]

Rochelle Hudson's LOVE HOAX



How four imaginary lovers were used by a clever youngster in her campaign for stardom

by
Katharine
Hartley

MRS. HUDSON pulled a small square box out of her bag. "Darling, will you please take my ring to the jewelers to be cleaned? It's been stuck away in safety deposit vaults for so long. . . ."

Rochelle laughed. "And a good thing, too, or the pawn broker would have fallen heir to it long ago!"

"Maybe he did," said the mother softly. "I didn't say *whose* safe deposit vault it had been stuck away in!"

Rochelle turned her blue eyes direct on the older woman's face. For a moment only they were sober, sorry eyes. Then they suddenly came to life again. "Well, I know one thing!" she said cheerily. *"It'll never happen again!"*

But several noons later Rochelle was wondering if her promise hadn't been a rash one. She was so blue and so discouraged and it wasn't right for a seventeen-year-old to feel like that! Other girls didn't. Why just that morning at the beauty parlor she had overheard two girls in the next booth discussing their greatest problem in life . . . who would ask whom to the prom Saturday night. Rochelle had sighed as she listened. What a cinch life must be for some people! No contracts to be worried about! No parts to be turned down for! No directors, supervisors and producers to please.

Yes, that would be the life. The glorious, giddy, gay life every girl was entitled to in her teens. Suddenly Rochelle wanted to give up struggling and striving for a movie career; she wanted to stop worrying about parts.

But then suddenly, too, she remembered the ring—her mother's engagement ring—all sparkling and shiny now. She took it out of her bag and put it on and looked at it adoringly. No, because of the ring, and all it stood for, she couldn't quit now. No matter how discouraged she was, she'd have to keep on!

Across the way at a nearby table an extra nudged her companion. "Look, Rochelle's got a ring!" And that was all that was needed to set the machinery in motion. "But she's so young to get married!" "That child . . . why it's impossible!" "Who do you suppose he is?" The word spread like wildfire. Soon everybody knew it. Even producers who didn't know Rochelle knew it. "Humph!" said one of the directors, "and I thought she was still wet behind the ears!"

The whole place was turning, staring, pointing, but Rochelle was completely oblivious. Ironically, she was, at that moment, in a deep brown study, wondering how she might attract some attention.

"Rochelle, darling, do tell me who he is!"

Rochelle looked up, recognized Grace Brown, crack newspaperwoman, and nearly fell off her chair. "Why . . . what . . . I—I . . . are you talking to me?"

Grace Brown laughed. "The blushing bride-to-be! Don't be embarrassed . . . you'll get used to it. Who's the man?"

Rochelle stammered, flushed and squirmed. How to tell the truth when it would be such a let down?

Miss Brown saved her the trouble. "Oh," she said sympathetically. "Oh, I understand. If he's still married, then, of course, an announcement would be premature. But be sure to let me know the minute he gets his divorce, and I'll give you a lot of nice publicity."

Rochelle had taken a big breath and was just about to make a clean breast of the whole matter when the word "publicity" struck home. It slowed her down. Made her stop and think. Publicity. . . .

She took another big breath, but for a different purpose. "He's *not* married," she spoke up boldly.

"Well, then," said the press woman, "why can't you tell me?"

"Because," said Rochelle lamely, "because it's a secret."

But as you know and I know, there's no such thing in Hollywood! Grace Brown knew it too—most of all.

"At least you can tell me where he lives . . . what he does!" she wheedled.

"He's a writer and he lives in New York!"—picking the furthest away place she could think of.

And that, it seems, ended the conversation, but fortunately not the echo. The next morning the Hollywood gossip columns were full of Rochelle's engagement to "one of New York's most successful young authors!" Rochelle clipped all the items neatly and then went out and bought herself a scrap book. It was the first one she had ever owned—or needed.

After that, around the lot, people began to look at her differently. She was no longer just "that little kid, Rochelle Hudson." She was grown up now—arrived. A girl with a beau. A

very serious beau. Practically a husband.

He was the first of Rochelle Hudson's unknown lovers! And he did more to help her career than a dozen interviews with a dozen of the town's best directors!

But because nobody lets anyone have a secret in this town, Grace Brown and a few others began to do a little figuring. Since Rochelle hadn't been to New York, then her author-fiance must have been out here, and he must have gone back only recently. The list of departures, "From L. A. to New York," were scanned, and one Barry Trivers seemed to fill the bill. When Rochelle was asked, quite casually, if she knew him, she said yes, she did. That clinched it. Barry Trivers was the man. The papers said so.

There was only one person more surprised than Rochelle. And that was Barry Trivers!

She received a wire: "What is this stop Im flattered of course stop but is there a law against being engaged to two girls at the same time stop look it up and let me know stop." The wire was from Barry Trivers of course, Rochelle took one look at it and crumbled completely. What a mess! Here were the papers saying she was engaged to Barry Trivers and he was already engaged to somebody else!

That was what brought about the most untimely demise of Rochelle Hudson's first unknown lover. And the introduction of his successor.

When Rochelle appeared on the Fox lot without her ring, heads turned and tongues wagged aplenty! But somehow or other

[*Continued on page* 60]

Virginia Bruce writes

An Open Letter To A Beau

Another of Hollywood's most popular girls tells her requirements for romance

". . . you simply must be a good dancer . . . and, please, don't be too tall"

DEAR Mr. Question-Mark:

I must call you that, since so far—worse luck!—we've never met.

But at least I can hum the song once in awhile, you know: "Someday you'll come along, ta-da ta-dum . . ." And if you should, don't fear I won't recognize you.

For, you see, I have such definite ideas about what a beau should be like. Some of them, I grant, may sound a bit arbitrary, but a girl is entitled to a few foolish notions about what a beau should be.

First of all, my dear Mr. Question-Mark, you must be amusing. I think a sense of humor is the most essential quality I could name. Do you know how to laugh—and make me laugh—at the funny things in life? I'll look for little crinkles around your eyes, or about your mouth, to prove that you smile often. Or maybe there will be a lurking grin in your eyes. And your eyes will be blue.

Oh, I'll admit that's a silly requirement, right off the reel. There's absolutely no reason why I should like a beau with blue eyes except—I do. Perhaps it dates back to when I was a little girl, and my father said, "Never marry a man with brown eyes." His reason for that escapes me now, but you understand how little girls look up to their fathers, and are tremendously impressed by them? Probably a girl's first ideal is her father.

Then, you must, simply *must* be a good dancer.

I suppose by this time you are sure I am frivolous and all that, but perhaps I'm just feminine. I love to dance. Sorry—I can't help it, but you must dance, and dance well.

That brings up another requirement. Will you please arrange it so that you are not *too* much taller than I am? Oh, I know most girls want tall men, but did you ever dance with one? Pardon me, of course you *didn't*. But a tall man—that is one who is four or five inches taller than the girl—is not suited for a dancing partner because he'll just about break one's back in two!

I'm five feet, six and a half inches, tall. Add two inches for my high heels and that makes me—goodness, that makes me five feet, eight and a half! So I want you to be five feet, ten or eleven if you please.

I might stretch a point if you insist, and let you be six feet tall, but you'll have to be perfect in all my other requirements, silly ones included. I have danced several times with Cesar Romero (you know him: tall, dark and handsome) and although he must be six feet tall, he is such an accomplished dancer that height doesn't matter.

Then I want curly hair. Please, please don't throw up your hands in disgust with me, but that's another childish ideal. To defend myself, you must realize that it's instinctive with women to regard their beaus as possible husbands—and every girl secretly wants babies with curly hair. [*Continued on page* 84]

'DOWN to the SEA' *in Swimming Suits*

Hollywood's younger set establish new styles in beach wear for 1936

Elaine Johnson (above) of "Goldwyn Girl" fame, and (right) Jinx Falkenberg are among the first to inaugurate the swimming season at beautiful Malibu

Suits through the courtesy of Gantner & Mattern

Continuing the real life
the screen's

In *Quest* of Romance

SYNOPSIS: Errol Flynn, expelled from school in Australia, decided to go fortune-hunting in the still savage wilds of Papua—a decision which was aided by the fact that his father, a well-known naturalist, was at the moment "somewhere in the South Seas," collecting rare flora and fauna.

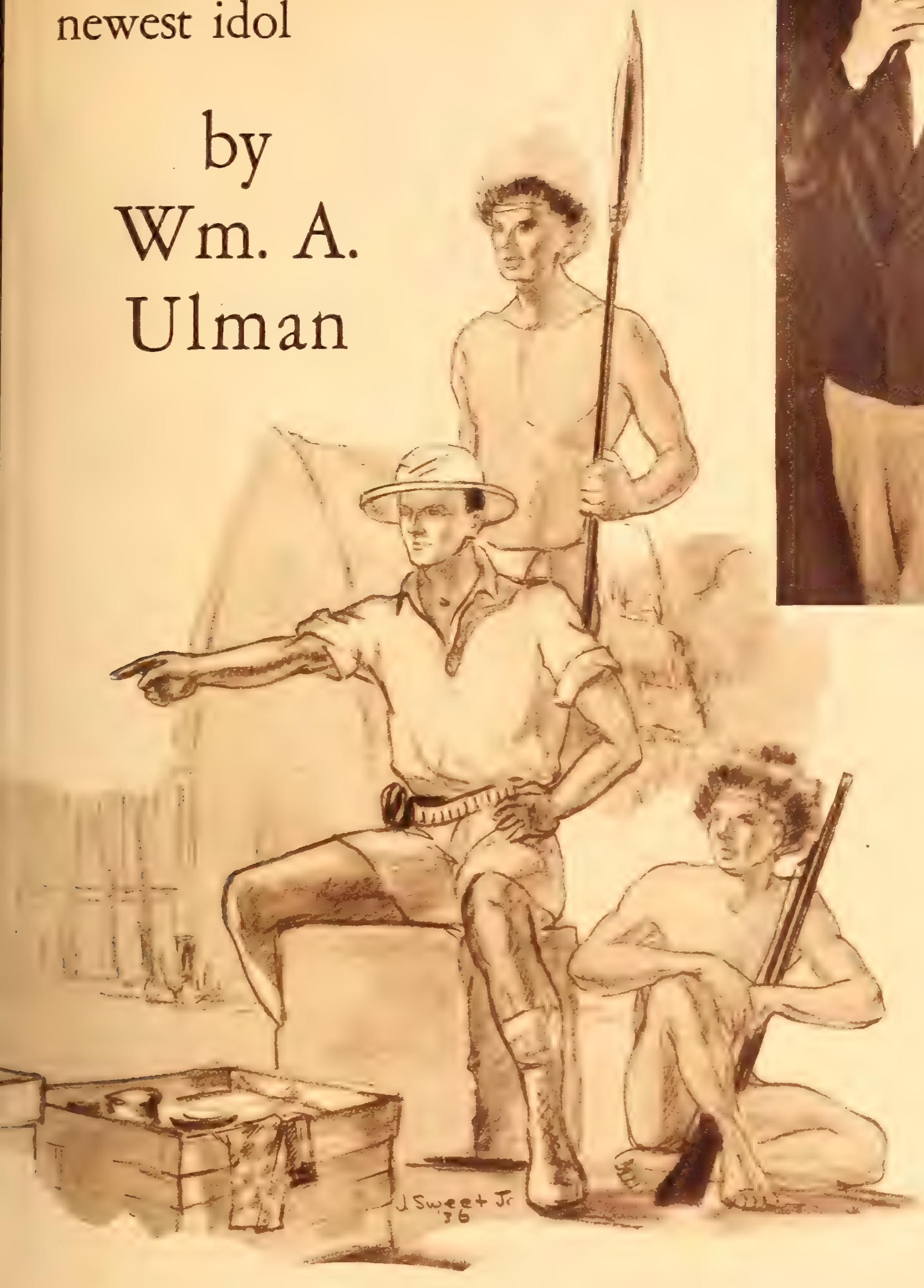
"On his own," Errol found himself marooned in Raboul. He spent his nights on the beach and his days trying to discover some means of earning a living. One afternoon, in a waterfront saloon, he clashed with a stoker, the bully of a tramp freighter, and by winning the resultant fight, found an influential friend in a certain Dr. Biennsen who was prospecting for gold in the wild jungle country of the interior. Through his interest, Errol was appointed a member of the Constabulary, maintained principally to suppress cannibalism among the savage head-hunters of the interior. One day he received orders for an unusually dangerous expedition. . . .

"CONSTABLE FLYNN, you will proceed immediately with your men up into territory one hundred twenty miles from Moriai, or the village or villages in that vicinity. Trouble with unfriendly natives has been reported. The purpose of the expedition is punitive. Proceed at your own discretion."

Errol Flynn was lying prone in his hut, a cool drink at his elbow, clad only in shorts. The mosquito netting was ineffectual and the thermometer had long since burst. His house boy stood stiffly at attention while Flynn quickly re-read the official communication from the District Commissioner. He was interrupted by a violent explosion, looked up in time to see the boy calmly slipping a revolver back into its holster, his eyes gleaming on the slithering, headless body of a deadly snake.

adventures of Errol Flynn newest idol

by Wm. A. Ulman



Errol Flynn, recruited for the screen from a life of romantic adventure, married Lily Damita after a brief but exciting courtship. He skyrocketed to stardom with his first American-made picture, *Captain Blood,* and is now playing the stellar rôle in *Charge of the Light Brigade* which will be one of Warner Brothers' most lavish films this year

Illustration by
Jay Sweet

"Him fellow in rafter. Me savvy shoot 'em."

Just that. A calm, casual statement, but young Flynn was beginning to look upon such happenings with the same nonchalance, himself. Snakes in the rafters? Naturally!

"Call 'em boys! Go Moriai! Savvy?"

The boy savvied. He was a good boy, best gun-boy on the island, but the very mention of Moriai country was enough to make his eyes bug out in terror. His vast mop of wool, a full six inches straight out from the scalp, seemed to quiver.

While his boys were stocking the launch with supplies and ample ammunition down at the river bank, Erroll proceeded to learn everything he could of the situation "deep in." A tribe, fairly large, that had never really been brought under control had recently been making vicious raids on smaller villages—out after heads for souvenirs and human flesh for food.

Frankly, it was nothing to get excited about. Such things happen still in the deadly green depths of Papua. The savages there are really savage, but, strangely, there is nothing consciously vicious about them—no more than a tiger or a baboon is conscious of his deadliness. But, "the Govamin" has found that by patience and firm handling even the worst can be tamed and held down to the simplest of murders—without the following taint of cannibalism. Head-hunting? Of course it's sternly dealt with wherever possible, but the natives naively reply that if it 'becomes necessary' to remove an enemy why not keep his head? It's no use to the deceased and certainly makes an attractive souvenir!

It is no wonder that his eyes were chill as young Mr. Flynn set out for the interior with six native police, themselves sons of the same savages he was in search of, and three months' supply of food and ammunition. The launch, a stout thirty-two footer, seemed suddenly small as he boarded her. If anything happened to the boat—a submerged log, a sharp rock, the rending crash of rapids—well, that would be just too bad. If the gray-green maw of a crocodile didn't drag a man down to drown and rot under a submerged log till ready for mastication, the head-hunters or the deadly insects of the

[*Continued on page* 66]

Continuing the real life the screen's

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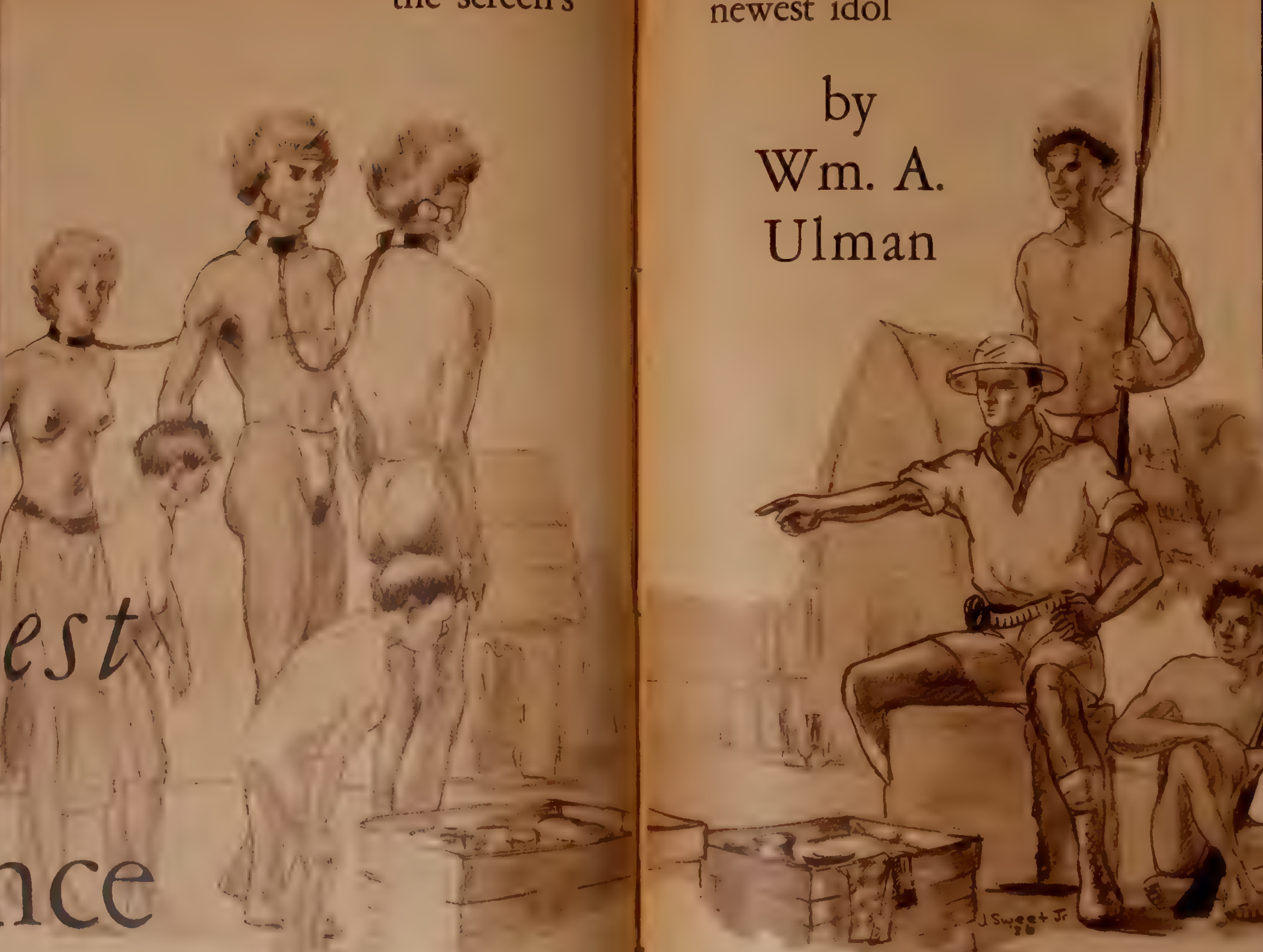
Continuing the real life adventures of Errol Flynn the screen's newest idol

In *Quest* of Romance

by
Wm. A.
Ulman



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[*Continued on page 66*]

Meet Vic McLaglen, screen roughneck and ex-soldier of fortune, who is here betrayed by an intimate associate

Vic McLaglen, wearing the uniform of colonel of his Lighthorse Troop, receives the congratulations of Edmund Lowe, after the Troop's parade on Hollywood Boulevard

THE BIGGEST

Victor McLaglen's charities and expenditures on civic enterprizes amount to a staggering sum each year and he asks no dividends beyond the joy of bringing happiness to others

WHAT is going to be said here doesn't meet the heartiest approval of Victor McLaglen and while he doesn't protest the writing, he fears the possibility that the statements made will embarrass him, perhaps make him appear "sappy."

There is no intention of making a sap of Victor McLaglen, and for obvious reasons. This preeminent soldier of the screen once fought Jack Johnson for the heavyweight championship of the world, and earned a draw. Against a man like that you can't lead with your chin. Besides, he's a grand guy.

But this natural objection of Vic's to having his good deeds spread before the world is understandable in a man of his extreme modesty. You ask him about it and a blush seeps through his make-up and he squirms like a college squirt about to propose.

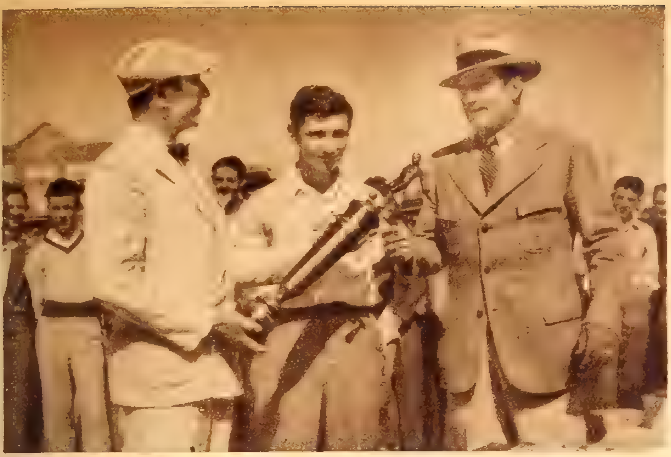
So you don't ask Vic about his great heart. You pass him up on that particular subject and instead canvass his friends, people like the grand old-time fighter, Frank Moran, who can spout Vic's praises for five continuous hours without pausing for breath.

The picture revealed by this source and a dozen others gives one this brief thumbnail sketch of the actor's tremendous one-man charity organization. In the past year he has expended close to $70,000 on non-profit projects for the benefit of others. And we don't mean stage money. His current expenditure for the maintenance and promotion of benefits averages $2,000 a month, not including the one and five-dollar bills he lavishes on out-of-work actors and extras.

During the past year he has engineered the marriage of five couples and given them a liberal financial start; he outfitted a Boy Scout troop of 120 youngsters, complete from uniforms to whistles and bugles; he supported, and still does, a forty-piece band, a cavalry unit of 600 men and women, a motorcycle corps of forty-two men, twenty-five aviators—and last Christmas he presented $9,000 worth of unsolicited food baskets to the Assistance League. Twelve thousand of Los Angeles' poor owe their unexpected turkey dinners to this man's epic generosity.

No actor who ever came to Hollywood has even remotely approached his wholesale charity and civic-minded achievement. When it is considered that a typical star will give $250 a year to the Motion Picture Relief Fund and glow with pride and that last year Vic distributed $70,000, one gets an idea of how big is this heart that hides within the gruff, mountainous frame of the man.

This rich saga of giving without thought of personal return began without ostentation a year ago when Vic came to the rescue of the "California Lighthorse," a score of riding clubmen who were being evicted from their headquarters for failure to



by JOHN RENTNER

Bela Lugosi presents a trophy to the champion junior soccer team supported by Victor McLaglen. The team won the championship of the Los Angeles junior soccer league last year

HEART *in Town*

pay back rent. Vic heard of this, paid the $120 necessary to save the organization and two weeks later it was renamed the "VictorMcLaglen Lighthorse Troop."

From this beginning grew what is now considered to be the largest one-man military organization in American history. The story of this growth is tied-up with Victor McLaglen's big heart and his unprecedented charities.

As soon as the McLaglen Lighthorse came into being, Vic moved it to a site he had leased. He paid for and built five headquarters offices and clubrooms, then, when his membership jumped suddenly to 300 men, he leased five adjoining acres. This latest addition was the worst eyesore in the city of Los Angeles. River bottom land, covered with giant boulders and a rank growth, it was as uninviting a tract as is to be found anywhere.

But Vic wasn't to be discouraged. Allotting $8,000 to the project, he filled the bottom with rich loam, had five tractors level it off and then planted it to flowers and shrubs. This rehabilitated eyesore became the drill ground for the Troop, which by then was costing him at least $800 a month to maintain.

With the completion of this improvement, Boris Karloff suggested that the drill ground be enlarged so as to provide a playing field for soccer and Vic consented readily enough. But again he surpassed all expectations. He not only enlarged the field, but spent $30,000 of his own money erecting a stadium about the field.

By now the actor had an institution a bit too large for his 300 followers, so he set out to fill it. First he staged a parade of his Troop on Hollywood Boulevard and as a result of this spectacular stunt, added 500 additional members within a period of five months.

This Troop is unique and it is a wonder so few have really discovered it. It boasts a Boy Scout patrol of 120 youngsters; a mounted corps of 200 girls trained in Red Cross practices; a brass band of forty-two members (and guess who paid for those instruments); a bugle and drum corps of sixty girls; a company of forty-two motorcyclists; twenty-five fliers and forty aviation students; six modern airplanes; a student flying field at which youngsters are taught piloting for two dollars a month—and in the courses of formation at this time is an amateur radio signal division with fifteen members. For this last group Vic has erected a clubhouse and laboratory, and donated $700 in equipment.

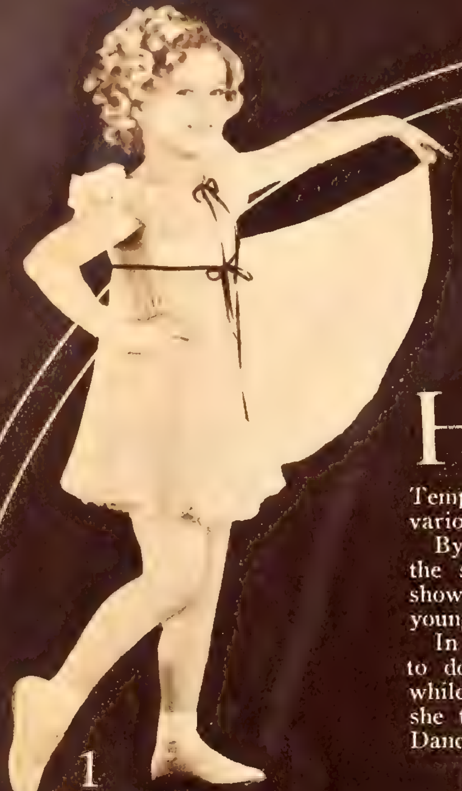
At this point the cynic wonders what hidden purposes underlie this tremendous undertaking. Certainly there is no profit in an organization which nets only $423 in dues from the grown-ups. The electric light bill alone comes to an average of $350 a month. The salaries of watchmen,

[*Continued on page* 69]

The huge Flintridge estate of Victor McLaglen is one of the show places of Southern California. Rare birds, blooded horses and dogs and exotic plants are hobbies of its owner

Dance with Shirley

Hollywood's favorite danseuse illustrates another of her famous dances---and challenges imitation



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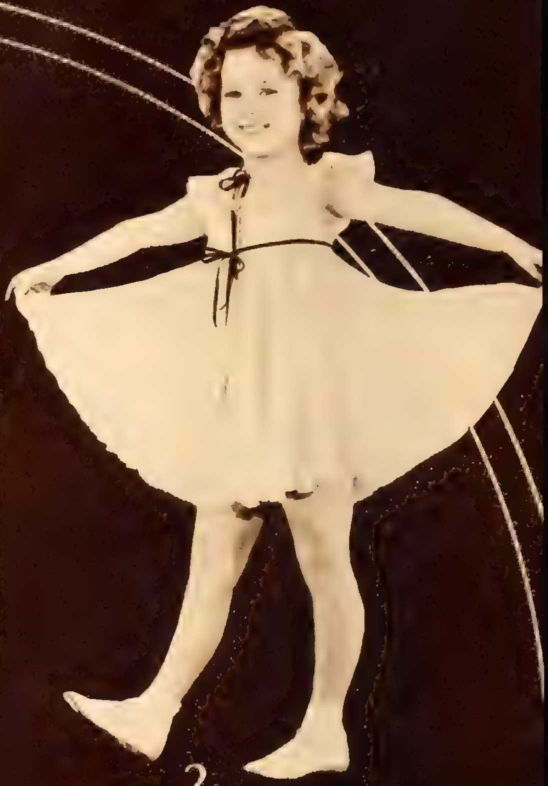

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HERE is the second in a series of specially-posed dance lessons in MOVIE CLASSIC, wherein Shirley Temple herself shows how she does the various dances she knows.

By following Shirley's instructions and the series of photographs wherein she shows how each step should be done, any youngster can learn to do Shirley's dances.

In her first lesson, Shirley showed how to do the hula-hula which she learned while vacationing in Hawaii. This month, she tells you how to do the "Airplane Dance." Here it is:

My AIRPLANE DANCE

by

Shirley Temple

One of the easiest and prettiest dances Jack Donohue taught me is the one we call the "Airplane Dance." We call it that because so many of the steps in it are slide steps and glide steps, and there is even one step where you can make believe you're an airplane doing a Figure-8 in the sky . . . !

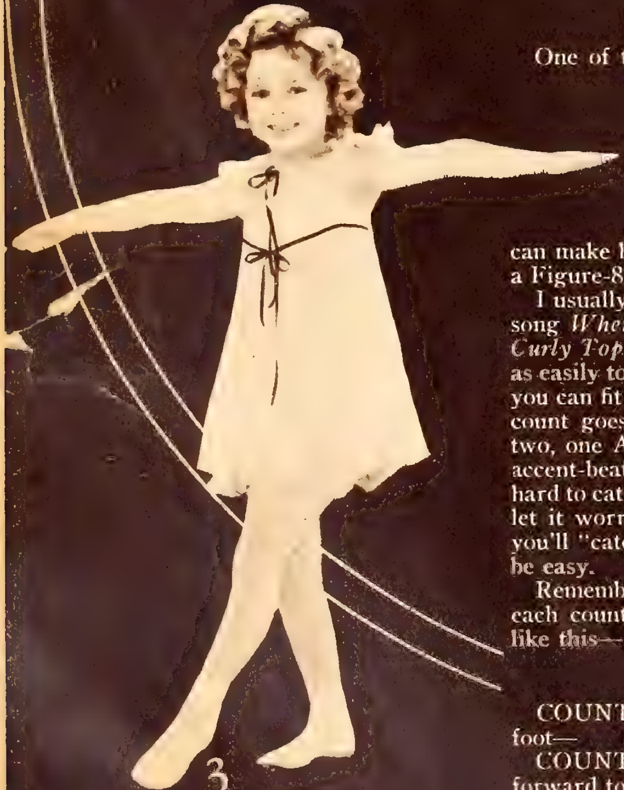
I usually do this dance to the tune of the song *When I Grow Up*, which I sang in *Curly Top*. However, it can be done just as easily to almost any other tune to which you can fit a "one-AND-two" count. This count goes: "One AND two, one AND two, one AND two," and so on, with the accent-beat on each "AND." If it seems hard to catch at first, try it again, and don't let it worry you, because all of a sudden you'll "catch on" and from then on it will be easy.

Remember that on the "AND" beat of each count, you slide or glide your foot, like this—

FIRST STEP

COUNT "ONE"—Step out on your left foot—

COUNT "AND"—Slide your right foot forward to meet [*Continued on page 69*]



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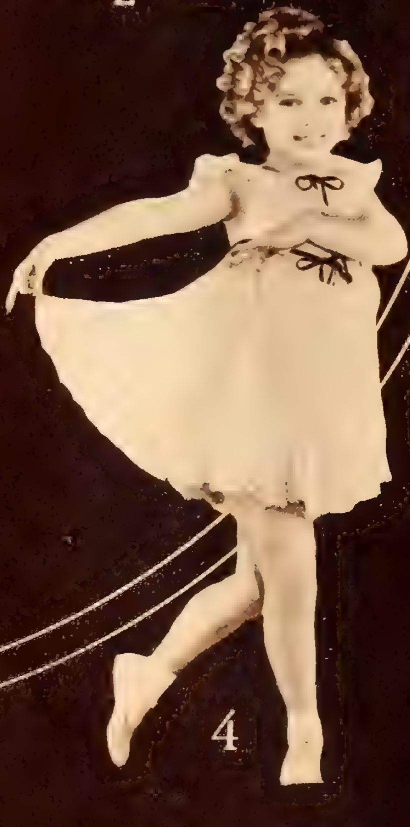

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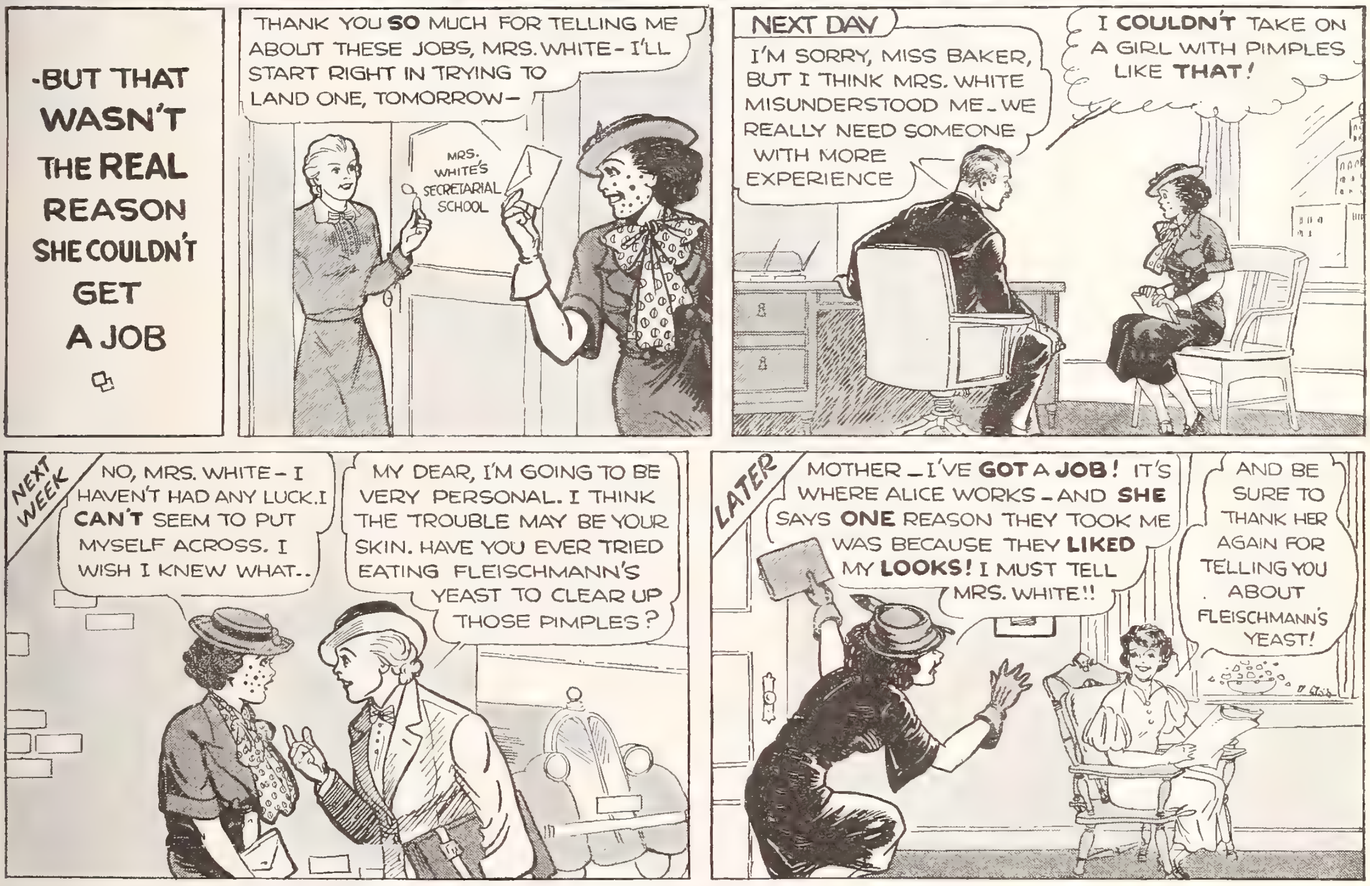
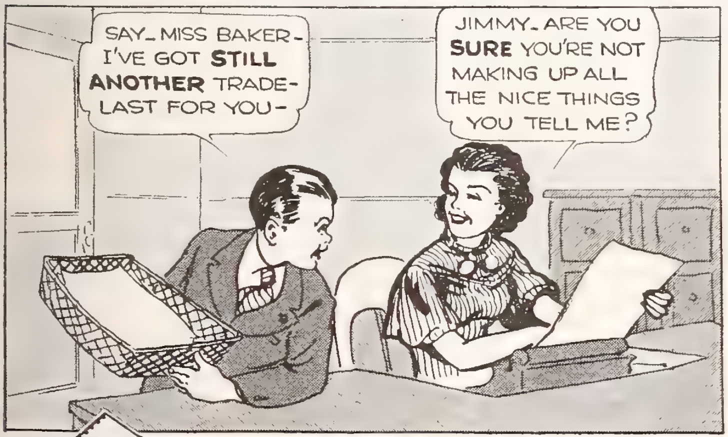
THEY ALWAYS SAY THEY WANT SOMEONE WITH MORE EXPERIENCE...


-BUT THAT WASN'T THE REAL REASON SHE COULDN'T GET A JOB
THANK YOU SO MUCH FOR TELLING ME ABOUT THESE JOBS, MRS. WHITE - I'LL START RIGHT IN TRYING TO LAND ONE, TOMORROW-
MRS. WHITE'S SECRETARIAL SCHOOL
NEXT DAY
I'M SORRY, MISS BAKER, BUT I THINK MRS. WHITE MISUNDERSTOOD ME - WE REALLY NEED SOMEONE WITH MORE EXPERIENCE
I COULDN'T TAKE ON A GIRL WITH PIMPLES LIKE THAT!
NEXT WEEK
NO, MRS. WHITE - I HAVEN'T HAD ANY LUCK. I CAN'T SEEM TO PUT MYSELF ACROSS. I WISH I KNEW WHAT..
MY DEAR, I'M GOING TO BE VERY PERSONAL. I THINK THE TROUBLE MAY BE YOUR SKIN. HAVE YOU EVER TRIED EATING FLEISCHMANN'S YEAST TO CLEAR UP THOSE PIMPLES?
LATER
MOTHER - I'VE GOT A JOB! IT'S WHERE ALICE WORKS - AND SHE SAYS ONE REASON THEY TOOK ME WAS BECAUSE THEY LIKED MY LOOKS! I MUST TELL MRS. WHITE!!
AND BE SURE TO THANK HER AGAIN FOR TELLING YOU ABOUT FLEISCHMANN'S YEAST!


SAY - MISS BAKER - I'VE GOT STILL ANOTHER TRADE-LAST FOR YOU-
JIMMY - ARE YOU SURE YOU'RE NOT MAKING UP ALL THE NICE THINGS YOU TELL ME?

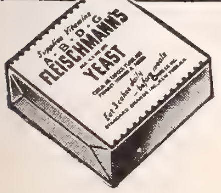
Don't let Adolescent Pimples be a handicap to YOU

AFTER the beginning of adolescence—from about 13 to 25, or even longer—many young people are troubled by pimples.

During these years, important glands develop and final growth takes place. This causes disturbances throughout the body. The skin gets oversensitive. Waste poisons in the blood irritate this sensitive skin and pimples break out.

Fleischmann's fresh Yeast is often prescribed to help get rid of adolescent pimples. It clears these skin irritants out of the blood. Then —pimples go!

Eat 3 cakes daily—one about ½ hour before each meal. Eat it *regularly*—plain, or in a little water—until your skin clears. Start today!


FLEISCHMANN'S YEAST

—clears the skin

by clearing skin irritants out of the blood

Copyright, 1936, Standard Brands Incorporated

Is Your HAIR AS BEAUTIFUL AS ROSINA LAWRENCE'S?

ROSINA LAWRENCE
20TH CENTURY FOX STAR

Choose one of Duart's Hollywood Hairstyles and your hair can be as lovely and alluring as that of any star

It's the truth! A screen star's coiffure is her ONE personal feature that you can copy exactly. First, send for the FREE book of Duart's screen star coiffures. Then, take it to your hairdresser and do just as the lovely stars themselves do—demand a genuine Duart Permanent Wave. Duart is the only wave endorsed by the MOTION PICTURE HAIRSTYLISTS GUILD. The distinguished members of the Guild are responsible for the beauty care of each and every star in all Hollywood Studios. Their highly prized beauty advice has brought glamour and allure to many a star. No matter what type or color hair you have, a Duart Permanent Wave will bring you new and radiant loveliness.

Remember to ask for *your* SEALED package of Duart waving pads for your next permanent.

DEMAND THIS SEALED PACKAGE FOR A GENUINE DUART WAVE

Brighten Your Hair with Duart Rinse

Choose from 12 beautiful shades. No dye—no bleach. Rinses the hair "squeaky clean" and adds a touch of sunlight. Send 10 cents for a full 2-rinse package and the FREE book of Duart's Screen Star Coiffures. See coupon.

DUART
PERMANENT WAVES

☐ Dark Brown
☐ Chestnut Brown
☐ Titian Reddish Brown
☐ Henna
☐ Golden Brown
☐ Titian Reddish Blonde
☐ Black
☐ White or Gray (Platinum)
☐ Ash Blonde
☐ Medium Brown
☐ Golden Blonde
☐ Light Golden Blonde

SEND 10c FOR HAIR RINSE AND FREE BOOKLET

DUART, 984 Folsom Street, San Francisco, Calif. Enclosed find 10c; send me shade of rinse marked and copy of your booklet, "Hollywood Coiffures for 1936."

Name ....
Address ....
City .... *State* ....
6

DUART WAVES ARE THE CHOICE OF THE HOLLYWOOD STARS

NEW TYPE CREME OVERNIGHT

by DORIS DUMONT

HELP! I'm becoming hysterical. Phones ring, photographers dash in and out, mail pours in by the bagful, four secretaries work at racing speed to keep up. Who would have thought the introduction of this new type creme made from milk would have caused such a tidal wave of interest. Excuse me if I sound breathless and confused. The magazine has just wired, "Where is your article—you are late," so I'm writing this and eating a three o'clock sandwich at the same time (no lunch today), for this copy must make the next air mail.

BEAUTY editors of famous magazines and newspapers all over the country are writing, wiring and telephoning for information to give their readers on this, the first beauty creme ever made from milk. At the same time, stars, social celebrities, and hundreds of others just like yourself, dear reader, are writing in to say that never in all their lives have they used any creme, lotion or soap, that produced such marvelous results—and so quickly. I'm not good at astrology or fortune telling but I predict right here and now that Creme of Milk—that's the name of this new type creme, will revolutionize the whole face creme industry. As you perhaps know there are thousands of brands of face creme, but never before in all the world has anyone succeeded in making a face creme from pure, fresh, dairy milk. Let me pause here and give you briefly the reasons why Creme of Milk is such an overnight sensation.

ABOVE: *Gilda Grey, soon to be seen in "The Great Ziegfeld," says, "Every beauty-wise woman knows that nothing can replace milk on the skin."*

BELOW: *Kathleen Burke, famed "Panther Woman" of the screen, removing her makeup with Creme of Milk.*

MILK has been famous as the Number 1 skin beautifier for thousands (yes, thousands!) of years. Scientists have now found out why. Milk contains certain delicate oils that are very closely related to the natural oils of the human skin. You see both the milk oils and the skin's own oil are produced by the same natural process—glandular secretion.

THESE milk oils can penetrate the outer skin tissue and the pores more quickly and

BEAUTY IS SENSATION!

BELOW: *Maxine Jennings, star of "The Witness Chair," RKO Radio picture, marvels at the quick, easy cleansing effected by Creme of Milk.*

ABOVE: *Edith Hubner, Guild member and head of the Hairstyling Department at Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer, says: "Even blase Hollywood has never seen any creme to equal Creme of Milk."*

more deeply than any face creme ever known before. Besides, the milk oils have a revitalizing effect on the skin and bothersome blackheads, clogged pores, dryness, roughness, oiliness and other skin surface troubles are quickly banished.

THE skin specialist explains it this way. Ordinary cremes, lotions or soaps *remove* the natural oil from the skin at the same time the dirt and makeup are removed. Thus, almost every woman today is bringing on skin trouble by actually *starving* her skin for natural oil. Prove this to yourself, the specialist says, by comparing the skin on your face with the skin on other parts of your own body.

REPLACE the lost natural oil and you will quickly win back the natural beauty of your complexion. It's as simple and easy as that. But then, aren't all the best things really simple?

STORES everywhere are being supplied with Creme of Milk as fast as possible but production is far behind. Best thing to do is write direct to me (I'll hire four more secretaries if I have to) and you'll get your first jar of Creme of Milk by return mail—postage paid. Send fifty cents for regular size jar or $1 for large economy size. Address your letter to Doris Dumont, Hollywood, Calif. P.S.—Creme of Milk will stay sweet and fresh practically forever.

BELOW: *Mrs. Peverell Marley, Hollywood socialite and lovely wife of camera expert Marley, snapped at headquarters of the Motion Picture Hairstylists Guild.*

ABOVE: *Joan Marsh, fascinating young RKO star, snapped while opening her first jar of Creme of Milk.*

AMAZING NEW BEAUTY CREME made from Milk

DUART'S
FACIAL CREAM
MILK

MAE CLARKE

starring in "A House Of A Thousand Candles," a Republic Production, says: "Milk has been the finest of all skin beautifiers since the beginning of civilization—and now that science has discovered how to make a beauty creme from milk—every woman can easily enjoy its marvelous effects on the skin."

Milk replaces lost natural oils of the skin—then dryness, blackheads, coarse pores and other blemishes are banished.

No ordinary creme, lotion or soap has ever been able to duplicate the amazing effects of milk on the skin. And now all the beauty benefits of pure fresh dairy milk have been made into a delightful and entirely new type of face creme—Duart's Creme of Milk. This is the quickest, simplest, easiest and most effective beauty treatment ever. Just a minute morning and night. You can almost feel your skin drinking it in. Creme of Milk positively will not grow hair and it will stay sweet and fresh no matter how long the jar sits on your dressing table. Mail our coupon now. You will be delighted and surprised at the thrilling effects Creme of Milk will have on your skin from the very first day.

All Hollywood Praises Creme of Milk

Hollywood's "Supreme Court" of beauty is officially known as the Motion Picture Hairstylists Guild. They are responsible for the beauty care of EVERY STAR in every studio in Hollywood. All 85 of their official members ENDORSE CREME OF MILK, the *only* face creme they have *ever* endorsed.

LENORE SABINE, President of the Motion Picture Hairstylists Guild and Head Hairstylist of Paramount Studios says: "Creme of Milk is truly a NEW TYPE of creme. There is nothing else like it —every star I know is using it to protect the beauty of her skin."

NINA ROBERTS, Vice President of the Motion Picture Hairstylists Guild and Head Hairstylist at United Artists Studio says: "Creme of Milk is the greatest cosmetic discovery of our time. Use it just once and you'll never go back to ordinary cremes."

DUART'S
creme of milk
ALL-PURPOSE FACIAL CREME

In 50c and $1 sizes at your favorite Cosmetic Counter

TRY CREME OF MILK *for only* 10c

Mail Coupon Today to DUART, 984 Folsom St. San Francisco, Calif.

I enclose 10c for which please send me ONE regular 20 cent size jar of Creme of Milk.

Name ....

Address ....

City .... *State* 6

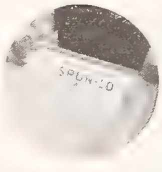
I'VE FOUND A NEW WAY TO BUY RAYON UNDER-THINGS!

"*I ask for garments made of Spun-lo*"

It's Stabilized to Resist Runs . . . Shrinking and Fading

PUT an end to guesswork in buying undergarments! A new, finer rayon fabric has been developed. It is called Spun-lo. And it is stabilized! Made of finest rayon yarns, scientifically controlled to assure absolute evenness of texture and uniform tensile strength. No weak spots to break into runs. And a special process gives it a permanently dull lustre. Get Spun-lo stabilized rayon in all your undergarments. It costs no more. As always, the price depends on styling and workmanship. You'll be amazed to find how long it wears . . . how beautifully it fits after washing. Also available in men's undergarments.

Industrial Rayon Corp.
Cleveland, Ohio



LOOK FOR THIS LABEL WHEN YOU BUY UNDERGARMENTS . . *In addition to the brand name of the maker, look for this label which identifies the Spun-lo fabric in underthings.*

Spun-lo
Guaranteed as advertised in Good Housekeeping Magazine
The Stabilized Rayon Fabric

Gospels of *for* June Brides

A famous beauty technician analyzes the secrets of correct make-up and beauty care

by Frances Kellum

Claire Trevor, one of Hollywood's most beautiful girls, demonstrates the use of a powder brush, one of the most important beauty accessories

SHE was a slim, eager little blonde and she was going to be married. Sitting there in the special make-up Test Room for blondes she turned and looked at Max Factor hopefully. "Could you make me beautiful—for just this one time?"

But the man who has a positive genius for turning ugly ducklings into the proverbial swans, did a surprising thing. He shook his head. "No, not for just this one time. I'd rather teach you how to be beautiful forever after!"

Forever after . . . All love stories are supposed to end that way, I remembered. And come to think of it, it *isn't* so sporting for us girls to turn on a full-powered charm just for the wedding ceremony. Not if we want to get the right ending!

"Marriage," Max Factor told me after the bride-to-be had gone happily on her way, "should be only the beginning of a woman's real beauty, not the climax. Of course the majority of girls promise themselves they'll always keep at their best . . . but once they get caught up in household routine, they forget. What they need is to know the five gospels of beauty—and follow them!

"If one keeps those beauty gospels there is no need to spend hours at any one time 'fixing up.' The very first gospel takes care of that. It's—*Don't be careless!*

"You know the old saying, 'Don't be careless about little things—and the big ones will take care of themselves.' There are times, for instance, when a neat hairline is more effective than the most expensive Parisian gown . . . And in the matter of well-groomed hands; if the nails are filed and shaped every morning the weekly manicure can be done in short order. It's the same with your face. Give it the daily care it requires and you won't be going to skin doctors for expensive treatments to regain your good looks. You won't be spending hours having elaborate facials. And as for make-up . . . Take the matter of rouging alone, for example. One mistake in selecting the right shade or in applying it and a girl throws away a large part of her attractiveness. Be sure it's correct. Don't be careless . . ."

A typically modern bride, Max Factor pointed out, prepares her skin for make-up on her wedding day just as she does every other day of her life. Just as Claire Trevor does (and there's rumor *she* is going to be a bride before long!)

Claire begins by using a cream that cleanses deeply and melts as it is applied so it doesn't have to be rubbed in. And she uses it thoroughly. By that I mean she applies it all over her face, not only to the cheeks and chin, and to her neck—(why do girls ever forget the importance of a lovely, smooth throat?) After she has removed it with tissues, she pats on a cool freshener to close the pores and tone up the skin.

Then comes the foundation cream—boon to the bride and every girl's best bet in acquiring a perfect complexion . . . (In a recent beauty survey, the ten

Beauty

young brides chosen as the loveliest all admitted they depended on a good foundation cream to give their make-up that smooth look) . . . You see, it seems to blend in the rouge and the powder so there are no tell-tale lines. And it keeps you fresh looking for hours.

Claire merely touches her cheekbones with the rouge, then blends it in with her fingertips. Afterwards she powders lightly over the skin but instead of rubbing the powder into the pores, she dusts it on, lets it remain for an instant, and removes the surplus with a powder brush.

That's the secret of the satiny look men admire so much.

And there's the little matter of the eyes. Of all the features, says Max Factor, they're the first to show carelessness. After all, it takes only a light touch of eyelash make-up to transform even scanty lashes into a healthy fringe. It takes careful application to deepen the color of the iris with a faint shadow on the lids.

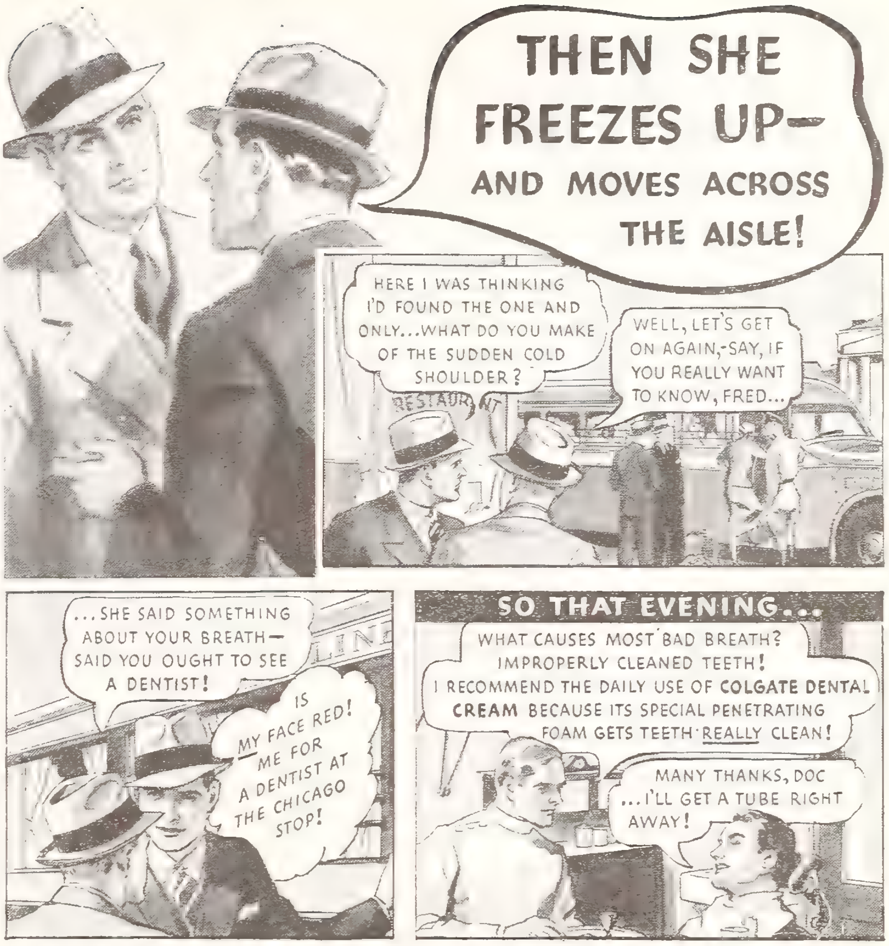
Now what about your hands and arms —especially the elbows? If you're in the habit of rubbing skin and tissue cream into them every night you don't have to worry. They'll be soft enough. But if you want an added touch of glamour at the last moment, rub a make-up blender on them. Smooth it right into the skin . . . and the hand you hold out to the groom will be the kind he'll want to keep forever!

GOSPEL Number Two insures a tender remembrance . . . *Don't forget to keep the shadowy fragrance of perfume about you.*

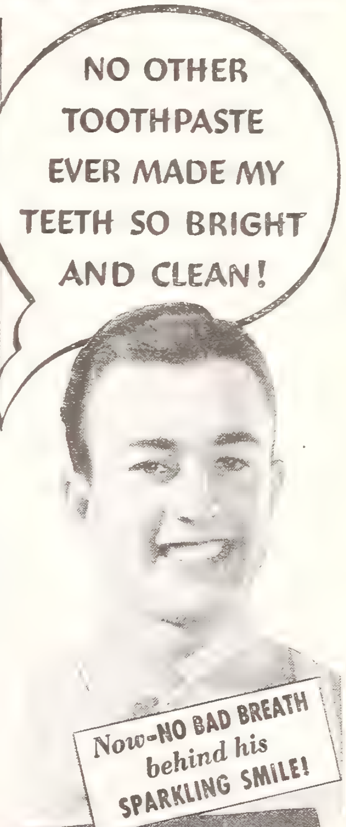
Psychologists say there's nothing to bring back a mental image more quickly than some pleasing fragrance we associate with it. It's a clever wife whose husband thinks of her every time he catches the sweet scent of spring violets or honeysuckle or some other lovely perfume! But remember we said "shadowy" fragrance . . . The moment a perfume is too obvious the effect is spoiled.

The *third gospel* is the one most often forgotten. Just because you're young and vital *don't forget that because you are a housekeeper your skin needs extra pampering.* Standing over hot water and bearing the brunt of oven heat can dry it up rapidly if you don't take precautions. Here's where your foundation cream again comes in handy. Put it on as a safety measure the first thing in the morning. It protects the pores, retains the natural oils of the skin. And in the evening, before it's time to get dinner, treat yourself to a two-minute facial. Cleansing cream to take away the accumulation of dust particles. Freshener, or astringent if your skin is the oily type, to give you that wide-awake feeling. And another application of your foundation

[*Continued on page 72*]


THEN SHE FREEZES UP— AND MOVES ACROSS THE AISLE!
HERE I WAS THINKING I'D FOUND THE ONE AND ONLY...WHAT DO YOU MAKE OF THE SUDDEN COLD SHOULDER?
WELL, LET'S GET ON AGAIN,-SAY, IF YOU REALLY WANT TO KNOW, FRED...
RESTAURANT
...SHE SAID SOMETHING ABOUT YOUR BREATH— SAID YOU OUGHT TO SEE A DENTIST!
IS MY FACE RED! ME FOR A DENTIST AT THE CHICAGO STOP!
SO THAT EVENING...
WHAT CAUSES MOST BAD BREATH? IMPROPERLY CLEANED TEETH! I RECOMMEND THE DAILY USE OF COLGATE DENTAL CREAM BECAUSE ITS SPECIAL PENETRATING FOAM GETS TEETH REALLY CLEAN!
MANY THANKS, DOC ...I'LL GET A TUBE RIGHT AWAY!

1,000 MILES LATER
YOU HAVE MY ADDRESS...I'LL EXPECT YOU ABOUT EIGHT TONIGHT!
YOU BET! WITH BELLS ON!
THAT DENTIST IN CHICAGO CERTAINLY KNEW HIS STUFF WHEN HE RECOMMENDED COLGATE'S!


NO OTHER TOOTHPASTE EVER MADE MY TEETH SO BRIGHT AND CLEAN!
Now—NO BAD BREATH behind his SPARKLING SMILE!

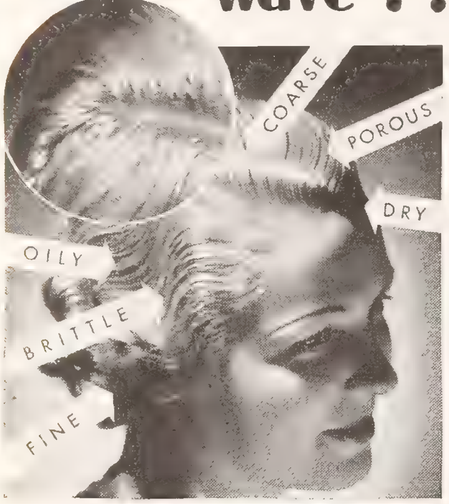
Most Bad Breath Begins with the Teeth!

REMEMBER this important fact—and take the *sure* way to avoid bad breath! Use Colgate Dental Cream. Its special penetrating foam removes decaying food deposits lodged between the teeth, along the gums, and around the tongue—which dentists agree *cause* most bad breath. At the same time, a unique, grit-free ingredient polishes the enamel—makes teeth sparkle.

Try Colgate Dental Cream—today! Brush your teeth . . . your gums . . . your tongue . . . with Colgate's. If you are not entirely satisfied after using one tube, send the empty tube to COLGATE, Jersey City, N. J. We will refund TWICE what you paid.

20¢ LARGE SIZE
Giant Size, over twice as much, 35¢
COLGATE
COLGATE RIBBON DENTAL CREAM
Good Housekeeping Bureau

Take the Guesswork out of your permanent wave . .



Did you ever stop to think that your hair is just as individual as your fingerprint? You know, of course, that some hair is oily—other hair dry; that there is elastic—porous—brittle—coarse—fine—strong and weak hair, as well as many other types.

And to insure absolute success of your Permanent Wave . . . the material used must be scientifically correct for your particular type of hair.

Would you like to take the guesswork out of your next Permanent? Of course, you would. And now for the first time you can be sure before you enter your favorite beauty shop that—

1. Your hair has been scientifically and microscopically tested for tensile strength, quality and texture.
2. The material used for your wave is exactly right for your type of hair.
3. The solution and pads used on your head are your own personal property—fresh and clean.
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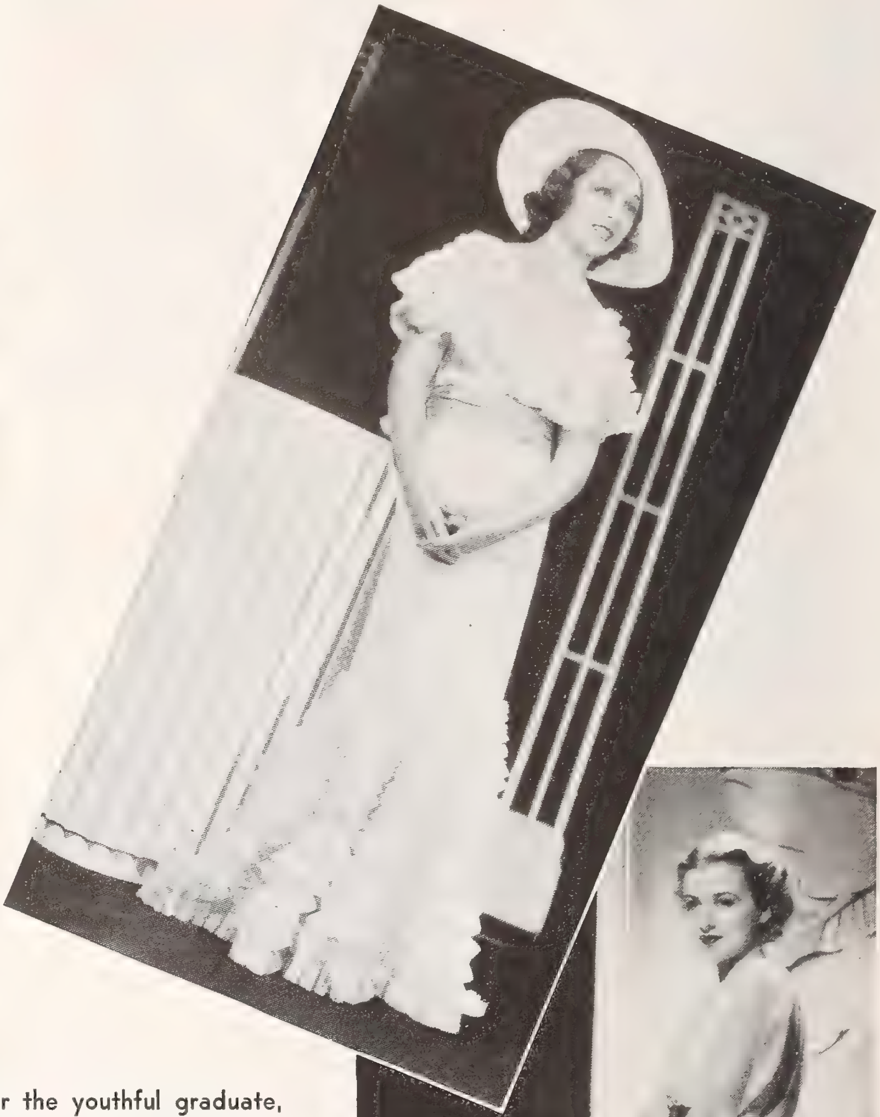
HAIR SERVICE, INC. offers you, FREE . . . this scientific test of your hair. Simply cut a small strand of your hair, and send it to us. We agree to diagnose and analyze your hair and will send you a personal permanent wave unit, consisting of the proper solution for your hair and 36 permanent wave pads! More than enough for most heads. Take them to your favorite beauty shop and be assured that the materials used are comparable with those used in giving most $10.00 permanents—that they are hygienically safe, and can be used with practically any permanent wave machine.

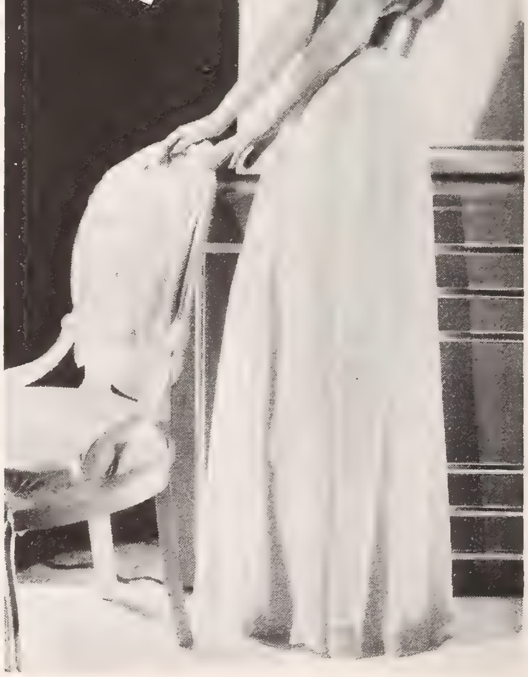
Remember . . . you pay only $1.00 for the solution and pads. The personal scientific analysis is FREE. You may pay postman if you prefer.

HAIR SERVICE, INC.
521 Fifth Avenue, New York City.
Please scientifically analyze enclosed strand of my hair.
☐ Enclosed find $1.00 for personal permanent wave material.
☐ I will pay postman $1.00, plus postage, on receipt of personal permanent wave material.
Name
Address
City State
My hair is ☐ Bobbed ☐ Long ☐ Dyed ☐ Bleached ☐ Natural Shade

Commencement



For the youthful graduate, Frances Drake favors this pale yellow organdie with its ruffled skirt and flattering Bertha. A taffeta sash ties in a girlish bow in back



Betty Furness gains unusual effectiveness in a severely tailored white chiffon frock. The only trimming is a wide gold leather belt

Time

Graduation Day is almost here! The stars offer their suggestions in smart youthful styles

By

Sally Martin

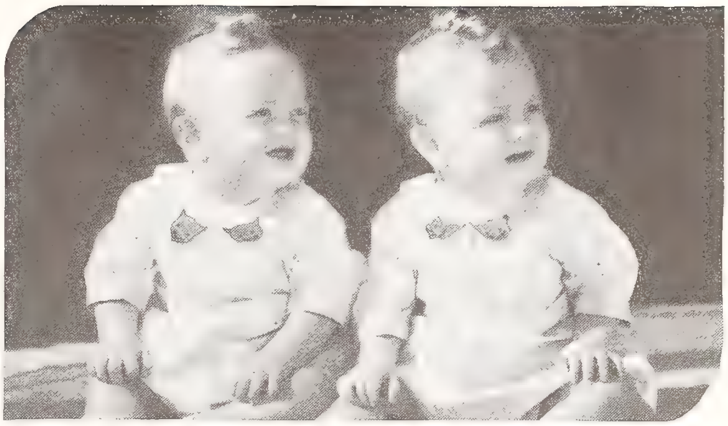
"SCHOOL days, school days, good old golden rule days" soon will be just a sweet memory, a song sung in the delightful days preceding that ultimate goal—graduation!

For many, graduation from high school will be followed by college, while others will go out into the world in hopes of amazing their elders with pent up theories and new philosophies on life. Whatever your hopes and ambitions might be, we wish you luck but our job isn't to help you after that fatal day but before. We want to pass on to you some "do's" and "don'ts" in selecting your graduation wardrobe.

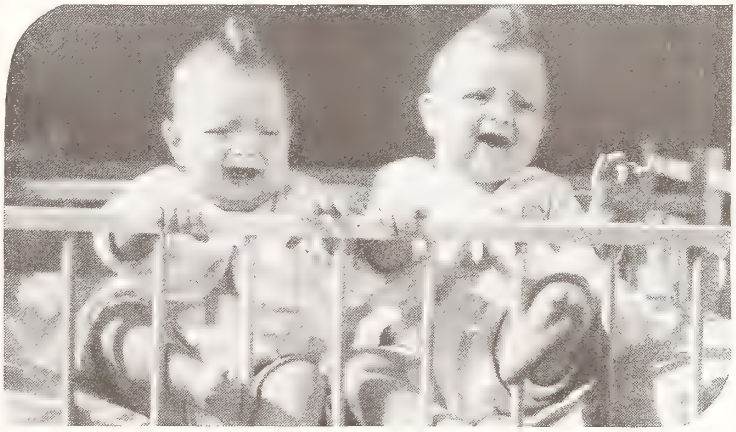
The first thing to take into consideration is whether the exercises are to be held in the afternoon or evening. Usually private schools choose the afternoon while public institutions hold their functions at night. Time of day becomes an important factor in choosing the length and type gown that is to be worn. Long dresses invariably should be the thing for evening while frocks either long or short are equally correct for afternoon year.

The type of dress depends largely on the school one is attending. In many of the smaller towns a price is set, and while your dress may cost less than estimated, it must not exceed the limit decided upon. In that case, many prefer the short, dressy type of sports outfit, for it is always practical where more formal attire is wasted. However, very attractive models may be made on long, tailored lines for a small sum. Smart patterns offer such a grand assortment of various styles, and this year cotton materials are very stylish.

In picking out the style of dress to be worn, be sure it is a becoming model. If you look better in tailored clothes choose the type Joan Crawford and Greta Garbo have made so popular. If fussier things become you, pick Joan Bennett or Anita Louise as good criterions to follow. Personally we prefer the tailored type made in organdie with short sleeves and [*Continued on page* 61]



"What! Go to bed? . . . Well, that's a dirty trick! We let you get us dressed up, and we did stunts for your old company . . . and now your dinner's ready, you pack us off to bed!"



"We won't lie down and go to sleep! Not one eye will we close all night long . . . you'll see how much noise twins can make! Our feelings are hurt—and we're prickly and cross!"

"Ah-h . . . ! She's getting the Johnson's Baby Powder! (Good teamwork, eh?) When we get rubbed with that silky-slick powder, we'll purr like kittens. Mother—we forgive you!"

• • •

"I'm Johnson's Baby Powder—the comfort and joy of millions of babies, because I soothe away prickly heat and all the little chafes and irritations that make them cross. The talc I'm made of is the finest, rarest Italian kind—no gritty particles and no orris-root. And I have three helpers in taking care of babies' skins—Johnson's Baby Soap, Baby Cream and Baby Oil. Try them, too!"

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NEW BRUNSWICK NEW JERSEY

"No more 'tired,' 'let-down feeling' for me."

"I reasoned that my red blood corpuscle strength was low and I simply took a course of S.S.S. Tonic and built it back."

It is all so simple and reasonable. If your physical let-down is caused by lowered red blood corpuscles—which is all too frequent—then S.S.S. Tonic is waiting to help you...and will, unless you have a serious organic trouble that demands a physician or surgeon.

Remember, S.S.S. is not just a so-called "tonic." It is a tonic specially designed to stimulate gastric secretions, and also has the mineral elements so very, very necessary in rebuilding the oxygen-carrying red corpuscles in the blood.

This two-fold purpose is important. Digestion is improved...food is better utilized ...and thus you are enabled to better "carry on" without exhaustion—as you should.

You may have the will-power to be "up and doing" but unless your blood is in top notch form you are not fully yourself and you may remark, "I wonder why I tire so easily."

Let S.S.S. help build back your blood tone...if your case is not exceptional, you should soon enjoy again the satisfaction of appetizing food...sound sleep...steady nerves...a good complexion...and renewed strength.

S.S.S. is sold by all drug stores in two convenient sizes. The $2 economy size is twice as large as the $1.25 regular size and is sufficient for two weeks treatment. Begin on the upgrade today. © S.S.S. Co.

S.S.S. TONIC

Makes you feel like yourself again

The Romance Immortal

[*Continued from page* 39]

Leslie Howard's daughter from the resemblance between the two finely-chiseled faces, there's something indefinable in his attitude which leaves no room for doubt—a protective tenderness in his arm round her shoulders, a swift stooping to kiss her hair in a caress of which he's almost unconscious.

"Hello, Leslie." The voice has a familiar ring, and your heart jumps a little as you realize it's the voice you last heard speaking the lines of Elizabeth Barrett—that you have only to turn your head to see the Juliet who is bound to make screen history—the first Juliet of the talking films.

You turn, and your eyes are met by a radiant vision in shimmering white. A chaplet of gold leaves binds the smooth crown of her head, and from under it a cascade of dark curls escapes, framing the face and lying softly along the nape of the neck. An antique chain and pendant seem almost too heavy for the delicate throat they clasp. The bodice and filmy sleeve puffs are banded with exquisitely tiny leaves, and the arms from band to wrist are sheathed in chiffon.

Decked though she is in the bridal finery in which they buried her, she remains for the moment a merry Juliet—the laughing girl whose tenderest love passages were threaded with a vein of delicious humor. She holds the shining folds of her gown well above her silver-shod feet, to keep them from the dust of the floor, and her lips part and her eyes crinkle in the brilliantly sweet Shearer smile as she holds out her hand to the little Howard girl who comes running toward her.

"I'm so glad to see you," says Miss Shearer. "I've been wanting to congratulate you on your work the other night."

It seems that Leslie—named after her father—took part with him in a recent radio sketch. Her face lights up. "I was so terribly nervous," she confides earnestly. "My legs wobbled, and the paper shook in my hand—till I said the first word. Then suddenly I wasn't nervous any longer."

Miss Shearer nods in sympathy. "I know that feeling—I've had it so often myself." There is no hint of that offending patronage affected by so many people in their dealings with children. She speaks, not as an adult to a child, but as one self-respecting actress to another.

"Yes," she replies, in answer to a question. "There *is* a difference between playing a Shakespearean rôle and any other—if I can judge from my single experience. First, you've got to be letter-perfect. Changing or forgetting a word isn't ordinarily a tragedy, but you can't take any chances with Shakespeare. That may not seem an important difference on the face of it, but knowing the lines so well makes them a part of you, and they change from beautiful verse into the real talk of a real girl. Which is very important. Because unless you read the lines sincerely, better for you if you never read them at all. Just *because* it's poetry—an artificial form of speech to us—the feeling behind it *has* to be sincere, or else you're lost. And I've noticed another difference," she says, smiling a little. "I've kept my enthusiasm. No matter how much you like a part, there always come moments when you're tired and discouraged and feel it's not all you hoped it would be. But the longer I stay with Juliet, the more I love her."

Bill Daniels, magician among cameramen, comes over for a word. Daniels is the man of whom John Barrymore once said: "He could make me look like Jackie Cooper's grandson—if I wanted to look like Jackie Cooper's grandson—which I don't." He is as sought after as any star—he *is* a star in his field. But to work on this Shearer picture is as much a labor of love with him as of duty—not only because he thinks she'll make "the loveliest Juliet of them all"—not only because she'll stand uncomplainingly all day, if need be, experimenting with makeups and costumes till he gets what he wants—but because she's been a prime favorite with him ever since the time when he had to hustle back and forth between her and Garbo, doing retakes on *The Barretts* while he started shooting *The Painted Veil*. "She knew what a stew I was in," he tells me later, "and she did her best to hurry things up for me. I'll never forget how she looked at me, sort of teasing, and smiled and said, 'Now you can run along back to your sweetheart' ".

In a corner yonder, waiting to be called, sits Friar Laurence, hood thrown back from his tonsured pate with its fringe of white hair—hands emerging from the wide sleeves of his habit and crossed placidly over what would have been a paunch if he'd been a fat instead of a lean monk—on his face a look of supreme benignity. For this production has spelled a little romance of his own to Henry Kolker.

Assigned first to the part of old Montague, Mr. Kolker was pleased. An experienced Shakespearean actor, he asked nothing better than to be associated in whatever capacity with this stirring adventure on the screen, to take any part in it, however small. "Of course," he was heard to remark one day, "the part I'd really like to play is Friar Laurence. Oh, I know I'm not the type—they'll probably use a round-faced man for the friar—." And though a note of wistfulness may have crept into his voice, his disclaimer was

Louise Latimer, cast for the feminine lead in Radio's *His Majesty, Bunker Bean,* finds her St. Bernard a great aid when spring's blustery winds are blowing obviously sincere as he launched into an enthusiastic description of how this same imaginary round faced man should look and act in the coveted role of the friar.

A few days later the telephone rang. "We want to test you for Friar Laurence," he heard or thought he heard Mr. Cukor say, though it sounded more like one of those things that happen in a waking dream. "Think you'd like to try it?"

Tonsured and clothed in the habit of a Franciscan monk, he made his tests. And when he saw them, even the scrupulous Mr. Kolker was forced to agree that there might be something in the theory of a lean faced monk. But he still refused to believe the best. "Well, anyway," he comforted himself, "I'm still old Montague." Till the telephone rang again. "You're it, Henry," Mr. Cukor told him. Miracles do happen. And that, in case you should be curious about it, is why the friar sits in his chair, looking as though everything were for the best.

You've probably been wondering about the white-smocked little man, standing unobtrusively at his easel, a palette in one hand, a bouquet of brushes in the other, intent on the picture of the tomb scene he's transferring to canvas. In the formality of his wing collar and bow tie against the informality of his smock, topped by his face of a wise, shy, lovable gnome, he looks like a character out of Dickens. "He must be somebody," you decide. He is somebody—Sir John Lavery, eminent English artist, lover and creator of beauty, drawn here by the already far-famed loveliness of the Cedric Gibbons sets.

He tiptoes over and whispers in Miss Shearer's ear, eyeing her half hopefully, half anxiously meantime, as a troubled boy might eye his ever-helpful mother. They both glance toward the set, hidden from view now by tall black screens. Miss Shearer gives him a conspiratorial nod and vanishes behind the screens. Two minutes later they're removed. The fairy god mother's eyelid droops in a solemn wink at Sir John who, beaming like a cherub, returns to his canvas.

Only once more this afternoon is his work interrupted. Once more the screens obstruct his view and yours, but when they are parted this time, they reveal a loveliness worth waiting for.

The chill of the tomb has been warmed to life. A lustrous pall of palest gold satin, from which the lamps strike subtle lights and shadows, covers the harshness of the bier. The candles burn. Juliet lies under a gossamer web, weighted with pearls to keep it from floating away. Her dark head in its coronet of leaves rests on a gold-stitched pillow, her palms meet as if in prayer. And though the semblance of death has closed her merry brown eyes, you feel an impulse to cry with Romeo:

> *"For here lies Juliet, and her beauty*
> *makes*
> *This vault a feasting presence full of*
> *light."*

The profile turned toward you is so pure, so young, so innocent—the attitude so moving, the whole poignant picture so magically what it ought to be, that suddenly Juliet and Norma Shearer melt into one, and you long to see her dancing at the Capulet ball, leaning over a balcony to tell a strange young man how much she loves him, losing patience with the nurse, defying her father to marry her to the count. All the beautiful scenes Shakespeare has written for her pass before your mind's eye. Today you saw Juliet dead. And the sight has sent your heart leaping ahead to the day that will bring her to life for you in all her gayety and graciousness, on the screen.

That panicky doubt—that fear of embarrassment—what woman hasn't known it?

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"I COULDN'T TAKE A STEP IN PEACE!

Every Move, Every Position, Cost Me Pain"

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Piles can take various forms—internal or external, itching or painful, bleeding or non-bleeding—but whatever form they take, they are a cause of misery and a danger.

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Pazo is reliable because it is threefold in effect. First, it is *soothing*, which tends to relieve soreness and inflammation. Second, it is *lubricating*, which tends to soften hard parts and also to make passage easy. Third, it is *astringent*, which tends to reduce swollen parts and to stop bleeding.

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ADDRESS____________________

CITY____________ STATE__________

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Rochelle Hudson's Love Hoax

[*Continued from page* 43]

Rochelle, with her blue eyes twinkling didn't look like a jilted damsel. Nobody could believe that anyone could be thrown over and still look like that! No, it was much easier to believe that she had done the throwing—and probably for somebody else. Finally curiosity got the cat and someone asked her frankly if that was the case. Whereupon Rochelle smiled. She couldn't help it. The whole situation was so absurd. And for a second time as she was just about to wipe the slate clean, the opportunity was lost. Her blush lost it for her the first time. Her smile lost it for her now.

That smile meant only one thing to her questioner. It was such a happy smug smile . . . without doubt the smile of accedance.

Again the word spread like wildfire. Rochelle Hudson had a second man dangling on a string!

Her stock soared to the skies. That very afternoon the publicity department called her and begged her to come in and make some publicity stills. They shot her in black chiffon, in pink satin, and in almost nothing at all. And those pictures were plastered all over town . . . on the desk of gossip writers, magazine editors and most important of all, on the desks of *casting directors.* Within a week Rochelle was called for a part, the first part she'd had in many moons!

Rochelle, even at seventeen, was no fool. Maybe she hadn't started these romances intentionally, but now that they were started, she saw quite plainly that the thing to do was to keep them rolling. True, it might cost a little to send herself flowers, and buy herself bracelets—still, just the same, as long as the romance paid dividends. . . .

It's goofy of course . . . the whole thing. As goofy as any big romantic lie cooked up by any boarding school girl would be. But Hollywood is easily fooled, and Rochelle wasn't foolish enough to feel any scruples about that. The only concern she felt at all was about Barry Trivers. She didn't mind what happened to her; she only hoped that she hadn't caused him any trouble! In the future she'd be more careful.

After that when anyone asked Rochelle about her "new" fiancé, she'd wink and look wise and say, "He's a big movie magnate! No, let me see . . . he's a millionaire sportsman . . ." and pretend that she was trying so hard to throw them off the track, when what she really was doing was intriguing them all the more. It got to be quite a game, after a while . . . what with trying to remember where they went the night before, whose music they danced to, what kind of flowers he sent her, and what she wore—all of which information was sought daily by the publicity department.

Pretty soon Rochelle figured she'd better send this second lover away before he got shopworn and before people stopped wondering about him. It was no sooner said than done. The poor fellow went to London, I believe.

The third was as unintentional as the first two. Only he was patterned after a real person. One of Rochelle's ex-high school mates had come to work in the publicity department at the studio. For years ever since Rochelle was fifteen and he was seventeen, they had been calling each other "Husband" and "Wifey"—just in fun. On the lot they continued to do so—just a gag that all kids indulge in. But what seems normal in the rest of the world, bears strict watching in Hollywood. Gossipers passed it up for a week, for a month. But it finally got them. Yes, *but definitely*, Rochelle and this boy had been secretly married for three years!

Rochelle's fourth lover was probably the most influential of all. And the most unexpected. He came into being some time after Rochelle's phantom marriage had blown over . . . on the same day her dog died, as a matter of fact. Rochelle appeared on the lot that day with her face and her eyes all swollen and red from tears. She was so forlorn-looking that no one even dared ask her "what causes that?" They didn't have to ask. They just knew that it was the tragic end of a beautiful young love! So really, Rochelle's fourth unknown lover was both born and buried all in the same day!

He was influential in this respect. It was just shortly after that Rochelle won an important rôle in the Universal picture, *Imitation of Life.* It was the first really heavy, tragic, disappointed-in-love part that she had ever played! No one had thought her suitable before! And with that picture, and ever since, Rochelle's career has been on the up-wing!

A lot of careers have been started on hoaxes. One actress won attention by posing as an English star . . . another by pretending to be a famous heiress . . . still another by claiming a title to a throne . . . and so on and on . . . but Rochelle's was really the most original . . . most unpremeditated . . . and, judging from results, the most successful.

Eleanor Whitney, famous dancer and budding screen star, wears the new Jantzen "Kerchief," a two piece swimming suit which is taking Hollywood by storm. The kerchief tucks under the belt in front and leaves the back exposed for sun bathing

Commencement Time

[*Continued from page* 57]

neat, high collar to the more frivolous ones all bedecked with ruffles. However, if you are a small blonde a dress of that ruffly type is suitable.

Materials are, oh so important, and should be chosen carefully and in keeping with the mode gown. Organdie, organza, tulle, chiffon and taffeta all make up well in the fluffier types, while crepes, satins, clocky, brizette and other similar fabrics are more adapted to tailored lines. Colors also play a part in the choice of a graduation dress. Many schools allow only white to be worn while others suggest pastel shades as being in order for a picturesque effect. Naturally, dark colors are never worn and would be decidedly out of place. Because of the many parties planned after the exercises, pick a dress that will look attractive for any date that you happen to have, but remember—nothing is smart that is too formal for a girl of graduation age.

In closing, here are a few very definite "don'ts" to follow: First—*don't* wear a wrist watch. Granted, it might have been a graduation present and it is probably very lovely, but nevertheless it will spoil your smart appearance and there will be many other days to enjoy the gift, so for this one night lay it aside and don't let it mar that essence of good style that you want to prevail.

Be very careful about jewelry. If the neck of your gown is high, ruffled or otherwise trimmed, *don't* wear a necklace or beads of any kind. Too many bracelets and rings are also poor taste. If a ring or bracelet must be worn, let one suffice. Never, never permit it to be said that you were the one sore thumb in the whole parade because you wore earrings. At best, the style of baubles on the ears is a poor one and should be left to the natives of darkest Africa.

Hair ornaments belong in the list of don'ts. If they are becoming and do something for your gown put them on after graduation and wear them to the party, but *don't* be caught trying to look like your favorite movie star while reaching for a diploma.

Flowers pinned on the dress is another *don't*. Usually one carries a bouquet; if so, the extra flowers are lost, if not, it looks decidedly out of place to be the only one out of perhaps twenty to wear a corsage. And, another point, always be sure that your corsage, if you must wear one, is in keeping with your dress.

Remember just one thing—the essence of good taste is expressed through the medium of the clothes that we wear—make them simple yet smart and keep in mind the fact that it is always better to be underdressed than overdressed.

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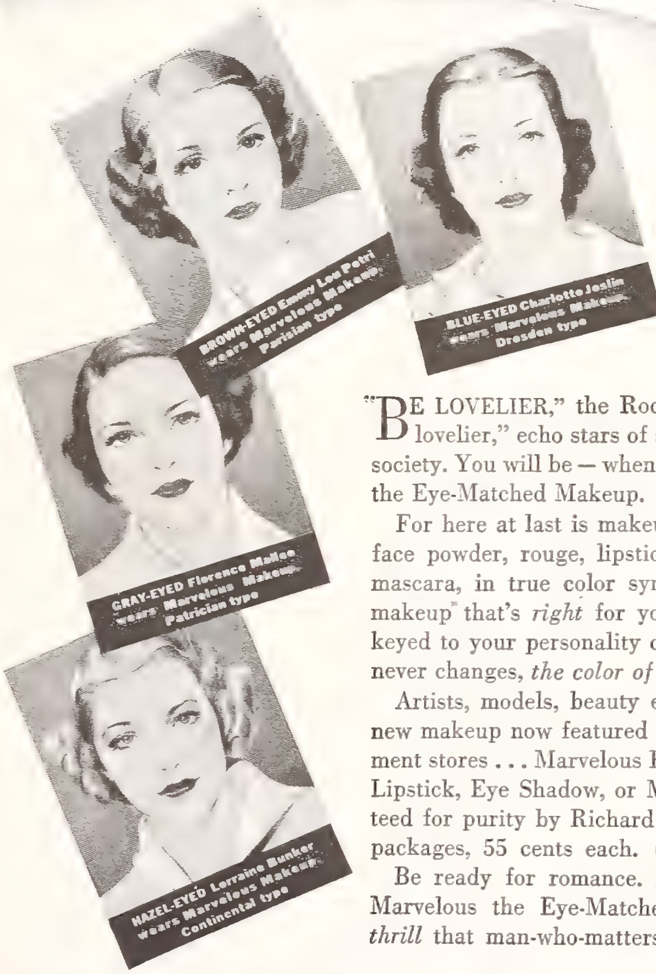
ROCKETTES REVEAL
new makeup secret
CHOOSE YOUR MAKEUP BY THE COLOR OF YOUR EYES


BROWN-EYED Emmy Lou Petri wears Marvelous Makeup, Parisian type
BLUE-EYED Charlotte Joslin wears Marvelous Makeup, Dresden type
GRAY-EYED Florence Mallee wears Marvelous Makeup, Patrician type
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Forhan's is different from all other tooth pastes. No other tooth paste brings you the famous Forhan formula—long used by dentists everywhere to combat gum troubles. You can *feel* its healthful effects as soon as you begin to use Forhan's. Shortly you *see* its benefits, too —whiter teeth, firmer gums. Ask for Forhan's today.

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The Road to Glory

[*Continued from page* 31]

aspirin and huge glasses of cognac, shutting out the images of the men who have died in carrying out his orders. He lives only to return to *Monique,* sweet young nurse, played by June Lang, whose admiration and affection for him almost cross the borderline into love. His few brief hours with her between trips to the front, and his memories of those peaceful hours, are all that keep him going . . . with the aspirin and the cognac. He is not a sentimentalist. He will not let himself think of love or speak of love while there is a war.

Fredric March is *Lieutenant Michel Dinet,* flippant, daring, new to trench warfare, who joins *La Roche's* outfit just before it moves back into the front lines. Before he ever meets *La Roche,* however, he meets *Monique.* There is an air raid over the town in which the troops are quartered. She takes shelter in the doorway of a house in whose cellar he has found a battered old piano, on which he is pounding out an improvised symphony when he sees her pretty ankles. He persuades her to come inside, there attempts to make love to her in the fast military manner; she rebuffs him cleverly, leaves without telling him her name. He does not know that she is his superior officer's reason for living. He determines to know her better—later.

Lionel Barrymore, who once played another memorable war father in *I Killed a Man,* is *Papa La Roche*—who fought in the War of 1870, blew the bugle calling for the cavalry charge at Sedan, and has a low opinion of modern soldiers, fighting like grubworms in holes in the ground. He has his hair dyed, lies about his age, and calls himself *Morain,* determined to fight again in the 39th Battalion, which Napoleon had founded and in which his son is now a captain. He also has just joined *Capt. La Roche's* outfit—and he does not want the captain to learn his identity . . . Gregory Ratoff is *Private Bouffiou,* buffoon of the company, who can whistle only two tunes, both out of key—who is tricked by *Papa La Roche* into destroying the order sending the old man home—and who later meets a tragic end, when the old man, insane with terror in a shell hole, mistakes three French soldiers for Germans and throws a hand grenade . . . Victor Killian is *Sergeant Regnier,* contact man between the officers and the privates, who gives the soldiers his own respect for the captain's courage.

Before they start for the front, *Lieut. Dinet* tells *Capt. La Roche* that he is a murderer because of the men he sacrifices, the replacements he needs. He changes his mind after he sees the sector that *La Roche's* company has been holding.

THE setting for the scene was in a far corner of the spacious and spotless 20th Century-Fox lot—and it was much larger than the usual handmade outdoor set. It was easily three hundred feet wide, a hundred feet deep. High above the entire set was stretched sheeting, to diffuse the brilliant California sunlight. Around three sides of the set, rising from the ground to the cloth ceiling, was bleached canvas painted with faint ripples of gray to simulate a smoke-clouded horizon. Raised off the ground about six feet, "No Man's Land" had been constructed on a foundation of wooden platforms, crisscrossed with a labyrinth of trenches and barbed wire entanglements. Here and there stood a scarred and barren tree, bullet-shattered. And underfoot, everywhere, there was earth—earth so thick that a heavy wetting had converted it into soggy mud. The trenches did not look as if they had been manufactured by studio carpenters and plasterers.

Only one small section of the set was devoted to the "registered area" across which the troops had to run. This particular section was devoid of any trench, but was pockmarked with imitation shell holes. It was not easy ground to run across, even though the distance was only a few feet.

When you see that particular scene in the picture, you will swear that the ground is exploding under the very feet of the soldiers; you will swear that you see great pieces of rock hurtled into the air, along with dirt. But the movies do not risk lives like that. I'll tell you how that explosive effect was managed—harmlessly.

In the "registered area" were imbedded approximately a dozen shallow iron cans, two feet in diameter. In each of these was placed a charge of powder, with wires leading to a central switchboard; over the powder were laid great chunks of lightweight, brown-and-black cork; over the cork was spread several inches of dirt. At a given signal from someone near the camera, the charges were set off in a prearranged sequence, producing an illusion that the section was being blasted to pieces by shellfire, with soldiers in the thick of it. The "smoke" overspreading the ground was produced by releasing a fine powder in front of a large wind machine, just out of camera range. Both effects were planned by effects-man Louis Witte, who saw the real thing in France. Fascinating fakery? You will be swept away by the realism of it when you see it on the screen!

The set was used again, later in the picture, for a scene in which Barrymore deliberately falls on an unexploded shell in the mud, covering it with his body, preventing its explosion, saving himself and his comrades with his heroism. And there is no mistaking the fact that it is mud into which he drops! Barrymore's agility in this scene will surprise you. Perhaps you do not know that, despite his years, he trains like an athlete, keeping fit constantly. This is a holdover from the days when wrestling was one of his hobbies. . . . He gives a magnificent performance as the tall, painfully erect old man who was once a soldier and longs to be a soldier again, fighting side by side with his son . . . the old man who wants to be brave, to make his son proud of him, and who knows terror—stark, raving terror—for the first time in his life . . . the old man who comes to a glorious end.

Baxter, himself, has one of the finest rôles of his career as the captain who must keep up his courage, who takes refuge in aspirin and cognac and wistful, fragmentary thoughts about a pretty girl who idolizes him. One of his most memorable scenes occurs after the outfit arrives back in the trenches and the nerves of all the men are shattered by the cries of a wounded *Poilu,* caught on barbed wire out in No Man's Land, who cannot be rescued . . . and Baxter has to end the man's misery, and the torture of his troops, with his revolver.

I talked with Baxter on the set of a dugout scene. (The dugout, by the way, was built indoors—just behind a French courtyard scene that lacked only the aroma to make it real.) "I certainly have run the gamut of characters in my last few pictures," he ruminated, with a thoughtful smile. He counted off the rôles on his fingers. "First, an Early California bandit in *Robin Hood of El Dorado*—an amiable hombre with a mania for murder. Then, a tough Broadway producer in *The King of Burlesque*. Then, a Civil War doctor and victim of injustice in *The Prisoner of Shark Island*. I enjoyed doing that. I'd like to do more little-known characters out of American history; it's a field that has hardly been touched. And now, this French captain who is as hard as nails, thanks to aspirin and cognac.

"Sure, I like the variety. I hope it keeps up. If I never have to wear another dress suit, and play another millionaire, the rest of my life, I'll be happy. I don't think I could get into a dress suit now anyway. Playing in two costume pictures in a row I haven't had to watch my waistline, and I've been having orgies, eating whatever I liked. . . . You know, I'm hoping to be around a long time yet. That's why I like these character parts. They don't kill an actor's popularity as straight hero rôles can. There's more variety to them. And these last four rôles are helping me to bridge that gap between straight hero rôles and character rôles. It's not an easy gap to get across."

Fredric March has a less serious rôle, but a highly dramatic one, as the young lieutenant who has the conceit knocked out of him by contact with a man who has seen months of war, and then, unknowingly, steals away the girl whom the other man loves. Freddie, fresh from *Anthony Adverse*, told me: "This rôle is gay, light, amusing—different from anything I have done recently. I like it. It gives me a nice change of pace after *Adverse*. But, God, are these uniforms hot! . . . I'm enjoying working with Baxter, Lionel Barrymore and Howard Hawks. Watch Hawks in action. It's an education."

EVERYONE working on the picture is excited by it. But the most excited of all is little June Lang, who has the opportunity of a lifetime—the only feminine rôle in the biggest war picture in years. "I'm so excited that I can't sit still," she told me, "even though I've been working on the picture now for weeks. I can't sleep at night, thinking about it." She added, naively, "And my mother is even worse than I am. I brought her to the studio to see some rushes with me, and she came out crying. 'Why, Mama,' I said, 'what's the matter? Those scenes weren't sad.' And she said, 'I'm crying because I never dreamed my little girl could be such an actress.' I hope she's right—about the acting part."

She is very young, very slight, with merry blue eyes and darkish-blond hair. You wonder, meeting her, if she is not too young for so emotional a part. Then you see her before the camera—and you understand her mother's reaction. The girl can act. Darryl Zanuck gave her the rôle, which many a star would have coveted, because he had a hunch that she could play it in the starry manner. And the fact that she was not replaced after the first few scenes, when a change would not have been expensive, was the tip-off that June was doing all right.

Fredric March told me, "This picture has a great script, with a swell ending. It's about time the movies stopped being fantastic and namby-pamby about war and told a few of the facts. This picture does that. And it ends with me chewing the aspirin, and drinking the cognac that Baxter had needed—and the war goes on. People are going to remember it."

And I don't think Freddie is mistaken.

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Katy Had a Complex

[*Continued from page* 32]

Should she take the train there—or back to Hartford and admit defeat?

"Baltimore," said Katy, and the roll dropped to the floor. . . .

Knopf engaged her. No one could say why. Not even Knopf. But he gave her a small part in *The Czarine*.

Kenneth MacKenna was guest star. In the wings one afternoon a girl approached him. She was obviously well-bred, well-educated, and so shy that even her freckles were dyed scarlet. "What's wrong with me,—As an actress, I mean?"

"What's wrong with you? *Everything!*" he assured her gently. She was guilty of all the professional sins in the catalogue . . . running her words together at express train rate, walking heavily, "mugging."

Katy drew in a sharp breath but she took it standing because MacKenna added constructive advice. That night, however, was the last straw. One of the dressing room doors was ajar as she came down the hall. She heard girls' voices giggling. *"Hepburn!* My dear, can you imagine HER a STAR? That gawky creature! I tell you she's 95 per cent legs and 5 per cent temper!"

Katy thrust her head in. "Right you are—" she shouted. "But at least I don't *giggle!*" And she slammed the door.

IT HURT, though. She *was* gawky. Katy returned to New York. She went straight to Frances Robinson Duff's studio and stood before the famous dramatic coach with feet planted firmly together, lips set. "I-want-to-act—I-want-desperately-to-be-a-good-actress—Can-you-oh-*would-you*-help-me?"

Miss Duff smiled. "Do you speak as fast as that ordinarily?"

"I guess so. But that's only one of the things that are wrong with me."

The Duff smile deepened. "Well, you have plenty of zeal, anyway. I believe we can do something."

Now, the "something" meant five hours of strenuous work a day. Vocal scales. Reading aloud until Katy was so tired of her own voice she'd turn on the loudest jazz record and yell. It meant astonishing facial exercises. It meant toeing a white chalk mark for half an hour at a stretch. Still she was unsatisfied. Someone told her the Russian ballet is the finest thing in the world to make one graceful. But Katy wasn't thinking of that. She went to Michael Mordkin, past master of the art, for instruction. . . .

One, two, three, *on your toes*. . . . One, two, three, *ache-ache-ache*. . . . Her back was breaking. Her feet were points of fire that she seemed to view through the wrong end of a telescope.

"It's killing me," she told Miss Duff, "but I'm going through with it."

And she did. *For one entire year.*

Within sight and sound of Broadway she worked, keeping her eyes fastened on its bright lights. There was no leisure. Katy was twenty and it's difficult to sacrifice all your fun at that age. Her telephone would ring and it would be for some houseparty up in the Adirondacks or a week-end at Annapolis or possibly for the Harvard regatta. Hard to say "No" so consistently. Especially to a certain quiet young man by the name of Ludlow Smith. But he understood better than the rest. Sometimes at night they'd drive around Central Park in an ancient hansom cab, her head on his shoulder. "I'm so tired, Lud."

He only nodded. He knew better than to urge her to give it up.

They were married, those two. And as plain Kate Smith she was pretty sure she had a private lease on Paradise. As Katharine Hepburn she plunged determinedly on with her career. She made no attempt to interrupt. Her voice was exquisitely modulated now; she knew how to walk, balancing on the balls of her feet, so that she seemed to glide. Her movements had an ease and grace that belied her excitement. *If she had given up the best year of her life to master all that—well, it was worth it.*

Bing Crosby and Bob Burns (right) take time out for a bit of clowning during rehearsals in the new N. B. C. studios. Burns, already a reigning radio favorite, will also play an important role in Bing's next motion picture

But Katharine was to give up more. So much more than she alone knows the price.

In the star dressing room there was laughter and confusion and the heavy fragrance of flowers. Still in her costume of armor, Katy accepted the homage of an audience gone a little mad. *The Warrior's Husband was more than a success.* It was her personal triumph and everyone was crowding in to tell her so. Someone shoved in front of Ludlow Smith just as he was reaching out to take her in his arms. He dropped them hurriedly. A presentiment? A symbolic shadow falling between them?

Five months later Katharine was in Hollywood making *A Bill of Divorcement.* And from the moment she walked into the studio her success in the movies was a challenge. George Cukor, the director, had fought tooth and nail to get the part for her. He believed in her. But as she came into the commissary that first noon, looking like no movie star ever looked before, even his faith faltered.

It took every ounce of energy Katharine had—that challenge. Hepburn, glamorous? The snickers grew into loud guffaws heard around the entire place. Her face, they said, was impossible to photograph. Her voice, the hardest to record. . . .

The word announcing her success didn't find her relaxing at home. It found her in the Austrian Tyrol just in from a twelve mile bicycle ride which she'd taken to try and stem her fears. It mentioned stardom awaiting her and a fabulous contract.

"Okeh, baby," she cabled back irrelevantly and packed her bag.

But stardom for Katharine Hepburn meant the highest sacrifice. You cannot keep love alive when two people walk along separate roads. She was forced to surrender that. She surrendered friendships, close friendships. Even Garbo has a coterie of people she mingles with in Hollywood. Hepburn has none.

A station wagon came banging down Melrose Avenue. The kid on the curb thumbed towards Vine street. There was a screech of brakes and the red-headed girl at the wheel called, "Hop in, Boy!" Once inside, he surveyed her with interest. "Gee, you got make-up on. In movies?" She couldn't be doing so well though, he figured. Not with those patched overalls she was wearing! The Kid had no way of knowing that within the hour she'd exchange them for a queen's soft robes. . . . "Getting tough breaks?" he sympathized.

"No," said the girl at the wheel. "I can't complain. I've been working pretty steadily now for some time." She sliced through traffic, missed a truck by a hair's breadth, skimmed under a red light. "Gosh," he said, "you sure can drive!"

For an instant there was a strange look in the girl's eyes. *"You have to,"* she said simply, *"if you want to get where you're headed for!"*

Sacrifice . . . Katharine Hepburn knows the full meaning of the word. Perhaps that is why she understands the rôle of Mary Queen of Scots, as few actresses have understood it. Mary knew sacrifice too. Giving up her beloved France—relinquishing love—even giving up her throne to an Ideal. . . .

Katharine Hepburn's *Mary* will be something to remember.

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In Quest of Romance

[*Continued from page 47*]

jungle would finish him on land . . . But then, risks like that are the white man's job . . .

Despite the appalling heat, despite the cloud of infinitesimal gnats that swarmed about his head, Errol Flynn looked a dashing figure as he stood in the bow and gave the order to cast off. The District Officer smiled as he watched. He remembered his own first trip "deep in."

There is little to be gained in describing the horrid, fascinating beauty of that long trip up river, the magnificence of gigantic, flame colored poinciannas against the brilliant green, the whole framed by a blue so intense that it hurt the unaccustomed eyes. Time after time they were stopped by swarms of native canoes which materialized suddenly from the shadow of brush covered banks. In each case it was the signal for forced bartering, trade knives and beads for cured heads and amazingly carved wooden objects—just to keep the natives friendly, not that that meant any insurance against treachery on the down voyage. Especially in view of the fact that the whole river would have been warned by the silent ju-ju wireless that "Govamin" had prisoners.

Errol was distinctly worried by one ominous demonstration—or lack of it. In the entire run he never saw a single native woman or child. When the women are sent into the deep brush on the arrival of a white—well, it may mean anything, and usually does.

He lost all track of time, knew nothing but the unending twists of the river as fever wracked his body. He consumed incredible amounts of quinine and forced himself and his reluctant boys on. Even they were no safer than he in this hostile country. At length the boat scraped bottom far up in the headwater. A day's rest and then on through the brush—the nerve shattering, deadly brush.

In the midst of a gloriously quiet clearing his advance gun boy gave a gurgling scream and fell, an arrow shaft neatly splitting his throat . . . and there wasn't a sound or a movement anywhere. They called a halt—and in five minutes another silent arrow pierced a native soldier. The terrified boys cast appealing glances at their leader and began edging along the back trail. If he was ever to amount to anything in the service, now was the time to show that brilliance and resourcefulness that characterizes a leader. He summoned his Number One boy and gave brief instructions. The boy, desperately trying to cover his fear, stepped forward alone, firmly grasping a green palm frond in the universal signal of peace. His arms wide to the silent jungle he began his chant-like exhortation.

"Master fellah him savvy great ju-ju. Master fellah make ju-ju kill all pig, all boy-child. Master fellah say come out bush savvy bow down."

He illustrated by crawling around on all fours, but still the jungle wall was silent and brooding. With a recurrence of fear the boy looked back at Flynn who gave him a tight little nod. After all, everything depended on this trick.

Maru, the boy, continued with a notable lessening of confidence, "Master fellah him make great ju-ju now. Kai-kai man no come after, Master fellah savvy kill 'em pig, boy." With this, his duty done, he turned and incontinently fled. Panic swept the other boys like a flame and they, too, dropped their burdens and scrambled into the brush leaving young Flynn alone in the depths of the jungle—knowing himself to be surrounded by unspeakable perils. Calmly he stepped forward and pulled a magnesium, three-colored flare from his pack and jammed the point deep in the soft turf as many a boy has done on the Fourth of July. He felt in his pocket for a match, hid it in his hand with just the tip free.

"Master fellah," he declaimed loudly, feeling a bit silly without being able to see his audience, "make fire in finger!" With a great show of mumbo-jumbo, he snicked the match and it burst into flame. "Master fellah make stick burn many colors much smoke!" He touched the fuse with his "burning finger" and the flare burned gorgeously for three minutes, first red, then yellow and then green and withal accompanied by a weird hopping dance to the tune of "Yes, we have no bananas!" sung like a Gregorian chant. Long before Errol "told the light to go out," the border of the jungle stirred and half-a-hundred naked, clay-painted head hunters crawled dismally forth in complete and piteous submission.

Those same fear-striken cannibals were the very men who went to the next village

Ex-Olympic athlete and firm believer in physical fitness, Errol Flynn keeps in the pink of condition via the daily workout route, usually squeezing a few sets of tennis into every day's schedule and themselves hailed forth the tribal chief and his two sons who had started the rampage, while Mr. Flynn did his best to emulate a great white God in his clearing, surrounded by his now confident and joking boys.

But, on his return to the Kaviang District Office, the boy had grown into a fever-ridden man. It wasn't just the loss of two stone in weight, it was the burning light in the eyes of him that told the story of fever and horror in the long jungle nights. On the whole he'd done well—only lost three boys! One more joined his forefathers by carelessly stepping on a small green snake with a coral, flower-like head that even the naturalists have no name for. . . . But the bushmen know that its victims' eyes pop clear of their sockets before death's slow but merciful wings close about the tortured body . . .

Such is the country "deep in."

There followed more of such expeditions until Flynn became known throughout the Islands as man of supreme endurance—and luck! But to the childlike natives that luck meant but one thing—great and all-powerful ju-ju.

For example, there is the tale of the Spring Bed. Errol likes his comfort, so he saved his pay until he had enough to send to Port Moresby in southeastern Papua for a woven spring bed. It was installed under his mosquito netting in his high-stilted house. The houses there are all stilted for sanitary reasons and protection against wild beasts and snakes; the flooring is, of course, just slats of loosely woven black bamboo to allow good air circulation.

Constable Flynn was enjoying a brief respite after having brought another murderer, this time a poison ju-ju man, to book. He was sleeping the sleep of the just when he heard a sudden loud commotion beneath the house and the howls of an infuriated Ferguson Islander. He leapt down the stairs, electric torch in hand, there to confront the native dancing in a towering rage. It seems that the friendly laddy was a relation of the imprisoned poisoner and had trailed the party out of the brush in an effort to get Errol. He had waited until Errol was asleep in his bed, having carefully watched through a chink in the floor. And then, with great care, had inserted his spear point through the chink and given it a mighty thrust, thinking to impale this White-Man on the poisoned barb. Imagine his consternation when the point of his spear not only didn't get the intended victim but stuck in the coils of the spring!

The bushboy was sobbing in rage. What kind of a man was this, he wanted to know, who set traps to actually steal spears from their rightful owners? He wanted his spear back at once and damages as well! It probably was no longer any good for anything bigger than a pig and nothing short of a present would set things right again!

With a grin Errol repaired to his al fresco bedroom, disentangled the spear, taking care not to touch the poisonous barb, returned it to its owner with a warning—and a swift kick where his pants should have been by the way of "damages"!

Not long after that he left the Constabulary for a better paying job recruiting native labor for a friendly plantation owner. He made two trips into the brush and by dint of hard work and the distribution of trade-goods brought out small parties of boys to be indentured for three years' work in the cane fields. Boys who had worked before were easy to get, knowing full well the safety, food and Medicine-Parade care

[*Continued on page* 68]

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Kotex has a special "Equalizer" center whose channels guide moisture evenly the whole length of the pad. Gives "body" but not bulk—prevents twisting and roping. The filler of Kotex is actually 5 TIMES more absorbent than cotton.

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The rounded ends of Kotex are flattened and tapered to provide absolute invisibility. Even the sheerest dress, the closest-fitting gown, reveals no telltale lines or wrinkles.

THREE TYPES OF KOTEX

1. REGULAR—IN THE BLUE BOX—For the ordinary needs of most women.
2. JUNIOR—IN THE GREEN BOX—Somewhat narrower—when less protection is needed.
3. SUPER—IN THE BROWN BOX—Extra layers give extra protection, yet no longer or wider than Regular.

WONDERSOFT KOTEX A SANITARY NAPKIN made from Cellucotton (not cotton)

BRUSHING *brings* *Beauty*

If your hair is dull and drab, you can make it lustrous with life, beautiful for all to see. STRANZIT, the new kind of hair brush, does it almost magically. Beauty Editors all say it is marvelous for waves. Instead of spoiling waves, its *U. S. Patent* design actually helps them. That's why Stranzit is used in most movie studios.

$1.50 to $3.50

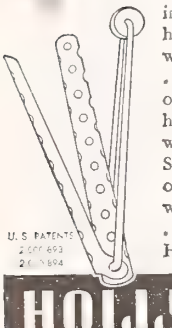
Remember, real honest beauty of hair and skin comes from within. You must nourish both, say dermatologists, by stimulating blood circulation. The easy, pleasant way to do this is *brushing*. But avoid "sissy" brushes. Be sure to get husky, penetrating bristle which really works and lasts. The Pro-phy-lac-tic name is your guarantee of bristle excellence. Look for it on hair brushes, complexion brushes, bath brushes, hand and nail brushes.

Pro-phy-lac-tic Brush Company, Florence, Mass.

Pro-phy-lac-tic
STRANZIT

Hollywood Curler *presents the* "JULIET"

Now that Shakespeare is "tops" in movie town, the longer bob, as featured in "Romeo and Juliet" is being seen on the Boulevard . . . This hairdress is one of many easily made with Hollywood Rapid Dry Curlers . . . Whether you want lots of curls or just a few, you can arrange your hair quickly in a variety of flattering ways with "the Curler Used by the Stars". Write for FREE BOOKLET of hair styles, sketched in Hollywood. Address Hollywood Curler . . . 5916 Hollywood Boulevard . . . Hollywood, California.



HOLLYWOOD ★
★ *Rapid Dry* **CURLER**
3 for 10¢ AT 5¢ AND 10¢ STORES AND NOTION COUNTERS

In Quest of Romance

[*Continued from page 67*]

they got in addition to accumulated wages, but the others, always as suspicious as untamed beasts, were another matter!

The first trip "deep in" passed without incident as such things go. The territory cannot be mentioned for obvious reasons—among these the fact that a certain district officer of Flynn's acquaintance had, through a smooth approach, demanded what was, in effect, graft to allow Flynn to operate as labor recruiter. This, knowing Flynn as you do by now, was bluntly refused—perhaps too bluntly for the bush country where white men need every possible friend. But Errol was Irish and had the quick temper as well as the ready wit of his people.

On his second trip "deep in" for another batch of husky boys he doubtfully accepted one huge head-hunter who was obviously in a bad way from dysentery. But he finally decided to take him from humanitarian motives, knowing that the boy could be cured by white man's medicine . . . What he wasn't told by the crafty village chief was that the boy was *gai-foo*—crazy and homicidal, to boot.

So it was that on the third day of the return trip that the boy leapt wildly from his noonday meal, seized a huge, razor-like bush knife and tried to decapitate Flynn's Number One boy. He would have succeeded—Number One was sleeping—had Flynn not drawn his pistol and fired offhand from thirty yards, dropping the blood-crazed savage like a pole-axed bullock.

Within two days he passed the residence of the unfriendly District Officer, a day's march off his course, for the express purpose of making the usual report. The word "usual" is used advisedly; such things are not infrequent occurrences in a savage and barbaric country where self-preservation is paramount.

The District Officer seemed pleased when Errol made out his perfunctory report of the incident. Young Mr. Flynn, however, thought no more of it—sure the man was slightly daft anyway—and proceeded on down to the comparatively large coast settlement.

He was utterly nonplussed to be met there by a squad of native soldiers and a reluctant white officer who placed him under arrest! The District Officer had telegraphed formal charges of willful and deliberate murder against him! To say nothing of the additional charge of suppressing vital evidence, perjury and half a dozen other counts making him appear a black-birder of the worst order!

And, from his own experience as a D.C., Flynn knew that His Majesty's "Govamin" is even more severe with white offenders than with natives in an effort to maintain that impartial justice so necessary when handling large hordes of natives going through the process of civilizing.

He was in a bad mess and he knew it as he made his way to the "Govamin" building until arrest. Witnesses? Just his own crew of native boys—and native boys aren't considered very good witnesses in Papua!

Flynn somberly remembered the fate of a black-birder he, himself, had helped to bring to justice.

His body had dangled on a length of hemp down in Sydney . . . . .

(To be continued)

The Secret of Her
BEAUTIFUL COMPLEXION

and her popularity

A CLEAR, naturally lovely skin—radiant health—sparkling eyes! These are the things that attract and hold men.

Nature intended you to have these natural charms. If you don't have them, something is wrong; but perhaps nothing more serious than the ordinary fault of sluggish elimination. The system becomes clogged with poisonous wastes which often cause dull or broken-out skin, loss of energy, headache run-down condition.

Thousands of women find relief for these troubles in Stuart's Calcium Wafers. These marvelous little wafers gently help the system eliminate waste products. In a very few days you should feel and see a change. Your skin clearer! Your eyes brighter! Your energy renewed! Stuart's Calcium Wafers are 10c and 60c at all drug stores. Try them—results should delight you!

FREE trial package. Send name and address on postcard to F A. Stuart Co., Dept. A-106, Marshall, Michigan.

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BEGINNERS TAP Elementary steps and 2 easy routines.

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and Get All Your Own Dresses Without a Penny of Cost
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FASHION FROCKS
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3 DRESSES
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No House-to-House Canvassing Necessary

New kind of work for ambitious women demonstrating gorgeous Paris-styled dresses at direct factory prices. You can make up to $22 in a week, full or spare time, and get all your own dresses free of any cost to wear and show. Fashion Frocks are nationally advertised and are known to women everywhere.

No Investment Ever Required

We send you an elaborate Style Presentation in full colors and rich fabrics. Write fully for details of this marvelous opportunity, giving age and dress size.

FASHION FROCKS, Inc. Dept. GG-225, Cincinnati, O.

Rheumatism Relieve Pain In 9 Minutes

To relieve the torturing pain of Rheumatism, Neuritis, Neuralgia or Lumbago in 9 minutes, get the Doctor's Prescription **NURITO**. Absolutely safe. No opiates, no narcotics. Does the work quickly—and must relieve your pain in nine minutes or money back at Druggist's. Don't suffer. Use guaranteed **NURITO** today.

The Biggest Heart In Town

[*Continued from page* 49]

private police and office workers reaches another $1,200. Telephone bills, water and a hundred what-nots boost the monthly overhead to an easy $2,000.

VIC dismisses this cynical questioning of his motives with an easy answer. "I get a lot of fun watching kids having a good time," he says.

Ask him if he hopes for a financial return and he dodges the issue. To complete the answer one has to contact Frank Moran, Vic's second hand and manager of stadium and Troop activities.

"Vic's a big kid," says Moran, "I don't know of a bigger-hearted guy in the country. Every now and then I ask him why he doesn't cut down on expenses and he says that he's getting his money's worth.

"I do know that he gets a lot of fun out of drilling his troops and I suppose $500 a week isn't too much if you're enjoying yourself and helping people to happier and healthier lives. The boss gets a lot of fun out of matchmaking," Frank whispers, "and I guess he feels that gives him all his money's worth."

Burly Victor McLaglen in the rôle of Cupid is something. His method isn't as subtle as some would like, but it is effective and maybe that is what counts. The procedure is direct and to the point. He spots a couple pairing off after maneuvers and the minute he gets the chance, singles the girl out for a little talk.

"That boy you were with is a swell kid," he tells her. "I'm very fond of him. He'd make a nice husband for some girl."

"You two kids look lonesome," he tells the youth. "Look, I've got a couple of theater tickets and they owe me two swell dinners at so-and-so. Why don't you take her there?"

And so, in a few months' time two shy youngsters apply at the marriage registration bureau and when they marry it is with a fanfare of drums and the clanking of sabres. Within the past year five couples have been shown the path to marriage by these tactics.

This matchmaking business appears to be his first love. His second is the stadium and connected with this is another story proving that Vic isn't sneaking up on an ulterior motive. The stadium is capable of seating 8,000 persons, which means that the structure is a source of potential profit. With two good months he could wipe out his deficit. He not only doesn't want to do that, but has repeatedly fought the idea.

During the season just past a professional football team approached with a proposition for renting the field. The offer was something like $750 for the afternoon, plus a percentage. But he turned it down, and for a quixotic reason. The professionals didn't care to let his troopers and their families in free and so the deal was off.

Following this, and presumably for the purpose of promoting soccer football, he induced the Stanford and University of California teams to journey South to Los Angeles to play U.C.L.A. at the stadium. To do this he had to guarantee all transportation and expenses. The games were played and some 1,500 troopers and relatives attended. That night Vic gave a sumptuous banquet for the collegians.

[*Continued on page* 70]

WRIGLEY'S
DOUBLE MINT
CHEWING GUM
PEPPERMINT FLAVOR
PEPPERMINT FLAVOR
TO BE BEAUTIFUL
be sure to go to your BEAUTY SHOP weekly. Also, daily help keep your face-muscles young with DOUBLE MINT gum.
Q-125

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NEW
Maybelline
CREAM MASCARA
MAYBELLINE
CREAM MASCARA
Darkens and Curls Lashes
Harmless·Non-smarting·Tear-proof
Smooth·Creamy·Easily Applied Without Water
MADE IN U.S.A.

At Last!

The Perfected
CREAM MASCARA
-by Maybelline

After long and intensive research to formulate a cream mascara that would be worthy of the name Maybelline, we are proud to announce the finest of all cream form mascaras! We know you will be delighted with the new MAYBELLINE CREAM MASCARA the first time you try it, because it is:

1. Easily applied—without water.
2. Creamy, velvet-soft—covers full length of the eyelashes evenly and smoothly.
3. Absolutely harmless, non-smarting, and tearproof.
4. The quickest and easiest way to achieve the *NATURAL* appearance of long dark lustrous lashes.
5. Beneficial to your lashes, keeps them soft and silky.
6. Makes the lashes curl upward.

If you have been disappointed or dissatisfied with other cream mascaras upon discovering they are waxy, gummy or stinging to your eyes—try MAYBELLINE'S perfect and harmless cream form mascara for really delightful eye beauty. The generous introductory size in a specially constructed dainty gold-metal tube, complete with exclusively molded brush, is obtainable NOW at all leading ten cent stores. Colors: Black, Brown and Blue. For perfect eye make-up in good taste—

INSIST on Quality—INSIST on genuine MAYBELLINE

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HARMLESS TEAR PROOF WILL NOT SMART THE EYES
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Tested and Approved
4847
Good Housekeeping Bureau
GOOD HOUSEKEEPING MAGAZINE

The Biggest Heart in Town

[*Continued from page 69*]

That cost a lot of money.

Along toward the middle of the football season, "Cotton" Warburton and "Inky" Watkins, two U.S.C. immortals, suggested to Vic that he sponsor a professional football club. Twenty minutes later the idea became a reality. He hired a coach, bought uniforms and the team used up fifteen dollars worth of electricity a night for ten days getting into shape. They won their first three games then lost to the redoubtable Green Bay Packers.

And then when the Los Angeles Junior College came to him with a plea for the stadium and field, he charged them but fifty dollars—hardly enough to pay for the janitor service.

A member of his Troop came to him with an invention. The boy was short the money to patent a dual-action carburetor which permitted the use of gasoline or crude oil, interchangeably.

"How much do you need?" asked Vic. "One hundred dollars," replied the inventor. He got the check. Several months later he gave Vic a third interest in the enterprise and it now seems that several large automobile companies are bidding for its exclusive use.

"And that is the only tangible return he has received from his flair for helping others," remarks Frank Moran.

But big Vic McLaglen disputes that.

"My wife and children are well fixed," he says. "I have one of the largest homes in Southern California, and it is mortgage free. I have established a fund to keep this place in taxes and repairs for the next twenty years.

"I've worked steadily for the past twelve years at a top salary and I never threw any of that money away. The way I figure things out now, I've got all the money my family will ever need and I can't think of a better way of spending my surplus than by creating something I'm proud of, something that will give others pleasure.

"You can bet that I'm proud of the stadium and the Lighthorse activities. If I weren't I wouldn't be spending at least thirty hours there every week. Some day the place may pay me back all I've put into it, but I'm not thinking of that now. All I want is the fun I get out of running it. I enjoy the headaches it produces. It keeps me active and gives me a place to play in.

"What more can you ask for?"

The fans are eagerly waiting to see Marion Davies and Dick Powell, who have been teamed once more in *Hearts Divided.*

Be Your Own MUSIC Teacher

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by wonderful improved method. Simple as A. B. C.—a child can learn it. Your lessons consist of real selections instead of tiresome exercises. When you finish one of these delightfully easy lessons, you've added a new "piece" to your list. You read real notes, too—no "numbers" or trick music. Method is so thorough that many of our 700,000 students are band and orchestra LEADERS.

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The Best GRAY HAIR REMEDY IS MADE AT HOME

YOU can now make at home a better gray hair remedy than you can buy, by following this simple recipe: To half pint of water add one ounce bay rum, a small box of Barbo Compound and one-fourth ounce of glycerine. Any druggist can put this up or you can mix it yourself at very little cost. Apply to the hair twice a week until the desired shade is obtained. Barbo imparts color to streaked, faded, or gray hair, makes it soft and glossy and takes years off your looks. It will not color the scalp, is not sticky or greasy and does not rub off.

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Ladies! Introduce FREE ACTUAL samples Snag-Proofed, Ringless Silk Hosiery to friends. CUTS HOSE BILLS IN HALF. Individual lengths. Low priced. Experience unnecessary. No house-to-house selling. Write for **Two Actual Sample Hose Free.** Give your size.

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HAPPY RELIEF FROM PAINFUL BACKACHE

Caused by Tired Kidneys

Many of those gnawing, nagging, painful backaches people blame on colds or strains are often caused by tired kidneys—and may be relieved when treated in the right way.

The kidneys are one of Nature's chief ways of taking acids and wastes out of the blood. A healthy person should pass about 3 pints a day and so get rid of more than 3 pounds of waste matter.

If the 15 miles of kidney tubes and filters don't work well, this waste stays in the body and may become poisonous. It may start nagging backaches, leg pains, loss of pep and energy, getting up nights, swelling, puffiness under the eyes, headaches and dizziness. Don't let it lay you up.

Ask your druggist for Doan's Pills — used successfully by millions for over 40 years. They give happy relief and will help to flush out the 15 miles of kidney tubes. Get Doan's Pills.

Shopping Guide

For store in your city featuring Catalina swim suits.

Birmingham, Alabama
Burger Phillips Co.
Mobile, Alabama
L. Hammel Dry Gds. Co.
Phoenix, Arizona
Diamond Dry Gds. Co., Inc.
Tucson, Arizona
Albert Steinfield & Co., Inc.
Yuma, Arizona
E. F. Sauguinetti
Little Rock, Arkansas
Pfeifer Bros., Inc.
Berkeley, California
J. F. Hink & Son, Inc.
Fresno, California
E. Gottschalk & Co., Inc.
Hollywood, California
Hollywood Knit Shop
Long Beach, California
Buffum's, Inc.
Los Angeles, California
Broadway Dept. Store, Inc.
Oakland, California
H. C. Capwell Co.
Pasadena, California
F. C. Nash & Co., Inc.
San Bernardino, California
Harris Company, Inc.
San Diego, California
Lion Clothing Co., Inc.
San Francisco, California
Emporium, Inc.
Santa Cruz, California
Samuel Leask & Sons, Inc.
Santa Monica, California
Sponberg's, Inc.
Stockton, California
Katten & Marengo, Inc.
Denver, Colorado
The May Company
Bridgeport, Connecticut
Meigs & Co., Inc.
New London, Connecticut
Blair's
Stamford, Connecticut
The C. O. Miller Co.
Wilmington, Delaware
Kennard Pyle & Co.
Washington, D. C.
Palais Royal, Inc.
Jacksonville, Florida
Akra Bros. (3 stores)
Miami, Florida
Burdines, Inc.
Miami Beach, Florida
Nelsons Dept. Store
Orlando, Florida
Yowell-Drew Co.
St. Petersburg, Florida
Willson-Chase Co.
Tampa, Florida
O. Falk's Dept. Store, Inc.
Atlanta, Georgia
Regenstein's Peachtree Stores
Macon, Georgia
The Union Dry Gds. Co.
Rome, Georgia
The Fahy Store
Boise, Idaho
Falk Mercantile Co., Ltd.
Aurora, Illinois
Alshuler Bros. Co.
Belleville, Illinois
Fellner-Ratheim D. G. Co.
Champaign, Illinois
G. C. Willis Dept. Store
Chicago, Illinois
Marshall Field & Co.
Decatur, Illinois
Gebhart-Gushard Co.
Elgin, Illinois
Ackerman Bros.
Evanston, Illinois
Lord's, Inc.
Peoria, Illinois
B. & M., Inc.
Rockford, Illinois
D. J. Stewart & Co.
Springfield, Illinois
Myers Bros.
Evansville, Indiana
Salm Bros.
Fort Wayne, Indiana
Patterson Fletcher Co., Inc.
Lafayette, Indiana
Loeb & Hene Company
Michigan City, Indiana
Hirsch's
Muncie, Indiana
Ball Stores, Inc.
South Bend, Indiana
Robertson Bros. Dept. Store, Inc
Terre Haute, Indiana
Root Dry Good Co.
Vincennes, Indiana
H. Brokhage & Sons
Burlington, Iowa
D. W. Klein Co., Inc.
Des Moines, Iowa
Younker Bros.
Sioux City, Iowa
Davidson Bros. Co.
Waterloo, Iowa
Lauerman Bros. Co.
Hutchinson, Kansas
Levinsons Dept. Store
Leavenworth, Kansas
Ettenson Dry Goods Co.
Topeka, Kansas
Palace Clothing Co.
Wichita, Kansas
Rorabaugh Dry Gds. Co.
Covington, Kentucky
The John R. Coppin Co.
Alexandria, Louisiana
Weiss & Goldring Co.
Baton Rouge, Louisiana
Rosenfield Dry Gds. Co., Ltd.
Lake Charles, Louisiana
Wallace & Walter Hebert Company
Monroe, Louisiana
Masur Bros.
New Orleans, Louisiana
Leon Godchaux Clo. Co., Ltd.
Baltimore, Maryland
The May Company
Cumberland, Maryland
Rosenbaum Bros., Inc.
Springfield, Massachusetts
Albert Steiger, Inc.
Worcester, Massachusetts
Denholm & McKay Co.
Detroit, Michigan
J. L. Hudson Company
Flint, Michigan
Smith Bridgeman & Co.
Grand Rapids, Michigan
Wurzburg Dry Gds. Co.
Jackson, Michigan
L. H. Field Company
Lansing, Michigan
J. W. Knapp Co.
Minneapolis, Minnesota
John W. Thomas & Co.
St. Paul, Minnesota
Schuneman's & Manheimer's
Biloxi, Mississippi
The Specialty Store
Gulfport, Mississippi
George E. Northrop Co.
Columbia, Missouri
Suzanne's, Inc.
Kansas City, Missouri
Kline's
St. Joseph, Missouri
Plymouth Clo. Co., Inc.
St. Louis, Missouri
Famous Barr Company
Missoula, Montana
Missoula Merc. Co.
Grand Island, Nebraska
S. N. Wolbach Sons, Inc.
Lincoln, Nebraska
Miller & Paine, Inc.
Omaha, Nebraska
Herzberg's, Inc.
Reno, Nevada
The Wonder Millinery & Dress Shop, Inc.
Manchester, N. Hamp.
Pariseau's, Inc.
Asbury Park, New Jersey
Tepper Bros., Inc.
Newark, New Jersey
Hahne & Company
New Brunswick, N. J.
P. J. Young D. G. Co. (Nevius Bros. Co.)
Buffalo, New York
J. N. Adam & Company
Niagara Falls, New York
McLeod-Johnson Co., Inc.
Rochester, New York
E. W. Edwards & Sons, Inc.
Yonkers, New York
Fertig's Specialty Shops, Inc.
Asheville, North Carolina
M. V. Moore & Company
Charlotte, North Carolina
J. B. Ivey & Company
Durham, North Carolina
The Ellis Stone Co., Inc.
Greensboro, North Carolina
Vanstory Clothing Co., Inc.
Raleigh, North Carolina
E. J. Ellisberg
Winston-Salem, N. C.
Anchor Co., Inc.
Akron, Ohio
M. O'Neil Company
Cincinnati, Ohio
John Shillito & Co.
Cleveland, Ohio
May Company
Dayton, Ohio
Johnston-Shelton Co.
Steubenville, Ohio
Cooper Kline Co.
Toledo, Ohio
The Lion Dry Goods Co.
Youngstown, Ohio
Strouss Hirshberg Co.
Muskogee, Oklahoma
Calhoun Dry Goods Co.
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John A. Brown D. G. Co.
Tulsa, Oklahoma
Brown Dunkin Co., Inc.
Portland, Oregon
Lipman, Wolfe & Co.
McKeesport, Pennsylvania
The Famous Co., Inc.
New Castle, Pennsylvania
Fisher Bros. D. G. Co.
Philadelphia, Pennsylvania
Jas. S. Jones & Co., Inc.
Pittsburgh, Pennsylvania
Joseph Horne Company
Providence, Rhode Island
Irving Nager
Greenville, South Carolina
Ivey-Keith Company
Spartanburg, S. C.
August W. Smith Co.
Knoxville, Tennessee
Anderson Dulin-Varnell Co.
Memphis, Tennessee
B. Lowenstein & Bros., Inc.
Nashville, Tennessee
Armstrong's
Abilene, Texas
Ernest Grissom, Inc.
Amarillo, Texas
Blackburn Bros., Inc.
Beaumont, Texas
White House D. G. Co.
Corpus Christi, Texas
Smart Shop
Dallas, Texas
A. Harris & Company
El Paso, Texas
Popular Dry Gds. Co.
Fort Worth, Texas
W. C. Stripling Co.
Galveston, Texas
Robert I. Cohen, Inc.
Houston, Texas
Foley Bros. D. G. Co.
San Antonio, Texas
Joske Bros. Co.
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Waco, Texas
Goldstein Migel Co.
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Belk-Leggett Co., Inc.
Norfolk, Virginia
Rices Fashion Corner, Inc.
Richmond, Virginia
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Bellingham, Washington
J. B. Wahl
Everett, Washington
Grand Leader D. G. Co.
Seattle, Washington
Frederick & Nelson
Spokane, Washington
Palace Kemp & Hebert, Inc.
Charleston West Virginia
Coyl & Richardson
Clarksburg, West Virginia
The Parsons-Souders Co.
Huntington, West Virginia
Anderson Newcomb Co.
Parkersburg, West Virginia
Dils Bros. & Co.
Wheeling, West Virginia
George E. Stifel Co.
Kenosha, Wisconsin
Block Bros.
Milwaukee, Wisconsin
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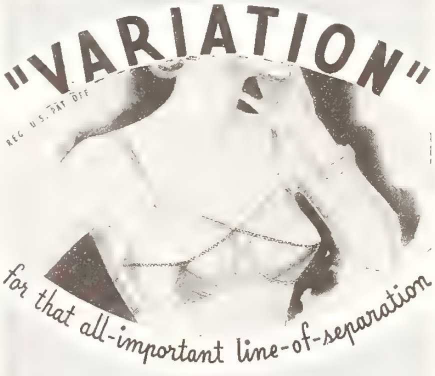
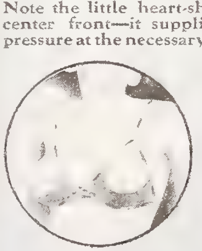
"BREATH CONTROL"!
PEPSODENT ANTISEPTIC
Keeps breath pure and sweet 1 to 2 hours longer



A distinct *division* between the breasts is especially important for the new fashions. To meet this need, Maiden Form developed this "Variation" brassiere which—in addition to under-breast stitching for extra-firm support—gives you that fashionable *line-of-separation*. Note the little heart-shaped "over-lap" at the center front—it supplies just enough gentle pressure at the necessary point! $1.00 and $1.50.



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LD-1 . . . Elegantly styled, modern, genuine Baguette wrist watch at an amazingly low price. The streamlined white, lifetime case is set with 2 brilliant, genuine diamonds and fitted with a fully guaranteed movement. Smart, link bracelet to match. $29.75 value specially offered at $19.75. **Only $1.88 a mo.**

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Handsome Genuine leather strap included free!

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Don't suffer with this ugly, scaly skin affliction. PSORIATEX, the guaranteed treatment, relieves the most chronic cases, no matter how long afflicted. Positive relief guaranteed or money refunded. Write for free information. Don't delay. **PSORIATEX LAB. INC. Dept. AT-6, Real Estate Trust Bldg., Phila., Pa.**

Gospels of Beauty for June Brides

[*Continued from page* 55]

cream so your make-up will look glowing all evening . . .

Then, before retiring, after your face is thoroughly clean, apply the special cream that nourishes the skin and tissue and works a small miracle in softening them during the night.

Gospel No. 4: Avoid nervous mannerisms. They not only spoil beauty; they're apt to spoil homelife. Nothing is likely to make a man more irritable. Drumming on the arms of a chair—hasn't it nearly driven you insane at times? Yet any number of girls thoughtlessly fall into the habit. Or they keep swinging their feet or playing with a bunch of keys or—and this is the most common—fumbling with their hair. If you find yourself doing anything like that, fold your hands in your lap and keep them there for five minutes. *Don't* get into jerky, nervous ways.

Watch out for such awkwardness—it ruins the effect of a lovely face . . .

The last gospel on Max Factor's list has a special import. It's the most abused of all—yet it has a strong bearing on a couple's happiness. For a wife who *makes up before breakfast is likely to start the day right for her husband!*

Don't send him off with a picture of you all frizzled headed and still asleep. All right once in a while perhaps, but not as a habit! See that he has a good breakfast. More important still, see that you look as fresh as the morning itself. Lips nicely made up, nose powdered, cheeks a-glow—and, above all, be carefully and attractively dressed. Show him that you *care*.

Five gospels of beauty that any bride can practice to hold a husband . . . . .

Anita Louise, currently featured in *The Story of Louis Pasteur,* is an all around athlete—a champion fencer, an expert swimmer and a skillful tennis player

GRAY HAIR *takes on new color*

(**FREE** Test Shows Way)

No matter whether your hair is all gray or only streaked with gray, you can transform it with new radiance. And it is so easy. Merely comb Mary T. Goldman's clear, water-white liquid through your hair. Gray strands take on new color: black, brown, auburn, blonde. Will not wash or rub off on clothing . . . Hair stays soft, lustrous—takes wave or curl. This way SAFE. Sold on money-back guarantee at drug and department stores everywhere.

Test it **FREE** ~ **We send Test Package. Apply to single lock snipped from hair. See results first. No risk. No expense. Just mail coupon.**

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Name.....................................
Street.....................................
City.....................State..............
Color of your hair?..........................

NEW!! MIDGET POCKET RADIO $2.99 COMPLETE POSTPAID

Fits in any small pocket easily. Weighs only 4 ozs. as shown. Comes in four beautiful colors (Black, Green, Brown, White). No tubes, batteries, or electrical connections needed! Nothing to wear or need replacement—will last for years—only one moving part! Separates and receives broadcast stations with beautiful clear tone. Range up to 50 miles—MUCH GREATER under good conditions—very little static or interference! Can be used by ANYONE ANYWHERE! NO CRYSTALS TO ADJUST! Absolutely complete with midget phone and instructions to use while in bed, hotels, at home, autos, offices, camps, on bicycles or any place you may be. No complicated or messy hookups—takes only a second to connect! THOUSANDS OF SATISFIED OWNERS. THESE ARE FACTS! Send only $1.00 and pay postman $1.99 plus postage on arrival or send $2.99 (Cash, M. O. Check). Ideal Gift. Guaranteed. ORDER NOW! State Color. Foreign orders 65c extra.

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Are you tormented with the itching tortures of eczema, rashes, athlete's foot, eruptions, or other skin afflictions? For quick and happy relief, use cooling, antiseptic, liquid **D.D.D. PRESCRIPTION.** Its gentle oils soothe the irritated skin. Clear, greaseless and stainless—dries fast. Stops the most intense itching instantly. A 35c trial bottle, at drug stores, proves it—or money back!

***MILLIONS USE* "HUSH" *for* BODY ODORS**

10c SIZE AT 10c STORES

CREAM LIQUID POWDER STICK

The summer vacationist, facing the hazards of wind, heat and sun which play havoc with complexions unless unusual care is used, will find the several beauty aids illustrated above of great benefit. Alison Alden recommends *Ada Allan's Cleo 3-D All Purpose Cream, DuBarry's Rose Mask Cream, Richard Hudnut's Marvelous Matched Make-up, Luxor's Dusting Powder, Lucky Tiger Hair Tonic* and *Glazo Nail Polishes*

Vacation Beauty Problems

[*Continued from page* 12]

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beneficial sunshine vitamin without chancing a fatal case of sunburn or tan.

A skin "affliction" that most of the world takes more seriously than I, is *freckles.* It may be *small comfort* to suggest that only the finest, most sensitive skins freckle, and yet it's strictly true. The youthful, piquant blemishes are pigmentary discolorations of the skin. They are not formed on the outer tissues, but at the border between the true skin and the epidermis, which explains the uselessness of simple home freckle remedies of lemon juice, cucumber and sour cream.

Certain bleaching creams make a balanced treatment that will noticeably lighten sun-kisses and improve the skin at the same time. Here is where I can wholeheartedly recommend *Stillman's Freckle Cream.* This cream will tone your skin and—when used according to the manufacturer's directions—bleach your freckles beyond your own comprehension. The simple but generous size jar is priced at only fifty cents—a meager sum for a cream that will do so much for your beauty this summer.

A delightful surprise of real complexion beauty lies behind a mask application which does the work of ten professional fingers on your skin.

D*uBARRY'S Rose Mask Cream,* which you see illustrated, is a new treatment to tighten loose skin, refine and normalize enlarged pores and stimulate circulation. After you use this cream look into your mirror. You will behold your skin fresher, with a petal-softness and cool firmness. For the sum of $1.00 you may purchase an attractive jar which contains enough cream

[*Continued on page* 74]

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FOUNDATIONS
and GIRDLES
STYLED BY
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THE STARS ARE SAYING

Your Figure May Be Your Fortune

You'll make a fortunate discovery in figure control with the new "Screen" Foundation.

Lovely to look at! Delightful to wear! It's so porous, cool and comfortably controlling. Made of two-way stretch preshrunk and runproof mesh Lastex. Exercises stern control over wayward bulges. Lace uplift bra is specially designed to effect a beautiful bustline. $5

"Screen" Girdle and Pantie of the same porous Lastex, $3.50

You should find "Screen" and other beautiful Foundations, Girdles and Brassieres Styled by Hickory at your favorite Corset Department. If not—write for FREE descriptive brochure illustrating the newest in two-way stretch Lastex Creations. Address 1143 West Congress Street, Chicago, Illinois

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*N*ow . . . for lips . . . TATTOO instead of lipstick! Vibrant, exciting South Sea color . . . luscious and appealing instead of "just red!" Transparent and pasteless instead of opaque and pasty. Chap-proof . . . actually makes lips smoother . . . younger . . . much more desirable! TATTOO! Put it on . . . let it set . . . wipe it off. Only the color stays . . . and it really stays . . . regardless. Test all five of TATTOO'S thrilling shades on your own skin at the Tattoo Color Selector displayed in your favorite store. Then . . . tattoo your lips! TATTOO, $1 everywhere.

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SOUTH SEA COLOR FOR LIPS

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Sound reasoning and common sense recommended the form, the convenience, and the dependability of PAR-I-O-GEN Tablets, features which are often so difficult adequately to describe.

They are neatly packaged in tubes, each tube containing twelve convenient tablets which are immediately effective and dependable. PAR-I-O-GEN Tablets have been available for years and are sold by progressive drug stores nearly everywhere.

A tablet dissolves in a few moments and the solution thus formed has been found by thousands to be entirely adequate and dependable without the use of water or other accessories.

PAR-I-O-GEN Tablets are non-caustic, stainless, greaseless. They provide an effective deodorant although practically odorless. It is a long-acknowledged fact that they offer the practical, common-sense answer to the problem of

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AMERICAN DRUG & CHEMICAL CO.
Dept. 196 420 S. Sixth Street, Minneapolis, Minn.

Vacation Beauty Problems

[*Continued from page* 73]

for several bracing and refreshing quick "pick-up" facials.

These mask facials should be used immediately following a strenuous day of active sports—to get you in trim for your evening's social engagement.

How many times have you sat at a ringside table in your favorite supper club and made the comment: "Doesn't that girl look ghastly without make-up under the electric lights!"

True—she does look ghastly—but it isn't the absence of make-up—it's the wrong make-up!

Every woman knows that, if her eyes are blue, she can wear just the right shade of blue and make them appear deeper, more beautiful.

If her eyes are brown, her whole personality quickens when she flings an orange scarf around her neck. And so it is with make-up.

Movie and stage stars are enthusiastic about *Richard Hudnut's Marvelous Matched Make-up* which was recently created to match the color of eyes! The unusual value you see pictured is a tricky little kit which contains harmonizing shades of face powder, rouge, lipstick, mascara and eyeshadow. The price is fifty-five cents. Isn't it a bargain? And such a grand little kit to tuck away in one corner of your dressing table or your weekend bag. This make-up will reveal your true beauty.

There is nothing quite as refreshing after a plunge in the ocean as a cool shower and an application of fragrant dusting powder. *Luxor's Dusting Powder* is scented with an enticing perfume aimed to play tag with the heart of a "stand-offish" male. The smooth, soft texture of this bath powder will leave your whole body cool, refreshed and "velvety." The box (illustrated) is a lovely summer green—and with it comes a large puff to simplify the application. All for only fifty five cents.

. Your hair is the next consideration for your summer beauty. This is important, especially if you like to swim. Of course, weekly shampoos, daily brushing and hot oil treatments are beneficial—but, too, a good hair tonic used frequently will overcome sticky and "hair-raising" problems of salt water contact.

Lucky Tiger Hair Tonic is an excellent preparation for the elimination of dandruff and other bugaboos to hair beauty. This tonic should be masaged into the scalp with your finger tips until your scalp tingles with vitality. The professional size bottle, pictured here, costs but $1.00.

Your hands will not be gloved this summer so care of the nails is imperative.

GLAZO NAIL LOTION is a feather in the cap of its creator. This new lotion is simple to use—quickly applied—and keeps nails and cuticles in excellent condition. It's surprising how this boon to beauty costs the amazingly low sum of twenty cents. I advise you to purchase a supply of this lotion as precaution against brittle, dry nails.

There is nothing like being different, you know—and I want to remind you that it can be done easily and economically with nail polishes. The *Glazo* polishes are in several beautiful and flattering shades, priced at twenty cents too. So, harmonize your nails with new ensembles. Whether your choice is a vivid or conservative tint—you'll find it in *Glazo* polishes.

HAPPINESS

LONG DENIED HER

because of—

PSORIASIS

Few women can be glamorously attractive and win their heart's desire if they are disfigured by psoriasis lesions. Siroil removes these crusts and scales of psoriasis and relieves other of its discomforts. It is applied externally, does not stain clothing or bed linen, and is offered on a strict money-back guarantee. Write for interesting booklet on Psoriasis and Siroil. It will be sent you free on request.

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Please send me your booklet on Psoriasis

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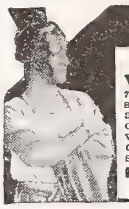
● Quickly and safely you can tint those streaks of gray to lustrous shades of blonde, brown or black. BROWNATONE and a small brush does it. Used and approved for over twenty-four years. Guaranteed harmless. Active coloring agent is purely vegetable. Cannot affect waving of hair. Economical and lasting—will not wash out. Simply retouch as new gray appears. Imparts rich, beautiful color with amazing speed. Easy to prove by tinting a lock of your own hair. BROWNATONE is only 50c—at all drug and toilet counters—always on a money-back guarantee.



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STANDARD ART STUDIOS
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Party Line in Hollywood

[*Continued from page* 15]

Outlaw, in which fact there is small room for astonishment, since every studio at this moment is doing the same. Westerns are again decidedly the style. But the cast of *The Last Outlaw* is another matter. Harry Carey, Hoot Gibson, William Farnum and the one and only William S. Hart are to be co-starred. When one thinks of the amount that it would have cost to assemble such a quartette of cowboy stars a few years ago when they were in their heyday, it is to gasp. Farnum, broke today, is said to have received the biggest salary ever paid a screen star.

Rural Bliss

Clara Bow breezed into town recently from the wilds of the Bow-Bell Ranch, called on a few of her best pals, and sped back to Nevada with the cryptic remark that she wouldn't return to the screen if some producer offered her a quit-claim deed to Hollywood Boulevard. As a matter of fact no one offered her a cent to return to the screen, but it's interesting—and gratifying—to know that Clara, who never found any real happiness as a star, has found amazing contentment as "just Mrs. Rex Bell of Nevada." It's odd to think of the "It Girl," who was the life of every party, sitting on the front stoop of a ranch in the wilderness, listening to the coyotes—and loving it!

Love Interest

The Party Line's Number One Snoop phoned in from Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer t'other day and informed us that Elaine Barrie, who won first page standing by playing Ariel to John Barrymore's Caliban, will probably make her screen debut as a screenster before long. It seems that "Caliban" demanded a screen test for his lady and aided her cause by working with her in some very torrid love scenes. A most realistic bit of acting, according to our scout, who claims to be an authority.

Up the Ladder

We take pardonable (we hope) pride in the fact that we were among the first to predict great screen success for Harriet Hilliard, the radio songbird who made such an auspicious debut in *Follow the Fleet.* For, here's Harriet, back in Hollywood, with a brand new contract which will make her a full-fledged star. Her first two vehicles have already been purchased and you will be seeing the first picture, *Make a Wish,* in the early fall. Radio Pictures executives are so excited about her abilities and charm that they wouldn't trade her for the Kimberley diamond mines. And the ironical fact is that Harriet doesn't give a hang about screen success; she would be perfectly satisfied to be just Mrs. "Ozzie" Nelson, private housewife.

A New Cycle

Pat O'Brien was on the Party Line a little while ago with some interesting news. Says he's patched up his quarrel with Warner Brothers, has been excused from playing the role in *Stage Struck* which occasioned his rebellion, and has been assigned the lead in *China Clipper,* a mellerdrammer depicting the conquest of the Pacific by air. And there, in all probability,

[*Continued on page* 76]

She has what it takes
except one thing

She's pretty . . . .

She's lively . . . .

She's a snappy dresser . . . .

She has plenty of what it takes . . .

And yet the men "side-step" her. The other girls ignore her. For the best reason in the world!

A girl can have everything else it takes to be a favorite, but if perspiration odor makes her unpleasant to be with, she cannot hope for popularity.

It's unpardonable, these days, for any girl to carry the ugly odor of underarm perspiration on her person and her clothing. For it's so easy to prevent!

It takes just half a minute to make your underarms fresh, free from odor *all day long.* With Mum.

That's the nice thing about Mum. It's so quick and easy to use, and you can use it any time—before dressing or afterwards. For it's harmless to clothing.

And it's soothing to the skin. You can shave your underarms and use Mum at once.

Another thing about Mum — it doesn't prevent natural perspiration. It prevents only the disagreeable part of perspiration —*the odor.*

Don't risk letting this fault shut you out of popularity. Get the daily Mum habit, then you'll always be safe! Bristol-Myers, Inc., 630 Fifth Ave., New York.

MUM

ON SANITARY NAPKINS. This is another way Mum can keep you from offending. Rely on its help for this and you'll never need to worry.

takes the odor out of perspiration

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..WRITES NEVADA LADY

LOOK and FEEL LIKE A New Person!

● If you have tried to lose fat and failed, read these letters and take heart! "I tried to reduce, yet nothing worked. I was desperate. Then I tried RE-DUCE-OIDS and **lost 63 lbs.! I look and feel like a new person!"** writes Mrs. A. Wood, 101 Burns St., Reno. This lady's experience is typical of hundreds of others, as shown by letters in our files.

● You can trust a Nurse to know the safe, easy way to lose fat. Mrs. G. L. Ryer, Reg. Nurse, Dayton, Ohio, writes: "I lost 47 lbs. with RE-DUCE-OIDS, though I did not diet." Thousands of delighted women have acquired lovely figures this proven way. Millions of packages sold. Why not start to reduce today?

REDUCED 50 LBS.: Mrs. J. Schafer, 1029 Jackson St., Kansas City, Mo., writes: "I lost 50 lbs. My doctor pronounces me in better health than for years and I feel better in every way." Others write of reducing as much as 80 lbs., and report feeling better right from the start. **For your SAFETY**—RE-DUCE-OIDS absolutely **DO NOT CONTAIN** the dangerous drug, dinitrophenol. They are easy to take . . . tasteless.

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Your money back in full if not delighted . . . you are the judge. No risk, so don't delay, fat is dangerous! At drug or dep't stores. Or send $2 for 1 package; or $5 for 3 packages direct to us, Currency, Money Order, or stamps. (10c fee must accompany C.O.D. orders only.) **Plain wrapper, no embarrassment.**

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"Thanks to Chicago School of Nursing, I have been able to support my three children and keep my home together," writes Mrs. A. E., Waterbury, Conn. And Mrs. E. is only one of thousands of men and women who have found that C.S.N. training opens the way to a well-paid dignified profession!

C.S.N.-trained practical nurses all over the country are earning as much as $25 to $35 a week in private practice, in hospitals and sanitariums. Others, like Miss C. H., own nursing-homes. This easy-to-understand course—endorsed by physicians—enables men and women 18 to 60 to prepare themselves at home and in their spare time, for any type of practical nursing. Best of all, it is possible to earn while learning—Mrs. F. McE. took her first case before completing the 7th lesson and earned $400 in three months!

High school not necessary. Complete nurse's equipment included. Easy tuition payments.

Decide *now* to send for "Splendid Opportunities in Nursing," which shows you how you can win success as a nurse!

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Dept. 86, 100 East Ohio Street, Chicago, Ill.
Please send booklet and 32 sample lesson pages.

Name____________________

City__________State__________Age____

Party Line in Hollywood

[*Continued from page 75*]

you have the start of a new cycle. Pictures hinging on the trans-Pacific flights of the clipper ships will be as common as flies in the studios this summer.

Stellar Sea Dogs

Speaking of summer, reminds us that we're going to need water taxis if we continue giving you the news this vacation-time. This village has become yacht conscious in a large way. If one hasn't a boat, one simply doesn't BELONG. Just mention the word salt at any Hollywood party, and instantly every guest starts sparring for an opening in order to tell about the cruise he has planned for the summer. Take Lee Tracy, for instance. In his *Adoree,* which is just about the snappiest schooner-rigged sailing boat in these waters, he's going to scud southward along the coast of Mexico. And, recalling that famous episode in Mexico City, he'll probably sneer every time he sights land.

Temperamental

At M-G-M, they're chuckling. And all because a certain day laborer turned the tables on Leslie Howard.

As the story goes, this laborer, who had never worked in a studio before, dropped his shovel at the noon hour and sauntered over to the great sound stage where Norma Shearer and Leslie are co-starring in *Romeo and Juliet.* Spying Leslie, who was just leaving the stage, the man requested permission to step inside and watch the filming of a few scenes.

"I'm sorry," said Leslie, "but you can't do that. It makes Miss Shearer very nervous."

An hour later, Leslie was walking past the construction job where the workman was wielding his spade. He stopped and watched—but not for long. For the shovel-swinger looked up and said:

"I'm sorry, old man, but you can't stand there, it makes me nervous to have an audience."

Meet the winners of the academy Awards! Bette Davis and Victor McLaglen are obviously proud and happy over the honor

Down here in Maryland where
THE HORSE IS KING

FLYING hoofs roll out a fast tattoo that quickens the pulse of the wildly cheering throng on tip-toe in its excitement. Maryland's racing season is on!—And your home in Baltimore is ready for you.

Your car is taken at the door by an expert garage attendant. Yours is one of 700 comfortable rooms—each with bath or shower, running ice water, full length mirror and bed head reading lamp. You're at the center of Baltimore's business and social activities. You enjoy characteristic Maryland cuisine in any of three distinct restaurants. And the rate—from $3.00 single.

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11 x 14 inches

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A CONCENTRATED OINTMENT

Hollywood Highlights

[*Continued from page* 25]

just to be inside of a studio. He went to call on Shirley Temple the other day and she showed him her rabbits, which he admired, and Shirley graciously said, "Well, pick out the one you want." He had a mental picture of the glint in Laura Cobb's eye if he walked in with a rabbit under his arm, so he quickly asked, "How many have you, Shirley?" "Sixteen," was the answer. Irvin, with a smile, said, "Thank you, darling, but I wouldn't want to spoil your set." Shirley looked up quickly, "That's all right, Mr. Cobb, there'll be lots more coming right along," said she.

Industry-Savers

Mickey Mouse saved the industry a few years ago. Now Shirley is doing her bit for Twentieth Century-Fox, and the Quints aren't doing so badly. But never once has that company commented on the loss to them of Will Rogers and, as you all know, he, with Shirley, was their biggest asset.

Garbo Wouldn't Know It

Wish you could all see how becoming Greta Garbo's old house is to Cobb. He's knocked a wall out here and there, put in windows, cut down a few trees to let in the sunlight and provide a view. It's really beautiful, and the meeting place for all the arts and artists.

A New Star

Also saw the preview of Fred Stone's picture, *The Farmer in the Dell*. I don't know how you feel, but I love it . . . so simple and real. And so is he. He's a combination of Will Rogers and George M. Cohan, and I predict he'll be one of the reigning screen favorites of all time. . . . he's got that certain quality. I'll never forget the telegram he sent when my son was born. "Well, I'm damned." You see, he's the father of three daughters, and always wanted a son. Dorothy has made a big reputation on the stage, Paula is doing likewise on the screen. My son, Wolfe, has just signed a contract at Paramount, so keep your fingers crossed. That's what I'm doing. He's going to support this old lady yet.

Hollywood Youngsters

Patricia Ziegfeld is writing a snappy column for young Will Rogers' newspaper; Helen Broderick's son is on his way out here to go into pictures and Owen Davis, Jr., is doing all right for himself at RKO. The younger generation is coming into its own.

Roland Young gave a cocktail party for *Florence Nightingale*, to about 200 intimate friends. Roland phoned personally, and the comments his friends made about Florence are going into a new book, with a lot of his drawings. Kay Francis, who will play the famous nurse in the Warner Brothers picture, came dressed in her *"Nightingale"* costume.

Roaming With Romeo

There's a great deal of secrecy about shooting *Romeo and Juliet* at Metro. What a play Shakespeare could write if he sat in on all the conferences, rehearsals and the shooting of the picture. They've scoured the four corners of the earth for talent, and the most human of the lot is Professor Strunk, from Cornell University, who is

[*Continued on page* 78]

NOBODY WANTED ME A FEW WEEKS AGO

But now she's the most popular girl in town

IF YOU WEREN'T SO SKINNY YOU'D HAVE MORE FRIENDS
HERE'S A GIRL GAINED 12 POUNDS IN 3 WEEKS WITH IRONIZED YEAST
IT WOULD MAKE A NEW GIRL OF YOU...TRY IT
I WANT SOME IRONIZED YEAST
FOLKS SAY THEY'VE GAINED 10 TO 25 LBS. WITH IT
A FEW WEEKS LATER
YOU'RE SO POPULAR IT'S HARD TO DATE YOU UP
YES, BUT I WAS MIGHTY LONELY TILL I PUT ON 10 POUNDS

Posed by professional models

Thousands gaining 5 to 15 lbs. with new "7-power" yeast tablets

IT certainly seems a crime against yourself to remain "skinny" and unable to attract friends when thousands have gained pounds of solid, naturally good-looking flesh this new easy way—*in just a few weeks!*

Doctors now know that the real reason why many find it hard to gain weight is that they do not get enough Vitamin B and iron in their daily food. Now with this new "7-power" discovery, which combines these two vital elements in little concentrated tablets, hosts of people have put on 5 to 15 pounds, normal curves—*in a very short time.*

Not only are thousands quickly gaining normally attractive pounds, but also naturally clear skin, freedom from miserable indigestion and constipation, new pep.

7 times more powerful

This amazing new product, Ironized Yeast, is made from special cultured ale yeast imported from Europe, the richest known source of Vitamin B. By a new process this yeast is concentrated 7 times—*made 7 times more powerful.* Then it is ironized with 3 kinds of strengthening iron.

If you, too, need Vitamin B and iron to build you up, get these new Ironized Yeast tablets from your druggist at once. Then, day after day, as you take them, watch skinny limbs and flat chest round out to normal attractiveness, skin clear to natural beauty—you're an entirely new person.

Money-back guarantee

No matter how skinny and rundown you may be from lack of enough Vitamin B and iron, this marvelous new Ironized Yeast should build you up in a few short weeks as it has thousands. If not delighted with the results of the very first package, your money instantly refunded.

Special FREE offer!

To start you building up your health right away, we make this FREE offer. Purchase a package of Ironized Yeast tablets at once, cut out seal on box and mail it to us with a clipping of this paragraph. We will send you a fascinating new book on health, "New Facts About Your Body." Remember, results with very first package—or money refunded. At all druggists. Ironized Yeast Co., Inc., Dept. 286, Atlanta, Ga.

From Hollywood comes
This NEW and BETTER
Nail Polish!

There's a reason why Moon Glow Nail Polish is so popular with the stars of the screen and stage. Women everywhere who are particular about cosmetics use Moon Glow because it makes their hands more lovely, attractive and dainty than ever before. Also because its sparkling lustre lasts many days longer. Try one of the 8 smart new Hollywood shades. Only 25¢ for the giant size bottle at drug and department stores.

Or get the generous size bottle on sale at all good ten cent stores.

Send for trial size use the coupon below.
Applies smoothly —sets lustrously. Cream or clear polish.
Resists chipping, cracking and peeling.
HOLLYWOOD
MOON GLOW NAIL POLISH
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MOON GLOW
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Moon Glow Cosmetic Co., Ltd., Dept. F66, Hollywood, Calif.
Please send generous trial bottle Moon Glow Polish ( ) cream ( ) clear. I enclose 10c (coin or stamps) for each shade checked. ( ) Natural ( ) Medium ( ) Rose ( ) Blood Red ( ) Sun Tan ( ) Coral ( ) Tomato Red.
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(In Canada, send 15 cents. Moon Glow, 36 Caledonia Rd., Toronto.)

GIVE BROWNISH BLONDE HAIR golden, radiant beamlike BEAUTY!
NEW 25¢ SIZE
BLONDEX

Shampoo-rinse Washes Hair 2 to 4 Shades Lighter

BLONDES, bring back to faded, brownish hair the radiant, golden beauty to which you have every right. Use Blondex. This unique combination shampoo and rinse all in one, washes the dullest, drabbest hair 2 to 4 shades lighter *in just one shampoo!* And *safely*, too, for Blondex is an absolutely harmless rinse—not a harsh chemical or dye. Don't wait to bring back soft, silky, golden allure to your hair. Shampoo-rinse your hair today with Blondex. You'll be amazed at the change. Get it at any good drug or department store.

BLONDEX THE BLONDE HAIR SHAMPOO-RINSE

Dr. Burris A. Jenkins calls on Cecil B. De Mille who once occupied the pastor's pulpit in Kansas City for an evening.

Hollywood Highlights

[*Continued from page 77*]

having himself an elegant time. There's a rumor floating about that Oliver Messell from London, who designed some of the costumes, made six gowns for Norma Shearer's ballroom sequence. Adrian made one. And when the scene was shot, Norma was wearing Adrian's costume.

A Greater Ziegfeld

But wait until you see *The Great Ziegfeld*. I saw the last sequence being shot, which alone cost $200,000 . . . as much as Ziggy paid for his entire Follies. It looked like a gorified wedding cake, made on the Taj Mahal plan, only more showy. Billie Burke was watching the scene; Otto Klemperer, the director of our symphony orchestra, just couldn't take it in, and by the look in Cole Porter's eyes, I'm certain he got plenty of inspiration for a new number.

Desert Sold

Adrian is just back from Palm Springs, and while motoring there, he saw a sign, "Salton Sea . . . 60 miles." He kept right on going and discovered a sea fourteen miles long, in the heart of the desert. So he went there daily to bake and bathe and ended by buying 500 acres on the shore line. Fresh water will have to be hauled in to his property. He's already planning to build a house and will give an acre or two of land to his friends who would like to build there also.

An Actress Author

Mrs. Pat Campbell has gone off alone to a cabin in the high mountains, is writing her memoirs, and is happy as a bug in a rug. Understand six installments have already been sold to an English publication.

Pay Dirt

Jimmy Fidler, who goes on the airways weekly with his gossip, has been harshly criticized for some of his news. He de-

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Ages 10 to 69

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The Guaranty Union Life Insurance Company, a licensed insurance company of California, has met the public demand for LOW COST life protection by issuing a new life insurance policy without costly investment features.

NON-MEDICAL! NO RED TAPE! NO INVESTMENT FEATURES! Just plain life protection providing up to $1,000.00 for Natural Death and up to $2,000.00 for Accidental Death, as specified, based on age. THE INITIAL COST IS ONLY $1.00! SEND NO MONEY! It costs you nothing to inspect one of these new policies, which will be sent to you fully made out for FREE INSPECTION. It contains the liberal Incontestable and Non-Forfeiture Clauses of the California insurance laws and complies with the Legal Reserve requirements. This policy form has been approved by the California Insurance Department as complying with California Statutes.

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Without cost or obligation, mail me your new low cost Life Insurance Policy for FREE inspection.
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If you wish to help a friend who needs this low cost protection, fill in below and he will receive Policy for Free Inspection.
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OILY, SHINY SKIN!
BLACKHEADS! LARGE PORES!

"Oily Skin is a dangerous breeding ground for BLACKHEADS. Never Squeeze Blackheads. It causes Scars, Infection!" warns well-known scientist.

Use wonderful KLEERPLEX WASH! Amazing NEW scientific discovery. This medicated, pore-purifying liquid acts **quickly, safely.** Gently, thoroughly flushes pores. A marvelous aid in overcoming Blackheads, Large Pores, Oily Skin, embarrassing "Shine". Muddiness. Lightens! Beautifies your skin! Gives you that clean-cut attractive look. No harmful chemicals! No staying home! Guaranteed pure! Thousands of grateful users—men and women. Stop wasting time and money on ordinary creams, cosmetics. Nothing like this Secret Formula. Prove it to yourself NOW! Get your 2 mos' supply of Kleerplex Wash TODAY! Just write your name and address on a piece of paper, enclose $1, plus 10c for postage and mail direct to KLEERPLEX (TC 15[illegible]), 452 Fifth Avenue, New York City—or pay postman $1 plus COD charges. Outside U. S. $1.25 and no CODs. MONEY BACK GUARANTEE.

REMOVES HAIR

PERFUMED X-BAZIN CREAM or POWDER

Simply apply — wash off.
Giant Size Tube or Powder never costs more than . . 50¢ Smaller Tube 10¢
ALL DRUG — DEPT. STORES — TEN CENT STORES

EASILY · QUICKLY · SURELY

fends himself by saying when he was a press agent building a clean reputation for Hollywood, nobody spoke to him, but now that he's sprinkled his stuff with paprika he's had so many offers he can't accept them all.

Gourmet's Delight

Speaking of spice, that dinner Mitchell Leisen gave for his *Thirteen Hours by Air* company and some of his friends, including Cecil De Mille, who hadn't visited him for years, was in the nature of a Gala. The sauerkraut cooked in champagne was new in these here parts, and so delicious that I begged for the recipe, and here it is:

4 cans Libby sauerkraut; pour off the juice
1 quart boiling water
1 grated onion

Boil for three-quarters of an hour. Grate one large potato, boil one-half hour longer. Take one cup of drippings from spare ribs, which have already been cooled, stir that in and boil a few minutes. Add one pint of champagne. Keep very hot but do not boil.

Busiest Man In Town

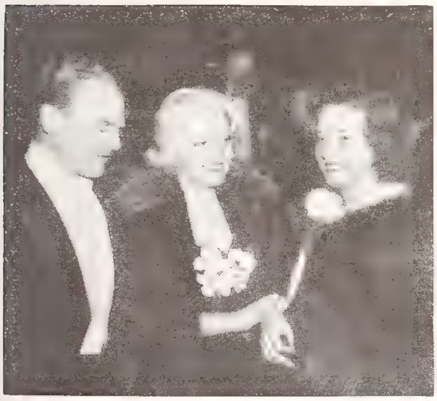
Cecil DeMille is just as busy as a bird dog with burrs these days. Getting away with dictation to five secretaries at once, picking the Queen of Beauty (and can he pick 'em!) for the University of Colorado's Year Book, addressing a class at U.C.L.A., looking our annual flock of titled visitors over, and pal-ing around with a pastor from Kansas City, Dr. Burris Jenkins, which means he's just on the verge of production of *Buffalo Bill.*

Appreciation

Ran into Mrs. Frank Borzage. Frank's just finished Marion Davies' new picture, which looks grand. Marion's a darling . . . gave him one of those new traveling bars complete with radio, bottles, etc. Uh-huh, the bottles were filled. Marlene Dietrich gave him a lovely watch, after he directed *Desire,* her best picture in this country. Frank's so tickled with the presents because they're the first he's received from grateful stars, and when you realize how many years he's been star-making . . . will you ever forget *Seventh Heaven* or *Humoresque?*

True Love

One of our biggies, a lady star, has just turned down a rich suitor for a poor one, and Frances Marion, our wit, writer, pal, and so forth, cracked out with, "You don't mean to tell me you're turning down the First National Bank for a pew in the Brown Derby!" Frances is finishing a new novel with her great friend, Marie Dressler, for the central character. Three publishers are bidding for it.



Jimmy Cagney, Alice Faye, and Barbara Stanwyck at a recent social event

"Dentyne Takes Double Prize
—For Aid to Mouth Health—
For Fine Flavor!"

DENTYNE—FOR A HEALTHIER MOUTH. Our early forefathers' teeth were kept in good condition by *natural* means—by foods that required plenty of chewing. Our foods today are soft—we *need* Dentyne because its special firmness encourages more vigorous chewing—gives mouth and gums healthful exercise and massage, and promotes self-cleansing. Dentyne works in the *natural* way to keep your mouth healthy—your teeth splendidly sound and white.

INEXHAUSTIBLE FLAVOR! You can't chew it out. Smoothness with a tang—a breath of spice—Dentyne's distinctive flavor is an achievement in sheer deliciousness. You'll appreciate the shape of the Dentyne package, too—smartly flat (an exclusive feature)—just right to slide handily into your pocket or purse.

*Keeps teeth white—
mouth healthy*

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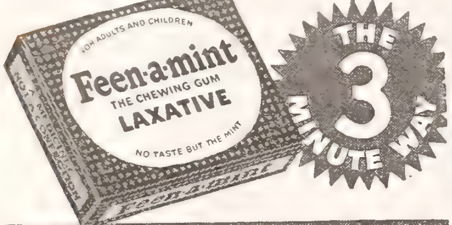
CHEWING GUM
5¢
5¢
KEEPS THE TEETH WHITE

DENTYNE
DELICIOUS CHEWING GUM

"3 MINUTES AT NIGHT KEEPS ME RIGHT"

I used to take jolting "all-at-once" cathartics—because I thought I had to. But now I've found the three-minute way. And what a difference it makes. At the first sign of trouble, I chew FEEN-A-MINT, the chewing-gum laxative, for three minutes; and the next morning I feel like a new person. And, best of all, with FEEN-A-MINT there are no griping pains—no nausea—no unpleasant after-effects. It's easy, pleasant, and thoroughly satisfactory. Children love its delicious chewing-gum flavor. 15c and 25c a box.



THE CHEWING-GUM LAXATIVE

A CORN'S LIKE A TACK IN YOUR TOE!

GET OUT ROOT AND ALL–THIS SAFE WAY

THAT aching, burning, blistering corn... it's like a tack in your toe! Don't just trim the head off. Get it *all* out! Get rid of it for good!

How? With Blue-Jay—the scientific corn plaster that draws out *root and all.* No danger of infection, as there is when you cut or pare a corn. No growing back of the same corn over and over again. When you Blue-Jay a corn you draw it out completely—end it forever!

Blue-Jay has a remarkable *double-action.* It stops pain instantly, the moment it's applied. Then quickly the corn dries, loosens, lifts out—*is gone!* Package of 6 for 25¢ at all drug stores.

TRIAL OFFER: We will be glad to send one Blue-Jay to anyone who has a corn, to prove that it ends pain instantly, removes the corn completely. Just send your name and address with 5c to cover the cost of packing and mailing. Act quickly before this trial offer expires. Address Bauer & Black, Dept. B-6, 2500 South Dearborn St., Chicago, Ill.

GET RID OF UGLY HAIR

ZiP

ODORLESS DEPILATORY

The new ZiP Facial Hair Remover contains no sulphides, no offensive odors. Instantly eliminates every trace of hair. Face, arms and legs. Ask your dealer or write *Madame Berthé*, 562 Fifth Ave., New York

Donald Woods Invites You

[*Continued from page* 10]

bought him a chocolate malted milk. Don still talks about what it did for him—the thoughtfulness of the lovely lady, as well as the malted milk. They were married in 1929 in Tijuana, Mexico.

As a result of Mrs. Woods' excellent taste, their home is all that one might expect of a pair of young romanticists who have settled down in California for a good long stay. The house is a beautiful example of old English architecture, there is a white picket fence, an assortment of climbing roses creeping up and over the multi-paned windows. The interior is equally delightful, with colonial furnishings, white marquisette curtains, and French doors opening out upon a wide expanse of green grass. There's a badminton court on one side, and a garden filled with roses on the other.

Don confides that he's going to eliminate the latter for a swimming pool this summer and that he hopes to have it in commission by the time Movieland's Tour arrives.

You'll want full details of this exciting trip. They are yours for the asking—just drop a line to Mr. Joe E. Godfrey, Jr., Manager, Movieland Tour, 360 North Michigan Blvd., Chicago, Ill.

An illustrated folder will be sent you by return mail, showing the itinerary, and the amazing low cost of the trip.

Among the studios to be seen will be 20th Century-Fox and Universal. Two trips are arranged, one to leave Chicago July nineteenth, the second to head for Hollywood August ninth. Dinners, parties, sightseeing trips galore are arranged; Ken Maynard is going to entertain the crowd at his new Diamond K Circus, Max Factor has planned a party, Catalina Island will be visited, and every minute will be crowded with something exciting.

Reservations close when 200 persons are signed for each trip, so don't delay. Write now for your booklet and—

See you in Hollywood!

-----Use This Coupon-----

Mr. Joe Godfrey, Jr.,
360 North Michigan Blvd.,
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Without obligation on my part, send me your complete, illustrated booklet describing the Movieland Tours.

I enclose $............ Please enter my reservation now for .... persons, to insure a place for us on tour No. ....

(A deposit of $10 per person will hold your reservation. Please specify whether for tour No. 1, leaving Chicago July 19, or tour No. 2, leaving Chicago August 9th.)

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RELIEF FROM PSORIASIS with DERMOIL

Make THE ONE SPOT TEST

Dermoil is being used by thousands of men and women throughout the country to secure relief from the effects of this ugly, stubborn, embarrassing scaly skin disease which often causes humiliation and mental agony.

Apply Dermoil externally. Does not stain clothing. Watch the scales go, the red patches gradually disappear and enjoy the thrill of a clear skin again.

J. F. "Suffered for nine years. Had spots on my scalp, forehead, arms, legs and fingernails. Nothing I ever used before has worked like Dermoil. You cannot see the places where the scales were".—H. S. "I have suffered from psoriasis for eleven years. My condition now since using Dermoil seems almost impossible to believe. Prior to that time a cup to a cup and a half full of scales formed every day".—M. N. K. "I am rolling up my sleeves for the first time in fifteen years as my arms are entirely cleared up".

Dermoil is backed with a positive guarantee to give chronic psoriasis sufferers definite benefit in two weeks time or money is refunded. **Your word is final.** Prove it yourself. Send 25c for generous trial bottle to make our convincing "One Spot Test". Booklet and proof of results FREE. Don't Delay. Write today. No obligation.

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ONCE THEY CALLED ME FRECKLE FACE

"Winter snow, brisk winds and spring sun always bring out the freckles. Never . . . until I used Othine . . . was I able to remove them. Within a few days' time Othine shows remarkable results, clearing the skin with no more effort than applying this famous cream nightly."

Try Othine Double Strength for freckles and roughened or over-tanned skin. 25 years of successful use recommend it . . . at drug and department stores everywhere. Sold on money-back guarantee.

OTHINE
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STOP Your Rupture Worries!

C. E. Brooks, Inventor

Why worry and suffer any longer? Learn about our perfected invention for all forms of reducible rupture. Automatic air cushion acting as an agent to assist Nature has brought happiness to thousands. ***Permits natural strengthening of the weakened muscles.*** Weighs but a few ounces, is inconspicuous and sanitary. No obnoxious springs or hard pads. No salves or plasters. Durable, cheap. **Sent on trial** to prove it. Beware of imitations. Never sold in stores or by agents. Write today for full information sent free in plain envelope. All correspondence confidential.

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SONGS FOR TALKING PICTURES
BIG ROYALTIES

paid by Music Publishers and Talking Picture Producers. Free booklet describes most complete song service ever offered. Hit writers will revise, arrange, compose music to your lyrics or lyrics to your music, secure U. S. copyright, broadcast your song over the radio. Our sales department submits to Music publishers and Hollywood Picture Studios. WRITE TODAY for FREE BOOKLET.

UNIVERSAL SONG SERVICE, 681 Meyer Bldg., Western Avenue and Sierra Vista, Hollywood, California.

GRAY FADED HAIR

Women, girls, men with faded, gray, streaked hair, shampoo and color your hair at the same time with my new French discovery—"**SHAMPO-KOLOR**". No fuss or muss. Takes only a few minutes to merely shampoo into your hair any natural shade with "**SHAMPO-KOLOR**". No "dyed" look, but a lovely, natural, most lasting color; unaffected by washing, or permanent waving. **Free Booklet. Monsieur L. P. Valligny, Dept. 19, 254 W. 31st St., New York City.**

My Dad—Fred Stone

[*Continued from page* 41]

contract—with Paramount.

With him he brought to the screen not only a genuine enthusiasm, but more important, an almost childlike eagerness (and he's sixty-two years old) to give all his time and concentration and energy to the new job. In Hollywood where doubles are part of the scene, Dad still remains a stickler for perfection.

Before starting *Farmer in the Dell,* in which he was required to drive a team of six horses, he spent hours—and days—on a ranch near Hollywood, driving a team harnessed to a rickety old hay-wagon, until the reins had worn dime-sized blisters on his hands.

During the making of *Alice Adams,* in which he played Katharine Hepburn's father, our evening dinners became his rehearsal hour. Perhaps you remember the scene where Alice Adams' gentleman friend (Fred MacMurray) comes to dinner, and the amusing discomfiture which follows when father dons his tuxedo for the first time in many years. Dad recognized the possibilities of that scene and was determined to make it the best in the picture. Before the company ever started shooting he had rehearsed it to perfection. Each one of us assumed a character, learned the lines, and gave him his cues, and all through the dinner hour for five weeks we watched that celluloid vest pop up his chin and over his mouth until he had our word for it he was perfect. I don't believe he was ever happier in his life than when his first motion picture fan mail came rolling in.

It's Dad's enthusiasm, that all-consuming excitement to which he gears himself for every new part as though it were his first, that is in a major part responsible for his years of success on the stage. And it is that same eagerness that will make him a great star, now of the screen—and keep him always a great father.

Fredric March and Olivia de Havilland in *Anthony Adverse.* March, on first reading the script, rebelled at playing the title role because he felt that he could not do justice to the love scenes!

* *

If you would appreciate having a skin soft and smooth as a rose-petal... *immediately*... and enjoy a beauty bath *sensation*... try the Linit Beauty Bath.

As Alluring

...AS A BREEZE IN SPRING

Dissolve some Linit in your bath while the tub water is running, bathe as usual, step out and when you dry yourself pat your body with a towel... do not rub... then feel your skin... *soft* and *satiny smooth* as the rarest velvet. And the most astonishing thing about the Linit Beauty Bath is that the cost is trifling. Don't deny yourself such gratifying after-bath comfort when the expense is so insignificant. Try the Linit Beauty Bath and join the thousands and thousands of lovely women who daily enjoy its soothing luxury. Linit is sold by your grocer.

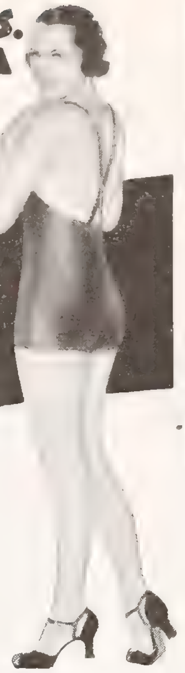
for fine laundering

Don't overlook the directions on the Linit package... recommending Linit for starching. Linit makes even ordinary cotton fabrics look and feel like linen.

LINIT
FOR THE BATH
LINIT FOR THE BATH

*She Lost 17 lbs. of FAT in 4 Weeks

by SAFE Food Method NO DRUGS



Just like Eating Candy!

● At last! You can reduce SAFELY by the new FOOD METHOD ... no dangerous drugs. Losing fat with SLENDRETS is like eating candy! But unlike candy, delicious SLENDRETS take fat off, quickly! You lose weight by a safe new FOOD PRINCIPLE which converts accumulated fat into energy. You feel better, look years younger! SLENDRETS contain no drugs ... no dangerous dinitrophenol, no thyroid. Not laxative.

Read How Others Lost Fat: *"I reduced 48 lbs., look 10 years younger," writes Mrs. Sims, Iowa. "36 lbs. of fat gone. Never felt better," writes Miss Angell, N. Y. "Lost 5 lbs. this week, leaves no flabby skin," writes Miss Nolan, Calif.

REDUCE QUICKLY ... or NO COST!

● If you are not entirely satisfied with the wonderful results from the very first package, you get your money back in full. You can't lose one cent.

ACT ON THIS OFFER TODAY!

Don't give FAT another day's start ... but be sure you reduce the safe SLENDRETS Food Method Way. Don't use drugs! At drug or dep't stores, or send $1 for generous-supply package containing 84 SLENDRETS. Or, $5 for 6 packages, Currency, Money Order, or Stamps. (Enclose payment. Or send 10c fee on C.O.D. orders.) Sent in plain wrapper.

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What SHE TOLD WORN-OUT HUSBAND

She could have reproached him for his fits of temper—his "all in" complaints. But wisely she saw in his frequent colds, his "fagged out," "on edge" condition the very trouble she herself had whipped. Constipation! The very morning after taking NR (Nature's Remedy), as she advised, he felt like himself again—keenly alert, peppy, cheerful. NR—the safe, dependable, all-vegetable laxative and corrective—works gently, thoroughly, naturally. It stimulates the eliminative tract to complete, regular functioning. Non-habit-forming. Try a box tonight. 25c—at druggists.

NR TO-NIGHT TOMORROW ALRIGHT

FREE: Beautiful five-color 1936 Calendar-Thermometer. Also samples of NR and Tums. Send stamp for packing and postage to A. H. Lewis Co., Desk 70H 4, St. Louis, Mo.

"Homespun" Hero

[*Continued from page 33*]

dishwashers—for the duration of the holiday.

Frank Capra's *Mr. Deeds Goes to Town,* in which Gary is starred as a homespun poet from Mandrake Falls, had just wound up when I bumped into Slim. With the last "take" still in progress, Gary had dispatched his stand-in on a shopping tour, and Slim was tearing from sporting goods store to market, and from market to the office of the game warden, methodically checking off a list which read "side of bacon, eggs, potatoes, pork and beans, corned beef hash, tackle, fishing license, bait."

Fearing the worst, I asked Slim if Gary fished these days in white whip-cord breeches.

"Nothing like it," he snorted indignantly "Any old clothes will do for Gary. He won't even wear his boots—would rather wade around barefoot in the stream."

I asked Slim a few more questions, and touched off a tirade that convinced me that—to the man who is his screen duplicate, at least—our man Cooper is the grandest guy in the world.

It seems, if his friends' are unbiased witnesses, that tales of the heighth of Gary Cooper's hats, like those of Mark Twain's death, are "greatly exaggerated."

What is the source, then, of the current conviction that Gary has changed.

Doesn't it narrow down to this:

SINCE Gary wandered onto a Goldwyn set with a horde of extras one day nearly ten years ago and was chosen from the lot to play an important rôle in *The Winning of Barbara Worth,* his career in films has never veered from the path marked out for success. Particularly during the past three years, he has been almost constantly at work with only a few days, at best, for relaxation between pictures.

At one time in his career, overwork exhausted even his iron constitution—and characteristically, he risked all of the success he had won by turning his back upon the screen until he had obtained physical and mental rest. True to his natural inclinations, he improved the enforced vacation by going off to Africa on an extended hunting expedition.

When he has worked, he has had no time for gaiety—and he has chosen to devote his few hours of leisure to those hobbies which have amused him since his cow-punching days in Montana: his guns and his fishing rods, fine horses, and his car.

Gary hasn't given up his old friends for new ones; he's been too busy to have any large circle of friends at all. He's taken his fun where he found it, which happened to be on the studio sets or out in the wide open spaces where he hies himself after every rôle is done.

Don't believe all you hear about white ties and tails. Gary Cooper has accumulated a comfortable amount of cash during his ten years in pictures, and with it has come a generous supply of the things which money provides. But the real Gary remains unchanged.

Gary was a newspaper cartoonist out of work when he stumbled by accident into a career in films—and he cheerfully spent his last dime upon a loaf of bread (which he consumed in secret behind a billboard) before he answered the studio call which was to plunge him into stardom. Gary eats regularly now—but with no less enjoyment. He's the same Montana cowboy, and no amount of Hollywood upholstery

WHY MEN GO

Science Finds Easy Way to Remove Germ In Superficial Layers of Scalp and Stimulate Dormant Roots to Promote Hair Growth
(*Read Free Offer*)

A germ called "Flask Bacilla of Unna" gets deep into the scalp skin in many cases of abnormal hair deficiency, causing a most dangerous type of dandruff. It clogs up pores and hair follicles, causing itchy scalp, falling hair, baldness and prevents dormant hair roots (papilla) from growing hair. Washing and shampooing does not remove the cause. It merely cleanses and treats

Now a new method enables people who have dandruff, falling hair, thin hair and baldness to easily remove the congested, thin outer layer of the surface, rolling off the outer skin like water off a duck's back. No wonder baldness is increasing.

scalp skin. This permits opened pores and follicles to absorb air, sunshine and a blood-stimulating compound to activate the smothered, dormant hair roots in promoting hair growth as nature intended. It is all explained in a new treatise called "HOW HAIR GROWS," showing anatomy of your hair and tells what to do. This treatise is now being mailed FREE to all who write for it. Send no money, just name and address to Dermolav Lab., Desk 127-A, No. 1700 Broadway, New York, N. Y., and you get it by return mail free and postpaid. If pleased, tell your friends about it.

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will change him or his ideas.

Gary is a simple man, who has worked out a simple, workable philosophy of life. He had the time of his life playing in *Mr. Deeds Goes to Town* for, like Longfellow Deeds of Mandrake Falls, he is honestly "homespun" at heart.

Gary always a pipe smoker boasts a collection of nearly a hundred expensive briars now that prosperity is his, but a good friend of his told me that he rarely smokes any but the oldest, and that one he bought for a dollar. He has an extensive wardrobe, but it's seldom you'll catch him in any but the three tweedsiest suits of the lot.

THE same thing goes for the new Cooper home. It is modern and smart, reflecting in large part the sophisticated good taste of Gary's beautiful wife, the former Sandra Shaw. But if you really want to know what Gary seeks in a home, look in at his den, the biggest and most masculine room in the house. There you will find Gary's hunting trophies, his charcoal and water colors—for he still finds time to pursue his earlier calling. Deep, leather chairs are ranged around the biggest fireplace you ever saw, and a slightly battered billiard table consumes a generous slice of the room.

And that car of his—long and low, svelte in line—it is the real pride of his life. The Coopers maintain a chauffeur, who is an expert mechanic, but no hand but Gary's ever touches that shiny roadster of his.

It has a powerful motor—will make 126 miles an hour on the open road. So sleek a thing it is that its presence outside the studio always attracts a throng of onlookers, the majority of whom are small boys. When Gary arrives, he's the biggest kid of the lot. Thrilled that his pet luxury should receive such attention, he's as like as not to show off the car as though he were a salesman in the showroom, enumerating its special features, and even lifting the hood to reveal the supercharged motor beneath it. Nothing very high-hat about that.

In his profession, he's known as a "swell guy." He works hard, with no temper or temperament. He knows every carpenter and electrician on the lot, and talks more often with them than with his directors or the principles in the cast.

He's probably the one actor in Hollywood who has no professional jealousy. "There was room for me when I started," he says, "and there is room now for others. I didn't push anyone out when I arrived, and no one is going to push me out."

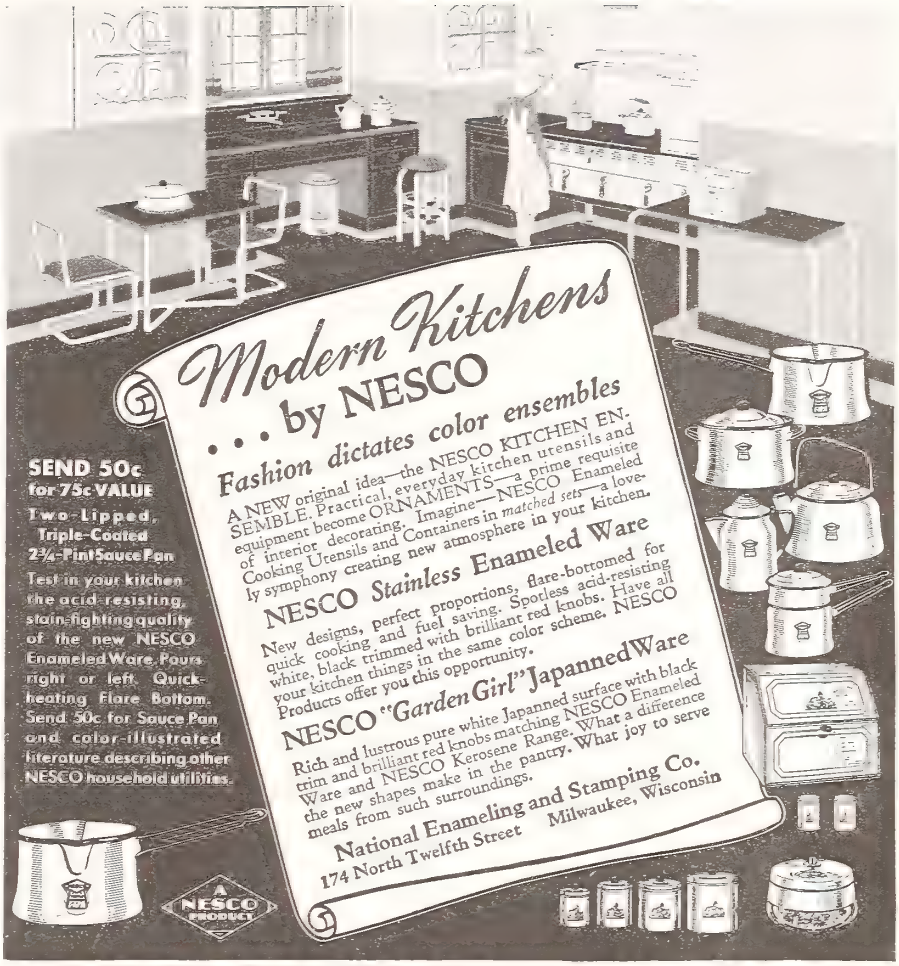
And he means it, for Gary has never been known to complain about his billing, about the size and shape of his dressing room, about the infrequency of close-up. He has never refused to work with a director, a leading lady, or a cameraman. He has never "walked out" on a picture.

He doesn't indulge in Hollywood's favorite sport of gossiping about other film figures. If the scandal train rounds the bend while Cooper is in the room, it isn't three minutes until Gary is soundly—if unobtrusively—asleep. It just doesn't matter to him.

Look over these debits and credits. Do they reveal a Garry Cooper who has forgotten his friends, who has "gone social," who has changed?

And consider his delight because, starting with *Buffalo Bill*, he is scheduled for a return to westerns—"super-westerns"—but outdoor "drammers" just the same.

No, Gary Cooper is not high-hat. But he's not "Hollywood" either. Perhaps that is the real complaint.



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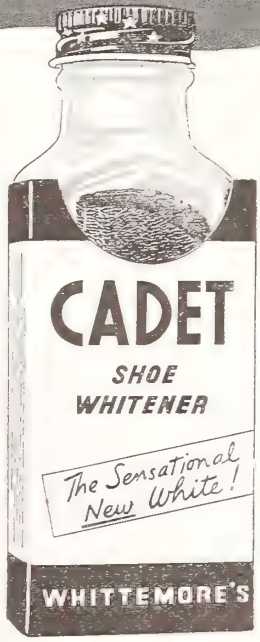

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Virginia Bruce Writes an Open Letter to a Beau

[*Continued from page* 44]

Call it just another romantic notion of the female of the species, or what you will, but there it is. Can't get away from it. We all want curly headed babies, and if the man we marry has curly hair then we're quite positive the babies will be so blessed.

AND before I go any further, I must insist that you be a little bit cocky. You know—self reliant and ready to fight back with me if you don't approve of what I do. I wouldn't know what to do if you just sat in awe of me or put me on a pedestal. I want somebody to tell me I'm *ornery* (if you'll do it like Spencer Tracy, let's say).

You mustn't object, though, to my little idiosyncrasies. Like objecting to the kind of lipstick I use, or how I've done my hair. I want you to approve of me terrifically—I want you to say that I'm simply the prettiest girl you've ever laid eyes on. Although you can kick me in the shin if I make a face at you and call you "mug"—I must know that you really think I'm pretty swell.

Every girl *must* have that admiration. It gives her poise and self confidence. Of course, if you have a sense of humor and are a good dancer and have blue eyes and curly hair, you'll probably be clever enough to make your flattery easy to take.

Anyway, don't tell me I look a fright, ever—even if I do. And could you, just once in a while, say "Honey, you're beautiful just as you are!" so that I'll know it isn't the lipstick or the color of my hair that's important to you?

I don't care if you can't play polo.

Or billiards.

But won't you please be a good tennis player? In fact, I really have to insist on that. I like to play tennis, and my game is quite passable, thank you.

And anyway, every girl likes to be proud of her beau's accomplishments. When you go to a party and everybody is swimming or playing tennis, you like to crow a little at what your beau can do in the pool or on the court.

Now, let's see—suppose you were calling me up to invite me out to dinner. I don't care if you do not send flowers. Or if you do, I'd like it if you called first to see what I'd like to wear. Usually flowers are not only a useless expense, but a nuisance. They get crumpled when one is dancing, or do not look well with the neckline of a dress. A pretty white orchid with purple center is nice on a cape when the occasion is formal. You see, I've picked out the most expensive flower—but in the long run your flower bill won't be very much since it's only on very special, very formal, occasions that I want a corsage.

I'll be perfectly furious with you if you order my dinner for me.

But I'd like your suggestions on what is good at the cafe or restaurant where you've taken me to dine.

And by the way, I want you to know the head waiter and the orchestra leader. Nothing so pleases a girl as to go out with a beau who knows these most important people—so she can be ushered to a good table, and so the orchestra will play a request number if one pops into her head to suit the mood of the moment.

Now I come to a very important qualification: you mustn't think that, because you

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are paying for my dinner, you can completely monopolize my attentions. I can't help it if I am a "table-flitter." I confess it freely. I flit. But don't be scared: I just want to skip over and say hello and I'll be right back. If you'll let me do that—keep a free rein on frisky fillie, as it were—then I won't abuse my privileges. I think no girl likes to feel that she is *owned,* if you know what I mean.

IF YOU are good looking, all the better, but a girl can't insist on that requirement. If you've got curly hair, blue eyes, dance well and have a cocky manner, you'll probably be nice enough looking to please any girl. Particularly if you dress well.

I'll dress up for you. And I'll wear the type of clothes you prefer. If you like something in clinging black, then b'gosh, clinging black it will be. I firmly believe in trying to atone for my other aggravatin' notions.

Funny, I was just wondering if you'd propose to me the first time we went out together. And do you know, I wouldn't mind that a bit!

Since I'm being quite candid with you—even to the point of brutal frankness, I think that would be thrilling.

After all, to have a man tell you he wants to marry you is the supreme compliment, isn't it? A girl might be entertaining rather serious notions about the man next door, and then in moves a rival who asks her to marry him—and what happens? Decidedly, her interests are at least divided. He has most certainly aroused her curiosity and attention—and who knows, maybe a man like that is worth considerable thought!

Besides, it tells a girl several important things; that the man is free, his intentions honorable, and his powers of discrimination not to be sneered at!

I want you to like music, because I do. I want you to know enough about it to be able to tell me things so that I can learn from you. Let me feel that you have enough knowledge of important matters so that I can rely on your judgment and advice, rather than have you rely on me. Of course no girl wants to discuss serious subjects all the time; we all like a bit of small talk.

You can be five or ten years older than I, if you really want to know . . . and you could even be thirteen years older, if you're not superstitious.

You must be interested in movies.

One young man took me to a movie and before the first reel had unwound, he wanted to leave. I thought it was a pretty good movie, but I put on my bonnet and trampled on toes like an obedient little girl. But the second time that happened, I gave up and resigned from any more dates. After all, I'm in the movies and I like them.

Don't give me up yet—I'm not *impossible* to please. Just a few things more, and none of them should bother you, though they *are* important. I am just old fashioned enough to want my beau to be temperate and cleanly. And *smell* nice. Maybe a nice smelling face lotion or some eau de cologne. Men should never neglect cleanliness or fail to take precautions. They expect it of us, why shouldn't we expect it of them?

And now I'm afraid I've made you think I'm too darn particular for any good use. Really, I'm not. I don't expect perfection, even if it seems as though I am demanding it in this letter to you.

If you should come along and look my way, and while dancing you should say: "Would you mind marrying me?" I might surprise you—and myself—with my answer.

Who can tell, Mr. Question Mark?

Virginia Bruce

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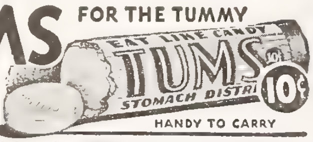

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Will Fonda Remarry Margaret Sullavan?

[*Continued from page* 36]

season and they headed back to New York, the winter Mecca of those who make a living in the theatre.

New York was a strange place to both of them. Neither enjoyed the hustle and bustle of Times Square. Together they would hunt interesting spots to visit during the daytime. Evenings would find them dining at out-of-the-way spots—away from the gay crowds and the bright lights.

IT WAS a "deep love" romance and one day they were married. It was about the time Peggy was making her first big success in the title role in *The Modern Virgin.* Critics were starting to rave about her histrionic abilities. Henry, to use a common theatrical phrase, was still "carrying a spear."

Seldom does a theatrical marriage last where the wife is a pronounced success while the husband is considered of little importance. With due consideration of the success that Henry later attained, it must be admitted that at this time he was overshadowed by Peggy's popularity. It was only natural that they should drift apart. With little ado, they were divorced.

And with just as little ado, she has now divorced Willie Wyler, the man she married in Hollywood. Is her divorce a prelude to another marriage with Henry Fonda?

I asked Fonda, pointblank, if he and Margaret Sullavan would re-marry. He answered:

"Probably not!"

And that was the last word that I could persuade him to say on the subject. "Probably not."

But that answer is not enough to still the rumors and the surmizes which are sweeping Hollywood. Other stars have made the same denials in similar circumstances—and two or three months later, they have been married. Margaret Sullavan denied her imminent divorce from Wyler, but she's free today—free to marry Henry Fonda—in spite of her very positive statements.

One thing is certain, if Fonda and Margaret Sullavan remarry now, their marriage will not be threatened by the same hazards which wrecked their first romance. Their circumstances have changed; they are more suited for one another.

Consider these facts:

Dinner at Eight made Margaret Sullavan the outstanding dramatic actress of Broadway. Universal brought her to Hollywood to play in *Only Yesterday* and after that first picture she was one of the film colony's outstanding stars. And at the same time she was Hollywood's greatest enigma.

At the time of her first film success in *Only Yesterday,* she was only twenty-two years of age. One could hardly call that matured. If the truth were only known, Peggy would probably admit that she felt very strange out here in Hollywood—that she longed for those days back on Cape Cod, for those quiet evenings in the hidden restaurants of Manhattan—that she actually had a yearning for that lanky, silent, good looking young actor named Henry Fonda.

But Margaret Sullavan has that inborn Southern pride. Perhaps it is safe to say that she is a bit bull-headed. Maybe she wouldn't even admit to herself that her heart was calling for Hank.

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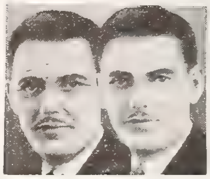

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HYGEIA NURSING BOTTLE

One film success followed another. Margaret Sullavan was one of Hollywood's greatest stars. But she was still an enigma. She wasn't a part of Hollywood society in any sense of the word. She made friends with mighty few people. Folks whispered that she was in love with Jed Harris, the Broadway producer. Others expected she might marry John McCormick, ex-husband of Colleen Moore. And while this was going on, the papers were raving about a new Broadway find—Henry Fonda—who was making theatrical history by his performance in *The Farmer Takes A Wife.*

Then came a flash that was considered important in the movie trade. Walter Wanger, far-sighted young producer, had signed a contract with Henry Fonda. He would bring him to Hollywood to be starred in *The Farmer Takes A Wife.*

About this time, Margaret Sullavan was working in *The Good Fairy,* at Universal studio. It was common knowledge that she was daily having terrific verbal battles with Director Willie Wyler. One day they were seen having lunch together in The Indian Room, a dining hall reserved for stars, directors and executives on the Universal lot. The following Sunday they eloped to Yuma and were married.

WHETHER the first few weeks of that marriage were happy is one thing. That it was exciting cannot be denied. They did a lot of outlandish things, such as riding tandem over and around the Hollywood hills on Willie's motorcycle, and separating and making up. Was it possible that Margaret Sullavan was doing everything under the sun to forget the tall, lanky, shy lad she had loved so ardently before fame had torn their romance asunder?

Then Henry Fonda came to Hollywood. WHEN he was working in *The Farmer Takes A Wife* on the 20th Century-Fox lot, Director Willie Wyler was putting the players through their paces on another picture in the same studio. One day, while walking back from the restaurant to his set, Hank was told by a companion that the fellow approaching from another direction was his marital successor. Not having met, they passed without a nod. And, as they were about twenty feet apart, Hank ventured a look.

Later they were to be formally introduced and the meeting was a very cordial one. Henry Fonda is not one to frequent the night spots of Hollywood. He prefers to spend his idle moments reading or in his pet pastime of taking and developing sixteen millimeter pictures. Henry has always refused to talk about his personal reactions to seeing and meeting Peggy as the wife of Willie Wyler.

And that brings us to a series of more recent events—a series of events which may forecast what will happen in the future, so far as Henry Fonda and Margaret Sullavan are concerned.

In the first place, Henry and Peggy were seeing each other occasionally. Then there came from New York a young man named James Stewart. He was a struggling young actor when Peggy and Hank were both bidding for fame. He had been their close friend. In Hollywood, he and Hank took a house together.

Jimmy's talents attracted the Universal scouts. They gave him an important part in Peggy's starring vehicle, *Next Time We Love.* Wasn't it natural for Peggy to be curious about her ex-husband? And wasn't it natural for Jimmy to boost Hank's stock?

Then came Producer Walter Wanger with another master stroke of theatrical psychology. He co-starred Margaret Sullavan and Henry Fonda in *The Moon's Our*

[*Continued on page* 88]

INTIMATE SHOPPING TIPS

By MARY PAULINE CALLENDER
Authority on Feminine Hygiene

Naturally, we women can't ask a man clerk about personal hygiene accessories. So let me give you the benefit of my experience on intimate items in which you can have complete confidence. Mary Pauline Callender

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Perhaps a friend has told you about the pinless Kotex belt. It's truly a new design for living! Dainty secure clasps prevent slipping. The belt is flat and thin, woven to a curve that fits. This gives self-balance—you can bend every-which-way without harness-like restraint, without being waist-line conscious! Yet this extra comfort and safety costs nothing extra. Your store has 2 types: Kotex Wonderform at 25c and the DeLuxe at 35c.

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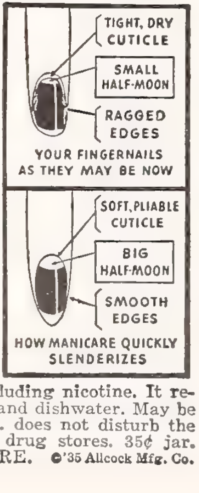

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Will Fonda Remarry Margaret Sullavan?

[*Continued from page 87*]

Home. During the making of this picture, I talked with Henry Fonda about Margaret Sullavan. I asked him how it felt to be playing opposite his ex-wife—I wanted to know if a husband and wife could really be friendly after divorce.

Henry laughed. "Of course," was his answer. Then he told me what a wonderful actress Peggy was, what a grand opportunity he considered it to be able to play opposite such an artist. He seemed more his settled, confident self than when he had first landed in Hollywood. All through the shooting of *The Moon's Our Home,* Hank and Peggy seemed to be having a lot of fun. They seemed to be thoroughly enjoying that old spirit of companionship. Everybody sensed it.

Then came reports that Peggy and Willie had separated. Soon Peggy made the announcement of her Mexican divorce. Willie Wyler confirmed it. They seemed agreed that it was the best thing to do.

So now Hollywood is asking:

"Will Henry Fonda and Margaret Sullavan remarry?"

The answer, of course, rests with themselves. But, on the surface, after considering all the aspects of their early romance, their marriage, the difficulties of their New York environments and the struggle attendant upon attaining success and then comparing them with their present day opportunities for equality in fame, the privacy they can enjoy in their own company, their apparent understandings of each other's temperaments, the answer is:

It wouldn't surprise Hollywood to hear at any moment that Henry Fonda and Margaret Sullavan are to be married a second time.

Ann Harding, currently starring in *The Witness Chair,* acquires a new pal—an adolescent named Leo who lives in the Los Angeles Zoo and is himself planning a screen career

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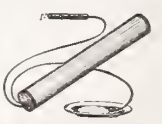

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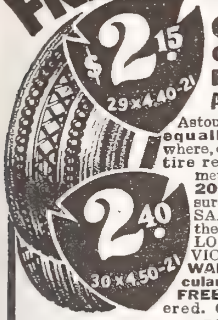

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29x4.75-20	2.50	.95
29x5.00-19	2.85	1.05
30x5.00-20	2.85	1.05
5.25-17	2.90	1.15
28x5.25-18	2.90	1.15
29x5.25-19	2.95	1.15
30x5.25-20	2.95	1.15
31x5.25-21	3.25	1.15
5.50-17	3.35	1.15
28x5.50-18	3.35	1.15
29x5.50-19	3.35	1.15
6.00-17	3.40	1.15
30x6.00-18	3.40	1.15
31x6.00-19	3.40	1.15
32x6.00-20	3.45	1.25
33x6.00-21	3.65	1.25
32x6.50-20	3.75	1.35
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32x4	2.95	.85	30x5	3.65	1.35
33x4	2.95	.85	33x5	3.75	1.45
34x4	3.25	.85	35x5	3.95	1.55
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32x6	7.95	2.75	40x8	13.25	4.15
36x6	9.95	3.95			

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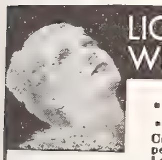

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Dance With Shirley

[*Continued from page 50*]

your left foot. (FIG. 1 shows the beginning of the slide).

COUNT "TWO"—Step out on left foot again. Then—

SECOND STEP

COUNT "ONE"—Step out on the right foot. (See FIG. II)

COUNT "AND"—slide your left foot forward to meet the right foot, and—

COUNT "TWO"—step out on the right foot again.

Now, these two steps—One and Two, one after the other, should be done a total of four times, accenting the rhythm "one-AND-two, one-AND-two, one-AND-two" and so on. In taking these steps, you must use your hands to swing your skirt back and forth, in time to the dance. From these steps, you go into the step which reminds me of an airplane doing a Figure-8 in the sky, like this:

STEP THREE (See FIG. III)

COUNT "ONE"—Step out on left foot again, and glide along to the count, "one-AND-two-AND-three-AND-four," as follows:

COUNT "AND"—slide right foot forward beside left.

COUNT "TWO"—Step forward on left foot again.

COUNT "AND"—Again slide right foot forward.

COUNT "THREE"—Step forward on left foot again.

COUNT "AND"—Slide right foot beside it again.

COUNT "FOUR"—Once again, step left foot forward.

As you move forward in this series of four step-and-slides, you can turn your body sideways in a part-circle, holding your arms out like an airplane's wings. Then at the previous Count Four, you suddenly reverse the turn and swing into:

COUNT "ONE"—step the RIGHT foot forward, and,

COUNT "AND"—bring the left foot in a slide beside it.

COUNT "TWO"—step forward on the right foot again.

COUNT "AND"—slide the left foot forward.

COUNT "THREE"—step forward on right foot.

COUNT "AND"—slide the left foot forward.

COUNT "FOUR"—step forward once more on the right foot.

This step, first with the left foot and then the right, should be repeated four times, and you end with your weight on the right foot forward. Then you go into—

FOURTH STEP

COUNT "ONE"—With your weight resting on the right foot, give your left foot a slap-tap backward, as I show you in FIG. IV.

COUNT "TWO"—Put left foot down on floor in back of you and shift your weight to it. Lift right foot slightly.

COUNT "THREE"—Tap right foot down, and shift weight back to it.

COUNT "FOUR"—Hop back to left foot.

This is the finale step—the step used for an "exit" on the stage, and it is repeated, first left foot, then right foot.

Editor's Note: In her next lesson, Shirley will show how to do her "Curly Top" Dance. See July MOVIE CLASSIC.

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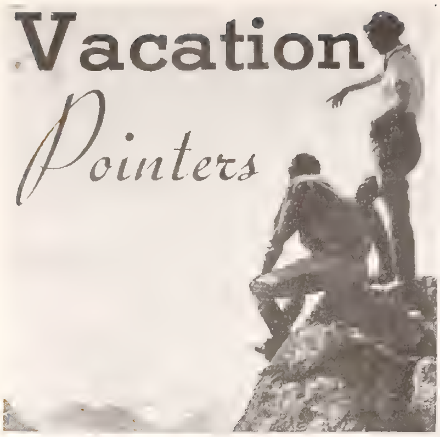

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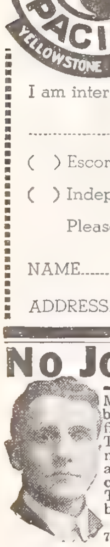

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Meet the Wife

[*Continued from page 29*]

there. So that next Saturday night, on my broadcast, I introduced a song number by telling how I was walking on the Boulevard and saw a picture advertised and went in and watched a tap-dancer, a new girl, and how she reminded me of another tap-dancer I'd got to know quite well. Afterward, I telephoned Ruby at Phoenix and I asked her how she liked my broadcast.

"What did you want to go on raving about that other girl for?" she demanded, all burned up. "That wasn't in the script; don't tell me! I know—you were ad-libbing!" Well, I tried to tell her I was thinking of *her* all the time, but she didn't like that about any other girl.

WE'RE happiest when we're together. Maybe we're sitting home, and she's reading some trashy novel or detective story, and I'm just sitting there by the fire; or we're golfing together; or maybe we're at the races, or the fights. We love fights, both of us. I mean prize fights!

But we love anything we do together, because, as I told you, that's when we're happiest. And that after eight years, mind you? Ain't I lucky?

She's a funny kid about money. I don't mean she's not bright, or anything like that, when it comes to money. But all money seems to mean to her is just a means to do something more for others—her family, mainly. She's wrapped up in her family—it's a great clan, the Keeler clan.

When they first came and wanted her to make pictures, she asked me to take care of handling the business end. Well, listen—me, with I don't know how many years of dealing with producers behind me, humph! Before I went to talk it over with them, she kind of came to me and said: "Al, don't ask 'em for too much—but ask 'em for enough. Better ask 'em for about $250 a week, huh?—and then you won't have to take care of my folks."

Well, there's the tip-off on the sort of gal my Ruby is—not for herself, but for her folks—every cent, and more if she can lay hands on it.

It all dates back to her kid days, I know. She's told me plenty about it. And I know how it was. My own folks were dirt poor. She had poverty, too. Last Christmas, I fixed it up with the Salvation Army to give Christmas dinners to 2,500 poor folks, mostly kids, here in Los Angeles. Ruby and I did that because we remembered our own kid Christmases.

Well, she came to me and told me something then: she said—

"Al, I remember when I was a kid and Christmas time came, Al, honey—we were poor, but we had six turkeys every Christmas!"

"Six turkeys, and you were poor?" I asked. "How did you do it?"

"Well," she grins at me, "my brother used to go to the Ninety-Third Street armory, and get a Christmas basket. My sister'd go to the Seventy-First Street police station, and get a Christmas basket. Ma went to the Salvation Army and got a Christmas basket. Pa managed to win one usually at a raffle someplace. One or two others of us'd go to other agencies and get a free basket—and anyway, every Christmas we had six turkeys. But Al—that was just about the only time of the year we ever did have enough to eat . . .!"

And listen—before anybody gets his back up over that, let me point out that we've more than paid back for all those extra Christmas baskets, since we're in the money.

Yeah, she's a great kid, a sweet kid, is Ruby. But even Ruby gets tired sometimes. You can't work all day in a hot studio, and feel swell at the end of the day. Sometimes, Ruby comes home and she's tired, or sick, or cross or peevish, and she gets on her high horse with me. So do I get mad? No—I just say to her:

"All right, now, Garbo, all right. Come on, Dietrich, snap out of it. Come on, Big Shot, come on."

Well, it burns her up. She gets plenty sore. And then all of a sudden she grins, and the ol' temperament, or whatever it was, is all gone and she's just little Ruby Keeler again. Don't call her a Garbo or a big shot if you don't want to burn her up. She's just Ruby Keeler—just herself, the same kid who stepped out of the chorus into stardom, and I hope it don't change her. I don't think it has—yet . . .

Lots of people think it's funny that two people so far apart as we seem to be can get along so well. She's just a kid, and me—look, I've got grey hair, I have. I was born in Russia, and then we came to America and I was a kid in Washington, D.C., where my father was a Jewish cantor. And Ruby—she's Catholic all through, and born in New York and lived there all her early life. And yet I'm telling you that we—the old, grey-haired Jewish boy, and Ruby, that sweet little Irish Catholic kid—we are happier right now than a lot of other married folks, in or out of Hollywood.

For one thing, we never let our religions get in each other's way. No, we kind of help each other out, as a matter of fact. The other day was Ash Wednesday, you know. Well, I woke Ruby up early that morning so she could get to mass in time. And that night, we had fish-cakes for dinner! Imagine me, a good honest Jewish son of a cantor, eating fish cakes because it was Ash Wednesday! Not that I had to, though. Ruby said to me:

"Al, you don't have to eat these fish-cakes, just because *I* do. There's meat in the kitchen, honey—I think."

There's one thing in that house, and in her life besides her folks (and maybe me) that Ruby *is* absolutely crazy and nuts about. That's the kid. The baby we adopted. Listen, Ruby can't wake up early enough in the morning to be with it, she's that crazy about it. When she's working, she's always thinking of it, and first thing she gets home, she plays with it and fusses over it. Maybe we'll adopt some more.

So there you are. I've tried to tell you about my wife. I don't know whether you got much sense out of it. All I know is that she's everything I want, and I think she's still the same child I met and married eight years ago.

But listen. I'm confessing. Sometimes I go to sleep nights with a tear in my heart. A tear, because I'm afraid. I'm afraid all this *will* change her. Good Lord, how can it help but change her? How?—oh, I don't know, exactly—but money, and work, work work . . . you know, she's such a conscientious worker. It's all right for her to be famous, and make lots of money, and be like that—but I don't want it to kill her. Or change her, in any way, from my Ruby . . .

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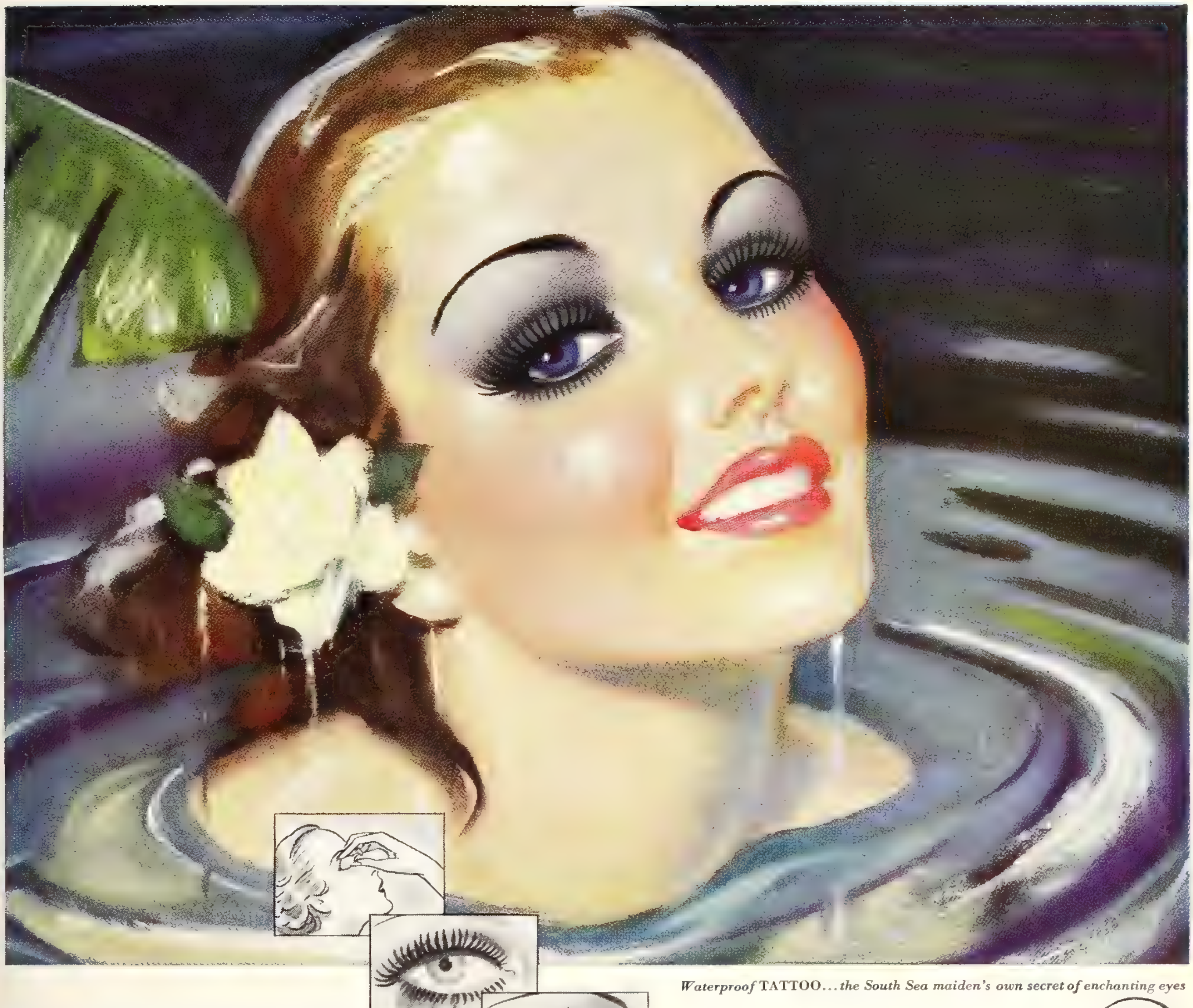
NEW CREAM MASCARA

Truly waterproof—far easier to use—because not mixed with water when applied



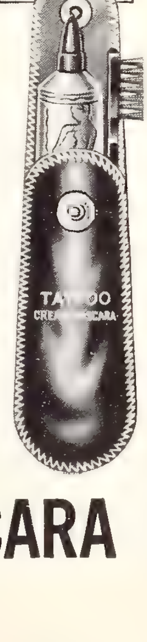
Waterproof TATTOO... *the South Sea maiden's own secret of enchanting eyes*

Make the Eye-Cup Test

Instead of waiting for tears, rain, or a plunge to show you, in a tragic way, that your mascara isn't safely smear-proof, make the eye-cup test . . . with an eye-cup full of water. If your lashes are covered with old-fashioned mascara they will likely become a sticky, "runny" mess . . . showing how easily the charm of your eyes can become a disillusioning smudge upon your cheek.

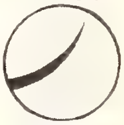
Then . . . tattoo your lashes with Tattoo Cream Mascara . . . let it dry . . . and make the eye-cup test. TATTOO cannot run or smear . . . you'll be delighted to discover that each tattooed lash, regardless of the drenching bath, remains beautifully tattooed!

The two little circled pictures at the right show another reason why you will become loyal to TATTOO once you have tried it. In the top circle you see how a tattooed lash is smoothly and evenly darkened from base to tip. Obviously, such lashes appear entirely natural and a thousand times more entrancing than lashes from which hang beady clods of lumpy mascara.

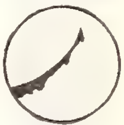


TATTOO's smoothness likewise makes TATTOO extremely easy to apply—far easier to apply than cake mascara. Simply whisk it on. Your very first try will yield a perfect result. Instantly your lashes will become exotically dark; they will look twice their real length, and will have a lovely, coaxing curl. TATTOO is non-smarting—non-irritating—and absolutely harmless. TATTOO your eyelashes once and you'll never go back to old-fashioned mascara.

Black, Brown or Blue only 50c . . . complete with brush in a smart, rubber-lined satin vanity . . . at all toilet goods counters.



Showing how evenly smooth a tattooed lash would look under a microscope . . . the reason why tattooed lashes are more alluring.



Lashes coated with ordinary mascara look like this under a microscope . . . rough, lumpy, unattractive.

SEND COUPON FOR 30 DAY TUBE!

TATTOO, 11 E. Austin Ave., Dept. F-50, Chicago
10c enclosed. Please send 30 day tube TATTOO Cream Mascara with brush. ☐ Black ☐ Brown ☐ Blue (check color desired).

*Name*____________________

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*City*____________ *State*____________

TATTOO CREAM MASCARA

LUCKY STRIKE
"IT'S TOASTED"
CIGARETTES
LUCKY STRIKE
Luckies – a light smoke

Luckies are less acid!

Recent chemical tests show* that other popular brands have an excess of acidity over Lucky Strike of from 53% to 100%

OF RICH, RIPE-BODIED TOBACCO – "IT'S TOASTED"

*RESULTS VERIFIED BY INDEPENDENT CHEMICAL LABORATORIES AND RESEARCH GROUPS

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Movie CLASSIC

10 CENTS

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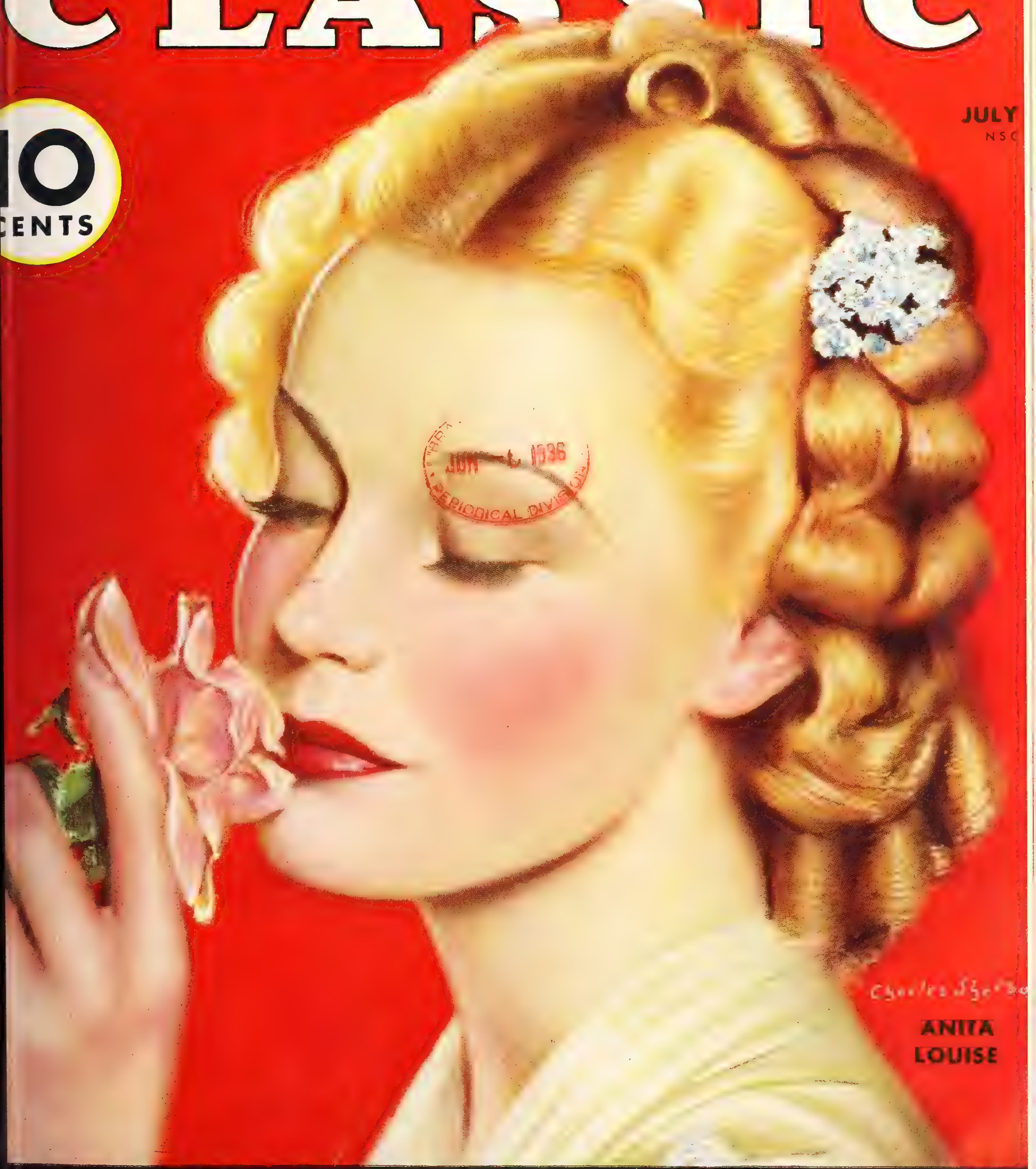
NSC

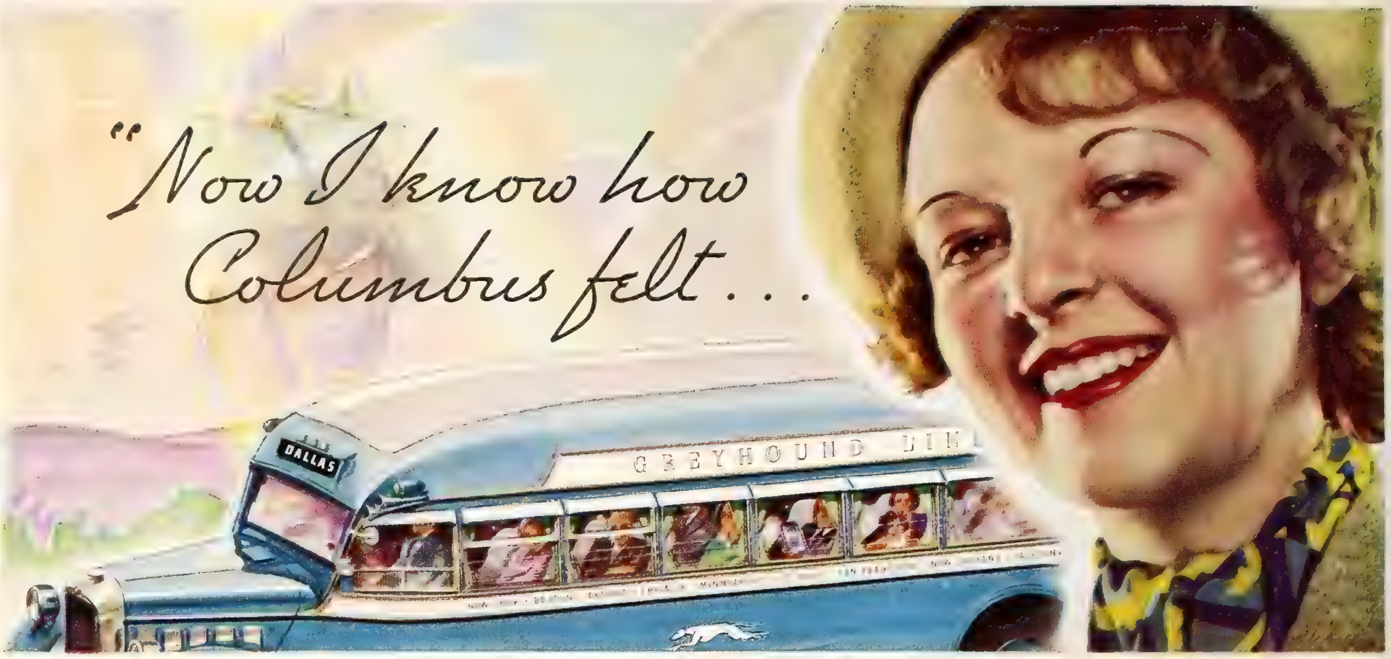

Charles Sheldon

JUN 4 1936
PERIODICAL DIVISION

ANITA LOUISE

CRISES IN MYRNA LOY'S LIFE

E WOMEN WHO WENT MAD OVER NELSON EDDY


"Now I know how Columbus felt . . .
DALLAS
GREYHOUND LINES

I'VE DISCOVERED AMERICA !"

"*'See America first!'* I've heard that phrase all my life—but it was just another slogan until I made this memorable Greyhound bus trip. Starting on the east coast, we swung clear around the continent, westward by one great highway, returning east another—and this was only one of several coast-to-coast circle tours that Greyhound offered me!

"Now I've revised the old slogan . . . for you *'See America BEST'* when you travel by Greyhound! I've met and made friends with the *real* America—its kindly, interesting people, its surpassing natural beauty, its mountain grandeur and desert magic, huge cities and charming country towns.

"And what a comfortable way to explore—in a big Greyhound motor bus, among congenial fellow travelers, with one of America's finest drivers at the wheel. The cost of my trip was less than gasoline and oil for a small private auto. Let me mention just a few of my delightful memories:

"Our big bus paused in the Delaware Water Gap while passengers marveled at the towering mountain walls—the sparkling ribbon of river below us.

"Everyone smiled when that starry-eyed young couple got off the bus at Niagara Falls. As if we didn't know all the time where they were bound!

"From the Greyhound Terminal in Cleveland, we could clearly see the Great Lakes Exposition—so we stopped over for an exciting day.

"What a thrill—when a tiny fawn burst from the woods, scampered across our highway, and went splashing through a Minnesota stream!

"Yes, sir, the bears ate right out of my hand, in Yellowstone National Park! I wouldn't have missed that short side trip for anything in the world.

"When we stopped in a grove of giant California redwoods it took fifteen of us stretching our arms wide, to circle one of those tremendous trees.

"As our bus was ferried across San Francisco's Golden Gate, we could look up and see workmen spinning the cables of the world's mightiest bridge.

"Imagine—masts of a ship sticking out of a grassy hillside, with sailors at work in the rigging! Crazy? No, just a movie location near Hollywood.

"Of course, we stopped off for a day at the San Diego Exposition—even lovelier this second year—and Agua Caliente only a few minutes away.

"I can never forget that wrinkled old Indian woman who sold me the clever little hand-woven basket, beside the Apache Trail of Arizona.

"We actually visited a foreign land! Stopping at El Paso, we couldn't resist crossing the Rio Grande bridge into glamorous old Juarez.

"The romance of the real West came to life again at Dallas—where we spent many fascinating hours at the Texas Centennial Exposition.

"Grand old southern melodies! They came floating through the star-filled night as we stopped for dinner near an Alabama plantation.

"Our Greyhound bus actually passed right over the top of Virginia's amazing Natural Bridge—in beautiful Shenandoah Valley.

"As we rolled down Pennsylvania Avenue in Washington, a brilliant military parade swung along, only a few feet from our bus windows."

"So there are some of the highlights of my Greyhound trip. Why don't you plan just such a journey of exploration for yourself? Whether you travel a few miles or a few thousand, Greyhound offers the most interesting way, and by far the most economical." *The coupon below will bring complete information on any trip you may plan—or you can step into the nearest Greyhound office, (or telephone) to secure rates and schedules. Start now, by mailing this coupon.*

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Cincinnati, O. . . . 630 Walnut St.
Richmond, Va. . . . 412 E. Broad St.
Lexington, Ky. . . 801 N. Limestone
San Francisco, Cal. . . . . Pine & Battery Streets
Ft. Worth, Tex., 8th & Commerce Sts.
Charleston, W. Va . . . . 1100 Kanawha Valley Building
Minneapolis, Minn. . . . . 509 Sixth Avenue, N.
Detroit, Mich. . . . . . Tuller Hotel
St. Louis, Mo. . . . . Broadway & Delmar Blvd.
Memphis, Tenn. . . . 146 Union Ave.
New Orleans, La. . . . . 400 N. Rampart Street
Windsor, Ont., 1004 Security Bldg.
London, England, A. B. Reynoldson, 49 Leadenhall Street

The
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LINES

SEND FOR PICTORIAL FOLDERS, TRIP INFORMATION

Send this coupon to nearest information office, listed at left, for interesting pictorial folders about Texas Centennial Exposition ☐, Great Lakes Exposition ☐, San Diego Exposition ☐. (Check which one.) If you have some other trip in mind, jot it down on this line, and we will send full information.

Information on trip to____________________

Name____________________

Address ____________________FW-7

"Barbarous!"

A HOSTESS AND A DENTIST BATTLE OVER A T-BONE

"Intelligent!"

SAYS HOSTESS

SAYS DENTIST

(But the civilized way to build firm gums is IPANA and MASSAGE)

HOSTESS: "Your picture is disgraceful. No girl with a spark of intelligence or breeding would ever eat like that." *(But your dentist disagrees—emphatically.)*

DENTIST: "That picture is a perfect lesson in the proper exercise of teeth and gums. I hope millions of people see it. If more people chewed as vigorously, there would be far fewer gum disorders—fewer evidences of that dental warning 'pink tooth brush'."

Check up on your own menu, and you will see the dentist's point. The modern menu is a soft-food menu. It deprives teeth and gums of the work and exercise and stimulation they need. No wonder gums grow weak and tender—no wonder "pink tooth brush" is such a common warning.

"Pink Tooth Brush" is serious

The first sign of that tinge of "pink" calls for a visit to your dentist. You may be in for serious trouble. But he is far more likely to tell you to take better care of your gums, to give them more stimulation, more exercise. And he may tell you—he usually does—to switch to Ipana Tooth Paste and massage. *Follow his advice.* Rub a little extra Ipana into your gums every time you brush your teeth! For Ipana is especially designed to help your gums *as well* as clean your teeth. You'll soon notice an improvement in the health of your gums. New circulation wakens lazy tissues. Gums grow stronger. They feel firmer. They look better.

So switch to Ipana today. The first ten days of Ipana and massage will show an improvement. And thirty days will convince you that you should have changed to this modern, sensible health measure long ago.

GOOD FOR TENDER GUMS
IPANA
TOOTH PASTE
BRISTOL-MYERS CO. NEW YORK
IPANA plus massage is the dentist's ablest assistant in the home care of your teeth and gums.

The M-G-M Lion is the Symbol that signifies Joy on the Screen. Miss Entertainment picks Leo to ride to victory!

THE WINNER!

METRO · GOLDWYN · MAYER

We're taking space in this magazine to tell you to keep your eye on Leo, the M-G-M Lion!

He's had the best year of his career what with grand entertainments like "Mutiny on the Bounty", "China Seas", "Broadway Melody of '36", "A Night at the Opera", "Rose Marie" and all the other great M-G-M hits! And of course there's "The Great Ziegfeld", now playing in selected cities as a road-show attraction and not to be shown otherwise this season.

But *(pardon his Southern accent)* Leo says: "You ain't seen nuthin' yet!" . . . On this page is just part of the happy M-G-M family of stars. Look them over. You'll find most of the screen's famed personalities and great talents on Leo's list. They will appear in the big Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer productions that are now in the making and planned for months to come.

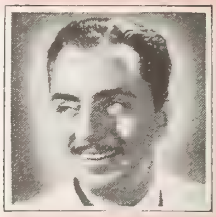
Ask the Manager of the theatre that plays M-G-M pictures about the marvelous entertainments he is arranging to show. And when Leo roars, settle back in your seat for real enjoyment!

Norma Shearer

Joan Crawford

Greta Garbo

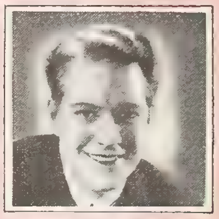
Clark Gable



William Powell

Myrna Loy

Jeanette MacDonald



Nelson Eddy

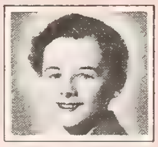
Luise Rainer

Jean Harlow

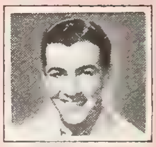
Wallace Beery

Robt. Montgomery

Eleanor Powell



Freddie Bartholomew



Robert Taylor

The Marx Brothers

Charles Laughton

Laurel & Hardy

Jackie Cooper

Lionel Barrymore

John Barrymore

Spencer Tracy

WATCH FOR THEM!

Norma Shearer
Leslie Howard
in "Romeo and Juliet"

Clark Gable
Jeanette MacDonald
in "San Francisco"

Jean Harlow
Franchot Tone *in* "Suzy"

Robert Montgomery
Myrna Loy
in "Love on the Run"

And M-G-M's Big Road Show
"THE GREAT ZIEGFELD"

SORRY! WE DIDN'T HAVE SPACE FOR THEIR PHOTOS! MORE M-G-M STARS

Franchot Tone, Robert Young, Rosalind Russell, Frank Morgan, Edna May Oliver, Reginald Owen, Virginia Bruce, Nat Pendleton, Lewis Stone, Johnny Weissmuller, Jean Hersholt, Ted Healy, Allan Jones, Buddy Ebsen, Joseph Calleia, Maureen O'Sullivan, Una Merkel, Chester Morris, Stuart Erwin, Bruce Cabot, Elizabeth Allan, Brian Aherne, Charles Butterworth, Madge Evans, Frances Langford, Eric Linden, June Knight, Ann Loring, Robert Benchley, Jean Parker, May Robson, Mickey Rooney, James Stewart, Ernestine Schumann-Heink, Harvey Stephens, etc.

JUN -1 1936
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New!
Movie Classic is now written and edited completely in Hollywood, to bring you new features, stories and photos . . . with news that is NEW!

MOVIE CLASSIC
EDITED IN HOLLYWOOD

JULY, 1936
VOL. 10 No. 5
ERIC ERGENBRIGHT
Editor
JACK SMALLEY
Managing Editor

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W. H. FAWCETT
Publisher

ROSCOE FAWCETT
General Manager

W. M. MESSENGER
Ass't General Manager

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MEMBER AUDIT BUREAU OF CIRCULATIONS

Her Tennis Stroke is Correctly Timed

—too bad her *laxative* wasn't!

HER SWING is a marvel of precision and timing . . . What a pity she didn't know that *correct timing* is vital in a laxative, too!

You see, when you take a laxative into your system, you can't afford to take chances. Look out for harsh, over-acting cathartics that might upset you, nauseate you, cause stomach pains, leave you weak and dragged down. Such laxatives abuse you internally. Their after-effects are unpleasant, sometimes dangerous.

DEMAND CORRECT TIMING

Just what is meant by correct timing in a laxative? Simply this: a correctly timed laxative takes from 6 to 8 hours to be effective. Its action is gentle and g-r-a-d-u-a-l, yet completely thorough.

Ex-Lax is just such a laxative. It won't throw your system out of rhythm. No stomach pains, no nausea. No unpleasant after-effects of any sort. Ex-Lax works so naturally that, except for the relief you enjoy, you scarcely realize you have taken a laxative.

PLEASANT TO TAKE

Ex-Lax is not only kind to your system—it's kind to your taste, too. Its flavor is just like smooth, delicious chocolate. All druggists sell Ex-Lax in economical 10¢ and 25¢ sizes. Get a box today!

When Nature forgets—remember

EX-LAX

THE ORIGINAL CHOCOLATED LAXATIVE

Now You're Talking

Movie Classic's readers have the floor—and we solicit their straight-from-the-shoulder ideas

Betty Furness, after several years of unimportant bits, has suddenly gained new prominence. Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer plans to star her in the near future

$15 Prize Letter

Oversold and Bored—Experts tell us there is a fatigue point beyond which our attention falters. I found mine when I encountered the double bill—two full length pictures, news reel and short. It reminds me of victrola records. There's the one you buy—and the other side. The second movie is rarely of much interest, but if you have any Scotch blood, you punish yourself by sitting through both. One evening I sat for four hours! The double bill defeats its purpose. It gives too much for the money. It satiates your appetite, so that you don't want any more movies for a long time.—*Mrs. J. B. Hughes, Fort Peck, Montana.*

$10 Prize Letter

Biography Begins at Home—Biographical pictures are definitely in! During the past few years several important pictures have been produced: *Henry VIII, Queen Christina, Voltaire, Cardinal Richelieu, Louis Pasteur,* and others. *Mary of Scotland* is in production, and several others are scheduled for immediate work. Indeed, these pictures are a great boon to the students of European history, and romance-seeking movie fans. But what about the student of American history, and incidentally, the American citizen?

America has seen the rise of many great men. Why should the beauty and drama of their lives be forgotten under the deluge of European heroes and heroines? George Washington, Nathan Hale, Thomas Jefferson, Patrick Henry, and numerous other great Americans offer virgin material for use in motion picture productions, that would be inspirations to all who might see them. Why should the theater-going public be denied such an inspiration?—*Miss June Snively, Simi, California.*

$5 Prize Letter

Three Cheers For Love—I think I'm no different from most working girl movie fans. I'm sick of reality. I want romance, jasmine, strawberries and water lily ponds when I go to the movies. You can have your platform discussions of moot questions. You can have your *Tobacco Road,* your *Mutiny on the Bounty* and your *Story of Louis Pasteur.* Good films, and a good play I'll grant you. But give me, *Wife vs. Secretary; Petticoat Fever* and love that isn't on a dole!—*Virginia Smith, Easton, Pennsylvania.*

$1 Prize Letters

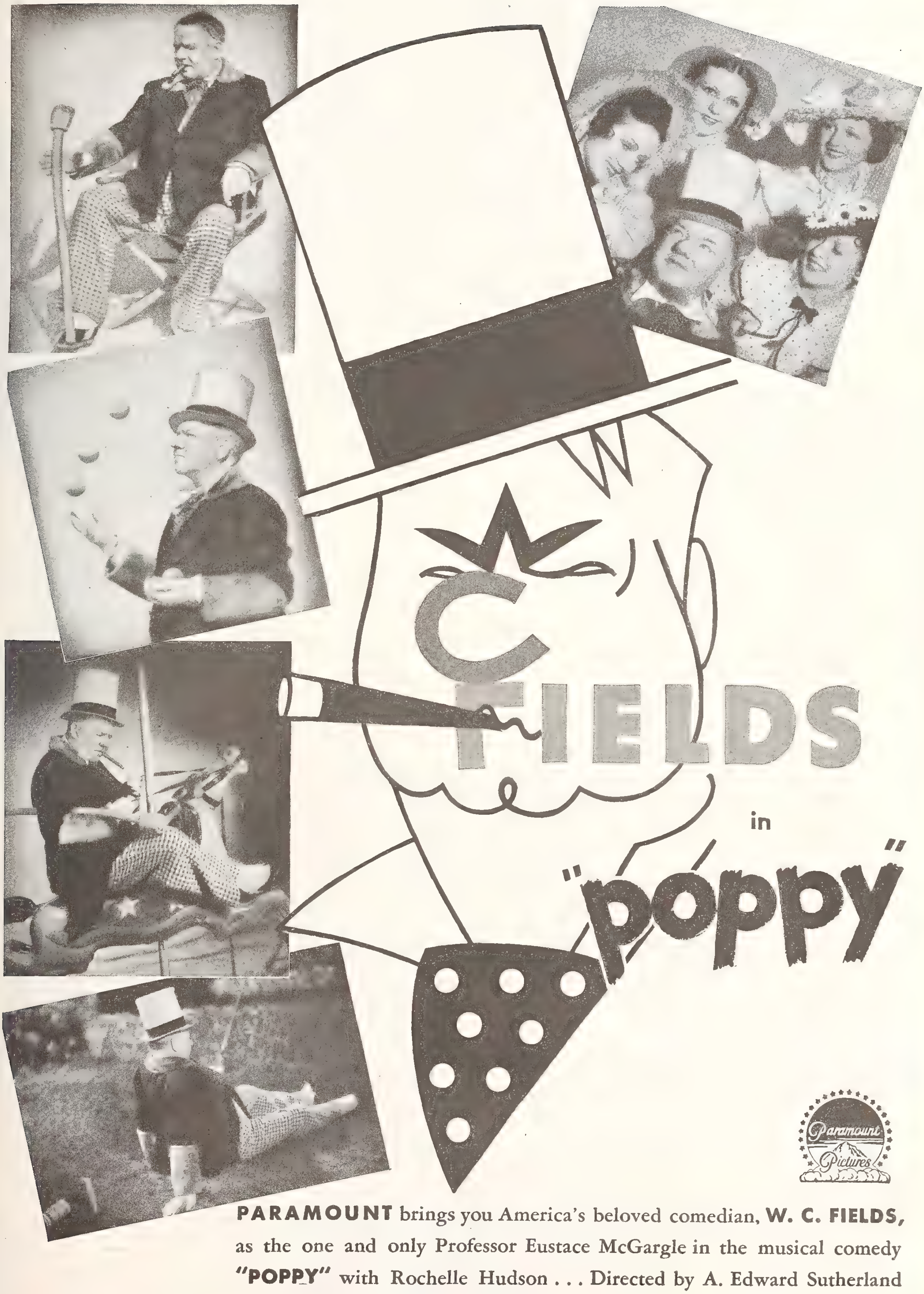
Duplicate Weddings—Since movies afford me a great deal of pleasure, I hate to be critical, but just had to get this off my mind.

The closing sequences of *The Bride Comes Home* featured a wedding ceremony interspersed with the angry protestations of the bride and groom. All very amusing and undeniably "different." Then, Carole Lombard and Preston Foster rant and rear at each other during their wedding in *Love Before Breakfast.* This, also, brought the desired laughs, but was unmistakably a duplication of Miss Colbert's film. Well, I let that pass without remarks, but the last straw was when I heard advance scenes from *The Moon's Our Home* on the radio the other night. There was that wedding ceremony again, with the three principals shouting at each other!!

Really, three times in such quick succession is too much. And, aside from boring repetition, there are those of us who regard the marriage ceremony as sacred and not a subject for ridicule.—*Kathryn W. Jacocks, Norfolk, Virginia.*

[*Continued on page* 17]

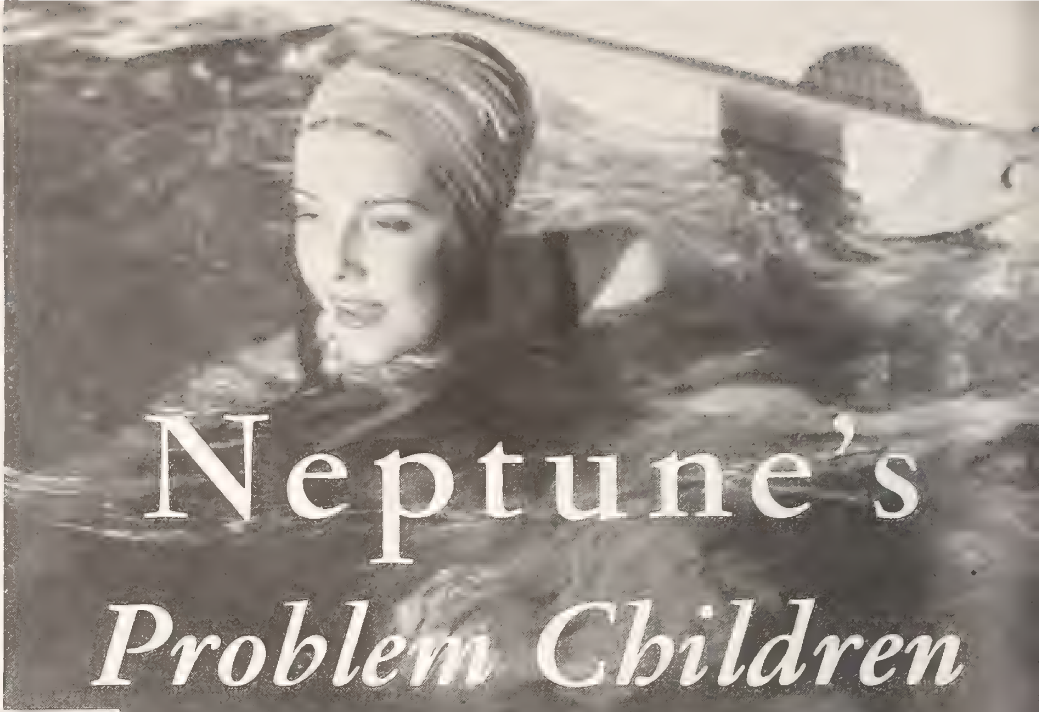
MOVIE CLASSIC urges its readers to take the floor and present on this page their candid opinions of pictures and stars. Each month MOVIE CLASSIC offers these cash prizes for the best letters: (1) $15; (2) $10; (3) $5; all others published, $1 each. The editors will be the sole judges and reserve the right to publish all or part of any letter received. Write your letter now—to MOVIE CLASSIC'S Letter Editor, 7046 Hollywood Boulevard, Hollywood, California.


W C FIELDS
in
"poppy"
Paramount Pictures

PARAMOUNT brings you America's beloved comedian, **W. C. FIELDS,** as the one and only Professor Eustace McGargle in the musical comedy **"POPPY"** with Rochelle Hudson . . . Directed by A. Edward Sutherland

During summer months Hollywood stars play on land and sea

Neptune's Problem Children

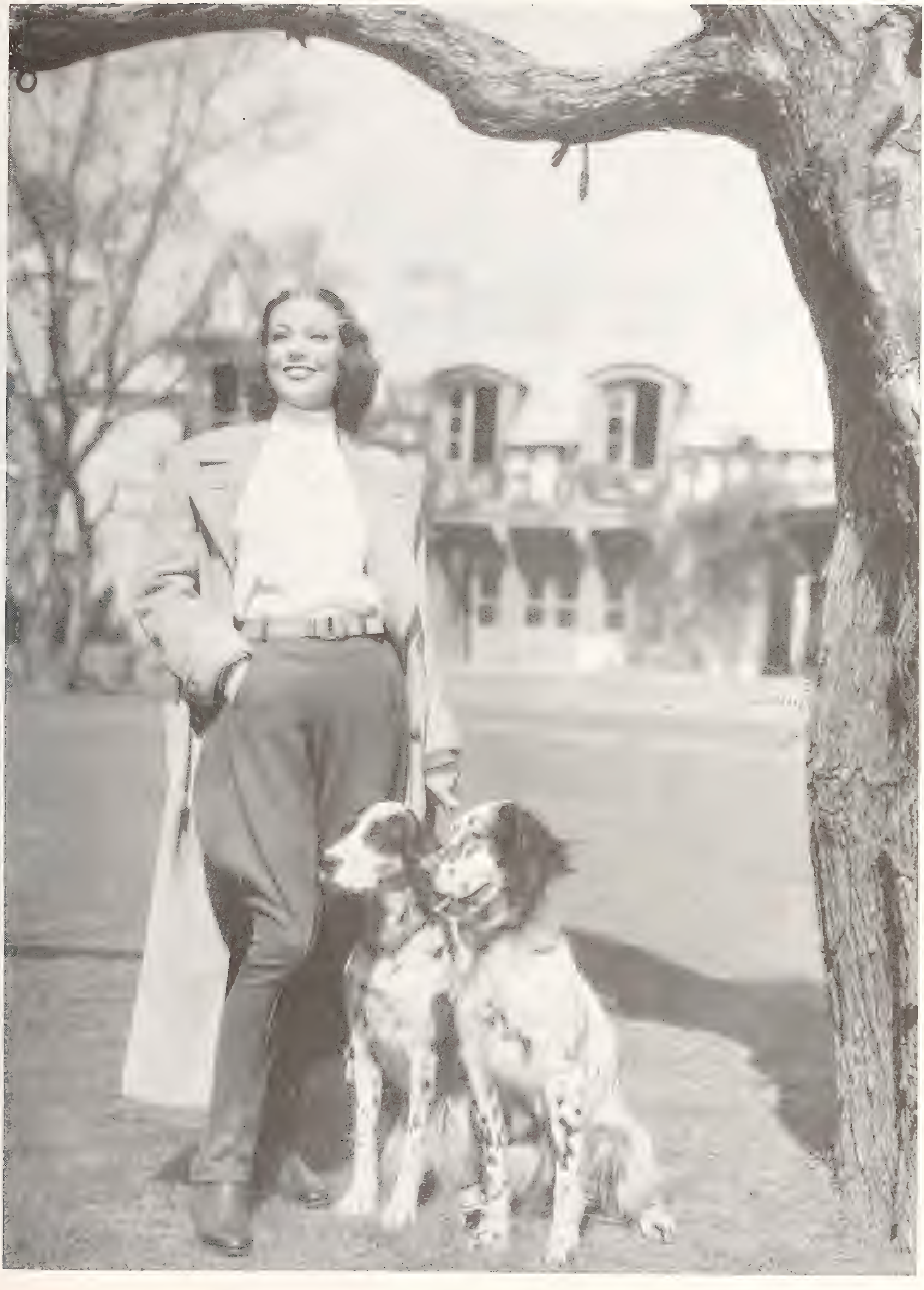


Anita Louise takes a swim in her pool each morning before leaving for the studio.

Navy blue and white polka dot in a one piece Catalina suit is the choice of the Warner Bros' player, Olivia de Haviland.

Dorothy Stone is seen wearing an attractive Jantzen suit of bright blue with a very low cut back, grand for sun tanning.

Waiting for her ship to come in is Priscilla Lawson, Universal player. The suit is a new Gantner & Mattern model in white.



Loretta Young

Fully recovered from her recent illness, Loretta has just completed work in *Private Number,* for Twentieth Century-Fox, in which she co-stars with Robert Taylor. Her telephone constantly transmits calls from Director Eddie Southerland, whom Dame Rumor insists she will soon marry

"I'll take G-E's word for it . . . when they say Edison MAZDA lamps *stay brighter longer* that's all I want to know"

15-25-40-60 WATT SIZES *only* 15¢

Edison MAZDA lamps do *stay brighter longer* than lamps less skillfully made. This fact is not surprising when you consider the millions of dollars and the more than 40 years General Electric has spent in research. During the manufacture of these lamps, more than 480 tests and inspections are made to guard against imperfections costly to the user. When you buy an inferior lamp you may save a few cents on first cost —but in the long run you are likely to lose dollars in wasted electricity. To be sure of good light at low cost, always look for this mark on the bulb of every lamp you buy. Prices are now the lowest in history.

THE G-E "DIME" LAMP. The first real value in a 10 cent lamp. Comes in the following sizes, 60, 30, 15 and 7½ watts. It is marked like this . . . . GE

EDISON MAZDA LAMPS

GENERAL ELECTRIC

Madeleine Carroll

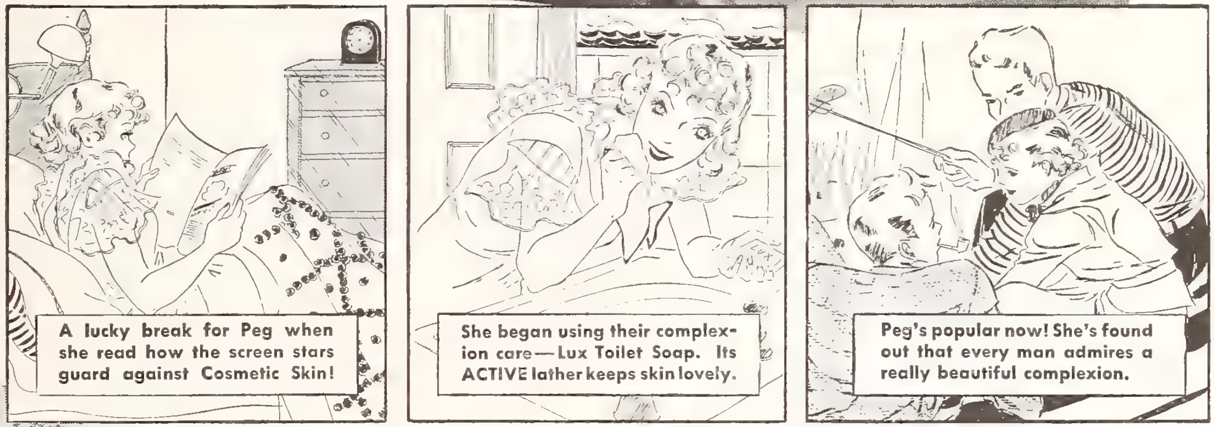
Seldom has an importation from Europe created a greater furor in Hollywood than has this beautiful English star, whose first picture under her new starring contract with Walter Wanger is now ready for release. Its title is *The Case Against Mrs. Ames*

Here's JOAN BLONDELL caring for a million-dollar skin

My beauty care keeps skin soft and clear... guards against Cosmetic Skin

STAR OF WARNER BROTHERS' "COLLEEN"

Here's a girl like YOU who's learned Joan Blondell's beauty secret


A lucky break for Peg when she read how the screen stars guard against Cosmetic Skin!
She began using their complexion care—Lux Toilet Soap. Its ACTIVE lather keeps skin lovely.
Peg's popular now! She's found out that every man admires a really beautiful complexion.

LUX TOILET SOAP

Use cosmetics all you wish but don't risk Cosmetic Skin

IT'S foolish for any girl to risk the tiny blemishes and enlarged pores that mean Cosmetic Skin!

Guard against this danger with Lux Toilet Soap. Its ACTIVE lather removes *thoroughly* every trace of dust, dirt, stale powder and rouge. Don't take chances with dangerous *choked* pores! Cosmetic Skin develops *gradually*. To *protect* your skin, follow this simple rule:

Before you put on fresh make-up—ALWAYS before you go to bed, use pure, white Lux Toilet Soap. This care keeps million-dollar complexions flawless!

ASK ROBERT TAYLOR A QUESTION

Here's your grand opportunity to ask a favorite star a question. Simply fill in the coupon on this page, mail it to The Inquiring Reporter, and watch for Bob Taylor's own answers, which will appear in September MOVIE CLASSIC. Your questions must be received by July 15th!

The Inquiring Reporter,
Movie Classic Magazine,
7046 Hollywood Blvd.,
Hollywood, Calif.

Please ask Robert Taylor the following questions, answers to which will appear in the September issue of Movie Classic.

____

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____

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Your name________________________________

Delicious Recipes

Straight from the Kitchens of Hollywood's Favorite Hostesses

Movie Classic offers you the favorite recipes of film stars! Each celebrity has personally autographed his selection and they have been kitchen tested by a noted food expert.

The recipes are printed on a punched leaflet to fit an 8½ x 11 loose leaf notebook.

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Just Send a Three Cent Stamp for Each Leaflet You Need!

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Heather Angel's Salads
Valeria Hobson's Casserole Dishes
Mona Barrie's Favorite Soups
Tuna Recipes from Jim Cagney
Leftover Surprises from Sally Eilers
Mae Clarke's Favorite Cakes
Adrienne Ames' Apple Recipes
Raquel Torres' Mexican Dishes
Andy Devine's After Dinner Snacks
E. G. Robinson's Honey Cakes
Margaret Sullavan's Tasty Puddings
Raisin Recipes from Noah Berry, Jr.
Pinky Tomlin's Favorite Hot Breads
Cottage Cheese Delights from Binnie Barnes
Savory Ham Dishes from Gloria Stuart

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For information, write to Dorothy Dwan, Movie Classic Food Editor, 7046 Hollywood Blvd., Hollywood, California. No inquiries answered unless a STAMPED, SELF ADDRESSED ENVELOPE IS ENCLOSED!

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She found the lovelier way

TO AVOID OFFENDING

Daintily fragrant, so alluring ... since she bathes with this exquisite perfumed soap!

It keeps you dainty in *two ways* ... this lovely Cashmere Bouquet! *First,* with its rich, deep-cleansing lather, which frees you so completely from any danger of body odor. *And then,* with its lovely, flower-like scent, Cashmere Bouquet brings you the lingering fragrance you would get from a costly imported perfume.

For Cashmere Bouquet is not just an ordinary scented soap!

Its fragrance comes from a delicate blend of 17 costly perfumes. That is why, long after your bath, Cashmere Bouquet's elusive fragrance still clings glamorously about you!

Use this pure, creamy-white soap for your complexion, too. Its lather is so gentle and caressing. Yet it removes every bit of dirt and cosmetics from every pore; makes your skin alluringly clear and smooth.

NOW ONLY 10¢ FOR THE FORMER 25¢ SIZE

Cashmere Bouquet now costs only 10¢. The same long-lasting soap which has always been 25¢. The same size cake, scented with the same exquisite perfume. Sold at all drug, department and 10¢ stores.

Good Housekeeping Bureau
Cashmere Bouquet
COLGATE

BATHE WITH

Cashmere Bouquet

THE LOVELIER WAY TO AVOID OFFENDING

Speaking of FIT

Permanent Fit is the First Essential in a swimming suit. Many suits fit satisfactorily in the try-on-rooms. Not so many a month later. Week after week, month after month, a Jantzen fits perfectly. It's America's finest-fitting swimming suit. The magic of Jantzen-stitch literally molds it to your body with an amazing degree of figure control.

ROSALIND KEITH... *appearing in Paramount Pictures, wears the* Jantzen BRÄ-TUCK, $5.95. *Other Jantzen models* $4.50 *to* $8.95.

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molded-fit
swimming suits

JANTZEN KNITTING MILLS (Dept. 282), Portland, Ore
Please send style folder in colors, featuring new 1936 models
WOMEN'S ☐ MEN'S ☐
Name
Address

Behind-the-scene news and gossip about Filmland's pictures and stars—an up-to-the-minute report of the latest happenings

Party line in Hollywood

By

ERIC ERGENBRIGHT

REPORTS coming in over the Party Line this past month indicate that the great American passion for football will be well represented on the screen this fall. Almost every studio is now starting production on at least one pigskin drama. At Paramount, production work has already started on *Rose Bowl,* which will feature Johnny Downs and the ex-Notre Dame great, Nick Lukats. RKO has also started the cameras grinding on an original gridiron epic, entitled *The Big Game.*

Private Party, Please

Shirley Temple celebrated her eighth birthday with a party for some 150 youngsters in the famous Cafe de Paris on the studio lot. And, by special mandate of Her Majesty, no photographers were allowed to be present. It seems that last year, at her party, she was photographed so often that she filed a bitter complaint.

"Can't I even have a birthday party without having to pose for pictures all the time," she wailed.

This year, in spite of the fact that her party was not given "advance publicity," she received more than one thousand birthday cakes from her admirers. The governor of Tennessee contributed a gigantic pastry shaped exactly like the Tennessee capital building. Most of them, after being viewed and "Oh'ed and Ah'ed" over by Shirley, were sent to the various children's clinics.

Always Colorful

Mae West, she of the luscious undulations, cut in on the Party Line the other day, and, while she didn't make any positive statements, she did hint that her next picture will be filmed in natural color. And *that* shouldn't detract from the allure of that "Come up 'an see me, sometime," for Mae has a complexion that is envied by most of Hollywood's professional beauties. Probably she'll have to re-phrase her famous line in Spanish, for I understand her next opus will have a Mexican locale.

Charlie Chan Abroad

A postcard from Warner Oland, who is touring China with Mrs. Oland and their son, indicates that he is having the time of his life being feted on bird's nest soup, antique eggs and shark fins. It surprised me to learn that China now has 257 up-to-date movie houses, an army of red-hot movie fans and several screen magazines. Incidentally, local Chinese inform me that Warner Oland is the prime favorite in China. The Chinese consider him a more authentic Oriental than Keye Luke.

A Herculean Task

Speaking of China reminds me that Metro's gigantic experiment, *The Good Earth,* is now in production. No company has ever devoted such time and effort to research. A camera crew was sent to North China for several months and photographed everything in sight. The studio technical crew studied the film brought back and has made every set and every property, no matter how trivial, a masterpiece of authenticity. More than 3000 tests were filmed in order to obtain believable oriental types

Gene Raymond and Jeanette MacDonald are seen together so constantly these days that romance rumors concerning them are again rife for the supporting cast. And Paul Muni and Louise Rainer, the stars, each lived with Chinese families—Muni on a rice farm near Sacramento; Louise with a merchant family in San Francisco's China-town—for weeks in order to study their characterizations.

Cashing In

Hollywood's newest gold-mine is the radio. The czars of the airwaves, desperate for big-name attractions, have turned to the screen and are reported to be offering top-notch film stars everything but the United States mint for their services. The biggest offer reported to date, is said to have been made to W. C. Fields. My informant reports that Bill was tendered $10,000 a week—and had to refuse because of ill-health.

Of course, you know—or do you?—that Nelson Eddy and Jeanette MacDonald will each head-line a radio programme this fall. Nelson takes Grace Moore's spot with Vicks, at a reported salary of $4,000 a broadcast.

Marie's Back

The Hollywood Old-Timer was on the Party Line a moment ago with the cheering news that

[*Continued on page 67*]

W. C. Fields, the one and only, is fighting a severe illness in order to complete his current production, *Poppy.* It promises to be his best

PLAY MY GAME OF
"POWDER SHADES"
1
DARK BRUNETTE
2
RACHEL
3
BEIGE
4
BRUNETTE
5
NATURAL

See if the Shade You Are Using Is Really the Right One for You!

By *Lady Esther*

You're pretty sure about the shade of face powder you use, aren't you? You're quite certain it's the right shade for you.

What would you say if you were to find out it was the wrong shade entirely for you? Don't be so sure that this isn't the case. As any artist or make-up expert will tell you, many women use the wrong shade of face powder entirely. The result is, they look years older than they really are.

The reason so many women use the wrong shade of face powder is that they select their shades on the wrong basis altogether. It's a mistake to select your shade of face powder according to your so-called "type." You are not a "type." You are an individual.

One Way and Only One!

There is only one way to tell your most becoming shade of face powder and that is to try on all five basic shades. Any other method is only theory and guess-work.

To make it simple and conclusive for you to ascertain your right shade of face powder, I have invented a game called: "Find Your Right Shade of Face Powder." It's as enlightening as it is fascinating. Here's all you need do: Just send me your name and address and by return mail I'll send you all five shades of my Lady Esther Face Powder, free of charge. Take the five shades and sit down before your mirror. Start with the shade you think least suited to you and try that on. But don't stop at any one shade. Go through all five and observe the effects in your mirror in each case.

You don't have to be any seer to recognize instantly that one of these five shades is more suited to you than any other. You will see immediately that one shade, more than any other, makes you look your youngest and most attractive. What that shade is, neither I nor anybody else, can tell you. You must see for yourself.

A Surprise May Be in Store for You!

Maybe the very shade you think least suited to you, the very one you would never think of using is actually your most becoming shade. Thousands of women have been amazed with the results of this test.

Decide today that you are not going to be in the dark any longer as to the shade of face powder you should use. Decide today that you are going to know once and for all which is your most becoming shade. Mail the coupon today and play the game that tells—my game of "face powder shades."

(You can paste this on a penny postcard.) (24) **FREE**

Lady Esther, 2030 Ridge Ave., Evanston, Ill.

Please send me by return mail a liberal supply of all five shades of Lady Esther Face Powder; also a 7-days' supply of your Lady Esther Four-Purpose Face Cream.

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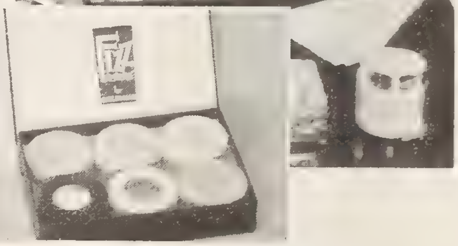
If you live in Canada, write Lady Esther, Ltd., Toronto, Ont.

Bathing for Beauty

Movie Classic's Beauty Editor describes the most up-to-date accessories of Milady's bath—one of the most important beauty aids

by Alison Alden



Evalyn Knapp finds that Campana Dreskin is an excellent skin tonic for use after a bath. It refreshes the skin and is at the same time delicately perfumed

Cashmere Bouquet toilet soap is one of the choices of Alison Alden. It retails for only ten cents a bar

IF someone told you that you didn't know how to take a bath you'd be the most amazed gal in the world. But, whether or not it's startling news . . . it's probably true!

It's surprising how many of you have told me in your letters that you cannot understand *what is wrong* with you. You claim that you're in perfect health and yet, when you've had a hectic day at the office, or at home with your housework, your quick "pick-me-up" shower doesn't do you any good. You suggest that you probably should take a beauty nap . . . but you haven't time for that.

Let me tell you, girls, the quick "pick-me-up" shower that we're all accustomed to in this modern age is okay for the late risers who have to report to business "on time" in the morning. But, the "connoisseur's" ideal bath, which is a combination of bathing for necessity and for the sheer luxury of it, will do more for your jangled nerves and that "all in" feeling than any brisk shower you can take.

I must confess to real satisfaction in seeing architects, artists and colorists conspiring to make our bathrooms paganly beautiful. I know that your inclination will follow the atmosphere, and even the busiest of busy gals who bathe, daily, casually and unimaginatively, will find time to learn the luxuries and beauty of the bath.

The ideal bath which I'm going to tell you about requires no longer than fifteen or twenty minutes and I guarantee you'll feel like a new person when it's over!

Throw a small spoonful of Fizz into your tub and let the hot water run first. The true lilac fragrance of this fine crystallized powder will thrill you as the vapor rises. It is a new product, made by Molinelle and imported from England, that *softens, scents* and *colors* your bath water. The Drum Set which you see illustrated contains six beautiful pastel shades in green, blue, yellow, lavender, rose and oyster white. Imagine . . . gorgeously tinted baths to satisfy your whims! Doesn't that sound like sheer luxury? It does give you a luxurious bath but the price for nearly fifty baths is only $1.50 which doesn't make it a luxury when you go out to buy it!

When the Fizz has dissolved, temper your bath with cool water to make it just right, not too warm, for this bath should be stimulating, not enervating. While the water is running tie back your hair and cleanse your face and neck with a good cream. Remove the excess cream with a soft cleansing tissue. Now pat a little more into your skin and allow it to remain while you are bathing.

Armand Blended Cream is a new skin beautifier recently put on the market by Armand, a reliable manufacturer who has been popular for several years. This new cream will softly float away the grime of the day, by bringing it to the surface of the pores. It soothes, nourishes and does wonders for your skin. It may be purchased in sizes priced at $1.00, 75c, 50c and 20c.

Now your eyes are ready for their bath. Eye-gene is a new and excellent lotion which will cleanse, soothe and brighten your eyes. A drop or two should be put into each eye with the convenient little dropper which you'll find attached to the cap. This new treatment is ex- [*Continued on page 70*]

Now You're Talking

[*Continued from page 6*]

Why The Mystery?—I have a complaint to make—one that grows with every picture I see—simply that the cast is not adequately announced. Half the time the audience does not know who is playing any part except that of the star and one or two leading players. Too often there is only a list of actors, without any notation as to the parts they are playing. An actor may work years to get a bit. He may do it beautifully. But how can the public give him his merited praise unless they know his name? Please let's have the cast shown at the beginning and end of each picture.—*Phyllis Ayer, 280 Union St., San Francisco, Calif.*

Be Authentic, Please—It seems that only recently have the producers of movies become aware of the tremendous dramatic possibilities of historical episodes. I deplore the fact, however, that they have not fully realized that the American public can accept history as it happened and still find it more romantic than fiction.

As an example, I shall mention the picture *The Prisoner of Shark Island.* Admittedly, this is an excellent piece of work, containing noteworthy performances of both principal and subordinate players, but, as a matter of cold historical fact, was Dr. Samuel Mudd released at the end of his work in the yellow fever epidemic? My information is that he was committed to his cell where he remained a matter of years before his final release. If this is what actually took place, why add the "softsoap"? My contention is that we, in America at least, can stand the truth about both our heroes and rascals.—*Marlin W. Elliott, Atlanta, Georgia.*

From far-away Alaska comes Terry Walker, who will make her screen debut in Paramount's *And Sudden Death.* Film scouts discovered her when she posed for a national magazine cover

Vacations are here!
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Use the coupon below to obtain your copy of "Scenic America"—a beautifully illustrated new folder describing Trailways vacation routes everywhere. Write today—start planning now. See how little it costs.

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CLEVELAND, O.
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You've never worn a polish like new GLAZO

Glazo creates new polish far lovelier, far superior

With this new-type Glazo formula, even evaporation has been so reduced that you can use the polish down to the last brushful.

The new Glazo provides a richness of beauty and sheen that has been beyond the realm of old-type polishes. Be among the first to wear Suntan, Russet, and Poppy Red—stunning new "misty" reds, and the latest additions to Glazo's range of authentic fashion-approved shades.

This new Glazo wears *extra* days . . . its brilliant surface unmarred by chipping, peeling or cracking. So easily does it float on, without streaking, that there's never a nail in need of re-doing.

For even a day, don't deny your finger-tips the luxury of this new perfected Glazo. Still only 20 cents each—at toilet goods counters all over the world.

It's new it's perfect

GLAZO

20 CENTS
(25 cents in Canada)

GLAZO
Liquid Polish
RUSSET

The Show Window

MOVIE CLASSIC appraises the new screen offerings

EXCEPTIONAL

SHOWBOAT—Easily the outstanding film of the month, this new screen version of the tried and proven stage show, will please every audience. Exquisite artistry marks the work of everyone concerned.

Irene Dunne, as Magnolia Ravenal, daughter of the Mississippi, at last has a rôle which is worthy of her talent and on the strength of this truly magnificent picture, will rise to new heights. Her acting is superb; her singing is delightful.

Allan Jones, playing opposite her, establishes himself as a personality of great screen importance. His voice is thrilling. Charles Winninger, in the rôle of Captain Andy Hawks, is almost beyond praise. His scenes are as infectious comedy as the screen has seen in many a day. Helen Morgan, in the tragic rôle of Julie, is excellent.

It is difficult to criticize this picture, for it is near-perfect entertainment. Be sure to place it at the head of your "must see" list for this month. *Universal.*

EXCELLENT

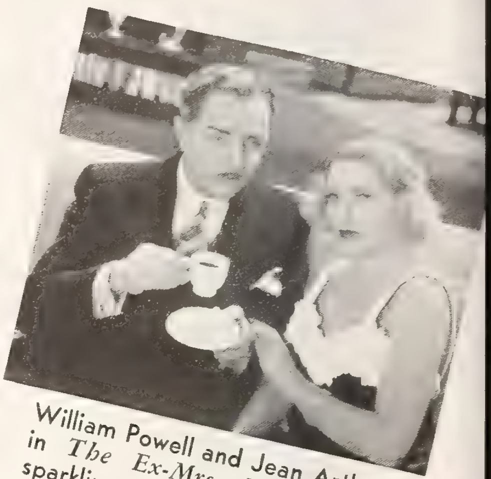
UNDER TWO FLAGS—Desert warfare, hardship and privation, and a woman's courage dominate this newest saga of the French Foreign Legion, which is based, somewhat remotely, on the time-honored novel, *Cigarette.*

Ronald Colman, Victor McLaglen and Claudette Colbert, the co-stars, contribute flawless performances and Rosalind Russell, playing a rôle of almost equal importance, is a stand-out.

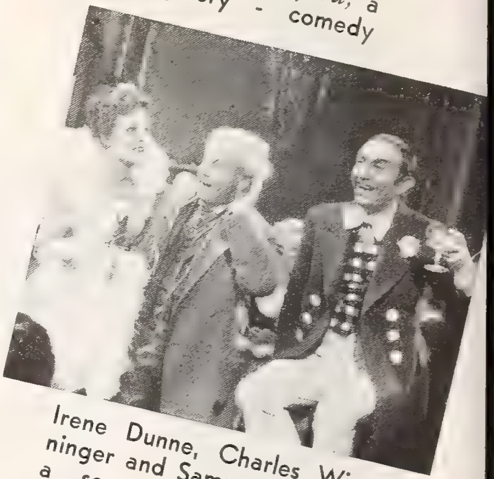
Particularly notable are the desert scenes, filmed in the sand dunes near Yuma, Arizona. Rarely has any picture achieved greater authenticity of background. *Twentieth Century-Fox.*

ONE RAINY AFTERNOON—The new Pickford-Lasky company makes an impressive dèbut with this delightful comedy-romance, which is perfectly suited to the talents and personality of Francis Lederer, its star. Despite the negligible quality of the plot, every scene is handled with such flippant gaiety that there is never a let-down in entertainment. Lederer is superb; given another film or two of this caliber, he will be one of the screen's really outstanding stars. Ida Lupino, Hugh Herbert, and Roland Young head an unusually fine supporting cast. *United Artists.*

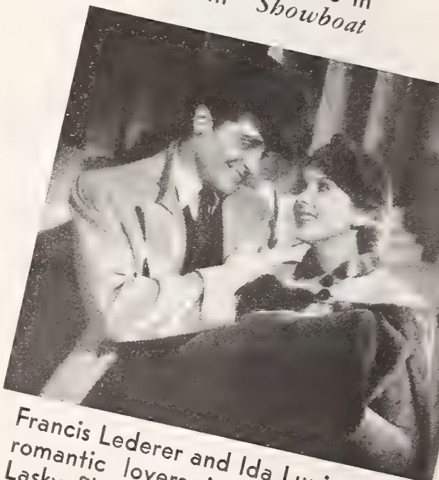
THE EX-MRS. BRADFORD—And here's one of the most breezy, delightful masterpieces of mysterious nonsense that



William Powell and Jean Arthur in *The Ex-Mrs. Bradford,* a sparkling mystery - comedy



Irene Dunne, Charles Winninger and Sammy White in a scene from *Showboat*



Francis Lederer and Ida Lupino are romantic lovers in the Pickford-Lasky film, *One Rainy Afternoon* ever came out of Hollywood. Since every one else will compare it to *The Thin Man,* we might just as well follow suit and declare it just as excellent entertainment as that smash hit. Which is amazing, since the plot, reduced to its essentials, is more than a little ridiculous.

Credit the side-splitting merit of this gem to the clever acting of William Powell and Jean Arthur (how that girl's sky-rocketing these days) and to the inimitable comedy of Eric Blore. Robert Armstrong, Lila Lee, Grant Mitchell, Ralph Morgan and Erin O'Brien-Moore also deserve praise for their work in supporting rôles. Don't miss this one. *Radio Pictures.*

FORGOTTEN FACES—Grim and tragic is this offering. Unrelieved by comedy, it sticks relentlessly to its task of telling a story of two warped and embittered souls. But, entertainment or not, it is one of the finest dramatic films of the year, a masterpiece from every standpoint.

Herbert Marshall, as the professional gambler who goes to prison for the murder of his wife's paramour, gives his best performance to date. And Gertrude Michael, hitherto doomed to rather obscure rôles, is amazing. Her performance, building in intensity with every scene, is one of the greatest individual triumphs in film history.

If you are shopping for laughs, avoid this picture; if you are interested in an absorbing drama, perfectly enacted, do not fail to see it. *Paramount.*

SONS O' GUNS—Here, fellow laugh-lovers, is the best Joe E. Brown rib-tickler in many a moon—a riotous farce in which our cavernous-mouthed hero joins the army, much against his will, and is dragged away to the front line trenches. Things happen—and in spite of himself, Joe becomes a hero by capturing a whole regiment of the enemy. Every sequence is a laugh-fest, but, in the humble opinion of this reviewer, Joe excels his excellent best in the scene which shows him doing an impassioned Apache dance. Joan Blondell, speaking with a French accent, provides the love interest and manages to make a trivial rôle outstanding. Eric Blore, Beverly Roberts and Winifred Shaw head the supporting cast. *Warner Brothers.*

GOOD

HUMAN CARGO—An exciting comedy-melodrama which hinges on the adventures of rival newspaper reporters who set out to expose a gang of alien smugglers. A well-developed story, excellent acting and clever dialogue combine to make this picture better than average entertainment. Claire Trevor and Brian Donlevy are featured. *Twentieth Century-Fox.*

KELLY THE SECOND—Patsy Kelly, elevated to stardom in this picture as a reward for a long sequence of sterling comedy rôles, crashes through with a grand performance as a prize-fight manager. *Kelly the Second* is frankly slapstick, but will win its full quota of laughs from even the more sophisticated audiences, for it builds its humor upon situations and dialogue that are really funny. Charley Chase, Ed Brophy, Pert Kelton and "Big Boy" Williams have important rôles. *Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer.*

THE BIG NOISE—Following a time-honored formula—"retired business man cannot stand inactivity and secretly sneaks into harness again to outwit cocky young-

[*Continued on page* 60]

She knows her MEN!

THE girl who gets the invitations is the girl who knows how to please the men!

She takes great pains to learn their likes and their dislikes.

One of the first things she learns is that nothing so quickly prejudices a man against a girl as the ugly odor of underarm perspiration on her clothing and her person.

And so she runs no risk of this danger. For she knows how easy it is to avoid—with Mum!

Just half a minute is all you need to use this dainty deodorant cream. Then you're safe for the whole day!

Another thing you'll like—use Mum any time, *even after you're dressed.* For it's harmless to clothing.

It's soothing to the skin, too—so soothing you can use it right after shaving your underarms.

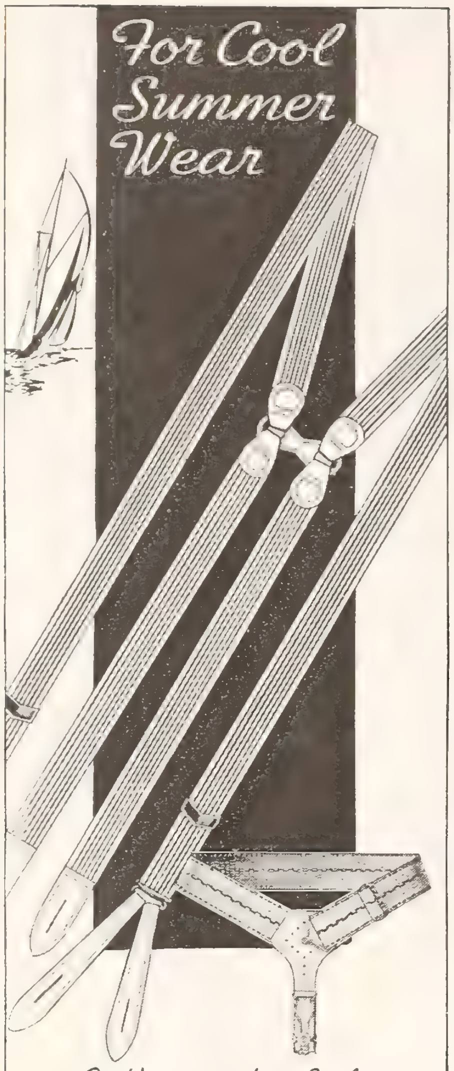
Mum, you know, doesn't prevent natural perspiration. But it does prevent every trace of perspiration odor. And how important that is! Use Mum daily and you'll never be uninvited because of personal unpleasantness.

Bristol-Myers, Inc., 630 Fifth Avenue, New York.

MUM

ANOTHER WAY MUM HELPS is on sanitary napkins. Use it for this and you'll never have to worry about this cause of unpleasantness.

takes the odor out of perspiration



A Note to the Ladies

PARIS

Garters and Suspenders

"FEEL AS COOL AS THEY LOOK"

"Everybody talks about the weather but nobody does anything about it" is an exploded theory today. Consider these new, cool Summer Garters and "Free-Swing" Suspenders by Paris, for example. They'll prove we've been thinking of his comfort—and doing something about the weather. Get him a few pairs today to give him his share of summer comfort.

"Free-Swing" Suspenders $1—$1.50
"Can't Skid Off Your Shoulders"

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"No Metal Can Touch You"

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Hollywood Highlights

MOVIE CLASSIC'S stellar gossip sleuth doffs the grease paint long enough to report the latest happenings in Cinemania

by Hedda Hopper

GOD bless the movies! That's what I thought to myself when I left the beautiful home of Mr. and Mrs. Gary Cooper.

It's built on three acres of land and the home is a perfect blending of the old and new in architecture and furnishing. You enter a modern reception hall, walk through a door and down six stairs, covered with a zebra skin, (and that's the way to treat a zebra,) right into the drawing room which faces the garden and a heavenly blue swimming pool. Gary lives in style, these days.

Gary's Embarrassment

And then my mind leaped back to one of the first important pictures Gary ever made. It was called, *Children of Divorce*. Clara Bow was starred; Frank Lloyd directed it. Poor Gary! He was just a fresh, wholesome cowboy from Montana and the great open spaces. His first scene in the picture was to come into a crowded drawing room on Park Avenue with a lot of drunken debbies and platinum-plated gigolos who were all drinking and playing bridge, and he was supposed to act like that famous Murad cigaret ad, but, at that time, he didn't even know what "nonchalant" meant. He was so terrified that after the first day's shooting he ran away. The studio saw the rushes and ran all over Hollywood to find him and bring him back. We persuaded Clara Bow to help loosen him up. She did, and fell in love with him, and he with her. The rest is history. You have all heard the story. He's still the ranking favorite among the movie men.

Helen Vinson, temporarily deserting Hollywood, has signed a new contract with Capitol Films of England

Bing Crosby (above) records his footprints in the forecourt of the famous Chinese theatre. Below: Mr. and Mrs. Joe E. Brown take their little daughter, Mary, to the circus

Then I recalled the first time I met Mrs. Cooper. She was living, as I was, at the old Hollywood Hotel, with her mother and a nurse and a wonderful dog, the only Schnauser in Hollywood. She was then about fourteen. Her mother had come out to visit her two brothers, the Gibbons boys, Cedric and

Hedda Hopper, famous actress and writer, reports the Hollywood social whirl each month for MOVIE CLASSIC. Next month she will visit London and play an important rôle in a Gaumont-British picture

Eliot. Sandra still has the old nurse who was with her at that time. But now she's the housekeeper, with a lovely suite of rooms all for herself and proud as a peacock. Well, wouldn't you be?

"Ziegfeld" Opens

The Great Ziegfeld opening has come and gone. By this time, you've all seen it, and I wonder if you'll agree with me that the two things which stood out were: first, that telephone scene of Luise Rainer's, and, second, the "A Girl Is Like a Pretty Melody" number. But why, oh, why, didn't they do that in color?

After the opening, Adrian, M-G-M's fashion czar, took a gang of us back to his house for supper and showed us on a tiny screen that number in color, as it was taken by himself with his small camera.

Sad Memories

But what memories kept crowding through my brain as I watched it. A long procession of famous Ziegfeld stars. Olive Thomas, who was married to Jack Pickford, dying a horrible death in Paris when she took the wrong medicine by mistake . . . Martha Mansfield, burned to death while riding home from a motion-picture location . . . she was wearing a lace dress over a hoop skirt, and the spark from a cigaret did the rest . . . Marilyn Miller, who was buried the day the picture opened, in New York. Clifton Webb had just had a letter from her the day before she died. She wanted to do his next play with him, and had sent a bunch of new photographs so he could see how well she looked. She wanted so to play herself in the picture, but it seems that someone who had a voice in the matter said "no."

Thank goodness they didn't cut out Fanny Brice! But I do wish they had been able to have Gene Buck play himself. He, it was,

[*Continued on page 62*]

DOUBLE MINT gum enjoyed daily helps beautify mouth and facial contours

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Every week go to your
BEAUTY SHOP
and
Every day enjoy
DOUBLE MINT gum
WRIGLEY'S
DOUBLE MINT
CHEWING GUM
PEPPERMINT FLAVOR
PEPPERMINT FLAVOR

This story
will interest
many Men and Women

NOT long ago I was like some friends I have...low in spirits...run-down... out of sorts...tired easily and looked terrible. I knew I had no serious organic trouble so I reasoned sensibly...as my experience has since proven...that work, worry, colds and whatnot had just worn me down.

I had been listening to the S.S.S. Radio Program and began to wonder if my trouble was not lowered strength in my blood... I started a course of S.S.S. Tonic Treatment...at the end of ten days I noticed a change...I followed directions faithfully... a tablespoonful before each meal.

The color began to come back to my skin ...I felt better...I did not tire easily and soon I felt that those red-blood-cells were back to so-called fighting strength.

The confidence mother has always had in S.S.S....which is still her stand-by when she feels run-down...convinced me I ought to try this Treatment...it is great to feel strong again and like my old self.

Much more could be said...a trial will thoroughly convince you that this way, in the absence of any organic trouble, will start you on the road to feeling like yourself again. You should soon enjoy again the satisfaction of appetizing food...sound sleep ...steady nerves...a good complexion... and renewed strength.

There is no guess work in the S.S.S. Tonic Treatment...decades of popular acceptance and enthusiastic words of praise by users themselves speak even louder than the scientific appraisal of the progressively improved S.S.S. product which has caused millions to say to their friends—

SSS TONIC
Makes you feel like yourself again

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What Freddie
About It All

Consider the situation of Freddie Bartholomew, the storm center of Hollywood's most dramatic controversy

by Marian Rhea

HOLLYWOOD never produced a picture as dramatic as the true story of the trouble over young Freddie Bartholomew!

It is a story that began nine years ago in a little, rose-covered house in England, when one woman gave over to another the keeping of a small, curly-headed youngster. It is a story that ended, to all intents and purposes in the stern, un-dramatic setting of a Los Angeles county courtroom, when a judge of the superior court upheld a previous ruling which gave Freddie Bartholomew into the keeping of Miss Millicent Bartholomew, his aunt—and this despite the bitter protests of his mother who had come all the way from England to fight for the custody of her child.

She had come too late, the judge held. He reviewed the undisputable fact that Miss Bartholomew—"Aunt Cissy"—had mothered Freddie since that night in England when his mother voluntarily gave him into her keeping. He reviewed the undisputable fact that Mrs. Bartholomew had had six months in which to contest the aunt's petition for permanent guardianship—but had failed to do this until the eleventh hour. . . He listened to a cablegram from Freddie's father in England, renouncing claim to the boy because, the father said he had finally come to the conclusion that "the best interests of the boy lie in leaving him with his aunt."

Then he made his brief ruling—and left the bench.

And so, the Bartholomew case is over without ever having been begun as far as Freddie himself is concerned. You read in the papers at the time, probably, comment to the effect that he knew nothing about the turmoil swirling about his head. But I wonder if you realized that his Aunt Cissy kept him in this happy ignorance, *even at the risk of weakening her defense against claims of his mother.*

She could have taken him into court had she wanted to. She could have said to the judge:

"Here he is, Your Honor. Here is the little boy I mothered since he was three years old. Here is the child I taught to read when he was still lisping. Here is the child I taught to be a great actor. Here is the child I nursed through measles and mumps and chicken-pox. . .

Freddie Bartholomew and his Aunt Cissy, who has taken care of him since he was three years old

A "regular boy", Freddie's current passion is his assortment of bicycles, several of which are gifts from fans

Thinks

The custody of Freddie Bartholomew has been made the prize of a legal battle between his mother and his aunt

Here is the little boy I love as my own son. . .

"Here he is, Your Honor! Ask *him* whom he would rather have as a mother—the woman he has seen only a few times in his life—or his Aunt Cissy?"

And you must know what the answer would have been—what young Freddie Bartholomew would have said to the judge in that courtly, delightful manner of his.

"Your Honor, I choose Aunt Cissy!" He would have been bound to say that, because no small boy, loved and cared for as he has been by his Aunt Cissy, would have chosen a stranger in preference—even though the stranger were his mother. That isn't the way small boys react.

But Aunt Cissy didn't bring him into court. She wanted him to know nothing of trouble, suspicion, bitterness, backbiting. She wanted to keep him untroubled through it all. So she submitted her case to the judge on its own merit, and won it anyway. . .

With Freddie still knowing nothing about it. . . With Freddie remaining the normal, happy, just-ordinary boy he always has been. Just how normal, happy and just-ordinary, you would realize if you had been with me, just after the case was concluded, when I had lunch with Freddie and his aunt.

I arrived in time to see Freddie's penny-farthing bicycle (so named because of its big and little wheel; you saw it in *Little Lord Fauntleroy*) making approximately thirty miles an hour along the sidewalk—going down hill—with considerable commotion attendant.

Clang! Clang!

The pilot was ~~sounding~~ sounding his warning bell every foot [*Continued on page* 78]

SYLVIA SIDNEY
A Lovely
Walter Wanger Star

A Hollywood Invitation to YOU

Dear Ambitious:

Be sure to enter the second HOLD-BOB ''Search for Talent'', for among you readers we hope to find several future screen stars. There will be a winner selected EVERY MONTH—and these lucky girls will win a free screen test and $50.00 in cash! And—at least one of these winners will actually make her screen debut in a Walter Wanger Production at United Artists Studios in Hollywood!

HOLD-BOB bob pins in cooperation with Walter Wanger Productions, Motion Picture and Screen Play magazines are offering every girl in America a chance for movie fame. If you don't win one month—try again. You may enter the "Search for Talent" as many times as you wish. Closing date—December 31, 1936. All you need do to enter is to fill out the entry blank on the back of the HOLD-BOB card, or facsimile of same, attach your photo and send to the "Search for Talent" Headquarters.

And when you get your HOLD-BOB card...for full instructions and application to enter this contest...be sure to notice the outstanding features of the HOLD-BOB pins; the small, round, invisible heads; smooth, round, non-scratching points; flexible, tapered legs, one side crimped; and colors to match all shades of hair. Use HOLD-BOBS once and you'll understand why these bob pins are the favorites of Hollywood.

● In the first "Search for Talent"—seven girls were sent to Hollywood! . . . Don't miss your opportunity in this new "Search for Talent." Get full instructions on the back of every HOLD-BOB card. Look for the Gold and Silver Metal Foil Cards *at all stores*, everywhere.

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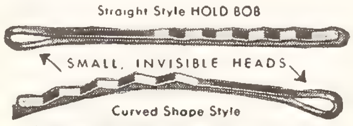
10¢
THE SPRING THAT HOLDS ITS SHAPE



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ASHAMED TO WEAR A BATHING SUIT SHE WAS SO *SKINNY!*

Posed by Professional Model

. . . But Very First Bottle of Kelpamalt Added 7 Flattering Pounds . . .!

NOW LOOKS FINE AND FEELS GREAT

Read this actual Letter From Our Files—Another proof that Natural Iodine in this New Mineral Concentrate from the Sea is Quickest Way Yet to Add Pounds and Build New Strength.

Kelpamalt Company,
"Dear Sirs:

"I am 5 ft. 5 in. tall. Before I was married I weighed 110 lbs. That wasn't much, but better than the 94 lbs. I've weighed ever since my boy was born 5 years ago.

"I was always active in out of door sports and in dancing, but honestly, I've been ashamed to put on a bathing suit or an evening gown for the last 4 summers. Being so skinny actually changed my mode of living.

"Last August I was visiting my mother-in-law. I came to lunch in a sun back dress with straps over the shoulders. Mrs. H. looked at me and said. 'If I had shoulders that looked like yours, I certainly would wear a high-necked dress.' Can you imagine how badly I felt. I was glad when the summer was over and I could wear a sweater and skirt.

"Now, thanks to Kelpamalt I'm looking forward to spring. I have taken just 100 tablets and I've gained 7 lbs. Think of it. Seven pounds in 16 days. Believe me, I've sent for another bottle. I feel so well, too, and my friends are remarking on my looks. My only regret is, that I didn't start taking Kelpamalt sooner. Three cheers for Kelpamalt! The best beauty product on the market."
—Mrs. F. H., Camden, Me.

100 Jumbo size Seedol Kelpamalt Tablets—four to five times the size of ordinary tablets—cost but a few cents a day to use. Get Seedol Kelpamalt today. Seedol Kelpamalt is sold at all good drug stores. If your dealer has not yet received his supply, send $1.00 for special introductory size bottle of 65 tablets to the address below.

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Kelpamalt *Tablets*

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Write today for fascinating instructive 50-page book on How to Add Weight Quickly. Mineral contents of Food and their effects on the human body. New facts about NATURAL IODINE. Standard weight and measurement charts. Daily menus for weight building. Absolutely free. No obligation. Kelpamalt Co., Dept. 862, 27-33 West 20th St., New York City.

The Lady

Claire Trevor, now a Twentieth Century-Fox star, frankly admits that laziness was her curse

"I'M GOING to be Queen!"

The half dozen children clustered on the strip of green grass high above the Hudson, stopped still at the sound of the commanding voice.

But at the sight of a small, spindly figure darting across the drive, her straw hat dangling from the back of her neck and her yellow hair looking like a ravaged bird's nest, they merely shrugged and resumed their play.

"I'm going to be Queen!"

The intruder had reached the grass, and, feminine-like, was making a hurried toilette before plunging into battle. Already she had rescued her dangling head-piece, and was tucking maverick yellow strands under it.

"Uh," exclaimed one of the boys, "it's only Claire," and a tall brunette with a paper crown on her head walked disdainfully away.

"I'm *going* to be Queen," doggedly repeated the newcomer, taking off her coat. "I'm going to be queen, or there ain't going to be a show!"

"Aw, Claire," reasoned the boy with the King's crown on his head, "you weren't ever like this before. Be nice and be a lady-in-waiting like you always are. You couldn't be Queen, so—"

"I'm *going* to be Queen!"

And so, while they were taking the long red cloak from the tall dark girl, and trying to tuck the rebellious yellow hair under the Queen's crown, they all wondered what had happened to the usually mild little Claire. Perhaps it was something she had eaten.

But it wasn't indigestion that had caused the near riot in the parkway along upper Fifth Avenue this summer day—it was rebellion. Rebellion against memories—depressing memories that went back three years, to the time she was four. Memories of how her mother had always seemed to play lady-in-waiting, too, and always did the things other people wanted her to do, and never the things that she wanted to do most in the world.

Mental pictures had been seething within her all day, and finally they had reached the exploding point. She had only to close her eyes to see her mother stealing away to do the thing that called her, and watch her practicing her "parts" all by herself, where no one would see her.

Claire didn't know then that it was a disgrace to even *think* of being an actress; she only knew that her mother couldn't play "Queen", and that the children pushed *her* aside, and just permitted her be "lady-in-waiting" or something else she didn't like.

So the smothering of the mother's ambition only added fuel to that of the child, until she rushed out of her apartment and across the avenue to demand her rights.

And once the step was taken the girl threw off all restraint and plunged headlong into her new "career." From then on she not only played the lead in all the neighborhood juvenile theatricals, but she made up the plays and cast them

The unorthodox story of Claire Trevor's spectacular rise to fame

Changes

by William French

according to her own notions, with the result that the lad who appealed to her romantic urge was always the "King," or the "Crusader," while the boy she didn't like invariably paid the penalty for being the bad prince or the infidel the crusader slew with his wooden sword.

Her appetite for unrestrained expression led her to take up dancing. Not at a dancing school; because they had too many rules. She just improvised her own dances, and what she lacked in technique she made up for in energy and grim determination. Like all true artists, she absolutely insisted upon an appreciative audience. So not only did her family and the neighborhood children have to sit quietly and watch her gyrations, but she insisted upon performing almost everywhere she went.

"In other words," admits Claire Trevor, "I became the outstanding neighborhood pest. But not for long, as, after I had won my rebellion and wore my opposition down, my inspiration dimmed.

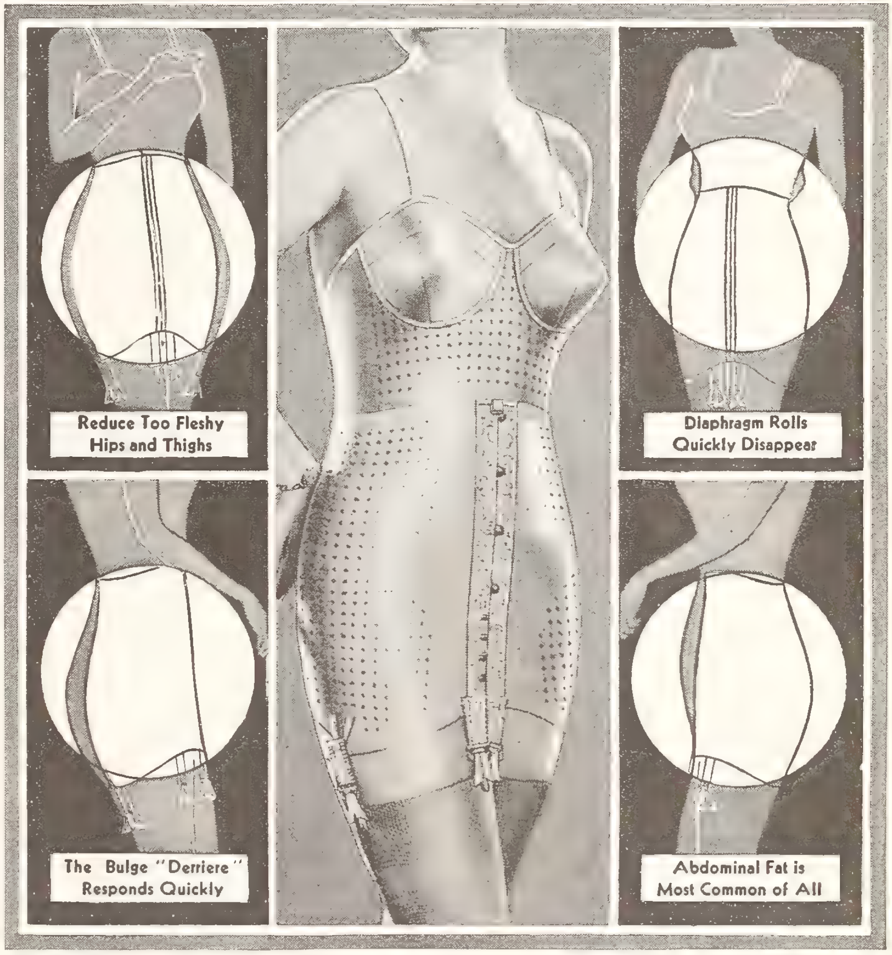
"I still wanted to be an actress, but I no longer carried a chip on my shoulder, looking for a chance to battle for the right to become one. When I went to high school I was in the high school plays, but my aggressiveness was rapidly disappearing, and by the time I got a job with the Hampton Players in South Hampton, Long Island, I really felt quite fortunate at being permitted to play the ingenue lead.

"As I look back at it all now, I suspect I stayed through the four different plays that season because I was having a perfectly grand time, and not because of any great ambition or driving power.

"We all lived together in a big house out there—the players in the house and the technical crew over the barn where we built and painted our scenery and effects. Our shows we gave in Memorial Hall in South Hampton.

"We rode back and forth in our lone truck, on which we had painted 'Truck No. 3' in no modest manner, as we wanted to give the impression that we had quite an assortment of rolling stock. All of which afforded me a perfectly marvelous time, but I'll have to admit that it would have taken a combination of detective,

[*Continued on page* 58]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The Bulge "Derriere" Responds Quickly
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■ Every move you make puts your Perfolastic to work taking off unwanted inches. The perforations and soft, silky lining make these Perfolastic garments delightful to wear.

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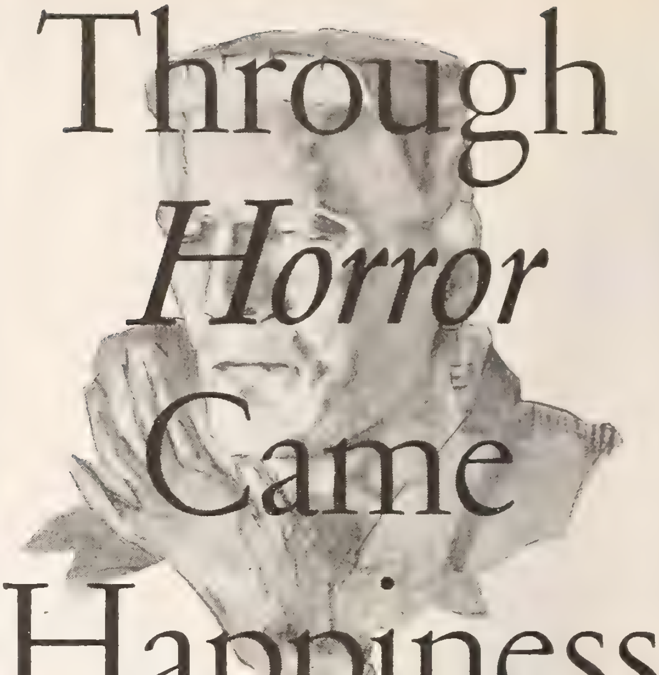
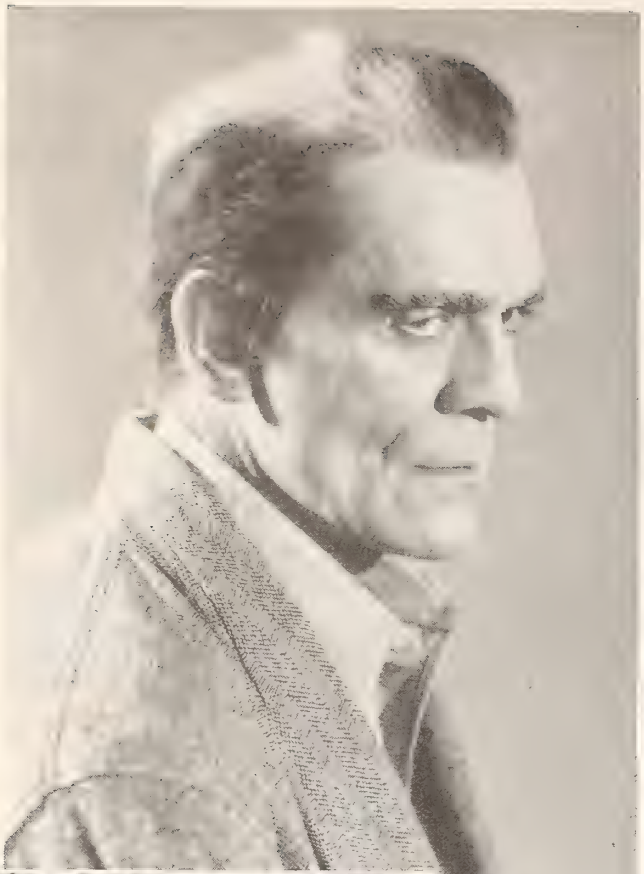
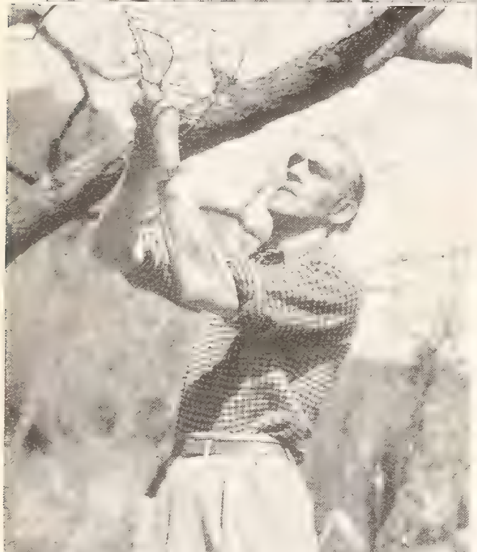


Through *Horror* Came Happiness

Boris Karloff, on the screen, lives in a world of horror—but his friends know him, off-screen as the most contented man in Hollywood

by John Kent





The screen's leading exponent of macabre roles spends most of his time, between pictures, working in his garden. Bottom: Mr. and Mrs. Karloff with one of their Bedlington terriers, a champion of many kennel shows

BORIS KARLOFF told me, "I have everything in the world I ever wanted. I'm the happiest man in Hollywood!"

Sitting in the sun drenched patio of his lovely Spanish home, facing his beautiful wife, while his quaint Bedlington terriers raced back and forth over the velvety lawns of his three-acre estate, the man who has brought nightmare to countless movie-goers smiled with deep satisfaction.

"One reason for happiness," he said seriously, "is that my lucky break—my chance to play 'The Monster'—came at a time when I had almost given up hoping . . ."

Few of his friends in Hollywood—the James Cagneys, the Jimmie Gleasons, the Robert Armstrongs, and a host of others—know the story of the suffering Boris Karloff endured before movie fame burst upon him.

"It was amazing," he told me, and even after several years of success, his voice was filled with very human wonder. "It came like a bolt out of the blue. And perhaps my happiness now is more complete because I went through my worst times right here in Hollywood.

"Most actors, you know, come out here with contracts from New York. They have gone through their hardships back East, and, once in Hollywood, everything is easy for them. But I can remember standing outside little one-arm restaurants along Hollywood Boulevard and wishing I had an extra dime—for a couple of doughnuts to go with my coffee.

"I can't stop in at the Brown Derby, now, without passing one of those little one-arm joints—and remembering!"

Karloff waited twenty years for his success, years in which he worked as a day laborer, as a truck driver, a cement worker, member of a pick [*Continued on page* 90]

Since he first gained fame as a concert star, Nelson Eddy has been the unwilling object of feminine devotion

reciprocate without wearing out four pens and almost as many fingers.

"Dear Miss L——: Thank you so much for your letter of encouragement. If you have a request number won't you please let me know what it is and I will be delighted to sing it for you."

He wrote practically the same letter to about 200 others, but Miss L—— had the romantic inclination to take it personally. Of such little things are dreams built!

Two weeks later, when Nelson Eddy sang at her suggestion *Ah, Sweet Mystery of Life*, he pretty well cleared that mystery up for the girl. This time her note was penned with more and stronger adjectives than before. Even as young and inexperienced as he was, Nelson Eddy sensed trouble in those adjectives, and accordingly Miss L——'s third letter was put in a large envelope with several hundred others and largely marked "Old fan mail—finished business."

A week passed and a fourth letter came from the same Upper Derby address. What had happened? Why hadn't he answered her letter? With all the naivete in the world, she wanted to know: could he by any chance be mad at her?

This went on for some time. In every mail there was a note or a peace offering. Sometimes a handkerchief lovingly embroidered with his initials, sometimes just a stick of gum. But always something. "It isn't the gift, but the sentiment that goes with it," she wrote.

Then, unluckily for Miss L—— and unluckily for Mr. Eddy too—Nelson happened to sing *Ah, Sweet Mystery of Life* again on one of his programs. The trolley wasn't quick enough. Miss L—— sent for a taxi and arrived at the studio just as he was leaving.

"Nelson, you've forgiven me! You sang my song tonight!" Her enraptured face told the story. Nelson read it quickly—and then, to avoid being publicly embraced, picked up his heels and ran!

It was shortly after that that he moved his voice to WOR in Newark, New Jersey. If he hadn't who knows how it might have turned out!

But even in Newark, Nelson was still Nelson Eddy and his voice still had that same romantic flavor. Miss L—— lost track of him, but where she left off, another picked up.

This time the case was more serious. This time it was a Lithuanian girl who was already engaged, who was practically at the altar, as a matter of fact, when she first heard Nelson Eddy. She sent her Passaic, New Jersey, young man packing and packed herself off to Newark . . . trousseau, lingerie and all. Demurely she sat waiting for Nelson in the studio anteroom. When he came out, demurely she explained her plight. He must marry her if he wanted to live!

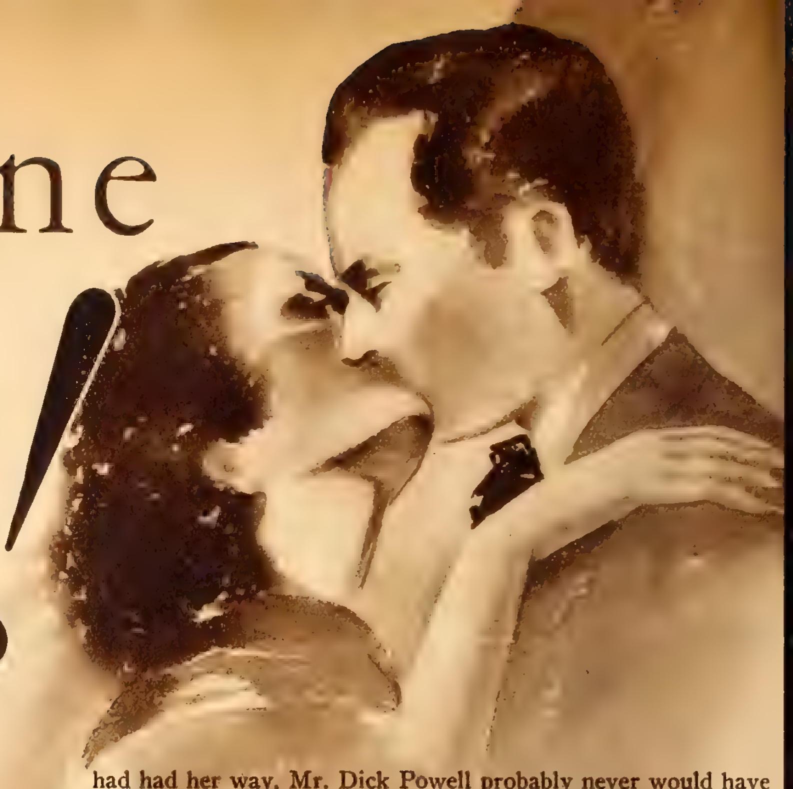
The secretary on the sideline snickered. Nelson tried to laugh, too. But it was no snickering matter. The girl said she would go away and let him think it over, but *she would be back!*

Nelson did think it over . . . he couldn't help it. What should he do? Call a detective? That would be silly. Die? That would be sillier yet.

On the next evening a be-badged gentleman did keep Nelson Eddy's threat girl from entering the studio, but he couldn't keep her away from the elevator down stairs. That night and for three nights afterward Nelson suffered the ignominy of having to leave via the back door.

Then as the [*Continued on page* 80]

Josephine Was *Kissed!*



And the screen gained a new and brilliant personality who had sworn to have nothing to do with Hollywood

by Harry Lang

UNTIL Dick Powell kissed her, thoroughly and repeatedly—for screen purposes only, understand—Josephine Hutchinson didn't think much of moving pictures.

That was her mother's fault—Josephine's attitude toward movies, I mean; not the kissing. As a matter of fact, if mother had had her way, Mr. Dick Powell probably never would have kissed her daughter at all . . .! But the fact remains that Mr. Powell *did* kiss Josephine. He began kissing her at about 9:45 one morning. For the rest of the day, he did practically nothing else but kiss Josephine, and Josephine, may it be added (or *is* it necessary?) kissed back with commendable unction.

Toward the end of that day, as shadows lengthened, and about everybody else but Mr. Powell and Miss Hutchinson grew tired, Josephine decided that she really liked moving pictures, after all. And that's how the stage lost a potentially great actress, and the screen—and Warner Brothers—gained one.

Now, is all that a bit confusing? Well, maybe if we get back to the beginning, you'll get the idea. . . .

On October 9, 1909, Leona Roberts had a baby. That was in Seattle, where Leona was recognized as the city's greatest actress. Everybody knew her as Leona Roberts; few as Mrs. Hutchinson. As far as that goes, being Leona Roberts, actress, was really most important, for the stage, the theater, was the great thing in her life. And, of course, when she learned that her baby was a girl, Leona decided that the child was to be brought up to be a second Duse, a second Bernhardt—or at any rate, a first Hutchinson!

And so, from infancy, Josephine was aimed at a stage career. No need of details—there was singing and dancing and acting instruction, always, and in addition to her regular schooling, there was further schooling at the noted Cornish School of Music and Drama.

Now the screen, in those days, was the stage's bad brother, and Josephine's mother regarded it with the same disdain as other Folk of The Stage. Once or twice she had seen the quaint things, called movies, and noted with a shudder what queer things that blonde girl named Pickford, and that uncouth person named Broncho Billy Something-or-Other did in the name of acting! And she decided that never, never, never should Josephine engage in any such antics.

But somehow, when Josephine was eight years old, she and her mother spent a few weeks in Hollywood. They met a charming gentleman named Douglas Fairbanks, who

[*Continued on page 72*]

Josephine Hutchinson and Dick Powell were no more than introduced when the director told them to kiss. She will next be seen in *I Married a Doctor,* a Warner Bros. production

Meet The Stander-Outer

A throw of the dice made Lionel Stander a stage personality—and ability has kept him at the top

by James Reid

Lionel Stander and Gary Cooper in *Mr. Deeds Goes to Town*

LIONEL STANDER is the newest reason for going to the movies. He's the only one of his kind. And if he doesn't have his way, they'll soon be starring him.

"And then where will I be?" he asks you, plaintively—as plaintively as that the spot," he tells you, with emphasis. Stander-ish emphasis.

It tortures his sensitive soul that the Fates may already be plotting to shorten his stay in pictures—simply by making a star of him.

"My favorite hobby is collecting paychecks," he explains, while his expressive lips curl upward at both corners. "A hobby I'd sorta like to keep."

It's a fairly new hobby of his, he might add. Moreover, he does add it—in his own way:

"If it hadn't been for Fred Allen, I'd still be starving. He made an excited Russian out of me—a stooge, a heckler. I garbled—in fact, I gargled—the English language. I waxed indignant at being misunderstood . . . but the funniest part of the act was that I got paid for it every week."

A Hollywood talent scout visited Town Hall during a broadcast, and saw Stander. Then something even funnier happened: "The movies signed me—to be a dialect comedian. They didn't know I could speak English."

Most people, looking at Lionel, think of him as a genial roughneck, who probably got that way from a boyhood in the Ghetto. In reality, he is an incorrigible intellectual, born and raised in the upper Bronx in New York City. The upper Bronx is the next thing to rural regions—a sleeper-jump from the heart of town. And a double sleeper-jump from the Lower East Side, the Ghetto.

Looking at Lionel, few people can guess his age. Ten years, twenty years from now, it will be the same. His hair is too thick for time to do much thinning; his face is too mobile for time to do much lining. For the records, therefore, let it be known that he first opened his eyes upon the vast reaches of the upper Bronx on January 10, 1908.

He was the first-born of Louis E. Stander, late of Latvia, and the former Belle Cantor, native of New York. He was christened Lionel Jay Stander.

If you are a friend of his today, you can get away with calling him "Jay." When he was wearing short pants, he let loose with uppercuts on less provocation. Jess Willard was heavyweight boxing champion at the time; Lionel re-christened himself "Jess"—to terrify any possible knaves in the neighborhood.

His father was a certified public accountant. "And that's what I would be today," Lionel expostulates, with a cheerful grin, "if he had succeeded in his dire designs."

No normal [*Continued on page* 68]

Kay Francis as the immortal Florence Nightingale

Watching them film Angel of

The screen's tribute to one of

THE straggling line of disabled soldiers moved listlessly up winding Dark Canyon road, across the crest where the last light of day painted them a symbolic red, and down the other side toward Hollywood. There was very little talking. Their faces looked drawn, tired. The fellows hobbling along on crutches stared grimly ahead.

It wasn't a movie sequence, and these disabled men weren't faking. They were extras, culled from the ranks because of obvious disabilities. Paid the regulation $6 a day with lunch, these men were wending their way homeward after playing in war scenes for *Angel of Mercy*. They were glad to walk for the bus fare they were saving.

Warner Brothers could have hired regular extras and faked their disabilities, but the studio executors saw a chance to help needy people, and at the same time add stern realism to the hospital scenes in this story of Florence Nightingale. So the maimed and the crippled struggled back and forth each day to the studio, overjoyed by the opportunity to work.

On Kay Francis's shoulders falls the heaviest burden of acting. Cast as Florence Nightingale, most famous of nurses and one of history's most beloved women, she forsakes the London social life of the 1850's to commence a movement that eventually develops into the Red Cross. Thus begins an absorbing series of events leading through the Crimean War.

More dramatic in her determination to serve humanity than even the martyred Louis Pasteur, no other character in real life or fiction has ever touched the heart of the world as did this nurse. And *Angel of Mercy*, based on her life, will be a tribute to woman and an inspiration to women.

The story opens with an investigation of London hospitals, conducted by the wealthy Mr. Nightingale (played by Charles Crooker-King). The probe reveals cesspool conditions in the institutions, with sanitation, moral standards, and hospital technique unbelievably bad. The nurses are women recruited from squalor and filth in many cases, women totally without training or understanding of hygienic principles.

Director William Dieterle (at the extreme right) lines up the cameras for a scene in the great hospital set

by Ted Magee

Mercy

the world's greatest women

"Nightingale" pays a night visit to her wounded charges

Opposing Nightingale is Dr. West (Nigel Bruce) who, as the head of London hospitals, scoffs at the idea of improving the conditions. Nightingale's daughter, Florence, convinces her father that here is a cause worthy of her best efforts, and that mercy is *a woman's work*.

Florence's decision is not an easy one. She is opposed by her mother and sister, as well as young Richard Cooper (Donald Woods), who tries to persuade her that marriage is the proper career. However, Florence cannot be swayed from her purpose and proceeds to Germany where she receives her training as a nurse.

In the midst of her studies she learns from old friends that an epidemic of cholera has broken out in England. She accompanies them to London and begins her career as a nurse. When England and France join Turkey in the Crimean War against Russia for the possession of the Dardanelles, Florence is sent to the war zone, in command of a hand-picked staff of nurses.

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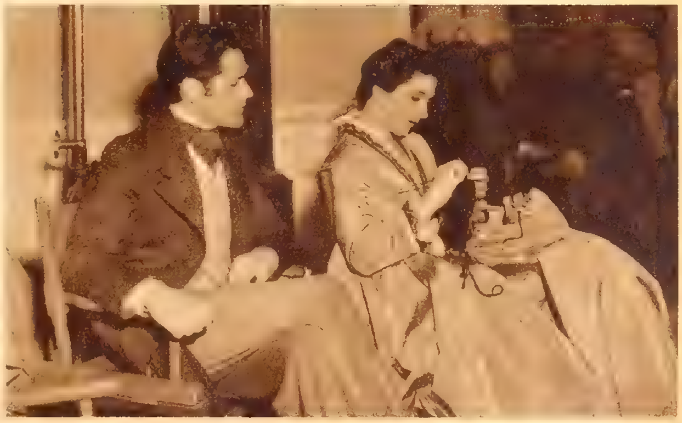
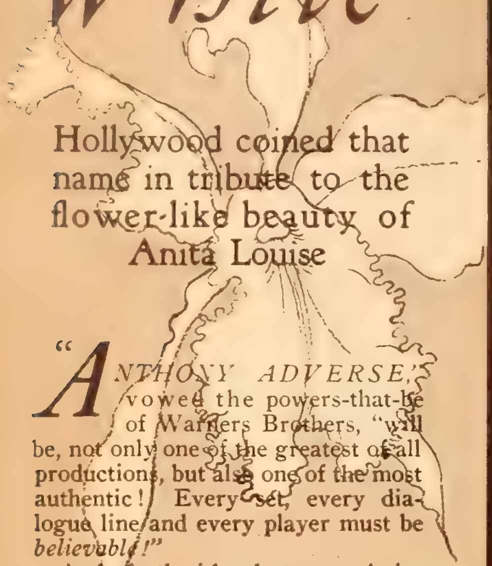
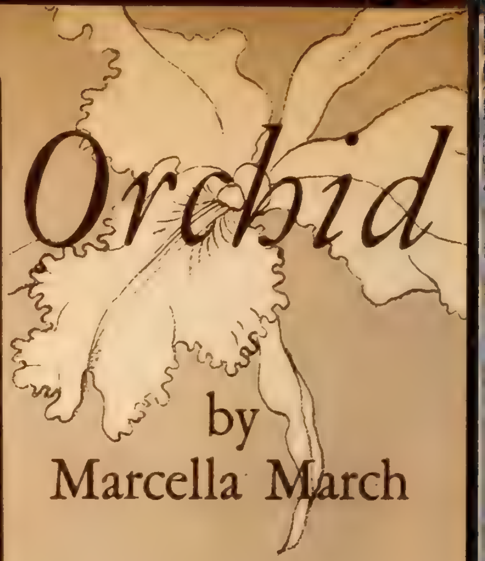


Donald Woods and Kay Francis between scenes

White Orchid





Hollywood coined that name in tribute to the flower-like beauty of Anita Louise

by
Marcella March

Anita Louise, an actress since her fifth birthday, is now skyrocketing to stardom

"*ANTHONY ADVERSE*," vowed the powers-that-be of Warners Brothers, "will be, not only one of the greatest of all productions, but also one of the most authentic! Every set, every dialogue line and every player must be *believable!*"

And, forthwith, they cast Anita Louise in the rôle of Maria, the tragic little mother of Anthony—and to most of the self-appointed seers of Hollywood it seemed a strange decision. It seemed incongruous that the rôle of a woman who dared all for an unsanctioned love should be played by an ethereal blonde youngster of eighteen, who has never yet been touched by a great love.

To understand this seeming paradox, it is necessary to understand that sensitive perception of Anita's, which has given her, at eighteen, such depth of understanding as usually comes only after much living.

A little incident that occurred at Sardi's Cafe the other day throws a rather revealing light on her character. She entered that dignified eaterie in makeup, which in itself was enough to attract the attention of the sightseers. And she was Anita Louise, which seemed enough to attract the attention of those people who have known and liked her since she began her Hollywood career by playing children's parts at the age of five. Her entrance was a signal for all eyes to turn in her direction, and as she followed the beaming waiter down the aisle, it seemed as if there were someone at every table who just had to stop Anita and talk with her. She was the perfect representative of gay young girlhood, popular, secure in her domain. And a certain little twinkle in her eyes and the upward curve of her lips made it obvious that she found it rather fun to have people so interested in her, so manifestly glad to see her. With just that kind of smile on her lips might the most popular girl in any American town walk into the favorite rendezvous of her crowd, serene in the knowledge that people would be glad to see her, and girlishly happy because they were.

In an inconspicuous corner of the restaurant there were a pair of eyes that followed Anita's progress with an expression which was rather bitter. They belonged to a woman who was a famous star of the silent days. Once her appearance in any public place had been attended with the triumph that was now Anita Louise's. Even more adulation had been hers, because she had known the heights. Anita, at present, is merely ascending to the pinnacle.

Anita's eyes met those of the woman who once had been important. And, in a moment, she had crossed the room to her side. I don't know what this little actress on her way up said to the actress on her way down, but the old star beamed happily as, for a moment, she was again the cynosure of all eyes . . . because little Anita Louise had crossed a crowded restaurant to greet her.

Question: Would the most popular girl of any American town have thought of doing *that?*

Later, without referring to the incident, Anita revealed the source from which welled her deep sympathy for the fallen star.

"There is no disillusionment quite as devastating as losing confidence in one's self," she remarked, and then, with a bit of rueful laughter at the memory of it, she told me about the time when she had been confronted with the fear that she wasn't quite good enough to measure up to the standard she had set for herself.

That period of doubt and discouragement in Anita's life was caused by the fact that the studio to which she was under contract at the time did not see fit to use her services. As week after idle week went by, with no accomplishment to mark the passage of time, her self-confidence gradually ebbed to the point where, in order to save her morale, she felt it necessary to give up her contract. Since that time, Anita Louise has had no difficulty in getting parts. Warner Brothers have made no secret of the fact that she is destined for stardom.

The fact that Anita Louise spent a few months in idleness isn't particularly significant. The thing that is significant is that because of those few months of discouragement, such deep imprint was made on the sensitive mind of this girl that she is now able to sense the despair of a woman who has achieved and lost. It is such sensitivity of perception as Anita Louise evinces that is the first requisite of any actress who aspires to real artistry.

ANITA says that she draws largely on her imagination for interpretation of her rôles. It is an imagination enriched by a cultural background such as few girls of eighteen are privileged to have, or capable of acquiring. Anita speaks three languages. She has studied music, voice, dancing, drama. She can not only express herself in these arts, but she knows their histories, and the histories of the men and women who have contributed to them. If Anita were not quite so pretty,

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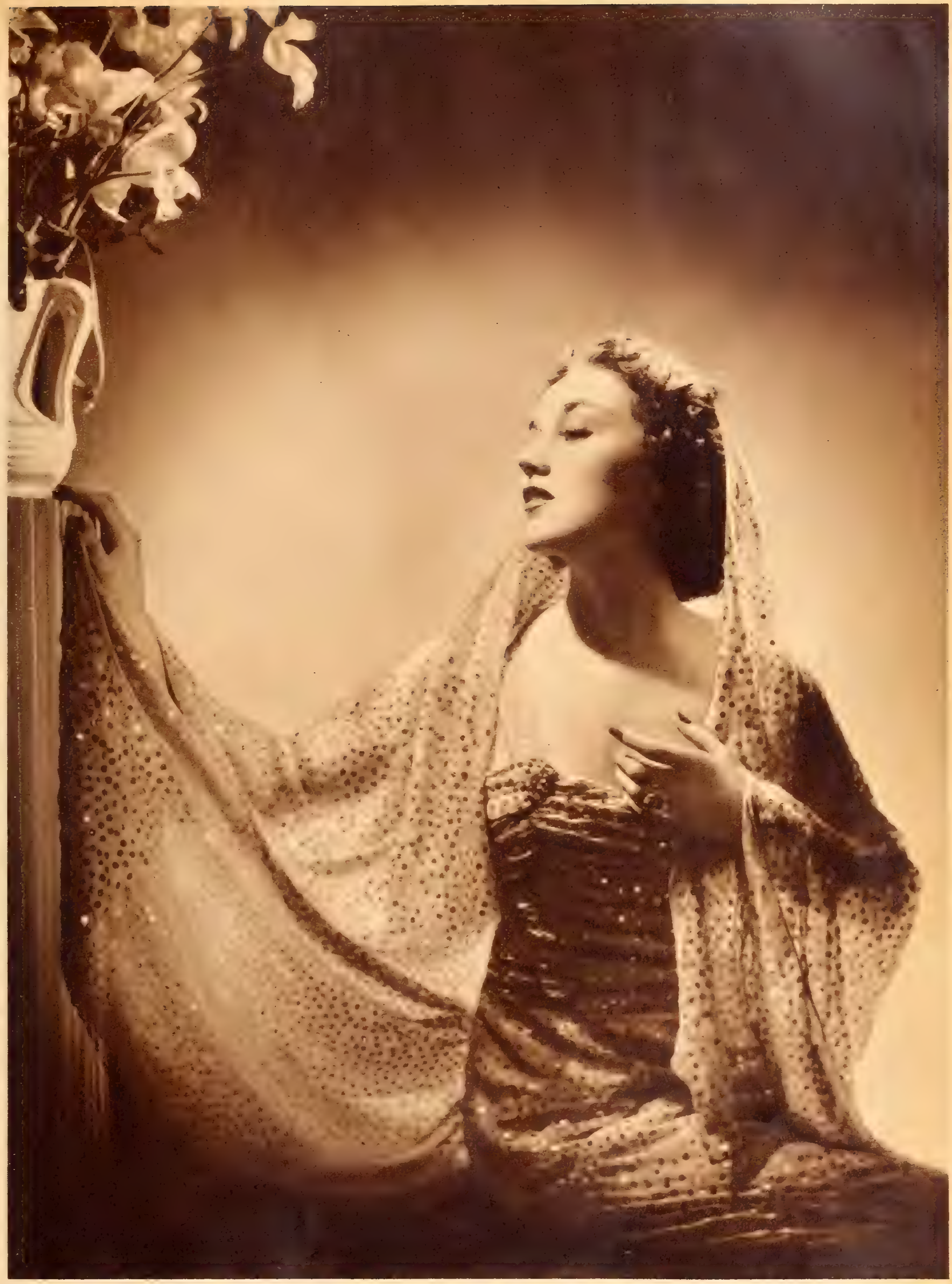


Fay Wray

An unusually glamorous portrait of an unusually glamorous young lady. Of late Fay Wray has been commuting between England and Hollywood and her screen services are in constant demand. She will next be seen in *Roaming Lady,* a Columbia picture

6 Crises in

IN EVERYONE'S life there are certain high-lighted moments which time does not erase. In fact, with the passage of time they often become more vividly etched upon the mind; so much so that when viewed in retrospect they loom up as definite "markers" or "mile posts" along the road of destiny.

In the life of Myrna Loy—born Myrna Williams—there have been six such dramatic high-lights, each one of which has had a definite bearing upon her career.

The first took place when Myrna was a very young, impressionable girl. She and her father were on a hunting trip in Montana. It had been a day filled with fun and excitement. When evening came they built their campfire. Together they sat in the flickering light of the flames, talking. At the moment their conversation did not seem of great significance. Just a father talking with his daughter.

"We have good times together, don't we, Myrna?" he said thoughtfully.

"We certainly do, dad."

"You're really more like a son than a daughter." A note of paternal pride crept into his voice. "In fact, if anything should ever happen to me I know that I could depend upon you to be the 'man' of the family and look after your mother."

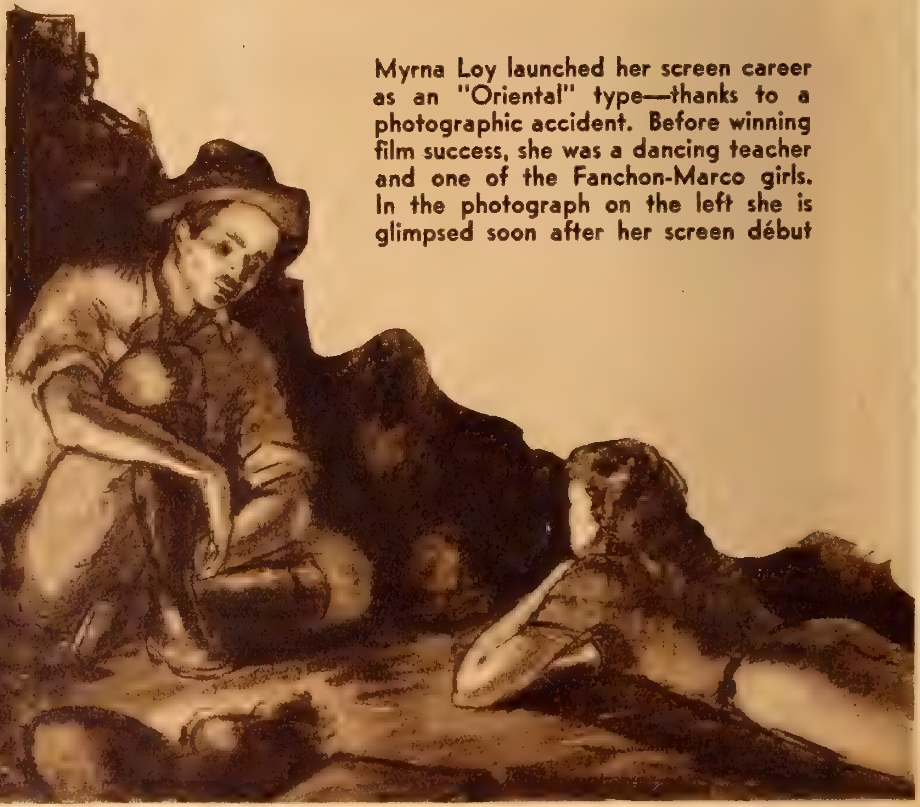
"Of course you could, dad. But what could possibly happen to you?"

"We never know, my dear, what's ahead. The war may last for a long time yet. I might have to go—who knows—and I might not come back." He reached over and caught Myrna's hand in his. "Will you promise that if anything should happen to me that you will take my place as head of our family?"

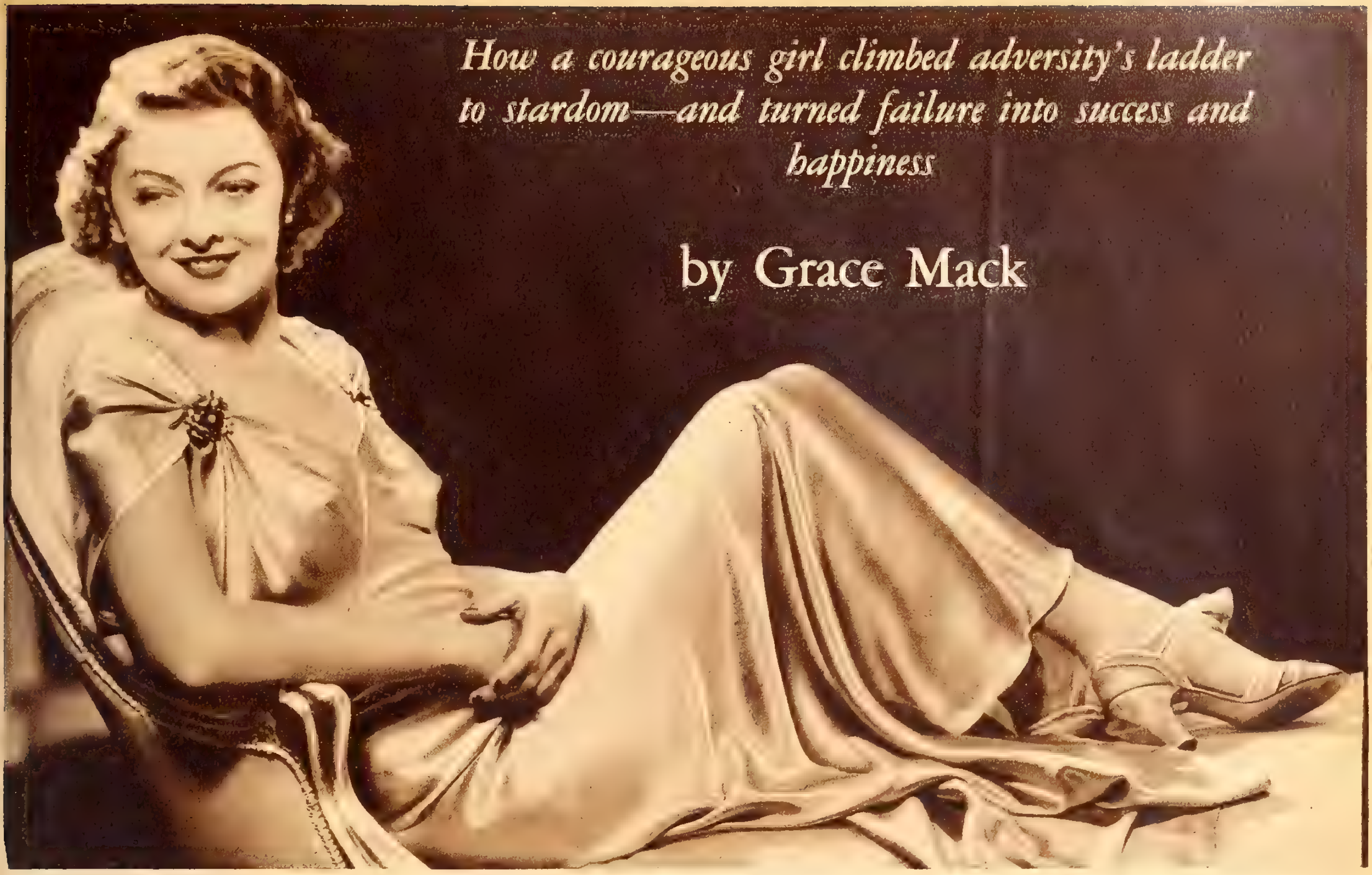
"Of course I'll promise you that," agreed Myrna. "But let's don't be so serious. Nothing's going to happen to you."

Perhaps in that brief moment Myrna's father had a premonition of things to come.

A few months later the flu epidemic swooped down upon Helena, Montana. A gay, happy city became, overnight, a city of tragedy. There was scarcely a home that the epidemic had not touched. In the Williams household, Myrna, her mother, and her young brother were stricken. No nurses were available. Myrna's father took care of them. And just when they were on the road to re-



Myrna Loy launched her screen career as an "Oriental" type—thanks to a photographic accident. Before winning film success, she was a dancing teacher and one of the Fanchon-Marco girls. In the photograph on the left she is glimpsed soon after her screen début



How a courageous girl climbed adversity's ladder to stardom—and turned failure into success and happiness

by Grace Mack

Myrna Loy's Life

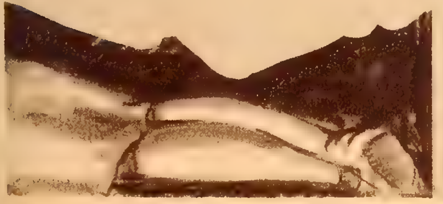
covery, he, too, was stricken. Myrna was taken to the home of a friend.

One day she sat at the window looking out upon the bleak, wind-swept street at the masked faces of the passers-by.

"There was something sinister about those flu-masked faces," says Myrna. "Father's words came back to me . . . *'If anything should ever happen to me!'* . . . and suddenly, intuitively, I knew that he had gone and that I would have to be the head of the family."

Those two events very definitely changed the pattern of Myrna's life. Following the death of her father, the family moved to California. It was while Myrna was attending the Venice High School that her third dramatic highlight took place. It was of a vastly different nature from the others but she regards it as a "marker" in her memory book.

Prof. Winebrenner, head of the high school art department and a sculptor of national renown, was working on a sculptored group to grace the school campus. It was to be an allegory expressing the Spirit of Education. There were three figures, one "mental," one "physical" and one "spiritual." Finding models for the first two was comparatively simple. But a model for the spiritual figure, a girl with a beautiful body and a face that reflected spirituality, beauty and intelligence, was more difficult. Myrna was finally chosen as the model.



The day on which those figures were unveiled made a marked impression upon Myrna. The students had gathered on the campus. The President of the University of California spoke concerning the nobility of thought and purpose which the sculptored figures reflected. Only Prof. Winebrenner knew the identity of the girl who had posed for the "spirit" figure and doubtless not even he suspected what was going on in the mind of his tawny-haired model as she gazed for the first time upon her marble counterpart. For Myrna made a promise to herself that day; a promise to try to emulate the thought and feeling which the marble figure expressed.

She resolved to never let anyone know that she had posed for the figure until she had really accomplished something in the world.

"Of course I was young and idealistic," says Myrna, "and looking back on that period of my life I realize that I had my head very much in the clouds. However, it was during that idealistic stage that I acquired a philosophy which helped me to hurdle the numerous bumps and disappointments which I encountered when I went out into the world to earn my living."

When Myrna was sixteen she came face to face with the sober fact that the family funds had ebbed to practically nothing. And since she considered herself the head of the family, she felt that it was up to her to get a job.

Her first job was that of a teacher in a little dancing school in Culver City, only a stone's throw from the studio where she is now a star. What she could spare of her earnings she spent on dancing lessons for herself. Eventually, she secured a job in a Fanchon & Marco chorus.

And here again the threads of fate began to weave their pattern. Henry Waxman, a photographer, came to the theatre to make some camera studies of the dancing girls. Something about Myrna's face

[*Continued on page 76*]

In *Quest* of

Continuing the thrilling life drama of Errol Flynn, the dashing young Irishman, whose spectacular rise to stardom is making screen history

"ERROL FLYNN, you are charged with Murder in the First Degree. Do you plead guilty or not guilty?"

His Brittanic Majesty's Court was in full session as the clerk's voice droned on. District Commissioner S—— was seated gravely on the dais. As Errol Flynn rose solemnly to his feet to answer the grim charge, he had a wild, Irish impulse to laugh. He and his pals, District Commissioner S—— and the local jailer, had been out together the night before on a party and all this punctiliousness seemed strangely out of place.

"Not guilty!" He paused appreciably before adding, "Your Honor! Or, if you'll allow it, guilty under due provocation."

The trial, such as it was, droned on. It would have been highly amusing to the Devil-take-the-hindermost Irishman had not his own life, after all, been at stake. There was never much question as to the outcome of the murder charge, especially with Flynn's excellent record to back him up, but, during the examination it did develop that Mr. Flynn's labor safari license had expired. A purely nominal offense in those parts, where every white man knows every other one and his business as well, but, nevertheless, one which allowed the court to maintain proper dignity before the natives.

"Errol Flynn! Stand before the Court of His Majesty George the Fifth, by Grace of God, King of England, Scotland and Wales; Regent of Ireland . . ."

"Just the North of Ireland!" murmured Mr. Flynn with a perfectly straight face.

"Ireland," repeated the clerk, "Emperor of India and Benign Sovereign of the Lands Across the Sea."

D. C. S—— coughed and did his best to look a proper representative of all such majesty.

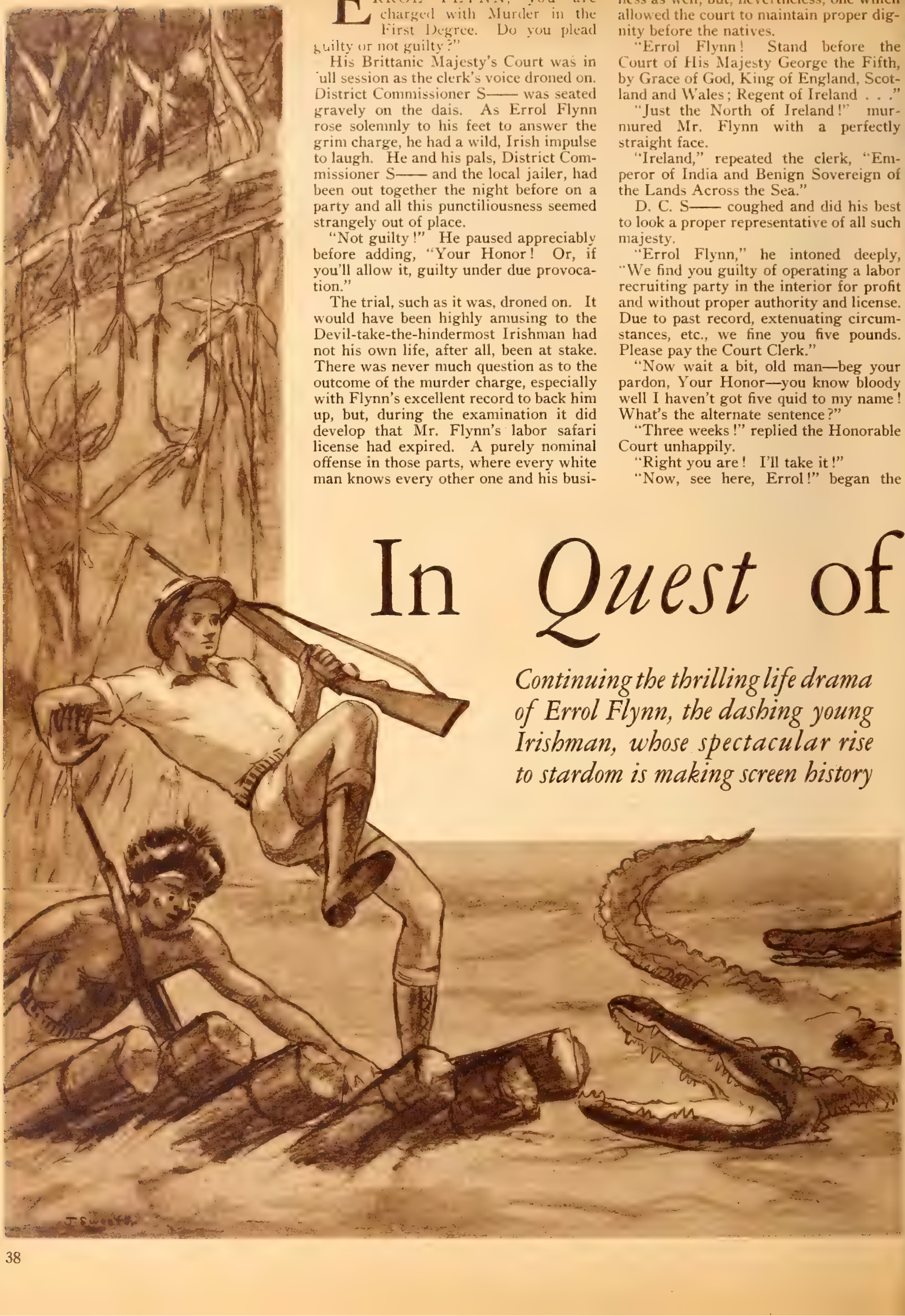
"Errol Flynn," he intoned deeply, "We find you guilty of operating a labor recruiting party in the interior for profit and without proper authority and license. Due to past record, extenuating circumstances, etc., we fine you five pounds. Please pay the Court Clerk."

"Now wait a bit, old man—beg your pardon, Your Honor—you know bloody well I haven't got five quid to my name! What's the alternate sentence?"

"Three weeks!" replied the Honorable Court unhappily.

"Right you are! I'll take it!"

"Now, see here, Errol!" began the



Court with a hint of plaintive appeal in its august voice, "You can't do a thing like this to me! You know damn' well we haven't any gaol on the island nor within a fortnight's sail."

"Sure," grinned Erroll, "and that's why I picked the three weeks instead of the five quid."

D. C. S.—— contemplated Errol sadly. To think that such a nice chap would pull such a dirty trick on a pal! He summoned Monty, the official "gaoler" (without a gaol to his name) and they had a whispered colloquy. It ended up with Monty frowning heavily for the benefit of the assembled natives and leading Errol to his own home for a three week's stay.

As soon as they were out of ear-shot, "Errol, my laddy, you're a dirty, scummy low-life and a scoundrel." He grinned while pausing to think of other epithets. "To think that you'd put the good old D. C. in such a spot! And worse, to think that you'd take advantage of it to foist your carcass on me and my beeootiful home for three weeks!"

"You're right, Monty! It's sad to see what the tropics'll do to a man's character. Let's stop at the pub on the way to the shack—or should I say gaol, nice and respectful-like?—and get a bottle of the best to discuss it over?"

"I'm not so sure of the propriety of that, my bucko," Monty commented seriously. "Maybe I'd better go in alone and buy the bottle myself . . ."

"Right you are!" exclaimed Errol enthusiastically.

". . . but you pay for it!" Monty concluded generously.

The three of them had a grand time of it during those weeks of Errol's durance vile. Within a few hours the easy going powers-that-be had forgotten all about his courtroom perfidy and once more they settled down to life in the islands. Prisoner Flynn had the run of the place with the one reservation that he had to be home and in bed by midnight—in a settlement where no one was ever abroad after nine if he was in his right mind and didn't want snake-bite or a native spear in his skin!

After the "sentence" expired, months passed by in a gloriously easy manner and life was very good to young Flynn. Why not? An easy country that, if a man *is* a man and has a taste for adventure. An easy country if you don't demand lights brighter than a tropic sun nor softer and more languorous than the Southern moon on a shimmering, phosphorescent sea. The old fable of a man having to dress for dinner in the Southern Isles to keep his spirits up is bosh—if he has any spirit he *lives* and doesn't care tuppence for such nonessentials as clothes. In the islands a man must be big enough to know that reputations in the common sense of the word are only crutches for the weaklings.

Errol Flynn's new rôle in *Charge of the Light Brigade* promises to be even more sensational than his first screen appearance, as daring *Captain Blood*

Romance

by

William Ulman, Jr.

Illustration by J. Sweet, Jr.

FATE and a trim little schooner known as the "Maski" carried Errol down through such island groups as the Solomons and New Hebrides, to dread Noumea and back again. Even the name of the boat typifies the breed that roam the world, for Maski means "Who cares?" The Maski carried him on to the mouth of the notorious Fly river which empties its brown silt into Torres Strait, home of a thousand unknown terrors and the cleanly picked skeletons of countless mariners.

In a small trading settlement, Flynn chanced upon an harassed plantation owner who, over copious "gin-and-it's," complained bitterly about how the missions up-river were ruining native labor. The young Irishman's finances were getting low. This seemed like a gift from heaven. Of course, he admitted, he didn't know the Fly country, but, natives were natives the world over and he would guarantee to bring in twenty boys at twenty pounds a head, Four Thousand Straits Dollars. He was surprised to be taken up so quickly. After all, the Fly was supposed to be fairly well civilized almost to its mountain source . . .

Ten days saw Errol, properly licensed, on his way up stream, the Maski sold for a grub stake,

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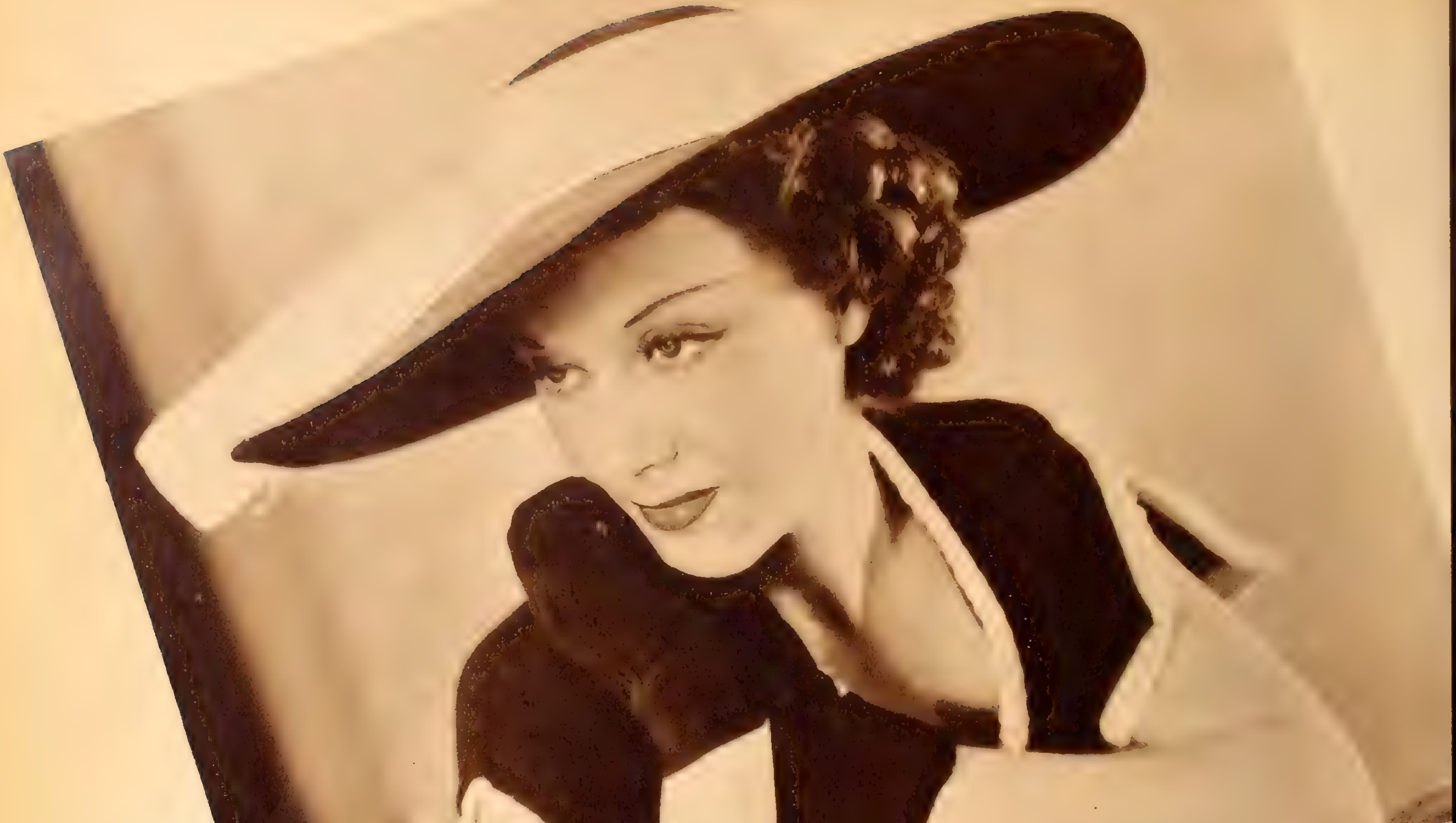


To complement a dinner costume of black crêpe and white pique, Fay Wray, appearing in the Columbia picture, *Roaming Lady* selects a large picture hat of black baku with banding and side trim of white grosgrain

by

Sally Martin

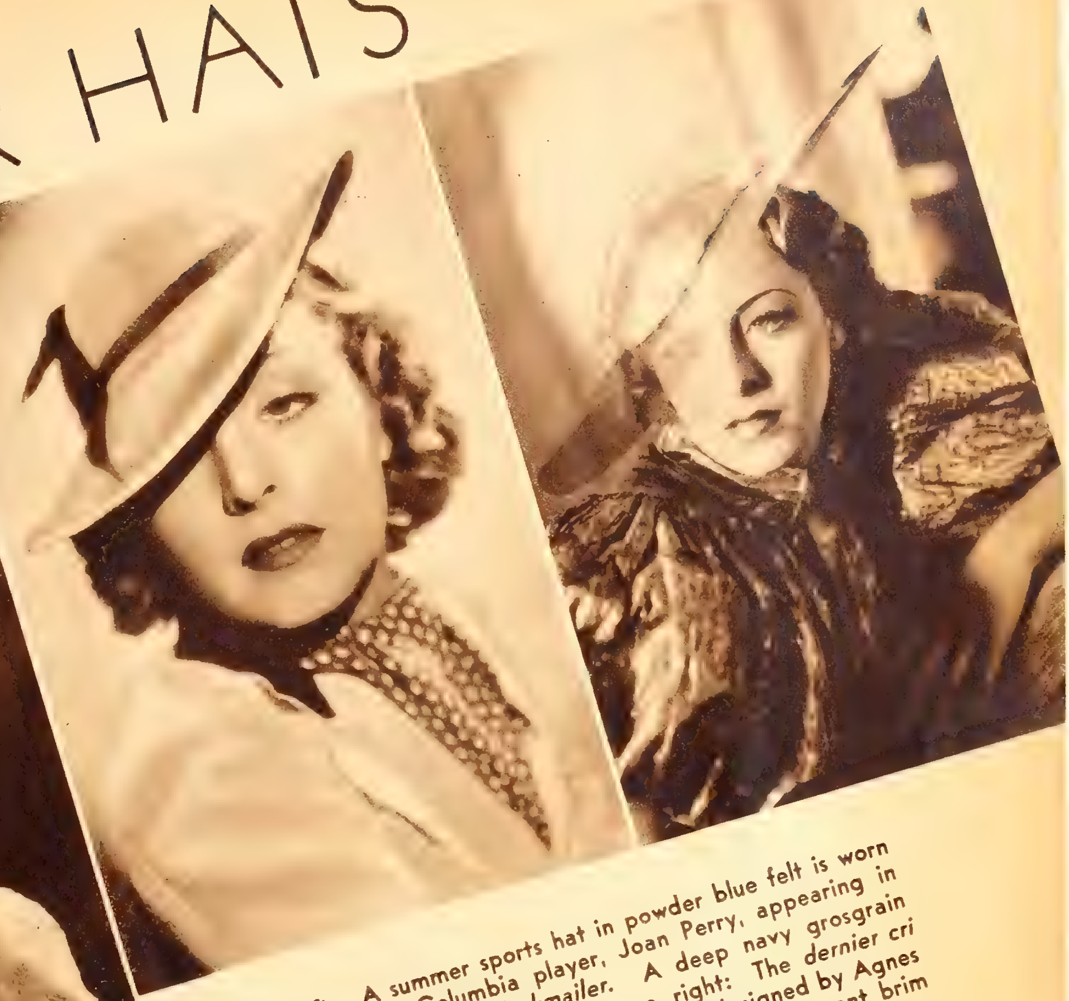
Sally Martin, fashion editor of the Fawcett Publications, and Evalyn Knapp, screen star (left) take time off for lunch following a shopping excursion

HATS are the clarions of impressions we would create. People influence hats and hats influence people. In this present season when Europe is again in the toils of unrest and discontent, Paris designers have sent us hats from the very countries that were fundamental in reflecting this fervor—Germany, Italy and China.

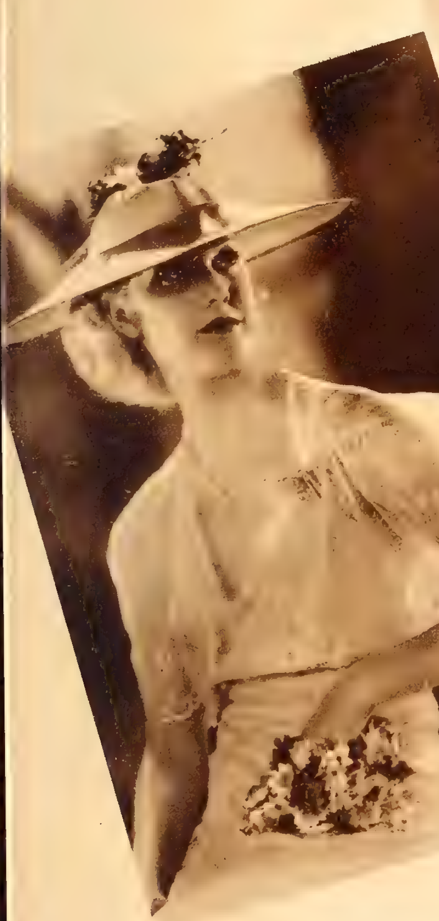
The Hitler influence is strongly felt in sports hats that feature visor brims while Mussolini is well represented by the pointed crown and betasseled turbans that are worn so becomingly by many smart women. Last, but not least, are the Chinese coolie hats with their wide or narrow rolled brims and queer shaped crowns.

Therefore, the hodge-podge of 1936 millinery represents the nations of the hour, the most talked of people of the day, the powerful and the suppressed—Hitler, Mussolini and the lowly coolie toiling in the rice fields of far off China.

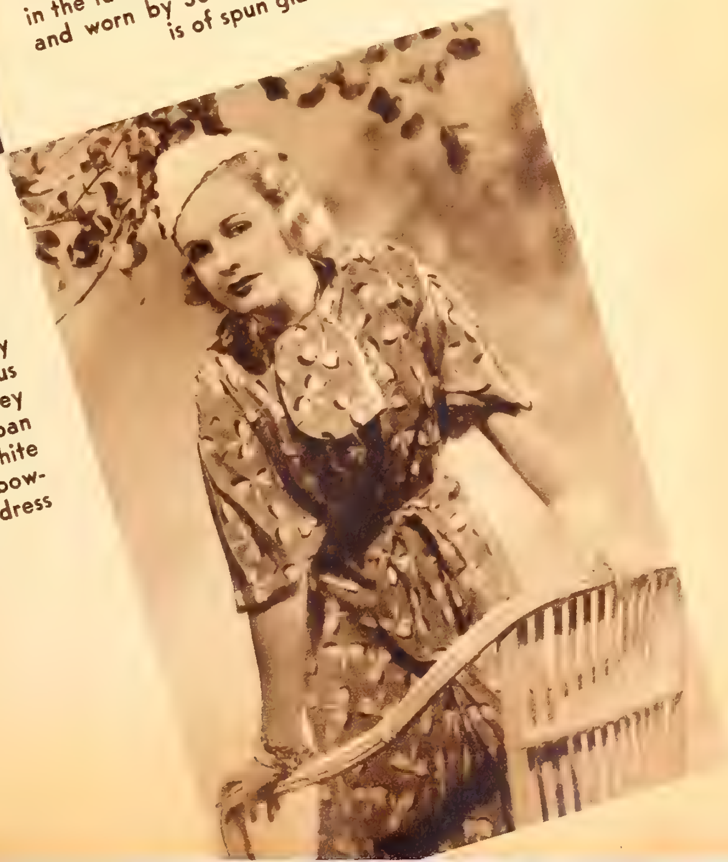
4-STAR HATS



Above, left: A summer sports hat in powder blue felt is worn by the attractive Columbia player, Joan Perry, appearing in the current production *Blackmailer*. A deep navy grosgrain band matches a perky feather. Above, right: The *dernier cri* in the fashion millinery world is the glass hat designed by Agnes and worn by Joan Perry. The crown of the transparent brim is of spun glass marcelled to imitate hair



Above: Anita Louise appearing in the Warner Bros' film, *Anthony Adverse* wears a lovely garden hat of white linen straw topped with a nosegay of the same gay field flowers that make the enormous pocket on her lace gown. Hat from Lesley James. Below, right: Charming Joan Bennett, Paramount star, choses a white quilted crêpe turban tied with a blue bow-knot to accompany her print street dress



—Charles Rhodes

Determined to defeat her six-foot brother at croquet, Shirley Temple sneaks out for a little lone-wolf practice in preparation for the match

Knocking About with Shirley

Can You Qualify for Stardom?

W. S. Van Dyke, one of Hollywood's ace directors and the discoverer of many leading stars, frankly lists the qualities which every candidate for screen success must acquire

by Sonia Lee

THIS is an age when all women seek perfection, when every woman seeks to realize her every latent ability and her every latent talent. A woman may have no ambition to stand in the spotlight of Fame, yet yearn for pre-eminence in her own circle.

Essentially, the women who have achieved stardom on the screen have done so because they have capitalized upon the potential qualities which *every* woman possesses. If they have lacked any requisites, they have acquired them. Every woman can do the same.

The Chart for Stardom, which you will find at the conclusion of this article, may well be called a Chart for Charm. In it, W. S. Van Dyke, recognized as one of the outstanding directors in Hollywood, gives you a list of questions in which you, by answering honestly, and objectively, and with insight, may discover your faults and your virtues.

Today, personality is the one thing which counts most on the screen—and off the screen, as well. It marks the difference between the shy little wren who fades into the background and the girl who "registers." The abilities requisite for screen success are the abilities requisite for graceful living and for social happiness.

Many women believe that beauty is essential to recognition. But each year hundreds of exquisitely beautiful girls come to Hollywood and are defeated in their search for even a tiny niche in the motion picture industry. Years ago, perhaps, beauty was a passport to stardom. Today, it is not. Mere physical beauty is no longer a necessity in any walk of life.

In this modern age, "beauty" has a new definition. It involves a certain personality, a certain undefinable charm of character which in the stars the camera finds and records. But in the non-professional woman is given the reward of flattering attention and friendships.

In analyzing the qualities which the screen demands, Van Dyke also indexes the qualities which any successful woman must have. He says:

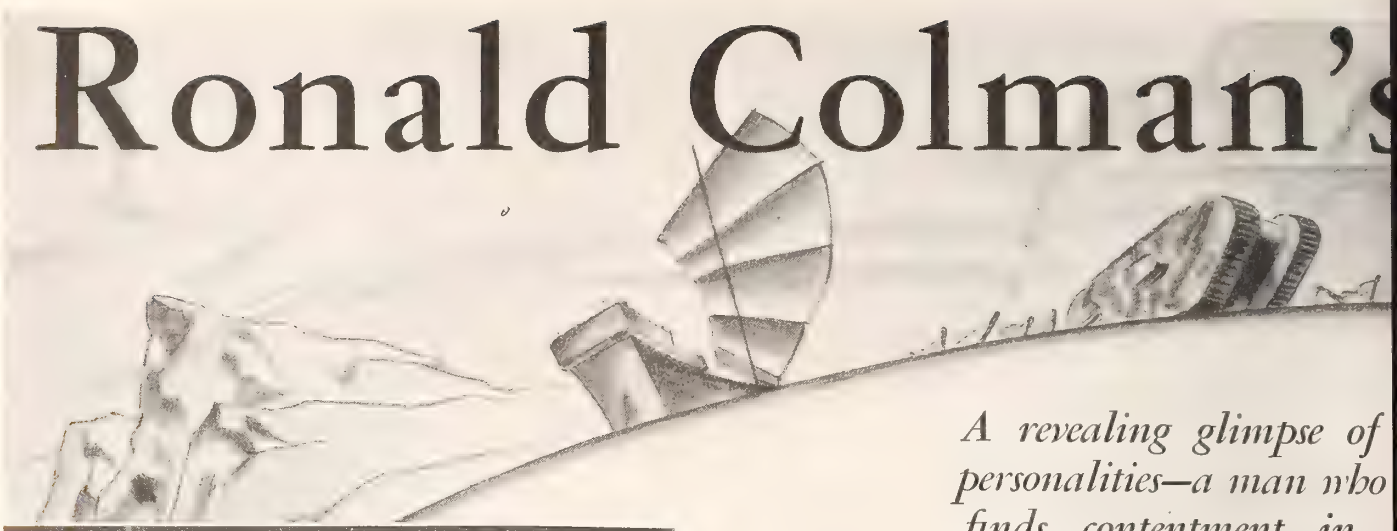
"An actress can—and must—acquire a lovely figure because clothes are an important feature in the general run of pictures and only a beautiful body gives them distinction. Joan Crawford, for instance, lends an air to gingham and adds immeasurably to the beauty of the gowns she wears on the screen.

"A graceful carriage is essential. A knowledge of what to do with your hands and your feet when you enter a room or sit in a chair. That, of course, involves mental poise, which may be achieved through calculated study and mental training."

How to wear clothes, then, is important for a star, but it is important for *you*, too. The old saw that clothes don't make the man is a fallacy. New acquaintances judge you by your clothes and by the way you wear them, because they have no other standard, no other measure for their first opinions. And remember, [*Continued on page* 87]

"Woody" Van Dyke, director of *Rose Marie* and half-a-hundred other hit films, is recognized as one of Hollywood's shrewdest "talent scouts"

Ronald Colman's



A revealing glimpse of
personalities—a man who
finds contentment in

by
Kathari

THERE is something about Ronald Colman, a mystery in his smile, an enigma in his eyes, an "X" quality that has baffled the world. Even friends who have known him for years have to admit that they don't know him well. And as for writers—well, he's one riddle that most of us gave up long ago. And we gave up easily—Mr. Colman is the kind of a gentleman you just don't try to batter down!

I never would have purposely striven for the answer myself. It was an answer that I stumbled on quite by accident, as happens even in advanced algebra now and then. As far as I am concerned at least, the Ronald Colman "unknown quantity" is no more.

It all came out of an ordinary shop-talk conversation, about Mr. Colman's new picture, no less.

"*Lost Horizons* is the story of Shangri-la," he told me. "A sort of 'Utopia,' in Tibet. A place where everything is calm and peaceful, where people live in utter tranquility, ignoring the qualms of the outer world, gathering together their own rich treasure against the day when the outer world will defeat itself with its own fury, and its fighting, and its lust for destruction. It's a place where time moves slowly but richly. Where they ignore the thought of death. Where death itself is rare. People at Shangri-la live many years beyond their allotted time. A woman of sixty still appears to be a girl of twenty-two. The High Lama is a man over 200 years old when he finally dies. Of course that part of it is fantastic. But the rest . . ." Mr. Colman paused a moment.

"As for the rest," he said simply, "it not only sounds desirable, but highly sensible to me. What could be better? Call it a treasure trove against the world, if you like. Not gold, though there is gold in Shangri-la, but that is of the least importance. What is more important is the treasure in its great library, in its art collection, in its music rooms . . . and the treasure in the hearts of its people. Wisdom and peace and humility and meekness. It's a horizon lost to the rest of the world, too busy with its hustle and bustle . . . its dissatisfactions and its warfare. But it's a found horizon to the people of Shangri-la. To some people I suppose a quiet place like that would be an awful bore. To me . . . well . . ."

Ronald Colman and Director Frank Capra watch the filming of night scenes for *Lost Horizons.* Warner Baxter and Colman (below), inseparable pals, attend the Pacific Tennis Championships

His expression was eloquent. At that moment any nincompoop could have seen the focus spot for the far-away look in the Colman eyes, the vision behind the smile . . . and known that the lost horizon of the picture is Ronald Colman's, too!

"Everyone has his lost horizon, I suppose. To the painter it may be a south sea isle filled with wild, riotous colors. To the

"Lost Horizons"

of Hollywood's most baffling
pursued adventure but now
eclusion of his own home

Hartley

Isabel Jewell and Ronald Colman, lovers in *Lost Horizons*, make the acquaintance of one of the baby camels used in the picture, which has a mysterious valley in the Tibetan wilds as locale

machinist it might be a world run like clock-work. To the backfence gossiper"—he grinned—"it might be Hollywood. To me it's something quite different. Any quiet nook where there's peace. My car will do, when it's parked along a good fishing stream a hundred miles from nowhere. Or anybody's creaky old boat, as long as it has the sea around it. Most often, with the doors closed, it's my library at home."

Then suddenly he changed his mood and his tone. "You know it's a funny thing about people. Take this fellow, Bob Conway, the man in the picture, the part I play, for example. He was an adventurer before he went to Shangri-la. Always ferreting out excitement, always jumping headlong into the thick of things, always curious, eager to try anything once. Yet when he is brought by force to Shangri-la, along with several fellow travelers, he is the first to fall under its spell. The rest hate it, fear it, as something ominous and strange. Yet from the beginning Conway falls into the peaceful pattern of the place.

Some people may find that difficult to understand. But I understand it, perfectly. Because in a lesser degree I used to follow excitement around too. Of course I was never decorated for bravery or anything like that. I never made English conquests in Africa. Unlike Conway, I never did anything really noble or daring. But I did try to. Like millions of other very young men I saw zest in everything, even in war. Like the millions of others, too, I found there was nothing zestful about it. But ~~I~~ wasn't cured. Why I even saw the jobless aftermath as a glorious experience . . . a chance to prove my mettle, to strike out on my own.

[*Continued on page* 85]

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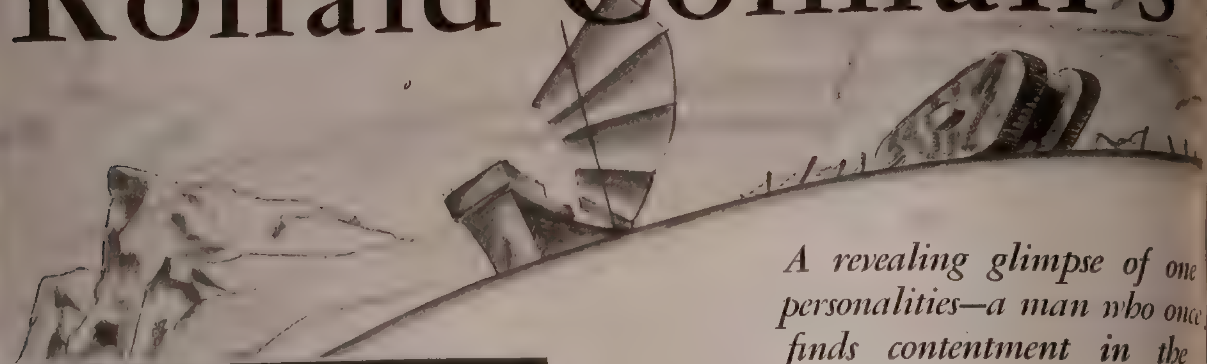
Ronald Colman's "Lost Horizons"



A revealing glimpse of one of Hollywood's most baffling personalities—a man who once pursued adventure but now finds contentment in the seclusion of his own home

by
Katharine Hartley

Ronald Colman and Director Frank Capra watch the filming of night scenes for *Lost Horizons.* Warner Baxter and Colman (below), inseparable pals, attend the Pacific Tennis Championships

Isabel Jewell and Ronald Colman, lovers in *Lost Horizons,* make the acquaintance of one of the baby camels used in the picture, which has a mysterious valley in the Tibetan wilds as locale

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From all the world Hollywood collects untrained personalities and converts them into saleable merchandise

Irene Ware, Henry Wadsworth, Kent Taylor and Phyllis Brooks. Hollywood wonders what their screen futures will be when they have finally emerged from its manufacturing processes

How Hollywood

THIS is the true and complete story of Mary Doe's sensational rise to stardom. If some of its facts are a bit disillusioning, others are inspiring. If it reveals Mary as something less than an all-sufficient Goddess, it also reveals her as a very admirable human being, dependent, like all the rest of us, upon the aid and co-operation of our fellow mortals. And Mary won't mind the telling of her story, for she's a very sensible miss, who, after all, would rather live on hot cakes and bacon than on an Olympian diet of ambrosia and nectar.

Mary came to Hollywood from Ottawa, Kansas . . . from Kent, Ohio . . . from Tallahassee, Florida . . . from Walla Walla, Washington . . . from San Diego, California—which is a varied but plausible background since she is a composite rather than an actual personage. Mary, you see, is an "average" star, especially created for the sake of convenience in telling this story.

How then did she rise to stardom? To fame? To wealth?

She didn't! She was lifted!

Or, to describe the process more exactly, Mary, like the great majority of Hollywood's leading stars, whose ideal representative she is, was made into a star by an intelligently planned *manufacturing process.*

The fact is that the old hit-and-miss, "seven-come-eleven" days are gone forever in the motion picture industry. It all used to be a wild, haphazard gamble—this business of finding, creating and selling screen stars. Sign 'em today, star 'em tomorrow and trust to God and the publicity department—that was the practice in even the biggest studios. It didn't make a lot of difference whether the girl was a greenhorn or an experienced trouper. If she had spectacular beauty, there was always some optimistic producer ready to take a chance on her box office appeal. In those days, the directors and the writers did it all, anyway—and Mr. and Mrs. Public, being very movie hungry, were none too discriminating in their judgment of acting. In short, picture profits were huge and a beautiful girl was a beautiful girl!

Things changed, perforce, with the coming of sound. Actors and actresses could no longer merely "walk through" their roles and, one by one, the majority of the old silent favorites fell by the wayside. And the producers, terrified by the problems and uncertainties of the "new medium," did not dare to gamble in time-honored fashion on inexperienced players. Every studio began importing trained stage stars by the train load.

But the stage stars, despite their training, failed in many cases to adapt their technique to the screen. Furthermore, the stage could not supply enough new talent. The leading producers soon realized that they must install a definite system of star manufacturing. And that is just what has been accomplished. Mary Doe is the typical product of that system. And so will be the Mary Does of next year and the years to come.

When Mary first arrived in Hollywood, she was no more glamourous, no

Manufactures A Star

by Eric Ergenbright

more beautiful and no more talented than the girl who lives next door. She had appeared in a few unimportant stage rôles, been glimpsed by the scouts of a big studio—Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer, for the sake of convenience—and given a "long term contract." Now, a long term contract has a high and mighty sound, but in fact, it was nothing more than an option ~~on~~ her services, to be exercised *if* she made good.

During her first week in the studio, she was interviewed by a number of sharp-eyed individuals, who, while chatting with her in the most friendly fashion, analyzed her as mercilessly as a student zoologist dissects a frog. Her hairdress, her clothes, her make-up, her carriage, her voice, her teeth, her mannerisms, her features and her figure were studied for flaws. In that detailed study, she was merely a piece of raw material.

And then the tests began—tests from which Mary had to emerge as a valuable personality or a washout. One test after another was filmed—dozens of them—some with experienced actors working with her and some with her working alone. Some tests were taken to assay her acting ability, some to determine what make-up she should wear, some to experiment with her hairdress, some to try the quality of her voice at different pitches. And, for every test, Mary was altered, first in this detail, then in that. And, night after night, while Mary trembled in the seclusion of her apartment, the studio's producers and departmental experts sat in a projection room, watched her tests and formed their plans.

At long last, after several weeks of experimentation and Allah alone knows how many thousand feet of film exposed, everyone agreed that she had *possibilities*—that, "handled right" and given the proper "build-up," she might eventually become a box office attraction.

During the tests it was discovered that her teeth photographed badly. Several of them were too small, others were set too far forward and threw shadows in a cross light.

So Mary went to a dentist—not an ordinary dentist, by the way, but a very great specialist whose practice consists largely of disguising the dental defects of screen stars.

She went with considerable fear, in spite of the fact that the dentist in question had exercised his trickery on many another girl. Hadn't he constructed two new dental veneers for Elinor Powell, to conceal the crookedness of two front teeth? Hadn't he re-aligned the teeth of Phyllis Brooks . . . and made a couple of elegant "caps" for Elissa Landi . . . and closed up a too noticeable gap in Anna Sten's "pearls of beauty"?

He made little porcelain caps which fitted over Mary Doe's defective teeth—and what a change they made in her appearance. When she tried to thank him, he modestly showed her photographic proof of the work that he had done for several other celebrities, Clark Gable and Marilyn Miller notably, and she decided that she had been let off very lightly.

Next she paid a visit to Dr. Ginsberg, whose specialty is noses, and, after a number of minor operations and some very painful moments, you would scarcely have recognized her as the same girl. And the producers agreed that her new Grecian profile would look "swell" on the twenty-four sheets.

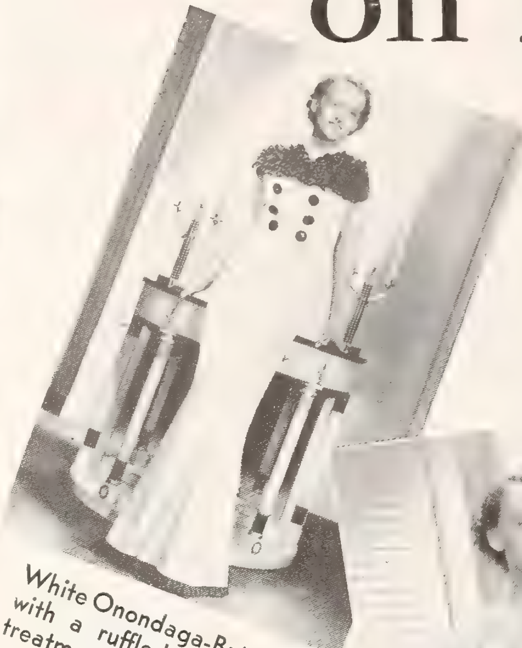
And now enters Adrian, Metro's great designer, the man who has done wonders in lending Garbo, Crawford, Shearer and [*Continued on page* 66]

Robert Taylor, one of the screen's most popular stars today, yesterday was a student in the Hinsdale school. He succeeded; many of his fellows failed

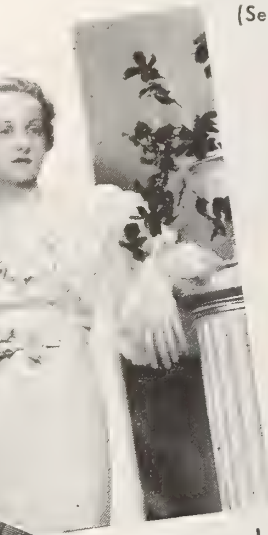
Models on *Parade*

Original dresses designed by clever Lettie Lee, Hollywood stylist, are the awards offered to Movieland Tour winners. They are worn by Caroline Hauseman who appears in the Columbia production "Trapped by Television"

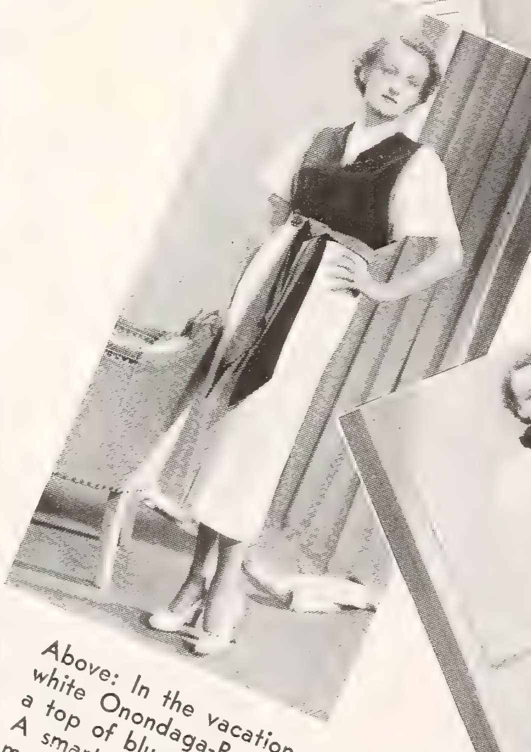
(See page 79)

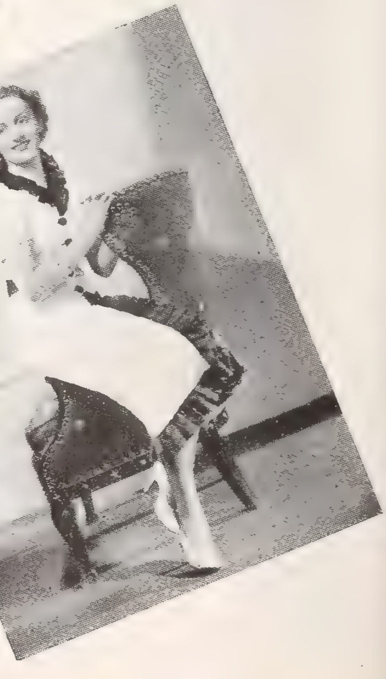


White Onondaga-Batar trimmed with a ruffled collar and hem treatment of navy blue linen.



A luscious Lettie Lee creation for summer afternoons in pink crepe with frilly collar and lace trimmed sleeves





Above: In the vacation spirit is this white Onondaga-Batar creation with a top of blue banded in red. Right: A smart Lettie Lee design for summer of oyster white Onondaga-Batar

STAY *Young* and Beautiful

Increase your appeal! Give yourself beauty that is exciting, that stirs the emotions of others.

Putting this or that on the outside will not bring glowing cheeks, lustrous hair, smooth firm throat, lovely back. "*Brushing* does it!" say famous beauty editors.

Brushing urges the tiny blood vessels to deliver more blood to the scalp and skin. Cleanses pores completely. Strengthens sagging tissues.

But it is important to use the right brushes. Brushes with elastic, penetrating bristles which really work and last. The Pro-phy-lac-tic name is your guarantee of bristle excellence. Look for it on hair brushes, complexion brushes, bath brushes, hand and nail brushes.

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Imagine a 300 page beauty book boiled down into 32 crisp and helpful pages. With 25 diagrammatic illustrations. Tells you exactly *what* to do and *how* to do it—for hair, skin, and figure. Merely clip this ad and send it with 6¢ in stamps to cover cost of mailing.

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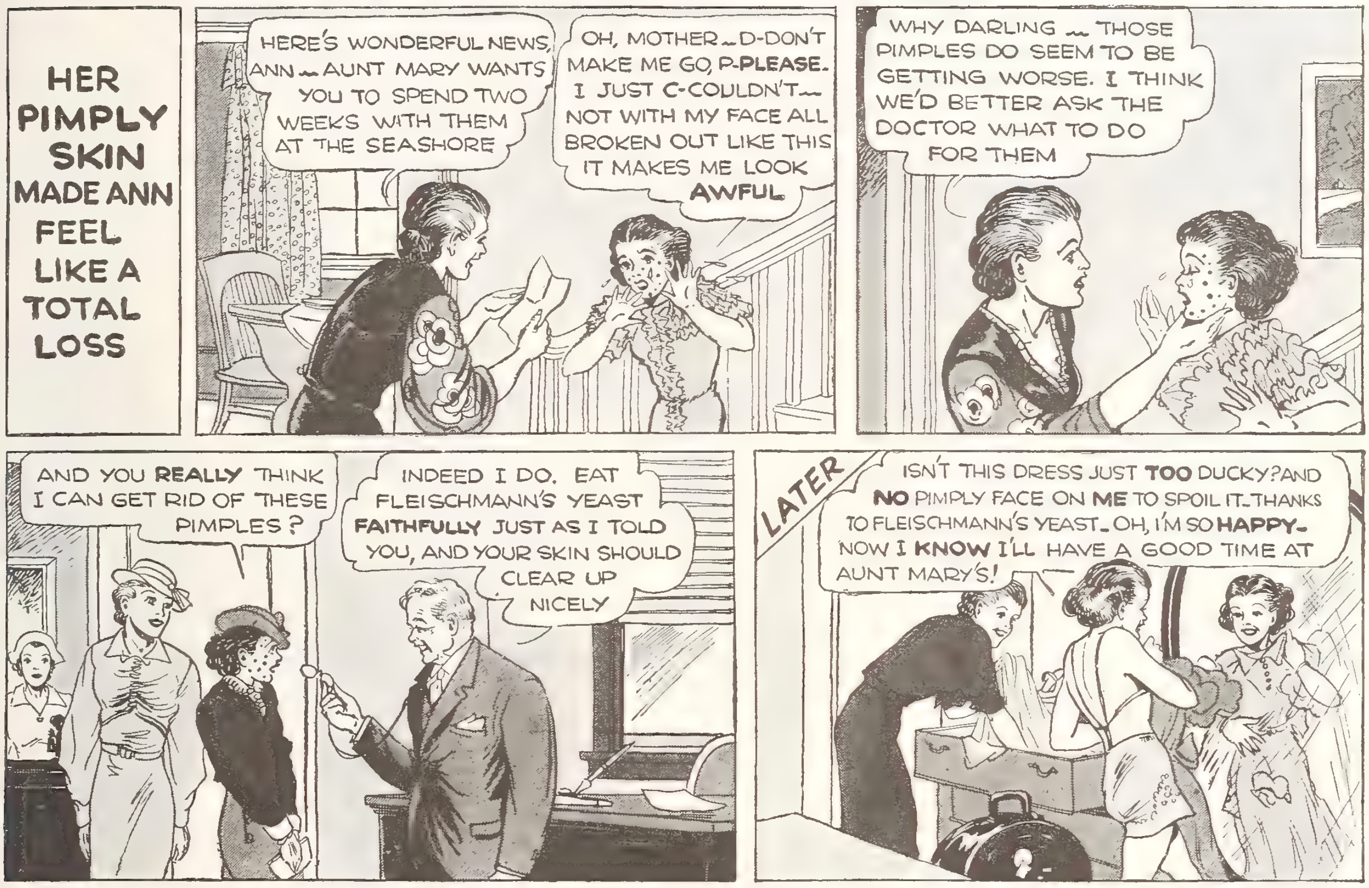
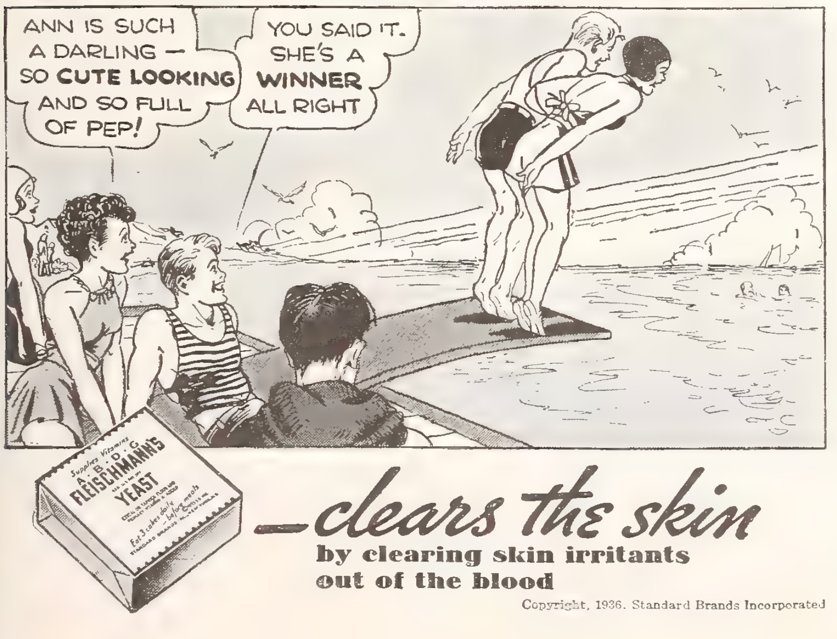
Eyelids Burn?

Bathe them with LAVOPTIK

Instant relief for inflamed, sore, tired, strained or itching eyes. 6000 eyesight specialists endorse it. 25 years success. Get Lavoptik (with free eye cup) from your druggist.

I NEVER WANT TO SEE ANOTHER SOUL AS LONG AS I LIVE


HER PIMPLY SKIN MADE ANN FEEL LIKE A TOTAL LOSS
HERE'S WONDERFUL NEWS, ANN — AUNT MARY WANTS YOU TO SPEND TWO WEEKS WITH THEM AT THE SEASHORE
OH, MOTHER — D-DON'T MAKE ME GO, P-PLEASE. I JUST C-COULDN'T — NOT WITH MY FACE ALL BROKEN OUT LIKE THIS IT MAKES ME LOOK AWFUL
WHY DARLING — THOSE PIMPLES DO SEEM TO BE GETTING WORSE. I THINK WE'D BETTER ASK THE DOCTOR WHAT TO DO FOR THEM
AND YOU REALLY THINK I CAN GET RID OF THESE PIMPLES?
INDEED I DO. EAT FLEISCHMANN'S YEAST FAITHFULLY JUST AS I TOLD YOU, AND YOUR SKIN SHOULD CLEAR UP NICELY
LATER
ISN'T THIS DRESS JUST TOO DUCKY? AND NO PIMPLY FACE ON ME TO SPOIL IT — THANKS TO FLEISCHMANN'S YEAST — OH, I'M SO HAPPY — NOW I KNOW I'LL HAVE A GOOD TIME AT AUNT MARY'S!


ANN IS SUCH A DARLING — SO CUTE LOOKING AND SO FULL OF PEP!
YOU SAID IT. SHE'S A WINNER ALL RIGHT
FLEISCHMANN'S YEAST

—clears the skin

by clearing skin irritants out of the blood

Copyright, 1936, Standard Brands Incorporated

Don't let Adolescent Pimples spoil YOUR vacation plans

A BROKEN-OUT skin is no help to any girl or boy who longs to be popular and have good times. But unfortunately, many young people are victims of this trouble.

After the start of adolescence—from about 13 to 25, or even longer—important glands develop and final growth takes place. This causes disturbances throughout the entire body. The skin gets oversensitive. Harmful waste poisons in the blood irritate this sensitive skin. Pimples break out.

Thousands have found Fleischmann's Yeast a great help in getting rid of adolescent pimples. It clears these skin irritants out of the blood. Then, the pimples go!

Eat 3 cakes of Fleischmann's Yeast *regularly*—one cake about ½ hour before meals—plain, or in a little water—until your skin is entirely clear. Start today.

How can *I* get a Wave like that?

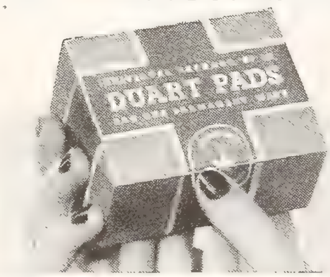
THE LOVELY STAR, KATHLEEN BURKE

. . . . Thousands of women write to the Hollywood stars for *this* beauty advice. Always they receive the same answer, "After completely testing every known method of permanent waving, the Duart method has received the exclusive and official endorsement of the Motion Picture Hairstylists Guild . . . nearly every star on the screen has her hair Duart Waved."

This same Duart wave is available in your own community for there is only one Duart wave . . . it is the same in every one of the 20,000 shops that feature it from coast to coast. To be sure you are getting the one and only genuine Duart wave, look for the sealed package of permanent waving Pads . . . your hairdresser will let you open them yourself . . . then you'll know your hair is to be waved with the same method that adds such glamour and soft, glowing charm to the lovely heads you see on the screen. FREE BOOKLET enables you to copy a screen star's hairstyle exactly. Choose from page after page of Hollywood's newest coiffures styled by Hollywood's leading artists. Booklet sent free with one 10-cent package of Duart's Hollywood Hair Rinse. No dye—no bleach just a colorful and cleansing touch of sunlight. Select your shade—see coupon.

DUART
permanent
waves

DEMAND THIS SEALED PACKAGE FOR A GENUINE DUART WAVE



SEND 10c FOR HAIR RINSE AND FREE BOOKLET

DUART, 984 Folsom Street,
San Francisco, Calif.

Enclosed find 10c; send me shade of rinse marked and copy of your booklet, "Hollywood Coiffures for 1936."

☐ Dark Brown
☐ Chestnut Brown
☐ Titian Reddish Brown
☐ Henna
☐ Golden Brown
☐ Titian Reddish Blonde
☐ Black
☐ White or Gray Platinum
☐ Ash Blonde
☐ Medium Brown
☐ Golden Blonde
☐ Light Golden Blonde

Name..........

Address..........

City.......... *State*..........

7

DUART WAVES ARE THE CHOICE OF THE HOLLYWOOD STARS

Personality of the Month

Arthur Treacher

SOMETIMES a slip of paper is just something for the wind to blow away . . . and sometimes it saves a life, changes the whole course of events . . .

In Arthur Veary Treacher's life there were two slips of paper that played such parts. The first was handed to him in a French battlefield in 1915. He was second in command of Battery 363 in the Hampshire Garrison Artillery and the paper ordered him to report to Headquarters at once. Thirty seconds later he was on his way—and the dugout he had just left was blown to smithereens.

The second slip of paper, he declares, was very nearly as vital in import. It was a notice of his failure to pass the English bar examinations. Had he passed them, he would have lost his dearest wish—to go on the stage. And the stage would have lost its funniest version of the monocled Englishman.

It all started one Easter Saturday afternoon in the Hippodrome theater in his native Brighton. To an apparently empty house he sang the soulful ditty of "Reckless Reggie"—with startling results. A voice in the "audience" boomed out, "Who are you?" It belonged to one of Britain's most prominent producers, Charles Cochran, whose sister was married to Treacher's Uncle Tom. Identification being established across the footlights, Arthur was invited to join the chorus of "Maggie" at three pounds per week.

[*Continued on page 77*]

MILK makes four star beauty news

By DORIS DUMONT

This new creme made from milk certainly is getting the big rave from Hollywood's beauty experts and the stars as well. In the dressing rooms and make-up departments at every studio the praises are the same. Nothing I could write here would convey one-tenth part of their enthusiasm so I'm going to publish answers to the four questions most frequently asked by my readers about the new Creme of Milk. Now for the questions:

"Is Creme of Milk really made from milk?"

I quote from a letter written to the makers of Creme of Milk by California's largest producers and sellers of dairy products, Golden State Co. Ltd. They say:

"The concentrated oils of pure, fresh, wholesome dairy milk, or dairy cream, furnished by us for inclusion in Creme of Milk, measure up to the highest quality standards of this Company for purity, freshness and wholesomeness."

"Does it nourish the skin?"

Because it is made from milk, Creme of Milk nourishes the skin in a very special way of its own. No other creme or beauty preparation of any kind has ever been able to duplicate the beneficial effects of milk oils on the skin.

"How do you use Creme of Milk?"

Creme of Milk is much quicker and simpler to use than an ordinary face creme. The moment you spread it on you can fairly feel your skin drinking it in. Leave it but a minute or two, then wipe it off easily.

"Does it penetrate the skin?"

Creme of Milk penetrates the pores and skin tissues more deeply than any other creme known because milk oils are far more delicate and finely textured than the wax, mineral oil, lanolin and similar substances of which other cremes are made. For this reason it cleanses more thoroughly and more quickly.

Creme of Milk shipments were rushed to more than 5,000 stores last month and in California alone more than 100,000 women are already using it. Stores in your community may not have received their shipments yet, so I suggest you write me personally enclosing fifty cents for a regular size jar or one dollar for a large size jar of this thrilling new creme. Address your letter to Doris Dumont, Hollywood, Calif.

Marion Talley, Metropolitan Opera Star, now being featured on the NBC Network, says: "I've never used anything that made my skin feel and look as fresh and youthful."

Mrs. Pat O'Brien, charming wife of the famous Warner Bros. he-man star, says: "Creme of Milk is even more important to the society woman than to the screen star."

CLEAR YOUR SKIN WITH *Milk!*

JOAN MARSH IN "DANCING FEET"

REPUBLIC PRODUCTION

AMAZING NEW FACE
CREME ACTUALLY
MADE FROM RICH
DAIRY MILK

Send 10c
for 3 day trial. See coupon.

Creme of Milk has new nourishing and cleansing qualities found in no other creme

Because it is made from milk, Duart's new beauty discovery, Creme of Milk, has special qualities that clear the skin with amazing speed. Hollywood stars and their cosmetic experts say that the Creme of Milk formula for extracting the vital beautifying oils from pure dairy milk is the greatest cosmetic discovery in twenty years.

If your complexion is not as soft, smooth and youthful as it should be—do as all Hollywood and thousands of women everywhere are doing now—change from your present cleansing methods and start using the thrilling new type creme—Creme of Milk.

See improvements first day

You will know Creme of Milk is different the very moment you spread it on . . . you can fairly feel your skin drinking it in. Improvements that you can see and feel come quickly. Dryness, coarse pores, blackheads and other marks of a poor complexion go fast when the genuine milk-oils penetrate deep into the tissues, cleanse away all dirt and build up the supply of the natural youth-giving oils that feed and nourish the skin.

No other creme, lotion or soap can duplicate the amazing effects of milk on the skin and yet Creme of Milk costs no more than the most ordinary face cremes. Try it for 10c or order a regular size jar for 50c, large economy size $1. On sale at your favorite cosmetic counter.

DUART'S
creme
of
milk

LENORE SABINE, President of the Motion Picture Hairstylists Guild and Head Hairstylist of Paramount Studios says: "Creme of Milk is truly a NEW TYPE of creme. There is nothing else like it—every star I know is using it to protect the beauty of her skin."

Mail Coupon Today to DUART, 984 Folsom St. San Francisco, Calif.
I enclose 10c for which please send me ONE regular 20 cent size jar of Creme of Milk.

Name..

Address..

City.......................... *State*..........7

ONLY BEAUTY CREME IN THE WORLD MADE FROM MILK

"Get Acquainted" Offer 10¢

New! BUD VASE Glass Urn of
POMPEIAN OLIVE OIL
and BOOK of SALAD RECIPES

SOMETHING new! Famous Pompeian Olive Oil in a classic glass urn that can be used as a beautiful bud vase when empty! To acquaint you with Pompeian pure, virgin, imported Olive Oil, we'll send it, together with a book of tested recipes (including famous Pompeian "Slenderizing Salads") for only 10c.

Pompeian is First Press Olive Oil, from selected, hand-picked Mediterranean olives. At grocers' and druggists', in classic glass urns and attractive blue tins.

MAIL THIS COUPON NOW!

Pompeian Olive Oil Corp., Balto., Md., U. S. A.

I enclose 10c. Send me new bud vase glass urn of Pompeian Olive Oil and book of tested recipes. Dept. O.

Name FWG-7

Address ....

NEW KIND OF SEAL
FOR JAMS..JELLIES..ETC.

A WHOLE PACKAGE OF 25 FOR ONLY 10¢

JIFFY-SEAL FOR EVERY KIND OF GLASS OR JAR!

Saves Time—Money—Labor—Materials

A MARVELOUS new invention needed by every housewife who makes jellies, jams, etc. Seals any glass or jar in ½ the usual time, at ⅓ the usual cost! No wax to melt—no tin tops to sterilize—no mess—no waste. A perfect seal every time. Amazingly easy to use. Try Jiffy-Seals—the new transparent film invention. If not yet at your dealer's, send 10c for full-size package to CLOPAY CORPORATION 1590 York St., Cincinnati, O.

At All Woolworth, Kresge & Other 5c & 10c Stores or Your Neighborhood Store

GET RID OF UGLY HAIR
ZiP
ODORLESS DEPILATORY

The new ZiP Facial Hair Remover contains no sulphides, no offensive odors. Instantly eliminates every trace of hair. Face, arms and legs. Ask your dealer or write Madame Berthé, 562 Fifth Ave., New York

Gail Patrick's Alabama Recipes

Southern "belles" are renowned for their beauty—and their cooking abilability. Gail Patrick is no exception

by Dorothy Dwan

'YES SUH'—Gail Patrick has 'shore nuf' brought Alabama to Hollywood, and along with it, a new interest in Southern cooking. 'You all, would catch yourself talking the same way after meeting the young actress—her accent is so intriguing.

In an unpretentious house on a tiny side street, you will find this girl who, when she left Birmingham four years ago to do or die in pictures, packed crates of Colonial furniture—even found room for snap shots of her school friends. In her mind she treasured memories of the South and the atmosphere in which she had been reared.

"If I could have found room for a watermelon patch and my pet piccaninnies, I would have brought them, too," Gail confessed.

During our conversation, the actress had been patiently turning the handle of an old fashioned ice cream freezer! "Who ever heard of buying ice cream," she scoffed. "Down home we have it home made or not at all. Seems like I've been turning freezer cranks since I was knee high to a grasshopper."

Gail's Strawberry Ice Cream is worth the extra trouble!

"It's my turn now," says Gail as she and her Southern maid make ice cream in the good old fashioned way.

1 qt. rich milk
1 qt. whipping cream
2 qts. fresh ripe strawberries
1 ¾ cups sugar (less if berries are very sweet)

Wash and hull berries, add sugar and let mixture stand for an hour, then slightly mash berries. Add milk and freeze in 8 parts ice and 1 part salt. When frozen to a soft mushy consistency, whip cream and add to the frozen mixture. Freeze until firm. Remove paddle, pack down firmly in freezing can, place piece of wax paper over the top, and fit cover on tightly. [*Continued on page* 86]

Joan Blondell's favorite recipe is

1 large fresh pineapple
½ cup marshmallows cut into pieces
1 pt. whole stemmed fresh strawberries
6 maraschino cherries
1 orange pulp
Instant dissolving sugar to sweeten
3 tsp. lemon juice
Cubes of raspberry gelatine

Select pineapple with plenty of stem leaves. Cut lengthwise, through fruit and leaves, making two boat shaped pieces with half the leaves on each boat. Scoop out pineapple, combine with other ingredients, except gelatine. Chill thoroughly and fill pineapple boats with salad. Garnish with glistening squares of raspberry gelatine and place in bed of cracked ice.

"MAKE-UP MAGIC

Jeanne Earle

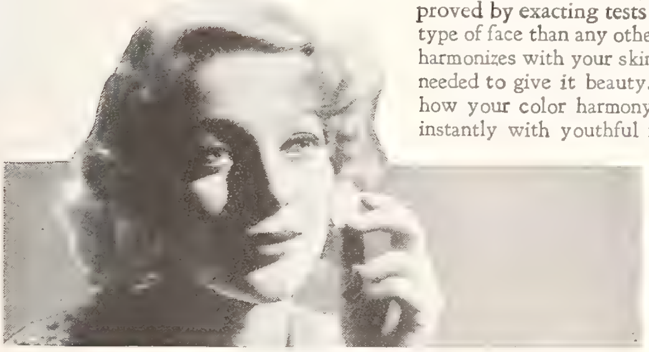
I learned from LORETTA YOUNG"

SINCE I've been using the same make-up that Max Factor creates for Loretta Young and all the beautiful screen stars, all my friends say I look twice as attractive! Powder, rouge and lipstick in the color harmony shade for my type has made such a difference in my appearance—won't you tell other women about your wonderful secret, so that they may have beauty too?"... *Jeanne Earle.*

Loretta Young
in
«PRIVATE NUMBER»
A 20th Century-Fox Picture

A New Idea in Powder

"USING screen stars as models," says Loretta Young, "Max Factor, Hollywood's make-up genius, has created new color harmony shades of powder which have proved by exacting tests to reveal more beauty in each type of face than any others." Max Factor's Face Powder harmonizes with your skin and also adds to it the color needed to give it beauty. Your mirror will show you how your color harmony shade will enliven your skin instantly with youthful radiance. One dollar.



Rouge that Gives You New Beauty

"MAX FACTOR has created rouge in color harmony shades that give you new appealing loveliness," says Loretta Young. "The creamy-smooth texture blends easily, evenly, appears flawless even in a glaring light." If you want to see how lovely you can be, try this Hollywood secret — rouge in the color harmony shade for your type. Fifty cents.

Hollywood's New Lip Make-Up

"TO MAKE your lips more alluring," says Loretta Young, "Max Factor has created color harmony shades of lipstick which give you a charming, individual color." Max Factor's Lipstick lasts indefinitely because it is Super-Indelible, and may be applied to both inner and outer surface of the lips giving them an even, smooth make-up. One dollar.

Max Factor ★ Hollywood

Would you like to try the make-up secret of Loretta Young and other Hollywood stars — color harmony powder, rouge, lipstick? Mail this coupon.

© 1936 by Max Factor & Co.

Mail for POWDER, ROUGE AND LIPSTICK IN YOUR COLOR HARMONY

MAX FACTOR, Max Factor's Make-Up Studio, Hollywood
Send Purse Size Box of Powder and Rouge Sampler in my color harmony shade; also Lipstick Color Sampler, four shades. I enclose ten cents for postage and handling. Also send me my Color Harmony Make-Up Chart and 48-page Illustrated Instruction book, *"The New Art of Society Make-Up"*. FREE

5-7-12

NAME ____________

STREET ____________

CITY ____________ STATE ____________

COMPLEXIONS	EYES	HAIR
Very Light ☐	Blue ☐	BLONDE
Fair ☐	Gray ☐	Light ☐ Dark ☐
Creamy ☐	Green ☐	BROWNETTE
Medium ☐	Hazel ☐	Light ☐ Dark ☐
Ruddy ☐	Brown ☐	BRUNETTE
Sallow ☐	Black ☐	Light ☐ Dark ☐
Freckled ☐	LASHES Color	REDHEAD
Olive ☐	Light ☐ Dark ☐	Light ☐ Dark ☐
SKIN Dry ☐ Oily ☐ Normal ☐	AGE	*If Hair is Gray, check type above and here* ☐

"HELLO dirty face"

USE **FREE** COUPON BELOW

Is your face collecting a treacherous, pore-deep dirt—the kind of "dirty face" that brings on pimples, blackheads, enlarged pores and "faded" skin? Send for FREE BOTTLE offered below. Make the famous "1-2-3 DRESKIN TEST"—which has shown thousands of women the danger of using old-fashioned skin cleansing methods. DRESKIN, a *liquid* cleanser, is *guaranteed*—(1) to clear out deep-seated dirt—(2) to let your skin "breathe naturally"—(3) to neutralize *skin-drying alkali.* Mail the coupon today! Make the "1-2-3 Test" on your own skin. You be the judge!

Campana
Dreskin
by the makers of Campana's Italian Balm

Two sizes — 50c and $1.00

CAMPANA SALES COMPANY
157 Lincoln Highway, Batavia, Ill.
I enclose **3 cent stamp** for postage. Please send me FREE the TRAVEL SIZE bottle of DRESKIN.

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City State
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COLOR YOUR HAIR

THE NEW FRENCH WAY

No matter how gray, faded, streaked your hair is now, it will soon possess again beautiful lasting color by the use of my new discovery **SHAMPO-KOLOR. Shampoos and colors the hair at the same time.** No experience necessary. Takes few minutes only. Can't fade, rub off. Colors gray hair close to scalp. Can be Permanent waved.
Free Booklet, Monsieur L. P. Valligny, Dept. 19-A, 254 W. 31 St. N. Y. C.

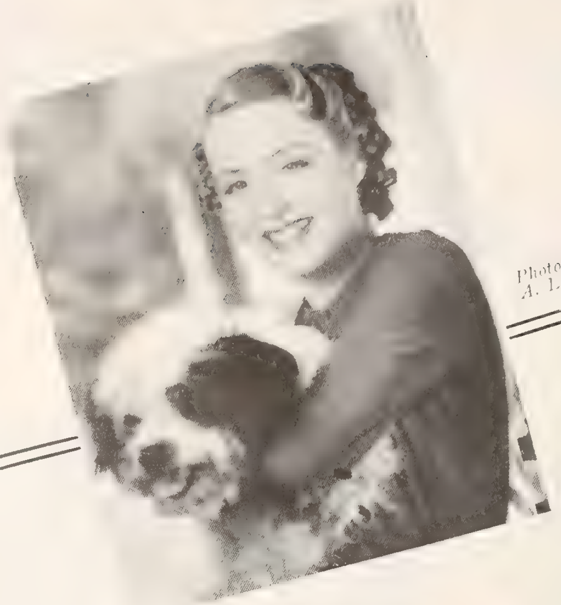
***MILLIONS USE* "HUSH" *for* BODY ODORS**

Those who are fastidious and immaculate of their person welcome HUSH for its effective qualities to overcome excessive perspiration and unpleasant body odors. HUSH keeps the underarms fresh and free from every trace of odor. Use it daily.

25c 50c

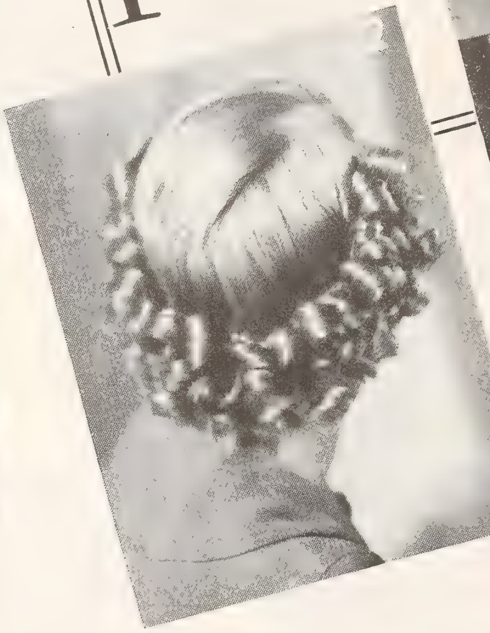
4 Kinds
10c size at 10c stores

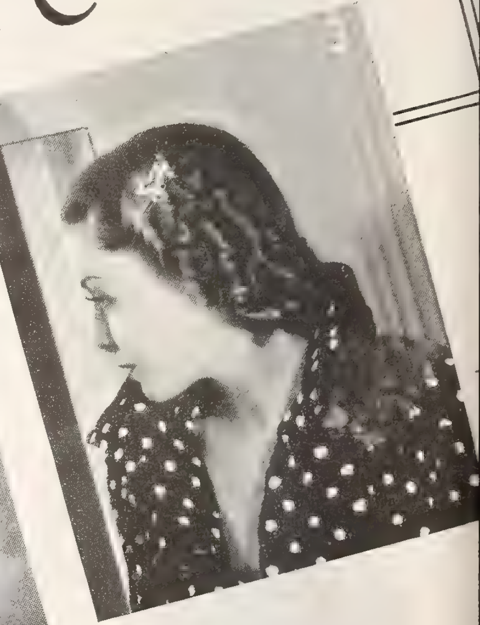
CREAM LIQUID POWDER STICK



Photos by A. L. Shafer

Three in





HAIR styles and fashions have a great deal in common. The modern woman goes at such a busy pace that her hair, as well as her clothes, must be prepared to be presentable at all hours of the day or night. Therefore, the eminent hair stylist, Perc Westmore, has designed a three in one combination—a coiffure to be worn from dawn till dusk, as smart with sports clothes as with formal evening attire.

Picture number I shows Joan Perry, attractive player appearing in the Columbia production *Blackmailer,* ready for a romp with her dog. She stops a moment so that we may get a good look at her smart sports coiffure. The tight ringlets hold the locks in place, sensible, yet extremely chic for the girl who indulges in active outdoor pastimes. Picture number 2, the rear view, shows the side part continuing down the back to form a double row of tight curls.

In picture number 3 for dressy afternoon occasions, Westmore gives Joan fundamentally the same hairdress, though if you look carefully you will see that it has been loosened and the side marcel is held in place by a rhinestone clip.

Hollywood's popular hair designer completes the three in one coiffure in picture number 4 by combing the hair out to give a softer appearance for evening wear. Enhanced by tiny pink rosebuds, this attractive hairdress combines charm and subtle sophistication.

Picture number 5 shows a wig, a novelty which is always intriguing to the feminine mind. Perc has designed this wig for Joan in pink yak. Wigs are sensational coiffures for dramatic occasions in Hollywood as well as in other smart fashion centers of the world.

by
Sally Martin

One

EVERYBODY SAYS HE NEGLECTS HER, BUT...
...PERSONALLY, I THINK IT'S HER FAULT. HER BREATH IS—WELL, SHE OUGHT TO SEE HER DENTIST!
HEAVENS, THEY'RE TALKING ABOUT ME! COULD THAT BE WHY JERRY'S STAYING AWAY FROM HOME SO MUCH LATELY...
MRS. LANE SEES HER DENTIST
BAD BREATH COMES FROM TEETH?
EXACTLY! MOST BAD BREATH IS DUE TO DECAYING FOOD PARTICLES IN THE CREVICES BETWEEN THE TEETH. I ADVISE COLGATE DENTAL CREAM. ITS SPECIAL PENETRATING FOAM REMOVES ODOR-BREEDING DEPOSITS.
MY MOUTH FEELS FRESHER AND CLEANER ALREADY!
FRIDAY NIGHT—TWO WEEKS LATER
I'M HOME EARLY, DEAR! THOUGHT I'D TAKE MY BEST GIRL STEPPING TONIGHT!
SHE ACCEPTS WITH PLEASURE, DARLING!
HOW GLAD I AM I TOOK THE DENTIST'S ADVICE ABOUT COLGATE'S
NO OTHER TOOTHPASTE EVER MADE MY TEETH SO BRIGHT AND CLEAN!

Most Bad Breath Begins with the Teeth!

LEADING dental authorities are agreed: "Most bad breath is caused by *improperly cleaned teeth!*"

Decaying food deposits, in hidden crevices between the teeth, are by far the most common source of this social handicap—and of much tooth decay. Colgate Dental Cream has a special *penetrating* foam which thoroughly cleans each hidden crevice; and a soft grit-free ingredient which safely polishes the enamel . . . makes smiles sparkle.

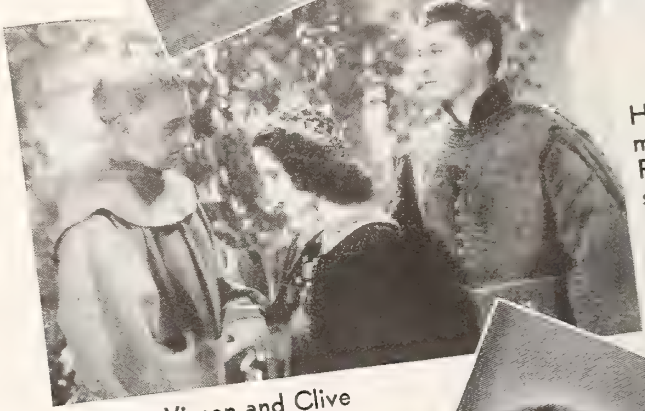
So brush your teeth, gums, tongue with Colgate's at least twice daily. If you are not entirely satisfied, send the empty tube to COLGATE, Jersey City, N. J. We will refund TWICE what you paid.

Now—NO BAD BREATH *behind her* SPARKLING SMILE!

20¢ LARGE SIZE
Giant Size, over twice as much, 35¢
COLGATE RIBBON DENTAL CREAM
Tested and Approved 2273 Good Housekeeping Bureau

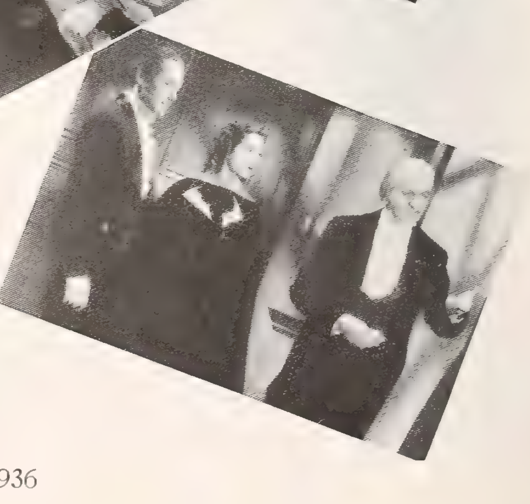
Now the

Fredric March and Katharine Hepburn in Radio Pictures' spectacle-drama, *Mary of Scotland*



Henry Kolker, Norma Shearer and Ralph Forbes in a scene from *Romeo and Juliet*, now nearing completion

Helen Vinson and Clive Brook are co-starring in an English production, *Love In Exile*



Lionel Barrymore (believe it or not) wears a feminine disguise in *Witch of Timbuktu.* Right: Robert Montgomery, Rosalind Russell and Reginald Owen head the cast of Metro's *Suicide Club*

SOFT, WHITE
KISSABLE HANDS
Can be yours with Sofskin Creme

Magical New Discovery Softens, Whitens Instantly!

Be ready for romance! Keep your hands alluring . . . kissable . . . with Sofskin, the magical new Creme that smooths, softens and whitens them instantly. Delicately fragrant, Sofskin is absorbed so quickly gloves may be worn at once. No stickiness at all.

Sofskin also gives your throat and neck a smooth, white finish, without powder. Splendid as a powder base, manicure aid, for chapped or sunburned skin, for arms, legs.

The superfine texture of this amazing new Creme that is proving such a sensation, makes it a delight to use. A truly wonderful discovery . . and so economical! Ask for a generous 35c or 60c jar at your Beauty Shop or Cosmetic counter. Or ..send coupon now, with 6c, for trial jar.

GLESSNER CO., Dept. 222, Findlay, O. Please send me trial jar Sofskin Creme. (6c enclosed to cover handling)

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Address________________
City____________State________
My Beauty Shop is____________

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GUARANTEED TO *Wear Without Holes* OR NEW HOSE FREE

Amazing Guarantee Replaces Fine Silk Stockings Free. From 3 to 5 months wear Guaranteed. Sold through agents only. Startling money-making proposition. Mills reports $120 earned in one week; Poirier $127 in five days. Enormous selection Over 100 styles, colors for men, women, children, all Guaranteed. Samples furnished Send 1c postal quick

AGENTS: UP TO $24 IN A WEEK

Men, women, enormous earnings. Full or spare time. Write, give hose size.

Your own Hose Free of Extra Cost

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SEND NO MONEY!

Just mail photo with name and address. In a few days postman will deliver beautiful enlargement that will never fade. Pay only 49c plus postage or send 50c—3 for $1.00, and we will pay postage ourselves.

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It's our treat! Let us send you 3 full trial sizes of the well known FLAME-GLO Triple Indelible Lipstick FREE, each in a different, fascinating shade so you can discover the color most becoming to you. Just send 10¢ in stamps to cover mailing costs. Glorify your lips with FLAME-GLO . . . send coupon TODAY!

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REG. U.S. PAT. OFF.
TRIPLE INDELIBLE

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Send me 3 trial size lipsticks; enclosed find 10c (Stamps or Coin) for mailing cost.

NAME ....
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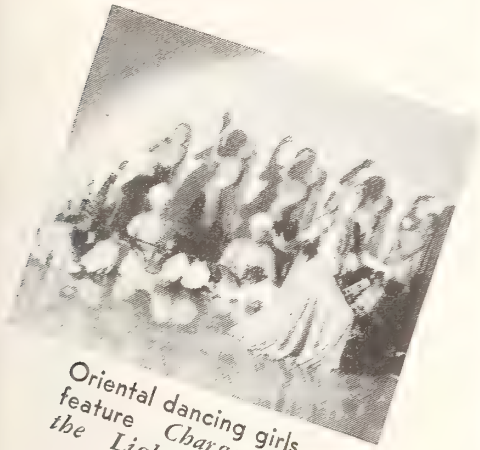
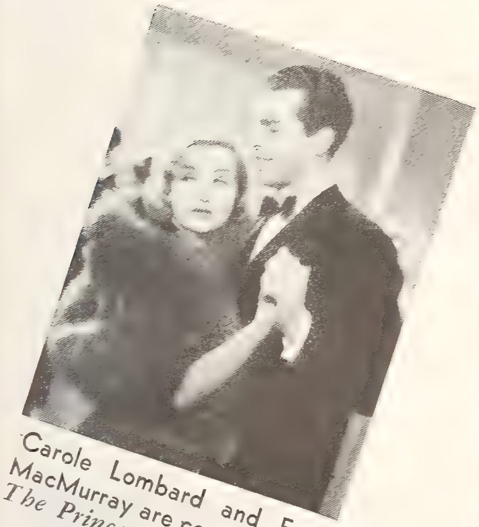
10¢ AND 20¢ AT LEADING 5 & 10¢ STORES

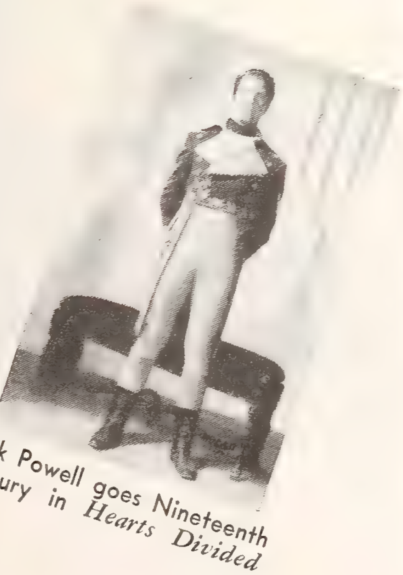
Before Cameras



Oriental dancing girls feature *Charge of the Light Brigade*



Carole Lombard and Fred MacMurray are co-starring in *The Princess Comes Across*



Dick Powell goes Nineteenth century in *Hearts Divided*

WHAT IS THIS WOMAN AFRAID OF? How often a haunting fear spoils good times! But now—women can say goodbye to all that! A new and different kind of sanitary pad is here! Just ask for Modess. Then forget all your old worries . . . for Modess is *certain-safe!*

FEARS ARE NEEDLESS NOW! No shadow of fear need cross your mind, with Certain-Safe Modess! Unlike many ordinary reversible pads, Modess has a specially treated material on sides and back to prevent *striking through!* No chafing—the edges stay dry. Modess stays safe . . . stays soft. Wear the *blue line* on moisture-proof side *away* from the body and perfect protection is yours.

Modess
This is the New Modess
"CERTAIN-SAFE"

End "accident panic"—
ask for Certain-Safe

Modess!

The Improved Sanitary Pad

- *Try N-O-V-O—the safe, easy-to-use douche tablets. Cleanses! Deodorizes! Refreshes! (Not a contraceptive.) In a dainty Blue and Silver Box—at your drug or department store.*

NEW TATTOO CREAM MASCARA

Needs no water to apply—really waterproof!

TATTOO your eyelashes with this smooth, new cream mascara and your lashes will instantly look twice their real length; the South Sea enchantress' own way of achieving truly glamorous eyes. More waterproof than liquid darkeners; won't run or smear. Easier to apply than cake mascaras. Won't smart. Harmless. Actually makes lashes soft and curling, instead of brittle and "beady." Complete with brush in smart, rubber-lined satin vanity . . . 50c.

SEND COUPON FOR 30 DAY TUBE

TATTOO, 11 E. Austin Ave., Dept. G50, Chicago. 10c enclosed. Please send 30 day tube TATTOO Cream Mascara with brush. ☐Black ☐Brown ☐Blue (check color desired).

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*Street*____________________

*City*______________ *State*________

KILL THE HAIR ROOT

Remove Superfluous Hair Forever

Remove the hair permanently, safely, privately at home, following simple directions. The Mahler Method positively prevents the hair from growing again. The delightful relief will bring happiness, freedom of mind and greater success.

Backed by 35 years of successful use all over the world. **Send 6c in stamps TODAY for Illustrated Booklet, "How to Remove Superfluous Hair Forever."**

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RELIEF FROM PSORIASIS with DERMOIL

Make THE ONE SPOT TEST

Dermoil is being used by thousands of men and women throughout the country to secure relief from the effects of this ugly, stubborn, embarrassing scaly skin disease which often causes humiliation and mental agony.

Apply Dermoil externally. Does not stain clothing. Watch the scales go, the red patches gradually disappear and enjoy the thrill of a clear skin again.

J. F. "Suffered for nine years. Had spots on my scalp, forehead, arms, legs and fingernails. Nothing I ever used before has worked like Dermoil. You could not see the places where the scales were".—H. S. "I have suffered from psoriasis for eleven years. My condition now since using Dermoil seems almost impossible to believe. Prior to that time a cup to a cup and a half full of scales formed every day".—M. N. K. "I am rolling up my sleeves for the first time in fifteen years as my arms are entirely cleared up".

Dermoil is packed with a positive guarantee to give chronic psoriasis sufferers definite benefit in two weeks time or money is refunded. **Your word is final.** Prove it yourself. Send 25c for generous trial bottle to make our convincing "One Spot Test". Booklet and proof of results FREE. Don't Delay. Write today. No obligation.

LAKE LABORATORIES

Box 6 Northwestern Station, Dept. F8 Detroit, Michigan

The Lady Changes

[*Continued from page 25*]

psychologist, research chemist and ultra-optimist to discover much of the determined little girl of the Fifth Avenue parkway theatricals in the Hampton Players' ingenue. Or in the young actress who performed under the name of Claire Trevor in *Whistling In The Dark* and *The Party's Over* on the New York stage."

Claire really was a lackadaisical lady in those days, with a baby-blue eye open for a good marriage. When three studios tested her for pictures while she was in Los Angeles with *Whistling In The Dark* she remained unexcited, with not the slightest inclination to start improving herself and preparing for her big chance.

When later, she was presented with a five year contract, with six month options, by Fox, she calmly informed her mother that they were going out to Hollywood for six months' rest.

"I know a dozen girls that got contracts like that," she explained, "and they just hung around waiting to go into a picture until the first six months was up, and then they were kissed goodbye. So you and I will just go out and have a nice rest on that first six months' salary."

WITH that in mind our heroine boarded the train for her Hollywood vacation.

"And then," explains Claire, "I discovered the movies could be coy, too. Probably that is why they are so fascinating; because you never know what to expect.

"I arrived in Los Angeles one Thursday evening, and was met by a couple of men from the studio. They handed me a script and told me to be at the studio at ten the next morning.

"The instant I reported there I was put into make-up and taken before the camera to make tests with George O'Brien. Following that I made publicity stills for an hour or so. Then I had my hair worked over and experimented on for the rest of the day.

"Early Saturday morning I was taken over to Fox Hills, where my teeth were examined and I was paraded before a battery of fault finders who looked for defects. Then followed more stills and more tests until eleven that night.

"They told me I had Sunday off. But at four Monday morning they called me and told me to be ready for a car to take me to location. I was only half awake when they bundled me into a studio bus and started a wild drive for Victorville, about a hundred and twenty-five miles out in the desert.

"Arriving in the desert, I discovered I was going to ride a cow-pony, and I'd never been on a horse before in my life. I rode around in the desert all day, rehearsing again and again and again.

"That night I was so stiff and tired I could hardly move. I was up at four-thirty next morning to enjoy the desert sunrise. In my sequence for that day my suit case was supposed to fall open and all my underwear blow up in the Joshua trees.

"The only way they could accomplish this realistically was to use enormous wind machines to create a sand-storm. And they certainly succeeded. They blew sand on me in hurricanes, and blew my clothes all over the desert. But it was difficult to make them land just right, so I had to go through it exactly seventeen times before the director and camerman were satisfied.

"That picture was called *Life In The Raw,* and it certainly was. And so was my face—absolutely in the raw after having sand blown against it all day. Before I got all the sand out of my hair and eyes, we were working on another George O'Brien picture called *The Lost Trail,* and I was certainly wishing I had lost the trail to Hollywood before I ever left New York.

"They told me I wouldn't have to get up so early in this one. They were right—I didn't get up till six-thirty. The assistant director had forgotten to mention, however, that we were working straight through till four-thirty the next morning.

"And I had come out to draw my salary and take a nice six months' vacation. Maybe some day I'll tell my grandchildren how I

Leslie Howard and Edna May Oliver are caught by our candid cameraman as they sit chatting between scenes on the *Romeo and Juliet* set at Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer. Howard plays Romeo and Miss Oliver has the important role of Juliet's nurse rushed out to get into pictures and worked day and night to make good, gladly suffering physical torture and what not, that I might make a name for myself. But," and here Claire grinned like a self-conscious school-girl, "the truth is I was pushed into it. Simon Legree was the proprietor of a rest cure compared to the average assistant director I've met.

"I was next pushed into *'The Mad Game'*, a mighty fortunate picture for me. Only I grew to like the careless, easy way in which Spencer Tracy worked and before I knew it I was imitating his casual manner. In fact, anything casual always did appeal to me. Several other fortunate pictures for me followed rapidly. My vacation had developed into a marathon between sound stage, make-up department, dressing room, location, still department, and, praise the Lord, bed.

"Mother was all sympathy for her worn out, nerve-frazzled little darling, but I know she was chuckling to herself all the time. I was always so fond of taking things easy, and I had spoken so glibly of the vacation we were going to have at the studio's expense, that I'm sure she felt Hollywood was giving my soul a much-needed going over."

IF ever there was a more completely frank individual than Claire Trevor, he, or she, never reached Hollywood. Most un-starlike, she admits freely that she did not struggle to fame by ceaseless effort, sacrifice and a tireless battle against adversity.

But fate seemed determined to keep this young lady at work. It pursued her even to Honolulu where she went on her first vacation. Hardly had she stretched out in an easy chair under Hawaiian palms before director Alan Dwan from the studio showed up with a cameraman. They were taking background shots for *Navy Wife*. And with them came a studio official who wanted to have a heart to heart talk with the blonde contract player.

"We've decided to put you in *Navy Wife*," he announced, "but first I'd like to have a talk with you. We're planning to star you, but you'll have to change a lot before that.

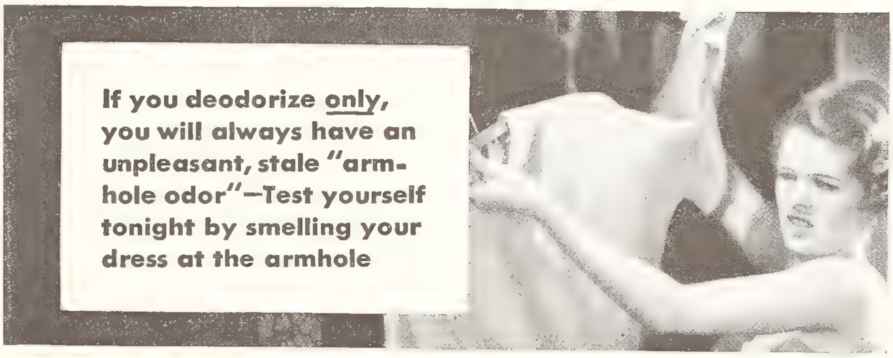
"You are too careless; you are inclined to be lazy; you are slipshod in your work. If you expect to go ahead you will have to mend your ways. You will have to improve your diction—it's sloppy. You'll have to take the slouch out of your walk and acquire some poise. You'll have to read good books, not with the idea of entertainment, but because they are good for you. You'll have to be more discriminating in your dress—and I'll expect you to cultivate charm. Your mannerisms are bad, and you aren't graceful."

"Aside from those few faults, and twenty or thirty other things," explained Claire, "I seemed to be absolutely O.K."

She followed the advice that the studio executive had given her in Honolulu. At first she didn't think it was worth the effort—even stardom. Then the old picture of her mother's thwarted ambition and unhappiness flashed into her mind and the aggressive little girl of Fifth Avenue parkway moved back into the body of Claire Trevor.

So complete and violent was her about-face that, within a month of her return to Hollywood, everyone at Fox studios was wondering what had gotten into the easy-going Claire. The prominent chin of hers, which had played so little part in her life during the last few years, had suddenly resumed its childhood angle, and from that moment on she began her relentless drive for stardom, which, we understand, is just around the corner.

You may blush with shame when you make this "Armhole Odor" Test



If you deodorize only, you will always have an unpleasant, stale "armhole odor"—Test yourself tonight by smelling your dress at the armhole

THE more fastidious you are, the more shocked you may be to realize you cannot prevent armhole odor unless your underarm is *dry* as well as sweet.

Tonight, when you take off your dress, smell the fabric under the arm. No matter how carefully you deodorize your *underarm*, you may find that your *dress* carries the odor of stale perspiration!

This is bound to happen if you merely *deodorize*. Creams and sticks cannot protect completely, because they are not made to *stop* perspiration. They do not keep the underarm dry, so perspiration collects on the fabric of your dress.

The next time you wear that seemingly clean dress, the warmth of your body brings out an unpleasant "armhole odor" which is imperceptible to you, but embarrassingly obvious to those around you!

Only one way to be SURE

Women who care about good grooming know there is no shortcut to underarm daintiness. They insist on the *complete* protection of Liquid Odorono. It keeps the underarm not only sweet, but absolutely *dry*. Not even a drop of moisture can collect on your dress.

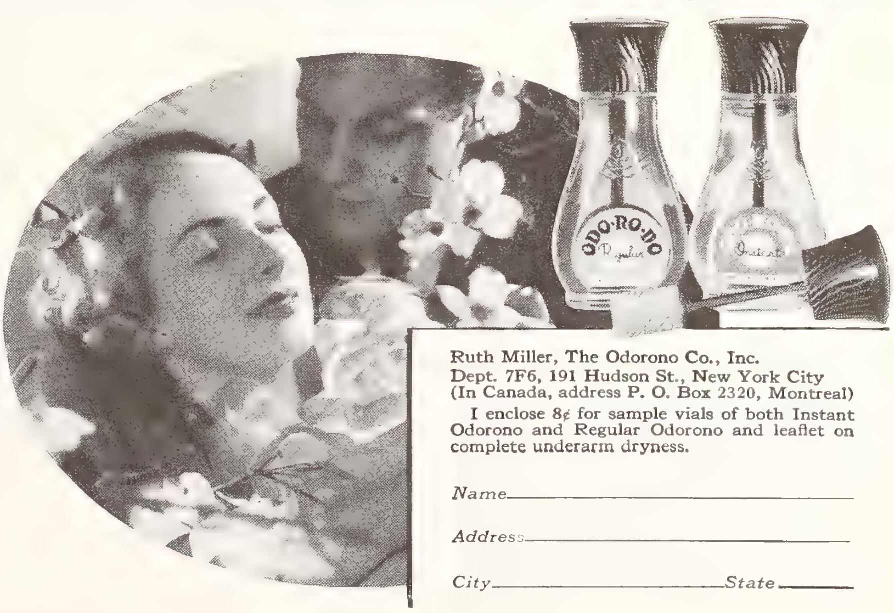
Odorono is entirely safe . . . ask your doctor. It gently closes the pores in that little hollow of the underarm. Perspiration is merely diverted to less confined areas where it may evaporate freely. Women safely use millions of bottles of Odorono yearly.

Time well spent—Clothes saved

It takes a few seconds longer to use Odorono but it is well worth your while. There is no grease to get on your clothes. And expensive dresses can no longer be stained and ruined in a single wearing. You need never worry about your daintiness or your clothes again!

Odorono comes in two strengths—Regular and Instant. You need use Regular Odorono (Ruby colored) only twice a week. Instant Odorono (Colorless) is for especially sensitive skin or quick emergency use—to be used daily or every other day. Keep both kinds on hand—for night or morning use. At all toilet-goods counters.

To know utter security and poise, send for sample vials of both Odoronos and leaflet on complete underarm dryness offered below.



Ruth Miller, The Odorono Co., Inc.
Dept. 7F6, 191 Hudson St., New York City
(In Canada, address P. O. Box 2320, Montreal)
I enclose 8¢ for sample vials of both Instant Odorono and Regular Odorono and leaflet on complete underarm dryness.

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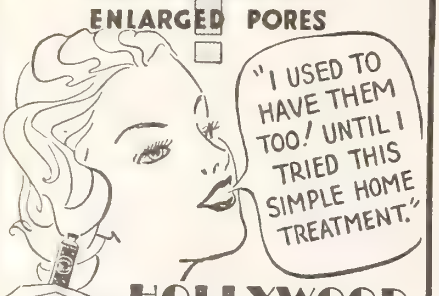
*Address*________________

*City*________ *State*________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An entirely different cosmetic that accomplishes wonders in removing lines, wrinkles and blackheads. It restores the glow of health to your skin . . . making it radiantly youthful and beautiful . . . through stimulation of the underlying skin tissues. Its use is simple . . . and immediately effective. FREE OFFER—Limited time only—write today.

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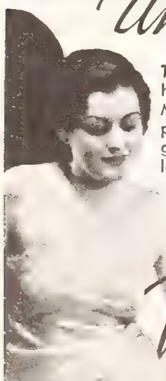
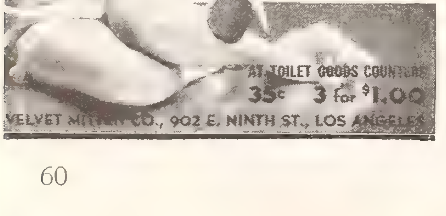
The Best Remedy is Made at Home

YOU can now make at home a better gray hair remedy than you can buy, by following this simple recipe: To half pint of water add one ounce bay rum, a small box of Barbo Compound and one-fourth ounce of glycerine. Any druggist can put this up or you can mix it yourself at very little cost. Apply to the hair twice a week until the desired shade is obtained. Barbo imparts color to streaked, faded or gray hair, makes it soft and glossy and takes years off your looks. It will not color the scalp, is not sticky or greasy and does not rub off. Do not be handicapped by gray hair when it is so easy to get rid of it in your own home.





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HAIR REMOVER

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35c 3 for $1.00

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The Show Window

[*Continued from page 19*]

sters"—this picture reaps a rich harvest of laughs and will be welcome summer fare. Guy Kibbee, who seems to improve with every performance, dominates every scene in which he appears and plays his rôle with rich understanding and humor. Warren Hull, Alma Lloyd and Marie Wilson have outstanding parts. *Warner Brothers.*

LET'S SING AGAIN—A simple, sentimental little picture which rises above the average film offering because it has the priceless ingredient of sincerity. The story dwells upon the friendship between a musically talented youngster and a broken-down opera star. And Bobby Breen, hailed as one of the year's greatest discoveries, is really sensational. Not yet the most finished of actors, his singing is superb. Henry Armetta, as the ex-opera star, and George Huston, as the boy's father, are excellent. *Principal Pictures.*

DON'T GAMBLE WITH LOVE—Co-starring Ann Sothern and Bruce Cabot, this dramatic story of a marriage which is wrecked by the husband's passion for gambling, is very satisfactory fare. Without being intended or presented as a preachment, the picture is a damning indictment of professional gambling and its plot, always believable, builds to a smashing climax. Credit Ann Sothern with an unusually fine interpretation of a difficult rôle. *Columbia.*

AND SO THEY WERE MARRIED—Sparkling, breezy comedy, so ably directed, enacted and produced that it will appeal strongly to every audience. The plot hinges on the love between two disillusioned victims of divorce, and the efforts of their respective children to spoil their romance.

The situations are brilliantly conceived, the laugh lines are uproarous, and the acting of Melvyn Douglas, Mary Astor and the two kid starlets, Edith Fellows and Jackie Moran, leaves nothing to be desired. *Columbia.*

THE LAW IN HER HANDS—A novel plot, in which a too-smart woman lawyer aligns herself with a gang of crooks and tries to circumvent the law, features this unusual offering, which without being outstanding, will, nevertheless, prove satisfactory fare to most audiences. Margaret Lindsey is very convincing as the lawless Portia, and Warren Hull, as the district attorney, is thoroughly able. Lyle Talbot is a standout as the czar of gangland. *Warner Brothers.*

THE COUNTRY BEYOND—A drama of the great open spaces, based on one of James Oliver Curwood's most popular novels, and screened with taste, judgment and artistry. Rochelle Hudson, Paul Kelly and Robert Kent head the cast and display real craftsmanship in rôles which require finesse. The scenic backgrounds are magnificent—and ideally suited to vacation-time tastes. *Twentieth Century-Fox.*

DRACULA'S DAUGHTER—Intelligently produced and fascinating in its sinister implications, this is undoubtedly the best of the many horror specials which have been produced under the Universal banner since the first Frankenstein opus started the theatre turnstiles clicking. Not as gruesome as some of its predecessors, it succeeds in creating an atmosphere or credibility which makes it even more chilling. The situations build logically until the vampire legend is

Herbert Marshall and James Burke have leading rôles in *Forgotten Faces,* a dramatic highlight of the month

James Stuart, Ted Healy and Wendy Barrie in a scene from *Speed,* a roaring drama of the racing track

Rosalind Russell and Ronald Colman in the Foreign Legion thriller, *Under Two Flags*

Joe E. Brown and Joan Blondell head the cast of *Sons o' Guns,* one of Joe's best laugh-fests thoroughly established and then sweep on to a smashing climax that will thrill any audience, no matter how blase. Otto Kruger, as the heroic psychiatrist, gives an amazingly fine performance and Gloria Holden, as the vampire, is startlingly impressive. She will hold every theatregoer spellbound with each of her scenes. Marguerite Churchill, Irving Pichel, Hedda Hopper, Nan Gray and Edward Van Sloan are excellent in strong supporting roles. *Universal.*

HALF ANGEL—An unusually satisfactory murder mystery with Frances Dee and Brian Donlevy featured. The story holds interest from the opening scene which shows Frances Dee acquitted of murder charge to the climax which brings the arrest and conviction of the real criminal. Charles Butterworth, Etienne Giarardot, Henry Stephenson, Sara Haden and Helen Westley contribute fine performances. *20th Century Fox.*

FAIR

FLORIDA SPECIAL—A train racing across country, a millionaire diamond collector, a gang of jewel thieves and a clever, wise-cracking newspaper reporter who solves the mystery in the nick of time—and there you have all the elements which should have made this picture top-notch entertainment—and didn't. The plot develops too slowly and suspense is conspicuous by its absence. Jack Oakie, as the newshound, provides a goodly share of comedy and Sally Eilers makes the most of a rather weak rôle. *Paramount.*

THE HARVESTER—Although based on the famous Gene Stratton-Porter novel, this film lacks interest. Alice Brady and Russell Hardie highlight the cast and contribute really excellent performances, but all in all, *The Harvester* can be recommended for only the most ardent Gene Stratton-Porter devotees. *Republic.*

PANIC ON THE AIR—Another "whodunit" with Lew Ayres in the rôle of a radio sports commentator who makes a specialty of using his program to unravel murder enigmas. Blessed with a really novel plot, this film will please mystery fans. Lew Ayres and Florence Rice, the gal in the case, handle their parts with considerable finesse. *Columbia.*

DEVIL'S SQUADRON—An aviation thriller staring Richard Dix. Crammed with action and suspense—if you can still be excited by stock airplane stunts—it lacks only a stronger and more believable story to be excellent entertainment. Dix and Karen Morely give fine performances. *Columbia.*

BORN TO FIGHT—A very entertaining picturization of Peter B. Kyne's story of the prize ring, with Kane Richmond, Frankie Darro and Frances Grant in the leading rôles. The fight scenes are unusually well-handled and the romance will please. *Conn Pictures.*

BORDER FLIGHT—Again romance takes to the air, this time in a melodramatic tale of the Border Patrol, which offers little that is new in the way of plot. The air stunts are deftly carried out and John Howard and Frances Farmer, in the leading rôles, are satisfactory. *Paramount.*

THE MINE WITH THE IRON DOOR—Lean entertainment, despite good per-

[*Continued on page* 74]

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Stop at your favorite spot and join the throng by asking for Pabst TAPaCan. Treat yourself to the delicious flavor and brewery goodness that millions of folks are enjoying.

For ninety-two years Pabst has been making fine beer. And now, for the first time—that original brewery goodness is captured at the brewery and brought to you just as Pabst made it. Sealed in—fully protected, non-refillable, tamper-proof—Pabst Export Beer reaches you with all its delicious brewery flavor. Enjoy Pabst from your own convenient personal container—enjoy beer with a deliciousness and purity you have never tasted before. Go *best,* young man, and refuse all substitutes. Call for the best by name—Pabst TAPaCan.

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See MONA BARRIE 20th Century-Fox Player in 'THE PRISONER OF SHARK ISLAND'

BREAST-O'-CHICKEN Tuna Salad Barrie

A dainty dish by a dainty star . . . who knows her tuna as well as her klieg lights. You'll like this finer tuna, too! It's delicate in color and flavor

TUNA SALAD BARRIE

Shred one tin Breast-O'-Chicken Tuna Fish. Place in colander, pour boiling water over fish and drain. Combine with 2 tbsp. chopped stuffed peppers, 1 cup chopped celery, 2 tbsp. pickle relish, 1 tbsp. chopped green pepper, 2 tbsp. French dressing, and mayonnaise to hold together. Place in damp roll mold and chill one hour. Unmold on grill plate and garnish with sliced stuffed olives, parsley, radish roses, sliced tomatoes and lemon.

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RADIO'S FAMOUS TAP DANCER
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Errol Flynn, keeping in trim for his role in the new Warner Brothers spectacle, *Charge of the Light Brigade,* in which he plays an English officer, spends hours in the saddle, practising the art of tent-pegging—driving a spear through a stake set in the ground—a difficult feat at full gallop

Hollywood Highlights

[*Continued from page 21*]

who really found Will Rogers and so many of the others for "Ziggy." He's one of the unsung heroes of the theatre and the musical world. At the opening, I sat beside Mary Garden. She'll be such good copy in Hollywood . . . a great show-woman. I understand she stages her interviews with the proper settings . . . soft lights, etc. I remember meeting her years ago in Fort Lee, New Jersey. She was playing *Thais* for Sam Goldwyn. Her art director at that time was our favorite mural painter, Hugo Ballin. He did the murals for the Jewish Synagogue here, and for part of the Public Library, and the County Hospital.

Tillie Losch, the continental dancer, who has come out to do the *Garden of Allah,* attended the premiere with Oliver Messell, who did the costumes for *Romeo and Juliet.* He rushed up to Adrian and congratulated him on his lovely creations. Rosalind Russell sitting near me, looked like she had borrowed some of the decorations from the picture, for right on top of her head, balanced as nicely as a queen's crown, were a bunch of soap-bubbles.

Turn About

One of our greatest showmen here (oh, I might just as well tell you it was Darryl Zanuck), hearing that a pal who had helped him when he first started into pictures, wasn't doing so hot, sent for him, gave him a contract, and the man is about to turn out one of the best pictures of the year. The wheels of Hollywood fortune go 'round and 'round—and sometimes bread cast on the waters comes back toasted.

Two To the Ex's

A funny thing about Ruth Chatterton's secretaries. She had two charming, intelligent girls working for her. One of them went to work for Ralph Forbes, and the other one is now secretary to George Brent. Would you say that was keeping it in the family? And while I'm on the subject, Ruth is the joy and delight of our highest-priced decorator. I understand her house is again being done over—for the third time, if I count aright.

A Glorified Car

Down in South Carolina, live Mamie and Jerry, Marie Dressler's maid and butler who, since Marie's death, have bought themselves a beautiful Colonial mansion. They inherited Marie's big Lincoln limousine, which they promptly sold to the leading undertaker, who converted it into a hearse. And now, for a hundred dollars extra, the colored folks can ride to their graves in a car that's been glorified in the movies.

The Easter Parade

Went to a couple of grand Easter parties. Adrian started it off with breakfast. There, rambling among his guests, rabbits, monkeys, chickens, turkeys and dogs, was Mrs. Vincent Astor. So many actresses have tried to play a lady on the screen (I even got a job once on that account . . . Lady Thelma Converse Furness wanted the part, and they looked her over and said, "Well, you may be a lady, but Hedda Hopper looks like one.") but Mrs. Astor wouldn't have to play the part. She lives it. Why we Americans make such a fuss over titles when we have bred so many aristocrats will forever remain a mystery to me.

A La Russe

Among the guests was Lynn Riggs, whose play, *The Purple Mantle* is a great success in New York . . . but you'd never know it, judging by his modesty.

I went on from Adrian's to a Russian Easter party, which is always the highlight of the whole year. They're such marvelous people! No inhibitions, no fear of over-emphasis, no fear of inviting the wrong people . . . just talented children of nature who enjoy the gifts God gives them . . . good food, wine, music, laughter, dancing. It was amusing to see how James Hilton, who wrote, *Goodbye, Mr. Chips,* expanded in the warmth of their hospitality. He was like a child, clapping his hands at the thought of Santa Claus.

Mae's Monument

While watching a newsreel the other night, there flashed a scene of the prison walls being torn down on Welfare Island. A perfectly strange woman, sitting beside me, said, "Oh, I wish they hadn't done that." Her companion asked, "Why not?" And she answered, "Well, that was the former home of Mae West, and they should keep it as a monument to honest lust."

A Real Charity

I learned only today about the recent activities of Mrs. Leslie Howard. We have a charitable organization here called The Assistance League. It's run by social and screen people to take care of the needs of children whose mothers have to work. There's a tea-room connected with it, and for years it's been cramped, stuffy and hot. A few months ago, Ruth Howard was taken there to luncheon and was charmed by the atmosphere of the place and the people who worked so hard in its behalf. So she went to Mrs. Hancock Banning, who is the heart and soul of this charity and asked to be allowed to enlarge and ventilate and renovate the whole place, which she's done at her own expense. She has been there every day to supervise the work and has loved every second of time she's given to it. They take care of nearly one hundred children a day . . . Chinese, Japanese, Americans. A few years ago, Elizabeth Arden heard about it. She was taken through the day nursery and ever since has taken care of two little girls who were crippled from infantile paralysis, and I'm told it won't be long before the children will be well.

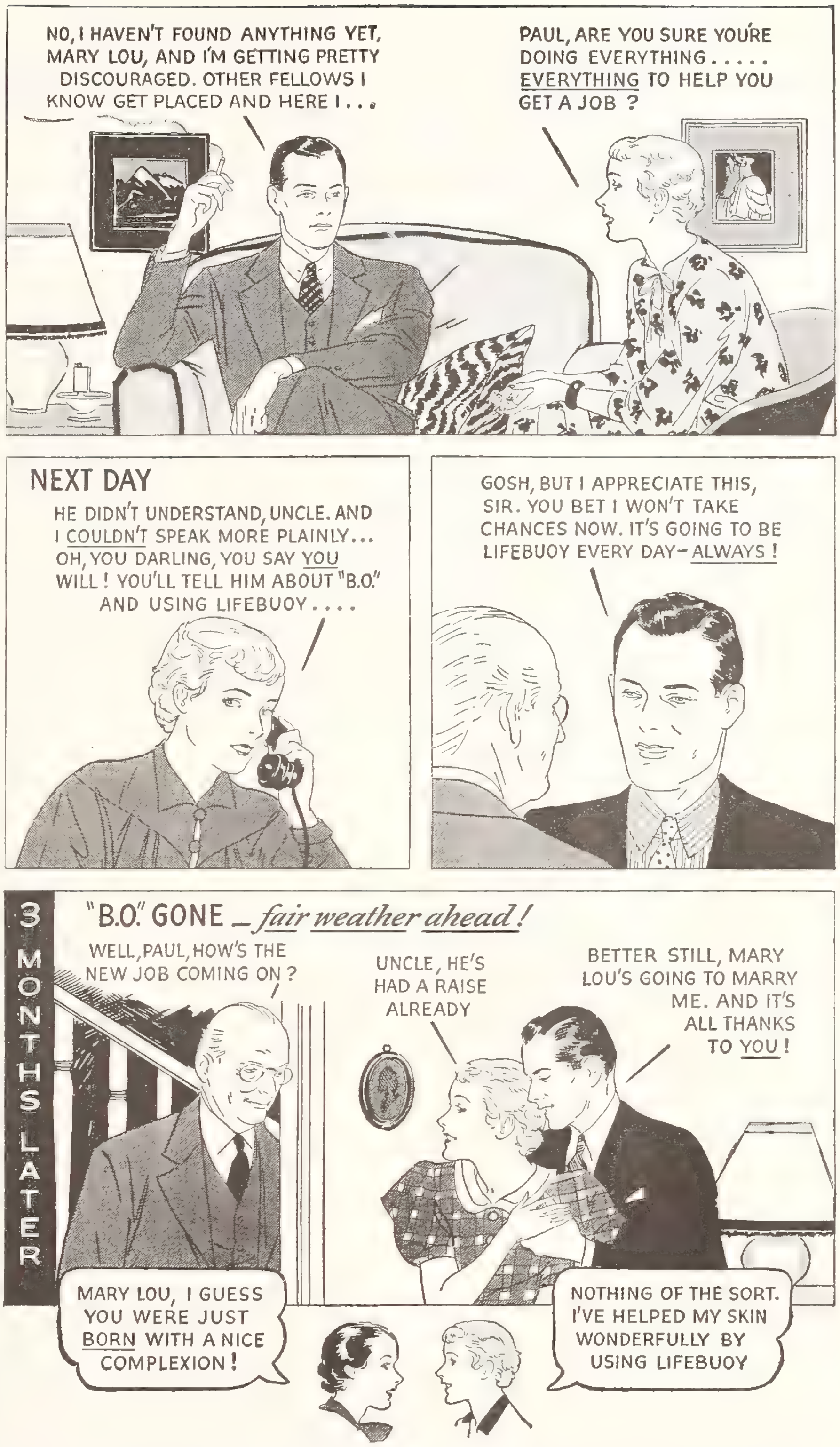
Economy Reigns

You know, the neighborly things about Hollywood are so seldom told. I think the reason may be that you're not interested in them. Tell me truly, wouldn't you much rather hear some choice bit of scandal than to hear how Jean Harlow borrowed a pint of cream over the back fence? But this I know to be true. There are three very prominent women here, each with a lovely evening cape. One's sable, one's silver-fox, and one's ermine. And they plan their costumes so they can borrow from each other. Not even their most intimate friends have caught on to their racket, but each one of the ladies in question has given the price of a fur coat to charity.

The Parker Mystery

When Jean Parker and George MacDonald went off to Arizona to be married,

[*Continued on page* 65]


NO, I HAVEN'T FOUND ANYTHING YET, MARY LOU, AND I'M GETTING PRETTY DISCOURAGED. OTHER FELLOWS I KNOW GET PLACED AND HERE I . . .
PAUL, ARE YOU SURE YOU'RE DOING EVERYTHING . . . . . EVERYTHING TO HELP YOU GET A JOB ?
NEXT DAY
HE DIDN'T UNDERSTAND, UNCLE. AND I COULDN'T SPEAK MORE PLAINLY... OH, YOU DARLING, YOU SAY YOU WILL! YOU'LL TELL HIM ABOUT "B.O." AND USING LIFEBUOY . . . .
GOSH, BUT I APPRECIATE THIS, SIR. YOU BET I WON'T TAKE CHANCES NOW. IT'S GOING TO BE LIFEBUOY EVERY DAY–ALWAYS !
3 MONTHS LATER
"B.O." GONE — fair weather ahead!
WELL, PAUL, HOW'S THE NEW JOB COMING ON ?
UNCLE, HE'S HAD A RAISE ALREADY
BETTER STILL, MARY LOU'S GOING TO MARRY ME. AND IT'S ALL THANKS TO YOU !
MARY LOU, I GUESS YOU WERE JUST BORN WITH A NICE COMPLEXION !
NOTHING OF THE SORT. I'VE HELPED MY SKIN WONDERFULLY BY USING LIFEBUOY

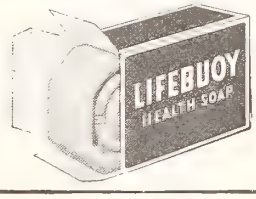
DISCOURAGED about your complexion? Change to Lifebuoy. Its deep-cleansing lather gently rids pores of impurities, freshens the skin. And "patch" tests on the skins of hundreds of women show Lifebuoy is more than 20 per cent milder than many so-called "beauty soaps." No wonder women say Lifebuoy is so kind to their complexions—keeps it so beautifully smooth and clear.

Summer freedom from "B. O."

Summer heat makes "B. O." (*body odor*) even more objectionable. Be doubly careful! *No one* can afford to take chances with "B. O." The merest hint of it is instantly noticeable. To keep *fresh, safe* all summer long, bathe regularly with Lifebuoy. Its searching, purifying lather *deodorizes* the pores, stops "B. O." Its own clean scent vanishes as you rinse. Another thing—Lifebuoy gives loads of rich lather, even in the hardest water.

Approved by Good Housekeeping Bureau

stops 'B.O.'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You can banish those ugly, embarrassing freckles quickly and surely in the privacy of your room. Your friends will wonder how you did it. Stillman's Freckle Cream removes them while you sleep. Leaves the skin soft and smooth, the complexion fresh and clear . . 50c A JAR

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Stillman's Actone

No one likes pimples. You can get rid of yours—have a clear skin again with Stillman's Actone. It's guaranteed to give you satisfaction. Takes only a few seconds to apply—then immediately becomes invisible. Write today for folder "Pimples removed" . . $1

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NOW swim, cry or perspire—yet your lashes and brows remain bewitchingly dark and attractive at all times. Just use "Dark Eyes" instead of ordinary mascara. *One application lasts 4 to 5 weeks.* Ends daily make-up bother. Never runs, smarts, smudges or harms lashes. Indelible. Try it! $1 at good department and drug stores.

"Dark-Eyes" INDELIBLE DARKENER

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412 Orleans St., Chicago, Ill.
I enclose 25c (coin or stamps) for generous trial package of "Dark-Eyes" and directions.

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Address __________________ State ________________

White Orchid

[*Continued from page* 34]

and not quite so girlish in spite of her poise, there would be grave danger of her being classed as an intellectual. As it is, if she were to leave the screen tomorrow, there is little doubt but that she could easily find vocational adjustment in not one but a number of fields. And behind that remarkable fact, there is another story that helps to explain the Anita Louise of today.

IT is the story of a woman who faced the world one day, widowed, with a baby to take care of; and the realization that, while she had a variety of talents, there was no one career for which she was capably equipped. That woman made a resolution that day. She determined that her object in life would be to equip her baby girl to earn the good things of life by her own efforts. She resolved that that baby girl should never be unfit to face life and cope with it "on her own."

That woman was Anita Louise's mother, Mrs. Fremault. And from the moment that resolution was made, Anita's program has been mapped out for her. The study of dancing, French, drama, art, and music was made a part of Anita's routine as soon as she was old enough to have one. Mrs. Fremault recognized that the picture industry, then in its infancy, would be the field of opportunity that it has since turned out to be, and she brought Anita to Hollywood. At the age of five, Anita was playing parts in pictures. And, far from feeling that she was deprived of childish pleasures, she says now that early experience laid the foundation for the most essential requisite of success . . . love of her work.

When she is not working on a picture, Anita is frequently seen dancing in the gay night spots of Hollywood with any one of the several young men who have made obvious their devotion to her. In the past, her name has frequently been linked with that of Tom Brown, and for a time, their interest in each other was so obvious that their engagement was rumoured daily. Since that time, her engagement to a few other men has been rumoured . . . and, in each instance, denied by Anita.

"When I decide to marry," Anita announces firmly, "I'll break the news at an announcement party. And until I *do* break the news in such a manner, any rumour of my engagement that you may hear isn't true!"

Coming from Anita Louise, that statement can be accepted at face value. The home life of Anita and her mother has always been conspicuous in Hollywood for its dignity and ceremony. Behind that fact, too, can be seen the judicious hand of Anita's mother. Realizing that acting, of necessity, entails a certain irregularity of routine that might easily lead to a careless way of living, she determined early in Anita's career that a well-ordered home life should always be hers, and that nothing should be allowed to take from her daughter the stability that is afforded only by the background of a real home. There has never been a hodge-podge hotel-rooming, restaurant-dining, existence for Anita. Even when she and her mother go to New York for a few days, they take an apartment, so that for the duration of their stay, they may have a place that is home. Birthdays are events, and Anita Louise's Christmas parties are Hollywood tradition. No cocktail affairs at Anita's at Christmas time! For years, she and her mother and a few chosen friends have celebrated that holiday at quiet candle-lit dinners on Christmas Eve, with the guests singing Christmas carols to the accompaniment of Anita's harp. Hardly the popular conception of a Hollywood actress's Christmas party, is it?

The effect of this background is manifest in Anita Louise's bearing. She has the poised serenity of the established woman, which, coupled with her girlish manners, makes a combination as charming as it is unusual.

She's a cultured, well rounded-out young girl, is Anita Louise. Some day life is going to add a bit to her meagre repertoire of experiences, and then it will be interesting to see what happens to Anita Louise, *the actress.*

Maxine Jennings, Radio Pictures starlet, who will next be seen in *M'liss*, visits Ken Maynard's Wild West Show, now on tour

The candid camera catches Marla Shelton and Diana Gibson, as they arrive at Universal for their day's work before the cameras in *The Phantom Rider,* which will star Buck Jones

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Hollywood Highlights

[*Continued from page 63*]

no one had the slightest inkling of it . . . not even Jean's guardian, who understood Jean was going to Santa Barbara to spend the week-end with friends.

A Loveable Genius

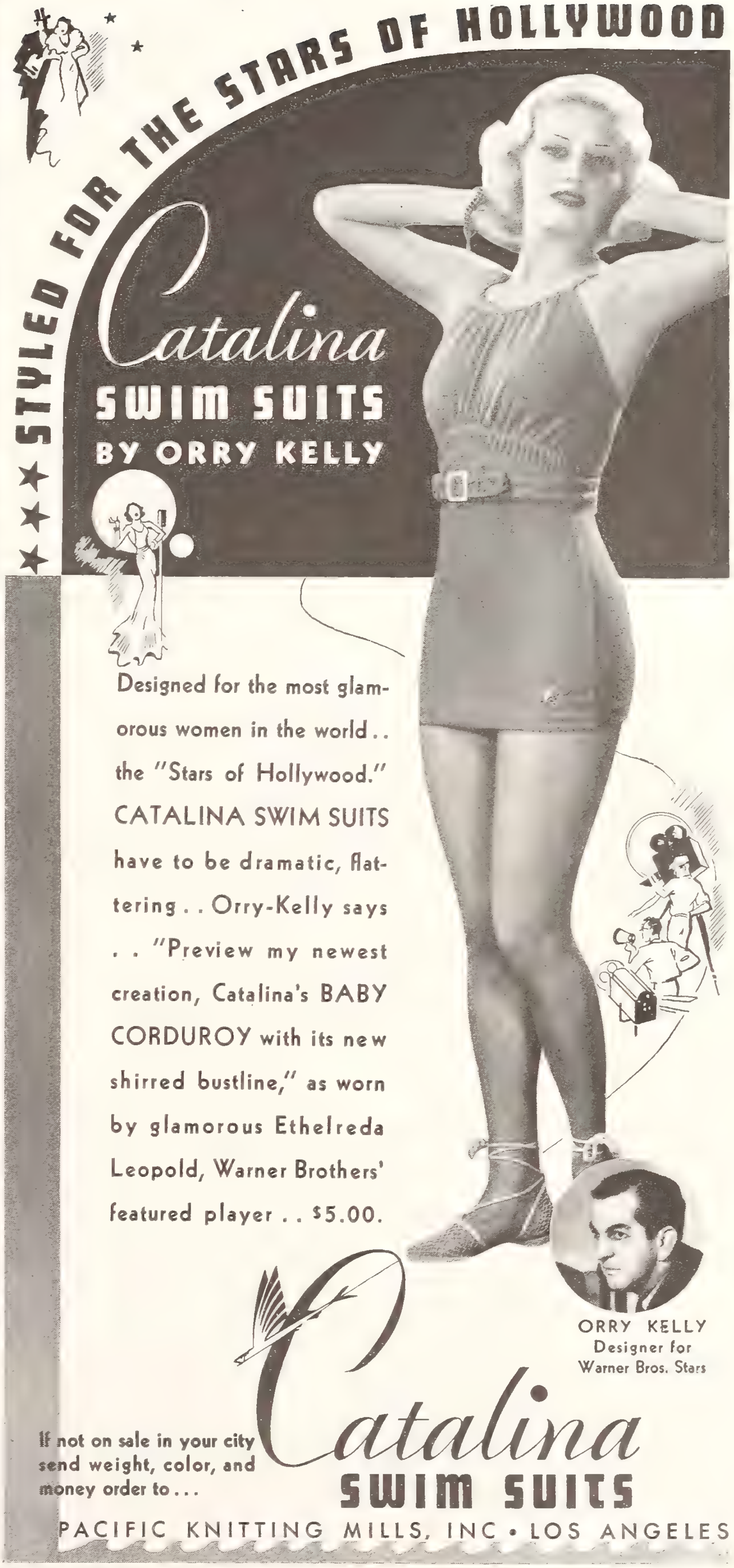
You've all seen the picture, *These Three,* and longed to choke the brat, played by Bonita Granville. But there is one of the sweetest children I've ever met. And it was she, herself, who suggested putting in the slap from the old housekeeper, at the end of the picture. They saw the preview and realized that the finish needed some sort of kick. Retakes were arranged for, and they tried slapping that portion of her anatomy which is in seclusion when she is seated, but even that seemed too tame. And I understand that Bonita said, "Go on . . . let fly! Give me a good one, right on the face!" So a little child led them into a glorious dramatic climax.

Au Revoir

By the time you read this, in case you're interested, I'll be on my way to England on the "Queen Mary" with a grand person, Frances Marion. She has a contract to write for Alexander Korda, and I'm to do one picture with him. Frances has just finished a new novel which I think is a knockout. Its central character is very like Marie Dressler, and no one in the world knows more about Marie than Frances. If you'll remember that it was she who brought Marie back to fame after practically seven years of starvation . . .

So, next month, I'll give you a report on the growing "American colony" in London.

HEDDA HOPPER.



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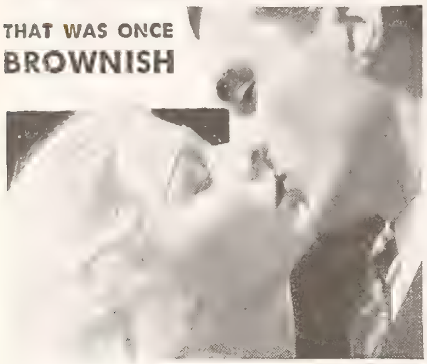

Shampoo-Rinse Lightens Hair
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How Hollywood Manufactures A Star

[*Continued from page* 47]

Harlow glamour. He studied Mary's personality and set about accenting it by clothes. The wardrobe she brought from Ottawa was discarded. Adrian, informed by the "front office" that she was to be cast in "sexy" roles, designed for her new dresses, new lingerie, new coats, new negliges. And, as though by magic, the alluring quality which the studio's analysts had glimpsed in Mary's tests was greatly intensified. It is a matter of sober record that, when she appeared for luncheon at the Vendome in her new splendor, three very eligible male stars who had never even noticed her before immediately tried to date her and got their names—and hers—in all the gossip columns, which, of course, delighted everyone concerned.

THE studio hairdressers, who had been experimenting with her coiffure for weeks, finally created a style which exactly suited the personality with which the studio had determined to endow her. You've seen that coiffure imitated by thousands of girls since Mary's rise to stardom. They call it the "Mary Doe Bob." But bosh! The only thing Mary supplied was her own rather straggly hair—which, incidentally, was a medium brown when she arrived in Hollywood but which immediately became a rich auburn when the studio experts discovered that auburn accented her allure and made her photograph more strikingly.

Remember Mary when she lived in Kent, Ohio? She was inclined to be a bit plump then and she's the very quintessence of slimness now. But, oh, the long, brutal hours of agony that Mary suffered in order to gain her present contours. Every morning she was mercilessly mauled by Ingrid, the famous Swedish masseuse. Every day, she exercised under the guidance of Mike Bantwell, the famous conditioner. Every day, she took a strenuous dancing lesson. As a matter of fact, she hadn't been at all unattractive with that extra poundage she wore in Tallahassee—but the camera, lacking the third dimension of depth, adds approximately twenty pounds to the averdupois of a player, so Mary had to reduce.

And, even so, why should Mary complain? Didn't even the great diva, Grace Moore, have to stand diet and exercise, and exercise and diet, when she first came to the screen? And didn't Clara Bow, long after she was a top-flight star, suffer agonies at Ingrid's cruel hands?

Remember Mary's voice, when she went to school with you in Walla Walla? It was pleasant enough, but rather thin and squeally. Just listen to the husky, emotional, throbbing timbre of it now. It's the product of test after test, of vocal exercise after vocal exercise, and of lesson after lesson from the best voice teacher in Hollywood. No one in the studio had ever heard of a sexy siren with a reedy voice, so they paid the teacher's bills and charged them off to manufacturing costs.

Perhaps you've smiled a little while reading the dramatic accounts of Mary's girlhood in San Diego. She lived next door to you and you knew her pretty well.

Mary can thank the publicity department for the "color in her life." And a clever job they did of it, too. Never once did they concoct a falsehood. They merely shaded and glorified and dramatized the facts. Their campaign was the result of many a conference. The "San Diego Bonfire"—that was the catch phrase that was finally coined to dominate and guide all of her publicity. Look what that trade name, "The Platinum Blonde," did for Harlow.

BUT of all who had a hand in manufacturing Mary Doe, screen star, none played a more important role than Oliver Hinsdale, Metro's famous dramatic coach. Mary was enrolled in his school as soon as her tests were pronounced satisfactory, and there, with ten other embryo screen luminaries, she studied stage and screen craft. At least once a month, she played a role in a Hinsdale-directed stage play, presented in the studio with the producers and directors for audience. She learned what to do with her hands, how to be poised and on balance, how to modulate her voice to express emotion—in short, Mary was given large doses of Thespian technique by a master teacher.

It was eight months before she received her first picture assignment. And then, M-G-M's casting chief succeeded in loaning her to a small, independent studio. If she had fallen down on the job, it would have made little difference, for the picture never was intended for the first run theatres which display M-G-M's super-epics.

After completing that role—with credit—she was loaned again and again to the lesser studios, first for one type of role, then for another. Metro wants its players to gather a rich background of experience before being entrusted with important roles in its own pictures. Didn't exactly the same policy, carried out with Robert Taylor and many others, pay dividends?

And Mary came through with flying colors. The rest of her story is too well known to need re-telling here. When she was ready, she played the lead opposite Gable and overnight became a star.

If there is disillusionment in the fact that her career was shaped by a manufacturing process, just remember this:

Mary needed strength of character to see the process through. She stuck—stuck in the face of ruthless treatment and tedious waiting. She may be something less than a Goddess but she's a very grand person. And never overlook the fact that she had to have natural charm, intelligence and abilyity or the most persistent manufacturing method would have been wasted.

Rod La Rocque and Herbert Marshall, close personal friends, pause for a chat between scenes of *Daddy and I*, Marshall's current production

Party Line in Hollywood

[*Continued from page* 15]

Marie Prevost, who has been struggling along for several years with unimportant bits, has landed a long term contract with Warner Brothers and will again have her name in lights. And behind that news flash is a nice little human interest story. Marie, discouraged by a long series of bad breaks, had allowed herself to become much, much too plump. Suddenly she fell in love (he's a non-professional), went on a strict diet, regained a trim, slender figure, and presto—along came Warners!

Like a feesh

Erik Rhodes has been so identified with dialect comedy in the Rogers-Astaire pictures that you'll probably be surprised to learn that he's the best all-around athlete in Hollywood. He's an acrobatic wonder, a near-champion tennis player, a badminton whiz, an expert fencer, a handball shark and an aquatic marvel. In fact, you name it, and he's it! His latest stunt is a record swim across the great Salton Sea in Imperial Valley, a twelve mile endurance test through water so muggy with salt and other solids that few swimmers have ever dared attempt it.

Casting News

And, now, for some news from the studio casting offices, collected via the Party Line:

Preston Foster, risen to screen glory by virtue of his work in *Love Before Breakfast,* will star in Bret Harte's *The Outcasts of Poker Flats* . . . . . Virginia Wiedler, one of the cleverest kids in pictures, becomes a full-fledged Paramount star with *Girl of the Ozarks* . . . . . Loretta Young and Kent Taylor will have the leading rôles of Ramona and Alessendro in Helen Hunt Jackson's immortal story of early California . . . . . Clark Gable and Marian Davies will be co-starred by Warner Brothers in *Cain and Mabel* . . . . . Merle Oberon is the leading contender for the stellar rôle in the proposed color spectacle, *The Smile of Mona Lisa,* to be produced by Pioneer Pictures . . . . . Gene Raymond and Ann Sothern will co-star in RKO's *The Million Dollar Profile,* and it takes a man of courage to accept the risk of living up to *that* title . . . . . Grace Moore's next for Columbia will be a story by Rupert Hughes entitled *The Nightingale Flits Home.*

Tremble, Knaves!

And now everyone's wondering what Garbo will say when she discovers that her old dressing room has been torn down and that she must occupy quarters in a new building. That ancient dressing room has been her treasure—probably because it had a concealed outside stairway which permitted her to enter and exit without being observed by the hoi-polloi. But, just between us, Garbo's on the skids anyway.

The End Nears

If there are any lingering doubts about the imminent marriage of Dick Powell and Joan Blondell, banish them! Joan is completely re-decorating the Powell mansion, replacing the rugs, having the chairs re-upholstered, supervising the building of a new wing and even re-vamping the playroom. When a man let's a gal do that, his affections are beyond recall.

If you are planning a motor trip, or a sojourn at the beach, be sure to take two or three packages of Linit with you for the Linit Beauty Bath instantly soothes a roughened or sunburned skin.

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When you come in tired, dusty or sunburned—relax in a tepid bath with Linit dissolved in the water. The delightful effect is *instant*—almost magical. Fatigue is forgotten. The rough touch of the wind and burn of the sun is allayed by the soothing effect of this refreshing bath. After the Linit bath, your skin feels soft and smooth and there is no damp, sticky feeling to your body. Why not try the Linit Beauty Bath before retiring *tonight?* Notice what soothing relaxation it affords your entire body. LINIT is sold by your grocer.

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Don't overlook the directions on the Linit package . . . recommending Linit for starching. Linit makes even ordinary cotton fabrics look and feel like linen.

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PERMAPOINT
The super-indelible lipstick

The Stander-Outer

[*Continued from page* 31]

parent, however, could cope with the imagination that was Lionel's. Told not to do something, he could—with originality that should have forewarned everyone that here was a genius—find something infinitely worse to do. Nothing malicious, you understand; just boisterous. Tormentingly boisterous.

His parents never had him psychoanalyzed. They had no inkling, no presentiment, that here was a comedian in the budding.

In school, he never had to study. He knew his lessons after one reading. (He learns his screen lines in the same way today.) But instead of being the delight of his teachers, he was their despair. He used his spare time to sow the seeds of mirth among his classmates, to distract attention from the guardians of the young idea. (Just a scene-stealer in embryo.)

Teachers, in mirthless lack of appreciation of his early talents, ushered him unceremoniously (usually by a large and inviting ear) toward the principal's office. Day after day, the principal would look upon his pugnaciously cherubic face, until he wished never to look upon him more—and arranged his transfer to some other school.

FINALLY, all of the public schools within commuting distance of the Stander residence had been exhausted in their patience, their efforts to induce him to be less ingenious in his hellishness. Papa Stander, perhaps shaking his head a bit, reached into his purse—and sent Lionel to military academies, prep schools, and, finally, colleges. Yes, despite the stubbornness of his teachers, Lionel eventually arrived in college. First, he tried New York University—or, if you prefer, N. Y. U. tried Lionel; then came Duke University; finally, the University of North Carolina (which he left at nineteen). To one of them, he went on a scholarship. A football scholarship.

"I played guard," he says, with a painful expression at recollection of a painful experience. "I was one of those roving guards that step into the backfield and handle the ball . . . I hated it."

When he was 14, he decided to live his own life, far from the interference of teachers who had no sense of humor. Without advising his parents of his decision, he set out to get a job in Manhattan—so near, and yet so far from, the upper Bronx. He became an office boy for a shade manufacturer and lasted until he lost $147,000 worth of negotiable securities while riding a streetcar in order to use for other, more interesting purposes, the taxi money that had been given to him. The bonds were found three days later, but the job was lost permanently. Temporarily deciding that teachers were preferable to employers, he temporarily returned to school . . .

At various times in his life, and for consistently brief intervals, Lionel has been a factory worker, a ditch-digger, a waiter, a life-guard, a promoter, a bank clerk, a cab-driver, a newspaper reporter, a writer of hair-raising pulp fiction. And other things that he can't (or won't) remember.

How did he happen to become an actor—? He looks uncomfortable, but grins. "I'm beginning to get sick of hearing myself tell it . . . *You* tell him," he suggests to the Columbia representative sharing the avocado salad at the luncheon in his Hollywood hillside home.

IT SEEMS that, soon after leaving college, he was out of a job when an actor-friend told him that there was a spot for an "extra" in a crap-shooting scene in a play then in rehearsal. An "expert" crap-shooter was wanted. Having been to college, Lionel felt that he could qualify. He tried out for the "bit" with such gusto that he stole the scene. He was hired. And when the show opened, he was playing *six* minor parts . . .

This was in the Provincetown Playhouse in Greenwich Village, in the days when that experimental theatre was discovering Eugene O'Neill and giving that playwright his start by producing his one-act plays. One of Lionel's first rôles was that of *Yank* in *S. S. Glencairn.* And then what did he appear in—?

"Twenty-eight flops in a row," he says, with a smile—and with the accent on "flops." Then he adds, "And I was a dramatic actor in every one of them. Not a comedian."

Could that, possibly, explain the floppishness of the shows?

He shrugs, non-committally—but confesses that he has no particular yen to go dramatic on the screen. Comedy pays too well. And it's more fun. "As long as I'm not a star," he adds, pointedly.

In *The Milky Way,* he was Harold Lloyd's disgusted trainer—and garnered some of the biggest laughs of the picture. In *Mr. Deeds Goes to Town,* he is the insistent, but constantly frustrated guardian of "pixilated" Gary Cooper—and his reactions to Gary's action give the Capra picture half of its humor. But his biggest part to date is the rôle of assistant sleuth to Edward Arnold in the mystery-comedy, *Fer-de-Lance*—in which, for the first time, romance is mixed with his clowning. Several times he is on the verge of marrying the girl (Dennie Moore, promising newcomer, who once played with Lionel in the New York Theatre Guild)—when Arnold gets another clue, and the sleuth in Stander supersedes the suitor again. He thinks moviegoers will relish the character. They will.

He is never more realistic on the screen than when he is registering indignation. In person, he is too easygoing to be bothered by resenting anything. . . . On the screen, he gives devastating delineations of dull-wittedness; between scenes, he tells devastating jokes that require super-speed on the uptake. . . . But his screen voice is his off-screen voice.

Is there a story behind the acquisition of that voice?

"I've always had it," he claims. "And I didn't know there was anything unusual about it until Hollywood told me." He sounds as if he hasn't accepted Hollywood's opinion even yet.

His salary is now in the four-figure bracket (per week)—and his contract gives him the right to decide whether or not he will accept a rôle. He will play in nothing but A pictures; B and C pictures don't interest him—at any salary.

"If I can keep playing in good pictures, and fans get the idea of associating my name with good pictures—well, then my name ought to be worth something to producers. Even if I play minor rôles, it will mean more than if I *starred* in second-rate pictures."

There's something of the debit-and-credit expert in Lionel despite his rebellion against accounting. . . . "Though I don't know why I worry about my screen appearances," he adds, ironically. "There's nothing so dead as last year's picture—or even last week's. Particularly when you walk down the street and see a big sign over a theatre, 'Bank Night Tonight' or 'Screeno'—and, underneath, in small type, the sign, '*Mr. Deeds Goes to Town.*'"

In his first Hollywood pictures, he was a dialect comedian, as on the radio with Allen, Cantor and Jolson. If you have a good memory for faces, not to mention voices, perhaps you recall him in *We're in the Money, Hooray for Love, Page Miss Glory* and *The Gay Deception*. In the last-named picture, he was one of a brace of allegedly comic thugs who seemed intent on some evil purpose. Most audiences never did puzzle out what the boys were plotting. "Neither did I," says Lionel.

His contract lapsed. And, about that time, came the release of *The Scoundrel*—made before he had left the East—in which he gave a memorable performance of a hoarse, haranguing Communist poet. Columbia made the discovery that he could "talk American" and signed him.

He waited for his first option to be picked up—and then bought a house. Though not more than a half-mile above Hollywood Boulevard, it once was a farmhouse. From the exterior, it still looks like an old house. Inside, it is super-modernistic. A huge living room, many-angled, occupies the center of the house—whose east side is one expanse of window, shaded with Venetian blinds. The living room upholstery is in mustard-yellow, above natural-colored wood. Off in one corner stands a grand piano. Lionel doesn't play; he keeps it for the use of friends who do. A wall of transparent glass separates the living room from the dining room. . . . Upstairs, his den occupies two levels, with a desk and wall-lining bookshelves on the upper level. Also upstairs is a luxurious and black-trimmed pool room. Pool is his favorite—and, he says, only—form of exercise.

He reads late into the night—and complains bitterly that reading is impossible on a movie set. "You're constantly interrupted, and you lay your book down to make a scene, and you can't find it when you come back. Somebody has put it in the prop box." His bookshelves bear, most prominently, provocative biographies, "heavy" novels, books on political economy. It amuses him that the Communists, allegedly radical, were the first to propose unemployment relief. He will talk politics by the hour, telling why he thinks a strong third party is coming.

He stands six-feet-one in his stocking feet—and wears no garters. (One manifestation of the collegian that still lingers.) One of his eyes is brown; the other, green; they photograph the same. He has a handsome stand-in and is constantly boosting him.

Though Lionel looks like a hearty eater, he eats little. His nerves won't let him relax to enjoy a meal. This "patchwork business" of making a movie gives him the jitters. He is convinced that he works hard.

He has a cook and a houseboy, but does his own chauffeuring—with all the careless finesse of an ex-taxicab driver. He doesn't enjoy driving in Hollywood, Los Angeles or vicinity. Not being psychic, he complains that he has no way of telling what the crazy drivers will do next.

He hopes to stay in Hollywood for a long time, even though he misses New York. He feels that he is infected with the incredible sunshine now.

"When you can go around in a mental fog —without caring," he explains, "you're acclimated. And I'm acclimated."

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3. SUPER—IN THE BROWN BOX—Extra layers give extra protection, yet it is no longer or wider than Regular.

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"I'm Hotel Hostess NOW-and earning a splendid salary"

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"Disgusted with my work, with no future possibilities and not even good pay, I welcomed the opportunity to prepare for the hotel and institutional field, at home in leisure time, through Lewis Training. Shortly after graduating, I secured a position as Hotel Hostess, increasing my salary about $75. To anyone wanting to get out of the rut into real success I say enroll in Lewis Schools."

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Good positions from coast to coast for trained men and women in hotel, club, steamship, restaurant and institutional field. Thousands of our graduates now holding well-paid positions as Managers, Assistant Managers, Stewards, Housekeepers, Hostesses and 55 other different types of positions. Living often included. Previous experience proved unnecessary. Lewis graduates, both young and mature, winning success. Good grade school education, plus Lewis Training, qualifies you at home in leisure time. FREE Book gives full details about this fascinating field, and explains how you are registered, FREE of extra cost, in the Lewis National Placement Service. Mail coupon NOW.

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Send me the Free Book, "Your Big Opportunity," without obligation, and details as to how to qualify for a well-paid position.

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Finds Way To Have Young Looking Skin at 35!

SMART, modern women no longer submit to the tragedy of "old skin" just because they are 30, 35, 40! A wonderful new creme, applied at night like cold cream, acts a scientific way to free the skin of that veil of semi-visible darkening particles which ordinary creams cannot remove after a certain age. So gentle and quick—often only 5 days is time enough to bring out a glorious rose petal softness and fineness and white, clear look of youth. And, the way it eliminates common surface blemishes—ugly pimples, blackheads, freckles—is a revelation! Ask for this creme—Golden Peacock Bleach Creme at all drug and department stores.

2 EXQUISITE PERFUMES FREE

Wouldn't you like to try Bernard's two most popular perfumes—White Lilac—a delicate, delicious perfume and Queen of the Orient—an exotic romantic thrilling perfume. Hundreds of thousands of women all over the country use Bernard's fine quality perfume, and if you haven't yet received one of these introductory packages—send for it today. Send only 10c—coin preferred, to cover packing and mailing costs, and you will receive a package containing both of these popular perfumes—delicious White Lilac and thrilling Queen of the Orient.

BERNARD-PERFUMER,
Dept. 509-G, St. Louis, Missouri

Bathing for Beauty

[*Continued from page 16*]

ceptionally good for strengthening your eyes, too, after prolonged reading, jumbling with figures at the office all day, a day at the beach in the glaring sun or a ride in the boy friend's roadster. The attractive little dark blue bottle (pictured), with its simple white cap and white and blue label, contains a generous supply for only sixty cents. It is made by Scott Phillips, Incorporated, of Chicago, Illinois.

Now, you are ready to step into your tub. Let go . . . relax . . . and if you must think, think of beauty.

Do you know what is taking place? Your complexion is absorbing the nourishing oils of your cream. Your eyes are being soothed and strengthened, while closed, by the eye lotion. The water softener is also softening the dead epidermis on your body, and the scrubbing, before you get out, will remove that dead outer layer of skin.

You cannot help feeling that your nerves—those precious nerves which have been so abused, are getting more than a little soothing. They are relaxed and put in tune so the little fatigue lines disappear from your face.

NOW for the scrubbing . . . *and I mean scrubbing.* Friction is very important to stimulate circulation, remove the dead cuticle and leave your body alive with that joyous feeling of physical fitness. The Pro-phy-lac-tic Bath Brush is a sturdy and very attractive brush that will do all these grand things for you and make you want to sing by the time you step out on your bath mat (if you haven't already begun to while plying this brush over your much-exhilarated person). Notice the detachable handle, too (illustrated) which makes it very convenient for hand use. The price? Only $2.50!

Of course, you must use a good cleansing agent, too. Lux, favorite of the stars, gives off a delicious lather. Then I suggest that you jot down Cashmere Bouquet Toilet Soap on your next shopping list. This delightfully fragrant soap makes a swell lather that is rich and creamy. It leaves your whole body as soft and as smooth as velvet. The large cake that you see here used to sell for twenty-five cents . . . *but is now only ten cents!* Isn't that a bargain?

You may take your cool shower now if you have time and wish to. Do not be afraid to rub vigorously with your bath towel. It is too easy to under-estimate the value of a brisk rub-down after your bath. There is nothing worse than to leave damp areas, because these are what cause chapped and roughened skin. Rub, rub—and rub—briskly with a big, fleecy towel.

There is nothing in the world more refreshing than an application of good body tonic after your bath. Campana Dreskin will give you that cool, firm and healthy feeling that banishes all fatigue. It keeps your skin firm and healthy too. It is not excessively perfumed—so you'd better keep it under lock and key if you don't want the male members of your family to walk away with it! The lovely octagonal bottle (see photograph) makes an attractive accessory for your bathroom shelf and it's only $1.00.

Now you are ready for your finishing touches. The importance of a deodorant is one subject we cannot discuss often enough, as the smart girls know! No matter how careful you may be—if you fail to use a good deodorant—there is always that possibility of offending.

Fresh is made by the Pharma-craft Corporation of Louisville "For Immaculance and Comfort on All Occasions." This delicately scented cream dries instantly (leaving a powdery film that can be wiped away with cotton or tissues); keeps you fresh all day and does not irritate the most sensitive skin. In fact, it may be used immediately following a depilatory. It is a double-action cream that deodorizes and kills germs at the same time. It is also recommended for perspiring feet and Athlete's Foot. The full size pale grey tube, with a striking cerise and black color scheme, is only fifty cents.

Next, remove the excess cream from your face with your soft cleansing tissue and apply your make-up artistically. Remember that you will be under electric lights in the evening and you require a make-up that will not fade.

Arrange your hair in a becoming but practical coiffure—one that will not "topple" before the evening is over.

Don't forget your hand lotion—all the way up to your elbows. And, of course, a drop or two of your favorite perfume at the lobe of each ear or at the tip of each nostril is in order.

This completes your renovating treatment and you should *look* and *feel* like a new person. Imagine . . . in about twenty minutes you are fresh, lovely and prepared to enjoy a glorious evening.

Wind and sky and desert sage combine with the beauty of Marsha Hunt, heroine of Paramount's *The Arizona Riders,* to give this photograph unusual charm.

Hollywood Bids You Welcome!

THE reservation list for this summer's MOVIELAND TOURS, sponsored by MOVIE CLASSIC Magazine, is rapidly being completed. Only a few days remain in which you can enter your application. So, if you are desirous of the grandest vacation of your lives, fill in the coupon at the bottom of this page, and . . . . .

All aboard for Hollywood and points West!

The first big special train will leave Chicago July 19; the second excursion leaves from the same city August 9th. Across the Great Northwest, the de luxe trains will speed to Seattle, then, with stop-overs in San Francisco, on to Hollywood and a glorious round of exciting fun in the Movie Capital.

Special parties in the homes of famous stars have been planned . . . . . arrangements have been completed for visits to all of the larger studios. You will see pictures in the making . . . . . you will visit the show places of the California Coast!

And Lettie Lee, designer of beautiful gowns for Hollywood's fashion leaders, has agreed to give to the girl with the most personality on each tour, one of the four frocks illustrated on page forty-eight of this magazine!

Two weeks of constant enjoyment at an almost unbelievably low cost! So don't delay—send in your inquiry now and obtain all of the details of this amazing vacation tour.

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Without obligation on my part, send me your complete, illustrated booklet describing the Movieland Tours.

I enclose $............ Please enter my reservation now for .... persons, to insure a place for us on tour No. ....

(A deposit of $10 per person will hold your reservation. Please specify whether for tour No. 1, leaving Chicago July 19, or tour No. 2, leaving Chicago August 9th.)

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Floating Bra
SWIM SUITS

Center . Uncut velvet effect, multicord straps! Very smart! . . . $7.95

Top, left Accordion rib! With Hi-low back . . . two-tone cord! . . $6.95

Top, right. .Quilted matelasse . . . cork buttons Adjusts perfectly. $8.95

Below...Pebble knit skirt suit . . . anchor detail novel straps! . . . $5.95

As worn by "Jinx" Falkenberg, Samuel Goldwyn success, appearing in Big Brown Eyes

Exclusive with Gantner... that smartest, most exclaimed-over feature of today's better swim suits . . . Gantner Floating Bra! Concealed, semi-detached uplift gives you lovely, controlled curves that capture all eyes! The knit-to-fit wool fabrics are sublimely different!

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Free For Asthma and Hay Fever

If you suffer with attacks of Asthma so terrible you choke and gasp for breath, if Hay Fever keeps you sneezing and snuffing while your eyes water and nose discharges continuously, don't fail to send at once to the Frontier Asthma Co. for a free trial of a remarkable method. No matter where you live or whether you have any faith in any remedy under the Sun, send for this free trial. If you have suffered for a life-time and tried everything you could learn of without relief; even if you are utterly discouraged, do not abandon hope but send today for this free trial. It will cost you nothing. Address

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SKIN INJURIES Burns, Blisters, Scratches, etc.

To relieve soreness—hasten healing—help prevent infection—apply at once, mild, reliable

Resinol

Sample free. Resinol, Dept. 10F, Balto. Md.

Josephine Was Kissed

[*Continued from page* 30]

was really very, very nice, even though he did have something to do with moving pictures. And, more as a lark than anything else, Mama Hutchinson permitted little Josephine to help nice Mr. Fairbanks out, by filling a little-girl part in a moving picture Miss Pickford was making, called *The Little Princess.*

BUT the way they worked, and the result on the screen, settled things. Mrs. Hutchinson took little Josie back to Seattle post-haste, and vowed that never again should her child be dissuaded from the course of true thespianism behind the footlights. From then on, Josephine's psychological diet included such items as "the screen is common, vulgar, blah and lousy!" Not in those words, to be sure—but that was the idea.

She learned all about Shakespeare and Ibsen and not a thing about lap-dissolves and a clinch fade-out. She and mama went east, 3,000 miles away from horrible Hollywood, and Josephine stage-dèbuted in Washington, D.C. She did it so well that in a short time, she graduated to Broadway, and Mama Hutchinson was happy. Daughter Josephine played with Eva LaGallienne in New York's Civic Repertory. She once saw Duse herself and gave out, then and there, that Duse was the greatest living person in the world.

And then—well, and then some scouts from Hollywood approached her. It took quite a while to break down the Hutchinson front. It was explained that custard pies were being thrown very infrequently, any more, and that, at any rate, *Josephine* never would be thrown at. And then they mentioned what the Messrs. Warner would expect to pay Josephine.

It was a splendid argument—and besides, such recognized stage persons as Leslie Howard and George Arliss were making movies, so why not Josephine? And so Josephine went to Hollywood, with mother holding her misgivings in check. And the first day of her contract term, Josephine reported to the studio.

"Ah, Miss Hutchinson, how do you do?" someone said. "May I present Mister Powell—Mister Richard Powell, who'll play opposite you. Please kiss Mister Powell, now."

"How do you do, Miss Hutchinson? I've heard so much about you. Tilt your head a bit this way, please?"

Then he kissed her.

Someone said that that was fair, but turn a bit more this way, please. A bit dazedly, she did. Powell kissed her again. It wasn't bad. "Now, we'll take it," someone said, and lights went on, big, and everybody was silent, and Powell kissed her again.

That went on for hours. They stopped a while, for lunch, and then went right back to kissing again. They kissed until well after five o'clock.

"And how did you like your first day in movies?" they asked her.

She looked at Dick Powell. Dick grinned. Josephine broke into a grin herself—a most unshakespearian, unibsenlike grin.

"It was," she announced, whole heartedly, "swell!"

At any rate, today, Josephine Hutchinson is a 100 percent Hollywoodite. The greatest fly in the ointment of her delight is the fear that people will continue to consider her highbrow and arty and stagey, and that she won't be able to live down that sort of reputation.

"It seems," she complained to me, "that because of my so-called arty stage career and my liking for Ibsen and Shakespeare and Chekov, that people think I can't talk about anything but The Theater. Why, oh *why*, don't they talk to me about love and things like that, like they do to Jean Harlow and Joan Crawford and Bette Davis . . . ?"

As a matter of fact, she ought to know. Twice, she's been married. The first time was to one Robert Bell, who's related in some fashion to the Bell Telephone system. It must have been the wrong number, though, for after three years of crossed wires, they had the connection broken in Reno.

IN Hollywood, Josephine sought an agent, and found Jimmy Townsend. For a while, Jimmy got ten percent of Josephine's salary, as her agent. But one day, they went to Yuma, Arizona, and when they came back, Jimmy was out of luck on his ten percent, because she'd married him. But he wasn't out of luck in any other fashion, because Josephine is Mrs. Townsend first and Josephine Hutchinson second. "Everything that I do professionally is just part of my program of keeping my man," she explains. "I find my pleasure not so much in making a success as an actress, or in being famous as in doing something to hold the admiration and love of my husband."

Furthering that idea, Josephine's working hard at making a home for him. They have a house—in Beverly Hills, of course. But Josephine sees to it that it's *home.*

At the start, she got off on the wrong foot. Determined to have everything the best, she got a serving couple who were highly recommended. They were excellent servants—but just too, too! I mean, they'd been with Lord So-and-So, and the Whoozis's of Boston, and so on. Every time Jimmy picked up a fork, he sneaked a look at the butler, wondering if he had the right one. Josephine was never quite sure, when she told the woman what to have for dinner, that the woman really approved. Jimmy would never have dared take his shoes off and sit around, some evening, wearing slippers, because it might have offended the manservant. Even if they'd wanted to cut up their asparagus and eat it comfortably, they'd never have risked it.

And so Josephine fired them!

And she hired another couple—a nice, comfortable couple, competent but homey. And she and Jimmy are as happy as two bugs in a rug, now. Occasionally, Mama Leona Roberts visits them. Her dreams of Josephine's being a second Duse are a bit faded, but mama doesn't care, because she knows Josephine is very happy, and anyway, she's beginning to admit that maybe the screen has got the stage backed into a corner, these days.

So Josephine's happy. Mama's happy. And Hollywood, which looked askance at the coming of another snooty, arty, stagey person from Broadway, is happy too—because they've found Jo, as they already call her, is "regular." She doesn't expect to be treated like a great star. In fact, she's constantly amazed and a bit disturbed at the deference and attentions Hollywood showers on star players. She says she's more used to the workaday atmosphere of a back-stage, and Hollywood's "starring" business embarrasses her.

They were afraid she couldn't or wouldn't talk anything but "The Theater," and they find she's a gal who'd rather talk about almost anything else. They know her as a grand hostess, and love to go to the parties she gives at her home. They get a kick out of her forthrightness, and the stories she tells on herself. Like the one about the fortune-teller that visited her set. He's quite famous. He asked to read her palm. She held it out, and he rattled a steady stream of prophecies—dire and rosy, bad and good, all mixed up with a jargon of astrology and lines and things like that. When he'd finished, Josephine looked at him coldly, remarked: "I don't believe a word of it!" And stalked away.

"Oh, that's all right," he called after her; "I'm used to it!"

Truth to tell, Jo was fibbing. She really *does* believe fortune tellers. That's why she doesn't go to them. Because when they tell her something's going to happen, and it doesn't, she worries so that it spoils her day. And she doesn't like to worry.

SHE doesn't care much for night clubs and things like that, either. She'd much rather stay home with her Jimmy, her Padda and her Puck. The latter two are her cat and dog, respectively. She likes to read—Shakespeare, George Moore, Chekov, and her scrapbooks. Yes, she has a fine library of scrapbooks, and I suppose you think that's quite ordinary, for all stars keep scrapbooks, don't they? Yeah—but the catch is that Josephine's scrapbooks don't contain a single line about herself or her work. Unlike most actors' scrapbooks, they're not personal clippings at all, but things about costumes, settings, colors, and clips from every manner of source that appertain to acting.

Because, about that, she *is* serious. It's the one big result of her childhood training that will never leave her. On the set, she's a sort of female Paul Muni—utterly and entirely wrapped up in her acting. Between takes, she usually sits off in a corner, working out her part.

It's during those hours that she most closely approximates the fictitious picture Hollywood had built of her. But when the day's work is done, Jo becomes an utterly un-stage-y person. She loves to ride—and is one of the best riders in Hollywood. Or she fusses around with her clothes, and goes utterly feminine. She's keen on clothes, but she doesn't think Hollywood's a good place to buy them. So on those between-picture vacations, she goes to New York to replenish her wardrobe. Hollywood calls her one of its best-dressed women, even if she does buy her stuff back east. She never wears jewelry—except for a necklace to which is hung a tiny compass that once belonged to Duse. She steers her professional course by it, as a sort of good-luck charm, she fancies.

And her pet pastime, of *all* things, is horticulture. She putters about in her own garden, and if you think she plants pansies in the wrong place and roses in the wrong season, you're cuckoo. As a matter of fact, she's a botanical expert. She has studied innumerable books about it, and besides it's being her hobby, she says it's what she wants to do when she quits the screen and stage, if ever. She wants to devote herself to botany.

Good heavens—imagine raising your daughter to be a second Sarah Bernhardt, and then having her turn out to be just a female Luther Burbank at heart . . . !!!

SKINNY FOLKS GAIN 10 TO 25 LBS. QUICK
—with new 3-way treatment

SCIENCE DISCLOSES 3 REASONS WHY THOUSANDS ARE SKINNY

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IF you are one of those skinny, rundown people who seldom attract friends, here's wonderful news. Thousands with this new, easy treatment have gained solid, normally attractive flesh—*in just a few weeks!*

Not only has this new 3-way discovery quickly brought normal pounds, but also naturally clear skin, freedom from indigestion and constipation, new pep.

Doctors now find that hosts of people are thin and rundown for the single reason that they do not get enough Vitamin B and iron in their daily food. Now the richest known source of body-building Vitamin B is cultured ale yeast. By a new process the finest imported cultured ale yeast is now concentrated 7 times, making it 7 times more powerful. Then it is combined with 3 kinds of iron in pleasant little tablets known as Ironized Yeast tablets.

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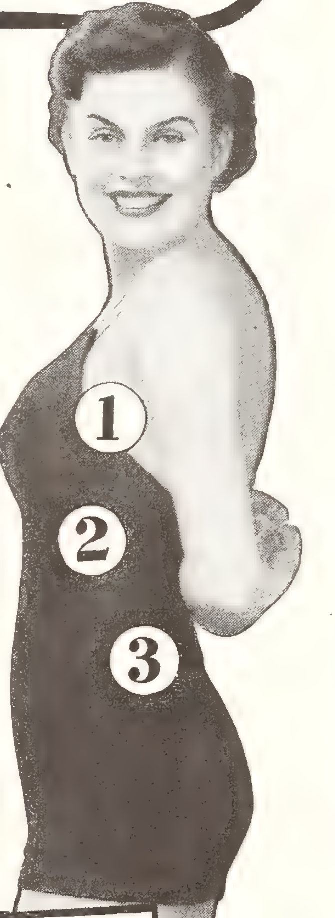
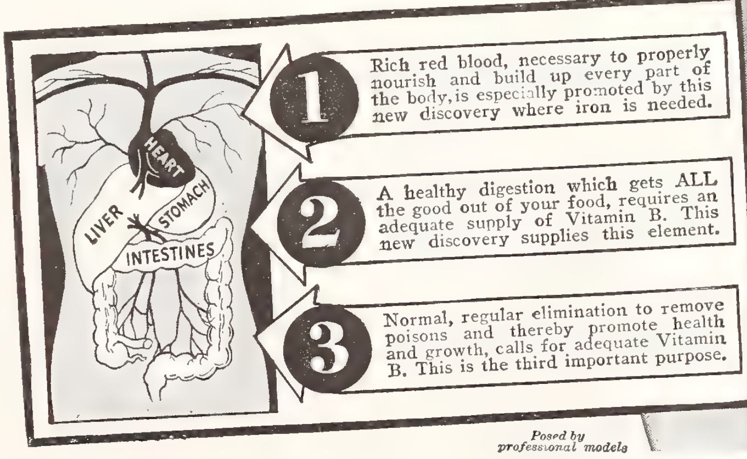
To start you building up your health right away, we make this absolutely FREE offer. Purchase a package of Ironized Yeast tablets at once, cut out the seal on the box and mail it to us with a clipping of this paragraph. We will send you a fascinating new book on health, "New Facts About Your Body." Remember, results with the very first package—or money refunded. At all druggists. Ironized Yeast Co., Inc., Dept. 287, Atlanta, Ga.





Rich red blood, necessary to properly nourish and build up every part of the body, is especially promoted by this new discovery where iron is needed.

A healthy digestion which gets ALL the good out of your food, requires an adequate supply of Vitamin B. This new discovery supplies this element.

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"LOST 50 LBS., FEEL FINE!"

writes Kansas City Lady

"**I lost 50 pounds,**" writes Mrs. J. Schafer, 1029 Jackson Street, Kansas City, Missouri, "everything else failed but RE-DUCE-OIDS succeeded! My doctor pronounces me in better health than for years and I feel better in every way." Mrs. G. Ryer, Reg. Nurse, Dayton, O., writes, "Lost 47 lbs.! Most satisfactory results." Mrs. V. Haskett, San Francisco Graduate Nurse, also highly recommends RE-DUCE-OIDS as the SAFE and effective way to reduce. Mrs. P. Tyler, Crandon, Wis., writes, "I lost 68 lbs. Feel like a new woman." Others write of reductions as great as 80 lbs., and report **feeling better** right from the start. RE-DUCE-OIDS are effective but SAFE—contain **no** dangerous dinitrophenol. They are easy to take—in tasteless capsules.

FAT GOES...OR MONEY BACK!

Your money back in full if not delighted...you are the judge. No risk, so don't delay, fat is dangerous! Sold at leading drug and department stores everywhere. If your dealer is out, he can get RE-DUCE-OIDS quickly—ask him to order from his wholesaler.

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The liver should pour out two pounds of liquid bile into your bowels daily. If this bile is not flowing freely, your food doesn't digest. It just decays in the bowels. Gas bloats up your stomach. You get constipated. Your whole system is poisoned and you feel sour, sunk and the world looks punk.

Laxatives are only makeshifts. A mere bowel movement doesn't get at the cause. It takes those good, old Carter's Little Liver Pills to get these two pounds of bile flowing freely and make you feel "up and up." Harmless, gentle, yet amazing in making bile flow freely. Ask for Carter's Little Liver Pills by name. Stubbornly refuse anything else. 25c at all drug stores. © 1935, C.M.Co.

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Othine Double Strength is no experiment! 25 years of steady demand prove its popularity. Get Othine from your drug or department store. **Sold on money-back guarantee.**

OTHINE
DOUBLE STRENGTH

The Show Window

[*Continued from page 61*]

formances by Richard Arlen, Cecilia Parker and Henry B. Walthall. Based on Harold Bell Wright's novel, the screen play, somewhere in the adaptation, went astray and lost its punch. *Columbia.*

THE DRAG-NET—Willard Mack's time-honored thriller, given inadequate production, creaks and falters. The story concerns a young district attorney's fight to end mob rule but the situations which thrilled theatre audiences when the play was first presented no longer seem to hold interest. Rod La Rocque, Marian Nixon, and Betty Compson—once names to conjure with—head the cast and deserve a better fate. *Burroughs-Tarzan.*

CARYL OF THE MOUNTAINS—Once more the Mountie gets his man, but the fact that he is helped, in this case, by the intelligence of Rin-Tin-Tin, Jr., makes this picture an interesting offering. If you are a dog lover, don't miss this one—but don't expect a great production. The James Oliver Curwood story seems to drag rather sadly in spots and is saved only by the uncanny talents of the dog. Francis X. Bushman, Jr., and Lois Wilde both handle their rôles capably but are handicapped by the story's flaws. *Reliable.*

ABSOLUTE QUIET—A comedy-melodrama with more than a dash of the *Grand Hotel* formula. In spite of several very excellent performances, notably those of Lionel Atwill, Raymond Walburn, Stuart Erwin, Ann Loring and Irene Hervey, the picture is sadly lacking in entertainment quality. The story brings a number of ill-assorted people to an isolated ranch, where they work out their fates to the accompaniment of numerous murders. *Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer.*

An Apology

We are unable to announce the winners of the Pickford-Lasky trademark contest in this issue of MOVIE CLASSIC owing to the fact that thousands of last minute entries poured in from the four corners of the earth as the dead-line date neared. The judges have not yet been able to make their final selections.

Never in the history of MOVIE CLASSIC'S many prize contests has such a response been known. Apparently every reader has a trademark suggestion to offer and, even after the first rough survey had been made and the list of entries was reduced to approximately five percent of the original total, thousands remained, each one of which deserved—and is receiving—the most careful consideration. Both Jessie L. Lasky and Mary Pickford join with the editors of MOVIE CLASSIC in thanking you for your splendid response and you may depend upon finding in August MOVIE CLASSIC, the complete and final list of prize winning entries.

Why
BOB TAYLOR
Can't Marry!

● There's an interesting, vital story behind Robert Taylor's bachelorhood. Read why, with countless women at his feet, Bob Taylor isn't contemplating marriage for years to come!

● July HOLLYWOOD, replete with breezy news items, exclusive candid photos and intimate gossip, will bring you complete coverage of Hollywood, including special stories on such important stars as Margaret Sullavan, Grace Moore, Rochelle Hudson, and many others. Don't miss a single issue of this sparkling magazine! Watch for

JULY
HOLLYWOOD
MAGAZINE
ONLY 5c

Shopping Guide

For store in your city featuring Catalina swim suits.

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Miami Beach, Florida
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St. Petersburg, Florida
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Tampa, Florida
O. Falks Dept. Stores Inc.
Atlanta, Georgia
Regenstein's Peachtree Store
Chicago, Illinois
Marshall Field & Co., Inc.
Chicago Illinois
The Boston Store, Inc.
Elgin, Illinois
Ackerman Bros., Inc.
Peoria, Illinois
B. & M., Inc.
Rockford, Illinois
D. J. Stewart & Co., Inc.
Springfield, Illinois
Myers Bros. Inc.
Evansville, Indiana
Salm Bros., Inc.
Fort Wayne, Indiana
Patterson-Fletcher Co., Inc.
Gary, Indiana
H. Gordon & Sons, Inc.
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Lafayette, Indiana
Loeb & Hene Co.
Michigan City, Indiana
Hirsch's
South Bend, Indiana
Robertson Bros. Dept. Store, Inc.
Burlington, Iowa
D. W. Klein Co., Inc.
Des Moines, Iowa
Wolf's Inc.
Sioux City, Iowa
Davidson Bros. Co.
Waterloo, Iowa
Lauerman Bros. Co.
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Levinson's Dept. Store
Topeka, Kansas
Pelletier Store Co.
Topeka, Kansas
Palace Clothing Co.
Wichita, Kansas
Rorabaugh Dry Goods Co.
Covington, Kentucky
The John R. Coppin Co., Inc.
Louisville, Kentucky
The Sutcliffe Co.
Alexandria, Louisiana
Weiss & Goldring Inc.
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Wallace & Walter Hebert Co.
Monroe, Louisiana
Masur Bros.
New Orleans, Louisiana
Mark Issacs Co.
New Orleans, Louisiana
Leon Godchaux Clothing Co. Ltd.
Shreveport, Louisiana
Goldring's
Baltimore, Maryland
The May Company
Baltimore, Maryland
Schleisner Co., Inc.
Worcester, Massachusetts
Denholm & McKay Co.
Detroit, Michigan
J. L. Hudson Co.
Flint, Michigan
Smith Bridgeman & Co., Inc.
Grand Rapids, Michigan
A. May & Sons, Inc.
Jackson, Michigan
L. E. Oppenheim Co.
Lansing, Michigan
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Grand Rapids, Michigan
Wurzburg Dry Goods Co.
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Duluth Glass Block Store Co.
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[Continued on page 79]

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6 Crises in Myrna Loy's Life

[*Continued from page 37*]

intrigued him and he spent hours photographing her in unusual poses. When the pictures were finished they had a strange Oriental look. Rudolph Valentino happened to see them.

"Who is that girl?" he asked.

"Just a dancing girl. She's working in the chorus over at the Egyptian theatre."

"I'd like to see her," said Valentino. "Have her come over to my studio?"

LIKE most girls of her generation, Myrna worshipped at the Valentino shrine. Her first meeting with him stands out as one of the dramatic highlights of her life.

"Mr. Valentino's expecting you," the girl at the reception desk told her. "Will you go right in."

Trembling with stagefright, fearful that he would be disappointed when he saw her in person, she entered.

"I've been looking for a girl to play opposite me in *Cobra*," he said. "Both Mrs. Valentino and I feel that you are just the type we want."

Before Myrna could say *Fu Manchu* they had her clothed in a gorgeous gown and Valentino himself was supervising her makeup.

A few days later Myrna sat in a projection room, looking at her first screen test.

"It was the most disillusioning moment of my life," she says. "I looked like a caricature. My cheeks seemed sunken and my eyes were dark smudges. I moved across the screen like a galloping tintype."

She did not wait for the lights to come on. She needed no one to tell her that she had failed. And rather than face Valentino and have him tell her that she wouldn't do, she slipped out of the projection room, unnoticed and unseen.

The best testing rod of any individual is to observe his reaction to failure. In Myrna Loy's case failure only succeeded in bringing out the "fight" in her. Instead of going back to her dancing job, which would have been the easiest thing to do, she determined to crash the motion picture gates.

Day after day, week after week, she went to the casting office of the M.G.M. studio.

Perhaps it was her persistence. Perhaps it was Fate. At any rate, one afternoon when hope had worn very thin she heard someone at the casting window say:

"Hey, you—how'd you like to work a couple of hours for a change? It's just a costume test. You won't need any makeup."

THERE are girls, of course, who would have considered being a dummy for a costume too unimportant to bother about. To Myrna, however, it spelled *Opportunity*. She was through the gate like a flash. And, though she had been told that it was not necessary, she took the precaution to put on a makeup.

"There's no telling who might see the test," she thought.

The right people saw it. And while Myrna did not get a job immediately, it marked the beginning of her career. . . . . .

Myrna's last dramatic highlight took place only recently.

The liner *Paris* was nosing its way out of New York harbor. Among the passengers the word had been passed along that Myrna Loy was aboard. Eagerly they awaited her appearance on deck. But Myrna remained in her stateroom. Had anyone been curious enough to look through the keyhole they would certainly have seen nothing particularly dramatic in the picture of a girl standing at the porthole, watching the New York skyline fade from view.

But Myrna was seeing more than the skyline. She was seeing again a camp fire in the Montana hills. Like a film unwinding, she saw the years that had stretched between, the responsibilities she had shouldered, the hard work, the heartaches she had had as well as the triumphs. Now, she was at another crossroads. She had walked out of the cast of *Rendezvous* because she considered herself unsuited to the role assigned to her. It was the first time she had ever taken a rebel attitude.

"I had left Hollywood beset by worries and doubts as to whether I had done the right thing. The trip to Europe was an overnight impulse. I had had my passport for some time hoping that some day I would be able to make the trip. Now that I was on my way I found myself wondering whether I had done the right thing. And then as I stood looking through the porthole at the widening expanse of sea, a sudden feeling of detachment swept over me. Hollywood, the picture business, my career which had seemed so very important, suddenly seemed far away. *I was at sea!* They couldn't call me back for retakes. For the first time in years I had the sensation of feeling really independent. I said a temporary goodbye to Myrna Loy, the actress, and became Myrna Loy, an individual. In other words, I saw myself without benefit of camera and my whole point of view changed. There were other exciting things in life beside making pictures. I was starting on a new adventure and I determined then and there to make the most of it. Instead of remaining in my stateroom as I had intended to do, I powdered my nose and went out on deck. I didn't even bother to look back at the skyline. And in that moment I knew, intuitively, that I had passed another crossroads. There might be storms ahead but I refused to see anything but clear sailing."

The pounding surf of Laguna Beach, which is becoming *the* summer resort for Hollywood's film famous, claims Jean Parker these days

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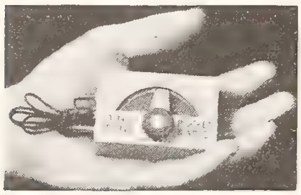

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Personality of the Month

[*Continued from page* 50]

A six-foot ex-artilleryman doing a tap dance routine—things were bound to happen. He charged to the front in the musical comedy field, came to the United States at the request of the Schuberts and toured 72 weeks with Mitzi Hajos in *The Madcap*. Then a few good parts raised Hollywood's enthusiasm to a fever. And three years ago he heeded the call. It was a case of starting from scratch again, playing any "bit" offered him. His first real part in films was that of a butler in an RKO "short" featuring Ruth Etting. Since then he has appeared in some *seventy-five* different parts—usually alternating, as he himself says, "between the silly awss and the silly butler," and thoroughly enjoying both. His buttling in the Shirley Temple picture, *Curly Top,* was such a superlative job that it led to his being starred by Twentieth Century-Fox in a series based on the P. G. Wodehouse stories, *Thank You, Jeeves.* The first is to be released shortly.

The first thing that strikes you about Treacher is his look of perpetual astonishment—which he says is chronic. His mother calls him "Pip" . . . young Miss Temple calls him "Sweetie-Pie" because he is now her best beau. His most vicious habit is attending dog shows. Unmarried, he lives in a pleasant bachelor apartment with his Yorkshire terrier, Miss Hannah of Hollywood. He is, he declares, a violent anti-stamp collector . . . . .

Beach-days and dog-days are synonymous for the folks of movie land who believe in giving their pets the best. Jean Chatburn's purp seems well pleased with the salt air

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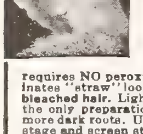

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What Freddie Thinks About It All

[*Continued from page 23*]

of the way. A cat dashed madly across the street and up a tree, there to glower and spit. A little girl on roller skates scrambled to the safety of her own front yard. An automobile approaching the crossing below slowed down in order to clear the coast for the penny-farthing bicycle.

Then it happened.

Evidently it was not the pilot's intention to project his strange looking vehicle out into the intersection. Miss Bartholomew is VERY strict with her nephew in the matter of venturing into intersections either on foot or a-wheel. Anyway, the young gentleman at the handlebars suddenly turned to the left.

"Hang on, Jane," he yelled to the little girl on an improvised passenger's seat behind him. "Here we go!"

Well, go they did—into a well-trimmed hedge, head first, with the bicycle on top of them. And—

"Anyhow," remarked Cyclist Freddie Bartholomew to the disheveled little girl in the hedge beside him, "it was great while it lasted, was it not?"

He picked himself up and, with typical Bartholomew gallantry, helped his passenger up, too. "Come on," he said, casually, "we'll have time to try it again before lunch."

That was the day Miss Bartholomew told him his mother was coming to see him. She told him quietly, naturally—just called to him as he and his small playmate trudged up the hill with the penny-farthing bike. "Come here, dear," she said. The conversation went something like this:

Miss Bartholomew: "Freddie, dear, we have some news. Your mother is coming to see you."

Freddie: "Very soon?"

Miss Bartholomew: "Yes, any time, now."

Freddie: "That is very nice. Will she stay for lunch?"

That was all, Master Freddie turned back to the old-fashioned wheel which has been his own ever since *Little Lord Fauntleroy* was finished. "One more ride, Aunty Cissy, before lunch?" he pleaded.

"Very well." Quietly the dark-eyed little lady turned back to the modest, tile-roofed house where she and Freddie live.

I began a question. "Doesn't he know anything about—?"

". . . about his mother wanting to take him away from me?" She helped me out, then answered.

"No, he doesn't. And why should he? After all, he is just a little boy."

WE WENT into the moderately-sized, pleasant living room. I stumbled over something that rattled sharply.

"Freddie's electric train . . ." Miss Bartholomew was apologetic. "He has that little room in there" pointing to an adjacent room—"for his playthings, but do you think he will keep them in there? No, indeed! He apparently enjoys them twice as much anywhere else and he's always leaving them around. Still," she added and her eyes were soft, as a mother's might be, "I don't mind too much. He really is a very good little boy . . ."

By this time Freddie and small Jane had completed their second journey down the hill on the penny-farthing bike, evidently without great mishap, and were back, eager for lunch. There was, however, the matter of "washing up a bit" as Freddie phrased it. We heard him explaining to Jane.

"I suppose we might as well," he told her, "or Aunt Cissy won't let us sit down to eat." They raced up stairs to the bathroom and were back in a suspiciously short time.

"Let me see your hands," Aunt Cissy demanded of her nephew.

Blandly he stretched them out, *palms* up. But she was on to this. "Let me see the backs," she insisted. He turned them over, but not with the same assurance. Miss Bartholomew examined them carefully. "Well," she said doubtfully, "I suppose they'll do."

"Yes, they really must do, Aunt Cissy," supplemented Master Freddie. He turned to me, then. "A boy has great trouble keeping his hands clean if he is given to marble playing," he confided, and I nodded sympathetically.

During luncheon I ventured to speak to Freddie about his mother. What was going on in that curly head of his? What did the word *mother* really mean to him?

"Do you remember your mother, Freddie?" I asked him.

He answered politely in that beautifully cultivated voice of his. "Oh yes, ma'am. I was very young when I came to live with Aunt Cissy. I was not more than three, I fancy. But I have seen my mother at intervals since then—" he looked quite pleased at accomplishment of such an elegant word—"so I remember her, all right."

He turned to Miss Bartholomew. "Why is she coming?" he queried. "Is it that she does not like England any more?"

Something like fear clouded Miss Bartholomew's fine eyes. She hesitated. Then Freddie saved her from answering. He supplied an answer himself.

"I suppose she is interested in California," he said, easily. "California is a wonderful place, isn't it?" This to me. . . No, young Freddie does not forget his manners. I was a guest; he my host. Throughout that pleasant, informal meal, he showed me the same courtly, gracious consideration that an adult host would have done. He is a grand little boy—is Freddie Bartholomew.

Nothing more was said about Freddie's mother that day—and why should there have been? No matter what her claim upon him may or may not have been, can a twelve-year-old youngster place significantly in his heart a woman whom he has seen only at vague "intervals"?

After luncheon there was more cycling to be done, with Freddie taking time off to tell me about his "very best friend"—one John Patrick, brother of Jane, who, Freddie confided proudly, "is fourteen but does not consider himself too old to play with me."

I learned more of John Patrick and Jane after the children had gone out to play again. They are English children, son and daughter of a well-known English magazine writer, and are practically Freddie's only playmates. As his aunt explained:

"If I allowed him to play with little boys and girls in general, he would soon lose his precise manner of speaking and that, as we say in Hollywood, is his 'stock in trade'."

SHE looked on like this—a gentle, cultured woman as full of hopes and dreams for Freddie as any mother could be over a son—until the sun neared the bluffs out Santa Monica way, and Freddie and his playmate came tearing up the walk, clamoring for tea.

Still polite, Freddie asked me to have some, too, but I said I couldn't so he shook hands with me and asked me to come again.

"If you weren't quite so big, perhaps you could ride on my bike," he suggested. "And anyway, if you cannot do that, would you like to see my building toys sometime? I am told they are the very finest building toys there are."

They were still outside as I drove away, Freddie having stopped to take up with his aunt some matter concerning his penny-farthing bicycle. I could see him fondling the handlebars as he talked. Perhaps he wanted to take another spin down the street . . . I don't know. . . .

But I had learned something else that day. I had learned the answer to that question which has puzzled and distressed many a fan who loves Freddie Bartholomew in pictures and hopes that he has emerged unhurt from all of this trouble which is no fault of his own. . .

The question is: What does Freddie think about it all?

And the answer is: NOTHING!

He thinks nothing about it because he knows nothing. Which is as it should be. . .

Shopping Guide

[*Continued from page 75*]

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Jean Arthur, once adjudged a screen failure, has scored in two smash hits, *Mr. Deeds Goes to Town* and *The Ex-Mrs. Bradford* in rapid-fire order and now is rewarded by a brand new starring contract with Columbia

Mad Over Eddy

[*Continued from page* 29]

pursuit began to attract newspaper attention, he realized that something had to be done. At his expense a psychologist was called in on the case and a few weeks later the girl was sent home. "She's not completely cured," said the psychologist. "But she's better!" Nelson told me recently that he had never heard from her since.

A third case was of a little different nature, but equally embarrassing. And quite as innocently inspired. From time to time Nelson had received letters from a young girl who said she had been confined to her bed for three years with paralysis. Her one joy in life was listening to him sing. Now she was dying—but she'd die happy if she could only see him and talk with him once. Please, it was such a small thing to ask . . .

Nelson's first reaction was one of complete agreement. It *was* a small thing to ask. Of course! He would be glad to do it! But then just as he was about to make the trip another installment on the psychologist's bill came due and Nelson thought better of it. The studio secretary wrote a polite note instead.

But that was not the end of it. Three days later Nelson heard from the girl's doctor. *Please!* It was a matter of life or death. He went. He saw. He was *almost* conquered. The girl was dying of nothing unless it was love. And as for the doctor, there wasn't any. Again Nelson's heels stood him in good stead.

THERE were many such cases, but they all duplicate each other. Love-sick minds. Fixations. Frustrations. The new American disease . . . women weaving dreams to the magic of a golden voice . . . Nelson Eddy madness!

Most recent to hit the papers was the case of a nineteen-year-old girl from South Bend, Indiana. She claimed that *her* interest in him was merely musical.

But what a furor she created when she suddenly displayed her devotion to Nelson Eddy. Whether her interest was merely musical or merely romantic, it played a merry tune on the newspaper cash register.

It all started in January when Nelson left Hollywood for an extensive concert tour. Some say that the young lady in question picked up his trail at Los Angeles. Others that she didn't start her pursuit until he left Oakland. At any rate she was there, close behind him, when he pulled in at Columbus, Ohio. She had traveled on the same Pullman, as a matter of fact, and he had given her his autograph. When asked about that, she announced that Mr. Eddy had given it voluntarily. "He was sitting near me and noticed that I held a phonograph record of one of his songs. He offered the autograph and I accepted. Why, I wouldn't have the courage to ask!" She actually shuddered at the thought of such nerve.

Later, at the hotel where she and Nelson were both staying, the reporters again cornered her. But by this time she was indignant. "I like to hear him sing. I study piano. I enjoy music. So why should my interest in Mr. Eddy be misinterpreted. Anyone interested in music might do the same. I do wish you'd stop all this fuss. I'm almost afraid to go home. What will my friends think?"

But really, it seemed that she couldn't have been very much worried about that either, because even before the reporters had left she was scurrying around, calling for reservations on the same train that Nelson was taking to Evansville.

"Just a minute," asked the gentlemen of the press, "You're not by any chance following Elaine Barrie's example?"

"Oh, boys!" she admonished gently. "How could you!"

Threat girls and Nelson Eddy trailers! What wondrous magic in that Eddy voice!

Angel of Mercy

[*Continued from page* 33]

Opposition arises from army officers who fear the soldiers will be softened by such treatment, but with the help she receives from a war correspondent (Ian Hunter), she gets some of the medical supplies needed for her work. Newspapers in England carry on a constant campaign to give the nurses the materials refused them by the army.

In a smashing climax, Florence Nightingale receives honors from the Queen after her whole cause seems lost.

Such is the story of *Angel of Mercy*. It requires a cast which includes thirty important players and more than 120 bit players. In addition, literally thousands of extras take part in some of the bigger scenes.

To handle the difficult directorial assignment, Warner Brothers chose William Dieterle, the man who co-directed *Midsummer Night's Dream* with Max Reinhardt, and then scored an outstanding triumph with the immensely successful *Story of Louis Pasteur*.

Besides Kay Francis, Donald Woods, Nigel Bruce, and Ian Hunter, the cast of *Angel of Mercy* includes several brilliant London players, notably Charles Crooker-King, George Curzon, and Ara Gerald. Many of the minor characters are actually starting major careers at Warner Brothers in this picture.

Many costly sets were required to shoot the various scenes. Most elaborate of all was the waterfront at Scutari, a small Turkish port across from Constantinople that suddenly gained importance with the opening of the war. For this sequence a whole string of shops were built along the waterfront, a transport ship was constructed, and a log pontoon bridge was erected between ship and shore. The waterfront scenes were taken on the old Vitagraph lot, several miles from the new Warner Brothers studio.

Property men found the picture unusually difficult. Recent enough to still be within the memory of man, this period of history proved far more exacting than the more remote periods dealt with in most costume pictures. Members of the cast, many of them residents of England, helped the costumers by bringing out family albums clearly depicting the clothes of the era.

To satisfy the demands for hospital supply props, workers had to assemble 2,740 different items, 1,500 of which were medical supplies.

The Scutari hospital set opened endless vistas to the photographers. As a result, you will find many novel and unusual shots throughout the picture.

THE longest candle scene ever taken was shot after a host of technical difficulties were overcome. Kay Francis, carrying a long tapering candle, enters the corridor 190 feet from the camera. As she moves forward the light increases in front and diminishes behind. To carry out this effect twelve banks of flood lights had to be equipped with dimming devices. A rescue call was sent out to other studios when Warner Brothers supply of dimmers was found inadequate.

The scene symbolizes the immortal "Lady with the Lamp" poem, with Florence Nightingale having one last look of tender concern for her patients before retiring for the night.

Every member of the cast is enthusiastic over the possibilities presented in *Angel of Mercy*. And especially delighted is Kay Francis, who for once has a chance to escape that "best dressed woman" label which she has honestly and sincerely disliked for years.

"This rôle is my first chance in nine years to live down that title," Miss Francis remarked between scenes, "and it makes me positively effervescent. I regard it as the most important thing I have ever attempted. Florence Nightingale offers a rôle without an alibi. All the clothes and glamour in the world could not make it convincing. Such an opportunity doesn't arrive often in the film industry."

Miss Francis made a deep analysis of the character she was to play, one that gives a deeper insight into Florence Nightingale's driving purpose:

"The great women of history," said the actress, "gave their talents and abilities, but this inspiring character, more than anyone else, gave *herself*."

She had not a thought of glory or reward. She wanted only to alleviate the suffering of humanity. [*Continued on page* 84]

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In Quest of Romance

[*Continued from page* 39]

the jungle before him. Failure meant the beach again.

He was nearly two hundred miles up stream before he began to worry. He worried because things were going entirely too well. He knew from experience that the jungle is not a kind mistress; a poisonous barb too often lurks beneath her velvety green touch. As he stood athwart the bow watching the unending, sinuous curves of the river, despondency settled over him. The natives had been dangerously quiet all the way up. But that didn't worry him, nor did the heat that presaged an early monsoon season, nor did the pestilential insects. What did cause him a faint unease was the great show of pious friendliness that every black son-of-a-head-hunter he'd met had demonstrated. Not one had tried to make a crooked trade, not one had appeared, smeared with white river clay and brandishing his spear, the blood lust clear in his eyes.

INSTEAD, there had been feasting in every village and beautiful native girls in the full bloom of early adolescence were everywhere apparent. It wasn't right. A properly suspicious native keeps his women in the bush at the first sign of an approaching white.

"Yess Sar!" an ancient chief fawned upon him, "Yess! Tubby sure! The Great Missions of the Great White-Man's God have shown us the evil of taking our brothers' lives!"

The row upon row of bleak, grey skulls on the racks of the Ravi-hut behind belied the lip-service, even had the ancient's eyes not held a pronounced leer. His son strode by, fresh from the jungle, blood on his hands and spear—his huge wad of hair teased out to unbelievable lengths, his body covered with cabalistic scar tattooing, his thick lips quivering in a carefully controlled, but nonetheless wild desire for more blood. He paused significantly before Flynn who casually dropped a hand on his revolver butt. The old man smiled his oiliest and, with an almost imperceptible shake of the head, performed the introductions.

"My boy," he later said with undue pride, "is a great hunter. He has just killed a wild boar. Half of it we will give to the Holy Mission."

Flynn often wonders if the Mission ever got any of that boar. For the next morning as he put up stream he noticed over the ridge pole of the young man's hut a drying skull . . .

At length he reached the end of navigable water and struck inland just north of the last Mission outpost. So far he had lost only a single boy and was highly pleased with himself. That one had disobeyed orders and waded into the water after the body of a Bird of Paradise he'd dropped with an arrow. The plumage brings much money at trading posts and the carcass is good eating. But the boy never ate nor collected.

A crocodile got him.

As they approached their first village Flynn pitched camp—well outside, but, shrewdly, on the path to water. Maru, his Number One boy, went ahead with presents, trade knives and the like for the local chieftan. He returned, his brown belly glutted with feasting, bearing munificent gifts of fruit, sago and meat for the White Master. Two days of this intercourse of preliminary gifts went on before they settled down to the monotony of bargaining.

Immediately Flynn realized that there was some undercurrent, something dangerous afoot. Dangerous because it was unlike these simple, direct people to beat around the bush. At last, by threatening to order his boys to pack up and shove on, he forced a show-down with the crafty elders of the tribe.

"Yes, Master, we savvy trade with you. You want boy fellow go work. Boy fellow go; Mission say good for boy fellow work plantation, but village poor without boy."

Promptly all the elders began to moan and sadly wag their heads in unison. Erroll recognized the cue.

"Good; Boy fellow come! I savvy; what does village father want?"

At long length it came out. These crafty head-hunters, long in contact with the missions, had learned about white man's money, and realized the Christian possibilities of making such money themselves. A faint disgust filled Flynn; all this sanctimonious show of the tribes was nothing but a coverup . . .

"Great and Noble White Master give us money-making machine, White Master can have all boys he wants!"

A moment's careful thought and Erroll nodded. "Tomorrow. Come here with the moon. Only in the full of the moon can white man's money be made. I will teach you how, but bring twenty strong boys—strong here, here and here!" He indicated head, limbs and chest as the crafty chieftains nodded delightedly. They would have sold their eternal souls for a counterfeiter's outfit.

FLYNN and Maru worked for about half an hour the next afternoon—a few pieces of sago wood, four quickly bored holes, some strips of liana vine, a vial of mercury from the medicine chest and four shiny, new florins—genuine—and he was ready.

That night, a strange group banded together excitedly in front of the White Master's tent. Maru beat a simple rhythm on a borrowed tom-tom as Erroll expertly filled a small vial with water and local herbs. An easy mumbo-jumbo followed and then came the dangerous point. If one of those sharp jungle eyes detected his shift of the vials—well, the story would never be told! But the Gods are kind to the Irish. From the other vial hidden in his hand he poured into the funnel of his sago wood box a stream of gleaming, flowing silver—mercury. More abracadabra, a sliding tray deftly pulled out and there under the equatorial moon were four brand new florins!

It wasn't until after carefully cautioning the greedy natives not to try counterfeiting except at the full of the moon that Erroll started down stream with his twenty boys. He wanted to be far away before they tried it themselves . . .

On the long trip down came the labor recruiter's toughest task—teaching the boys pidgin English of the sort they would have to know in the labor camps. Their first contact was always with a government inspector who, to make sure of their voluntary willingness to work under a one, two or three year indenture contract, would ask them the question, usually holding up one, two or three fingers to simplify their answers. The length of time they agreed to labor had a surprising effect on the recruiter's pay . . .

Erroll, therefore, called them forth on deck twice a day. Like one training puppies, he would take them one at a time, "You work one year?" If the boy nodded, Erroll smiled and handed him one cookie. It was amazing how quickly they all caught on! Next week he varied it by saying, "You work two year?" It took more patience than you'd think to accustom them to the change until they got hep to getting two cookies for nodding at the word "two." From then on it was a lead pipe cinch! At the word three those boys would jump through hoops of fire in their eagerness to get the three cookies . . . Erroll prayed silently, as he thought of his entire investment in these miscellaneous boys, that he'd get them there alive and still eager for cookies, three cookies to be precise . . .

Everything went well until they started across the low lands of the river deltas. It was impossible to carry the launch so it was left behind to be called for later. They'd ford the streams as best they could—which was Erroll's biggest worry at the time.

THERE are many streams in that country, but the technique is simple—build your raft of sago and liana where you are and ferry it across until the whole party is safe on the other side. Wading or swimming is impossible because of snakes and crocodiles . . .

The second stream forded on that trek Erroll has bodily reason never to forget. The first trip across was made by Maru, a few labor boys, and supplies; the second by another of his own safari and more labor boys, supplies and so on.

Flynn and Gonai, his Number Two boy, three "guests" and the guns went on the last run across the four hundred yard river. Half way over he heard a strangled moan from Gonai. He turned—and paled. The liana rope binding the bamboo logs together had frayed apart! In less time than it takes to tell the whole lot were pitched into crocodile infested water two hundred yards from shore!

Struggling to free himself of heavy boots, Flynn glanced about to make sure that his men were all able to swim. With vast relief he saw that they all were making slow headway against the current. And then, suddenly, he heard Gonai shriek . . .

"Vie ela, Master! Vie ela! Puk-Puk! Puk-Puk!"

He needed no interpreter to tell him what that meant,

"Faster, Master! Faster! Crocodiles! Crocodiles!"

They were attacking—unseen monsters with horrid, ripping jaws!—

To Be Continued

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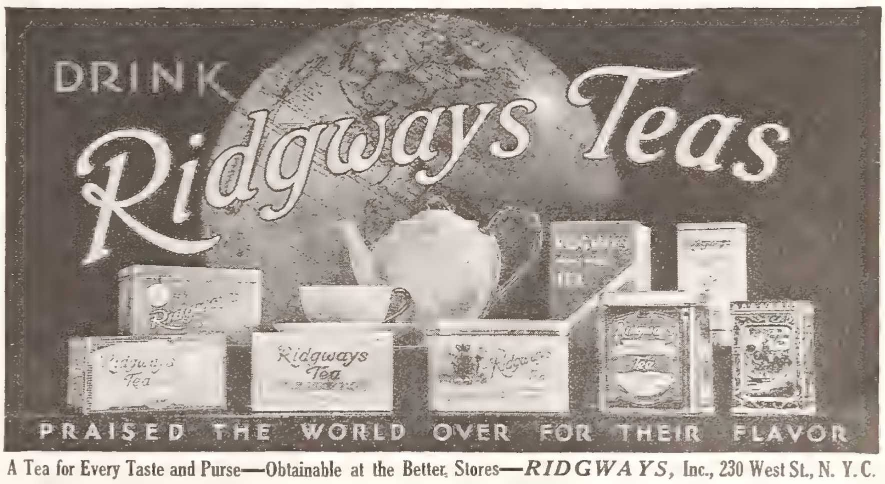

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Angel of Mercy

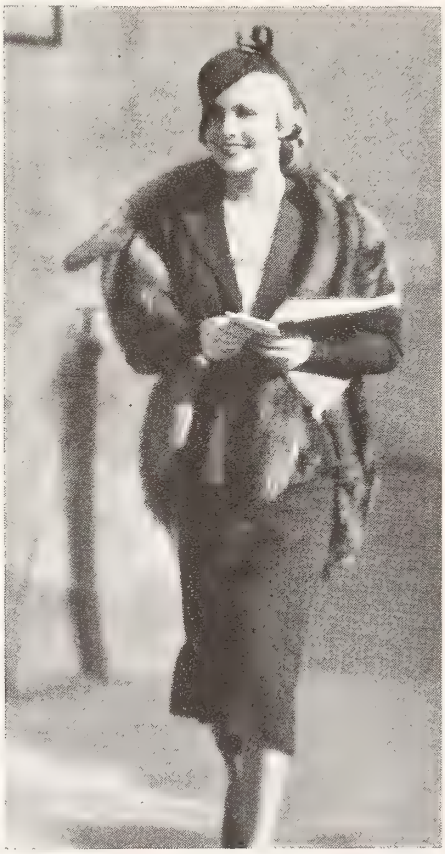
[*Continued from page* 81]

She sacrificed her home life. She turned her back on the man who loved her. Like Pasteur, she had to fight even those who should have been her allies—the physicians. She stood almost alone in a world of enemies with no weapon but her earnestness, no shield but her ideals.

"I remember that when I was a little girl, my mother read me a story about Florence Nightingale. The army officers who plotted against her seemed like cruel villains to me. I wept bitterly over the description of how she eased the last moments of wounded soldiers. Then and there she became my favorite heroine."

It is not difficult to imagine that as a child the lovely Kay Francis wept over this story, for in the hospital scenes she is now enacting, tears well into her eyes frequently. Nor is she the only one affected on the set. The sight of a hundred or more genuinely crippled persons re-enacting a tragic moment in history is enough to "get" even hardened juicers and grips.

Perhaps never before has a studio had two pictures in production based on the same war. *Angel of Mercy* is a behind-the-scenes story of the Crimean war. It takes you to the hospitals at Balaclava, but never to the battlefields. For at this point another story is begun—the one you will see in *Charge of the Light Brigade,* starring Errol Flynn. All in all, you certainly should be able to get a clear picture of an otherwise remote war!



Madeliene Carroll, the toast of European film audiences, is the latest importation from London. Under long-term contract to Walter Wanger, she will soon be seen in *The Case Against Mrs. Ames.* She is noted as one of the world's most beautiful women

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Platinum blonde or brownette? The controversy regarding the proper shade for Jean Harlow's hair has aroused a storm of controversy among her fans. Apparently Jean has settled the question to her own satisfaction, for she is again a brownette in *Suzy*, her current picture

Ronald Colman's "Lost Horizons"

[*Continued from page* 45]

What man, but a very young one, a very curious and equally confident one, would dare to set sail for a new country with thirty-seven dollars in his pocket. Yet in those days I was like that. I'd try anything once, just for the sheer adventure of it.

"NOW, it's different. Oh I still like new places, at least places that are new to me, and I like new roads to take me there. I'm still on the look-out for new experiences. But it's different. I used to seek novelty to blow off steam. All young people do. Now I seek it for something else . . . knowledge. I'm sure that's why Shangri-la appeals to Conway so much. That's why my library appeals to me . . . a place for reaping, after so much rush and doing!

"In a way I suppose, it's sort of a selfish horizon. Where friends are concerned at least. But have you ever stopped to realize how much time friends take? So much time to build a friendship, even more to keep it! If I haven't many friends, it isn't because I haven't found many. It's because not many have found me a friend. I'm afraid I make a very poor one . . . always shutting myself away, wanting my time for other things, too—not that they give a damn!" he added with his characteristic modesty. "But anyway, I do."

And there you have, for the first time, I believe, Ronald Colman's own explanation of his hermitage . . . the secret behind his seclusion. Not shyness. Not modesty. Not even his reserved Scotch-English blood. Not any of the things we have thought. But merely a liking for the new quiet kind of adventure he finds in books, and in art, and in thought-browsing.

Yet for details about these things I had to go to someone else. Already Ronald Colman had talked more about himself than I had ever heard him talk before.

"His library! Why yes, of course, it's the most precious room in his house," one of his good English friends told me. "He has a wonderful collection of books, hundreds of volumes. Then there's his art collection. He never speaks about it much. But I know it means a lot to him, especially his Raeburn. It's his favorite. 'Portrait of a Man.' He's had it for years I guess. It was one of the first things he bought when he began to make money. He has a lot of good English prints, too. But you know, it's funny about Ronnie. He never 'talks' art, like a lot of people do. He never talks books. He never makes speeches about anything. The only reason I know that his Raeburn means a lot to him is the way I've seen him look at it at times. But then I've seen him look that way too when you talk to him about fishing! I spent a lot of time at a crab fisherman's town one year and when I came back Ronnie couldn't hear enough about them. How they looked. What they talked about, what happiness they got out of life.

"It's hard to explain . . . sounds foolish I suppose . . . but he relished them the same way he relishes that painting. Drinks it all in. You see, for a while Ronnie tried to go out and see these things for himself. But his fame always caught up with him and got in his way. Curious fans, mobs, publicity seeking hotel proprietors. You know, the sort of thing that big stars always run into. He finally had to give that up. So now he lets his books and his paintings and his music and his friends bring these things to him, and he stores them away, in sort of a . . . yes, that's it . . . as you say, like a treasure trove against the world. Now that you mention it I suppose that's what makes him so peaceful . . . the kind of a man who's never lonely even when he's alone.

"By jove, I used to wonder about Ronnie . . . wonder why he liked to be alone so much. It's always bothered me a little. But now . . . it's a funny thing, now that you bring up that treasure business . . . a funny thing! Now it isn't a mystery anymore."

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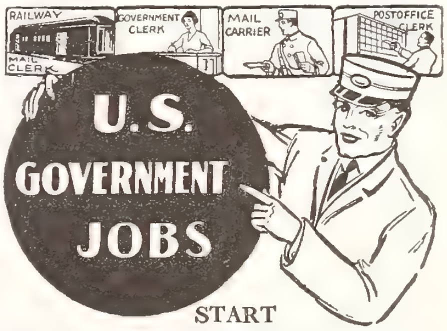

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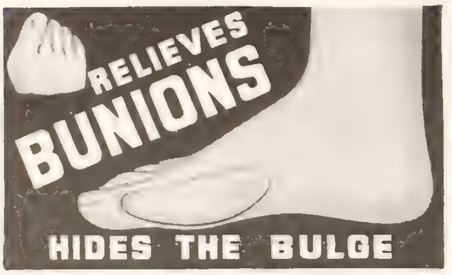

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29x5.00-19	2.85	1.05
30x5.00-20	2.85	1.05
5.25-17	2.90	1.15
28x5.25-18	2.90	1.15
29x5.25-19	2.95	1.15
30x5.25-20	2.95	1.15
31x5.25-21	3.25	1.15
5.50-17	3.35	1.15
28x5.50-18	3.35	1.15
29x5.50-19	3.35	1.15
6.00-17	3.40	1.15
30x6.00-18	3.40	1.15
31x6.00-19	3.40	1.15
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Gail Patrick's Alabama Recipes

[*Continued from page 52*]

Drain off the salt water, repack in more ice and salt, place burlap bags or a heavy carpet over the freezer and allow the mixture to stand at least three hours before serving. Place a small sprig of mint on top of each 'scoop'.

Gail continued the conversation by telling me, "I became so homesick surrounded by these familiar things, I decided to do just the opposite. I rented a Spanish house, found a cook from New England—I tried desperately hard to divorce myself from my former life—even to the extent of vowing never again to say 'I reckon'.

"However one incident occurred which cured me. I came home to find Mother cooking luncheon, while the housekeeper, looking perfectly miserable, watched. My mother couldn't resist her own recipes and cooking any longer.

"She was frying sweet potato croquettes which reminded me of home, and I realized one is foolish to fight habits and customs. I ate the cakes until I couldn't move—then decided to move my household—back into the atmosphere I knew!"

Gail gave me her Mother's recipe for the croquettes. Try them for lunch.

4 cups cooked, mashed, sweet potatoes
¼ tsp. nutmeg
salt and pepper to taste
2 tbls. brown sugar
1¼ cups of soft bread crumbs

Cook, mash, and season sweet potatoes, adding ½ cup of the bread crumbs to the potatoes to take up all excess moisture and make the mixture slightly firm. Form into croquettes and roll them in balance of bread crumbs. Fry in hot fat.

Today, Gail is perfectly happy—she has learned to mix Hollywood and Alabama. Her bedroom is furnished with the things she originally brought with her. She sleeps in a four poster bed, with a canopy. White organdy curtains flutter at the windows, and cross stitch pictures, extolling the virtues of "Home, Sweet Home" adorn the walls. The furnishings in the rest of the home are from no particular period or locality.

"How about fried chicken, Gail?" I asked, knowing she would doubtless have definite views on this Southern dish.

"Smother it!" she answered promptly.

So let's make our ice cream in the good old way and smother our chicken.

Southern Chicken "Mammy Style"

2 good sized yearling chickens
1 small onion chopped fine
1 large green pepper, chopped fine
4 tbls. butter
salt and pepper to taste
1 cup cream
¼ cup water
flour for thickening

Singe and disjoint chickens, and cut in generous pieces. Heat the butter to a delicate brown, dredge pieces of chicken in flour and brown quickly on both sides.

Transfer the fowl to a baking dish, slightly brown onion and pepper in fryings, add water and pour mixture over the chicken. Place in an oven at 300 degrees to slowly cook until tender. Add cream a few minutes before removing chicken. Thicken juices with a little flour and water. Serve on an old fashioned platter, garnished with watercress, and pour gravy over all.

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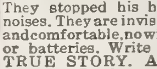

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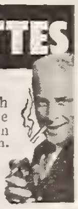

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For once a star was untirely unaware of the snooping cameraman's presence—hence this unusual picture of Margaret Sullavan, relaxing in her garden after a dip in her swimming pool. Her current release is *The Moon's Our Home,* in which she co-stars with her ex-husband, Henry Fonda

Can You Qualify for Stardom?

[*Continued from page* 43]

beautiful bodies can be developed through proper diet and exercise. Poise and carriage can be acquired by anyone.

"Many who have come to Hollywood," Van Dyke points out, "with the latent requisites for stardom, have, through self-indulgence lost their most valuable assets. A beautiful figure needs constant care. It requires the constant curbing of appetites, and the perpetual maintenance of health. No woman can impress herself as a personality if she shows weakness through the very fact that she has permitted herself to deteriorate."

Deterioration is as quickly recognized in a woman's own social circle as it is on the screen. And carries as heavy penalties with it.

"In Hollywood," says Van Dyke, "there is no place for a lazy person. Indulgence and indolence leave their marks on mental attitudes as well as on face and figure.

"Not only to *become* a star, but to continue, demands a rigorous program of self-training. No star has ever lasted long who has burned the candle at both ends. The luminaries who continue in favor are those who sublimate their work, and to whom every other consideration is secondary. They go to bed early for the needed rest when they are in the midst of a picture. They watch themselves with hawk-like eyes for first traces of fatigue.

"There is a penalty attached to everything we do contrary to natural laws. A girl ages quickly when she becomes too fatigued. To retain beauty means to budget your days and to include ample rest in your schedule. Nothing of importance can be accomplished by the perpetually weary woman. Her personality is dimmed and the electric quality in her sizzles out."

And Van Dyke, too, says that to be a star or to be a complete woman requires a mental and spiritual balance, a keen intelligence which the survivors in the race for Hollywood glory must either possess or acquire.

"The old phrase 'beautiful but dumb' does not hold in Hollywood. The beautiful ones dare not be dumb or their beauty adds up to exactly nothing. For intelligence dove-tails into the other requirements. The intelligent person does not continue in discouragement, but finds new founts of courage. And no one has ever accused Hollywood of being a place where fear is subsidized. The trophies always belong to those who keep on going, keep on trying, when all the odds are against them."

THAT takes courage. It took courage for Myrna Loy to go on and on playing everything that came to her hand, waiting for her chance. If she had not had that priceless ingredient of courage and patience, she today would not have been sitting securely on the topmost rung of the ladder of achievement.

Not only does the Chart for Stardom call for courage, but for the ability to

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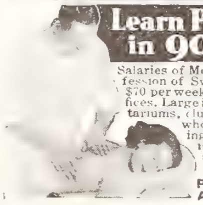

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Can You Qualify for Stardom?

[*Continued from page* 87]

sit day after day patiently waiting in vain, until that day which proves that the waiting has *not* been in vain. It takes endless patience even after Fame is achieved to stand on your feet, hour after hour, while costumes are fitted; to sit in front of a makeup glass testing powders and pencils and eye-shadows; to test one type of hairdress after another; to seek for that perfect combination which will intensify a personality; to sit on sets hour after hour, waiting for the director's call, for your brief moment of importance in front of the cameras.

EVEN the stars have to wait. Those who cannot contain their souls in patience are the ones who, understandably enough, do not continue, for they are instantly marked with the tag of temperament and Hollywood has no place for tantrums.

But it takes courage and patience to face the problems of every-day life too. It takes a magnificent person to segregate trifles from the things which mean much, and to give them only their just due of importance. Patience is only another face of courage. Those who have become stars have that quality in great quantities.

In appraising the essential factors in stardom, Director Van Dyke comes back again and again to *balance*. He points out that the star whose head swells too quickly and out of all proportion is doomed.

"There are classic examples in this town of Hollywood," he declares, "of players who have become overnight sensations and were as rapidly dumped into the limbo of forgotten women, because they could find no hat to fit their heads. Their egos became exaggerated, and their egotism flavored their work with insincerity. Any successful person must be able to stand the strain of achievement."

If by dint of labor therefore, if by dint of charm and personality, you have become the leader in a group, in your own particular group, then is the time to watch. It is too easy to become so assured that the very thing which brought you prominence is dissipated.

Sincerity on the screen is vital. Sincerity in the world as a whole is also a treasure.

To be a star you must have the power to believe, and the sincerity to make others believe you. Time and again one character in a picture stands out, because that player has imbued his make-believe part with the sincerity of his own heart. No matter how trivial the picture might be as a whole, that character is distinctive and distinguished. For nothing breeds belief as belief itself! Nothing draws our hearts to another so quickly, as the knowledge that a person is sincere.

Cesar Romero and Virginia Bruce have been seen together at Hollywood's social affairs and the inevitable romance rumors are rife

Imagination is another quality which those who have achieved stardom invariably possess. But it is as valuable in our every-day contacts with other people, in that it gives us an understanding of the other person's viewpoint.

Seek experience. Learn daily. In Hollywood a large comprehension of what it's all about is considered necessary.

Van Dyke says: "Experience inevitably gives us an all-encompassing comprehension, not only of motives, but also of the drama which spells life. The convent girl who has been sheltered could neither comprehend nor interpret the torments of a girl at odds with the world. Knowledge of people and their behavior, and an ability to interpret that behavior, is imperative in those who seek to achieve screen recognition.

"Experience makes a valuable contribution to character. No one can understand starvation, unless they themselves have felt the clutching pangs of hunger. No one can understand heartbreak without the tragedy of a broken heart."

ONE MARKED talent will flag Hollywood's attention. Jeannette MacDonald certainly found her path easier because of her glamorous voice. Nelson Eddy, Grace Moore, Fred Astaire found their niche with their distinguished and individual talent.

But even an arresting, even a rare, a unique personality, can become the one asset requisite for that first and difficult beginning. Greta Garbo is famous today because she has an aura; Myna Loy because men and women want to touch her to see if she is real; Joan Crawford, because she has a robust glamour; Maureen O'Sullivan will go to the heights because she makes tangible sheer, essential sweetness; Jean Harlow, because she has a very rare type of personality, and brings a vivid and strange charm to the screen.

But none of these girls would have achieved fame if their singular talents had not been backed up by courage and patience, good common sense, and an ability to think quickly and logically in tense situations.

All too frequently we are dishonest with ourselves in gauging our talents and our abilities. We are incapable of taking stock of ourselves truthfully. In charting yourself for stardom in your own particular circle, it is important to pick out the flaws, to credit yourself with faults or virtues as you find them in your searching.

Crawford and Loy and Harlow and the others were honest with themselves. When Jean Harlow began her climb she knew that she lacked poise; she developed it! When Joan Crawford found faults in herself, she corrected them! When Maureen O'Sullivan discovered that she was too self-indulgent, that she *did* burn the candle at both ends, she ceased doing it and her career progressed!

In charting *yourself*—in answering the questions here listed, remember that the qualities which make for screen stardom are the qualities which make for fine womanhood.

Those women who are motion picture stars today had to answer these questions. Were forced to develop or to acquire these vital attributes which are the basis of stardom.

And any woman who seeks to be completely interesting, either to herself or to others, must chart herself for stardom.

W. S. Van Dyke's Chart For Stardom

1. Have I beauty?
2. Have I any irritating mannerisms?
3. Is my figure good?
4. Do I walk gracefully?
5. Have I poise?
6. Have I self-control?
7. Have I balance?
8. Am I patient?
9. Am I self-indulgent?
10. Am I lazy?
11. Am I easily discouraged?
12. Am I intelligent?
13. Is my education sufficient?
14. Have I had sufficient experience in living?
15. Have I imagination?
16. Am I sincere?
17. Am I honest in picking my own faults?
18. Am I broad-minded or petty?
19. Does my speaking voice show personality?
20. Have I any one outstanding ability or talent?

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Through Horror Came Happiness

[*Continued from page 26*]

and shovel gang. He knows what it is to have lived, for one terrible week, on four cents a day. He can remember nights spent on park benches, huddling under newspapers to keep warm.

He came to Hollywood ten years before he "got lucky," in his own phrase. He served for a while as an extra. His burning dark eyes, his strongly shaped face and great, gaunt shoulders became "atmosphere" in the background of countless silent pictures.

Gradually, by sheer force of personality, he rose from the ranks of extras and became a bit player. He was known as a "French-Canadian type." He lived in a little house in Laurel Canyon, near Hollywood, a favorite place for struggling artists and writers, where small, unpretentious houses cling to the sides of the barren hills.

Every day he would walk down from the hills to Hollywood Boulevard where he saw his agent—"usually," he told me, "a thoroughly futile trip."

For as the years passed his "bit" parts were becoming fewer and fewer. Too much failure was breaking the man's spirit. "Among my friends," he said, "were many men in my own predicament. For some of them Success waited too long. When it came, their spirits were broken. . . ."

"Always in the back of my mind was the thought that I could return to the stage, if worst came to worst. If I failed completely in Hollywood—and it seemed then that I *had* failed—I could eke out a living in stock companies, where my years of early experience on the stage would have value.

"Suddenly I realized, with a shock of horrible emptiness, that the stage didn't exist any more. Vaudeville was dying with the popularity of movies. Stock companies were few and far between. Touring companies no longer played the little towns throughout the country. The bulwark that I'd counted on had been swept away! I had nothing left."

HIS voice shook a little as he told me, "I used to wake up at night in a cold sweat of fear, realizing that there was no place in the world for me. For a while I turned to laboring jobs. I drove a truck, and I worked for a cement company. But I realized that I wasn't growing any younger—and soon I wouldn't have the strength and stamina to take such jobs."

He longed, too, to return to England and the home he had left so many years before. It was bitterly ironical, that he had given up luxury and wealthy, influential friends in order to pursue that burning ambition for a career on the stage.

"I hadn't been home in many years," he said—and his tone expressed the loyalty to his native land that is a strong part of his character. "But I couldn't go back then, broke, a failure. I couldn't creep back like a whipped dog, with my tail between my legs."

Then, with a magic only Hollywood knows, the picture changed. An opportunity to play in *Criminal Code* on the stage in Los Angeles. Producers in the audience. Small gangster rôles in several pictures. Then "The Monster" in *Frankenstein*, and world-wide fame.

"I'm happy, now, that it came when it did," Karloff says. "If you get your break when you're young, you take it for granted—expect it to go on forever. And the rude awakening comes at the wrong end of your life.

"Mine came at a time when a man can best appreciate it and take advantage of it."

As if to make up for his years of hardship and suffering, life suddenly gave Karloff everything he desired. He was even assigned to make a picture in England, and his agent told him, "You've got to be in London in eight days."

Bette Davis, Academy award winner, will next be seen in *The Broken Arrow*. She is glimpsed here while on location at Catalina Island

"Can you imagine that?" Karloff asked me. "Only a little while ago I'd been wondering if I could scrape together enough for the boat trip. Now I was *paid* to return—in triumph!"

Another reason for happiness is his perfect marriage. His wife is the former Dorothy Stine, a girl with whom he fell in love several years before success.

They met in a little library in Hollywood where he used to go because it was the only place where he could rest—free of charge—in pleasant surroundings. She was the librarian, and she became interested in the tall, dark stranger who chose the same books she loved. Gradually they became friends.

"She was the first person in Hollywood who talked kindly to me, who seemed to take a real interest in me," Karloff told an old friend, who is an acquaintance of mine.

Now he can pour into the lap of this woman who had faith in him everything she desires—not the jewels, furs, and expensive clothes another girl might choose. For Dorothy's tastes are as simple and wholesome as his own.

HE has given her their beautiful home. She adores the dogs, the rare Bedlingtons which Karloff raises himself. She plays on the tennis court every day. Boris himself prefers to garden. From sun-up until sunset, on the days when he is not making pictures, he can be found in an old pair of corduroy trousers and a faded shirt, digging into the soil.

"I've always loved acting," he told me once, "and you can't ask for much more than to be fairly successful at the thing you enjoy. It enables me to have and to do the things I want—to work in my garden, to play cricket, to own good books, good dogs and a good home. . . ."

Right now he's happy because the critics have called *The Invisible Ray*, his recent picture, the finest "horror" story that has ever been filmed. "It is difficult to find strong, plausible pictures when you do my type of character," he admits, "and the success of *The Invisible Ray* seems to give me a new lease on life."

The recently published list of stars who are most popular at the box-office gave Karloff a high place—another reason for happiness. And he is at present doing a film for Gaumont-British in London—a location that amounts to a vacation for him.

Perhaps you can understand now why his friends call him "the happiest man in Hollywood!"

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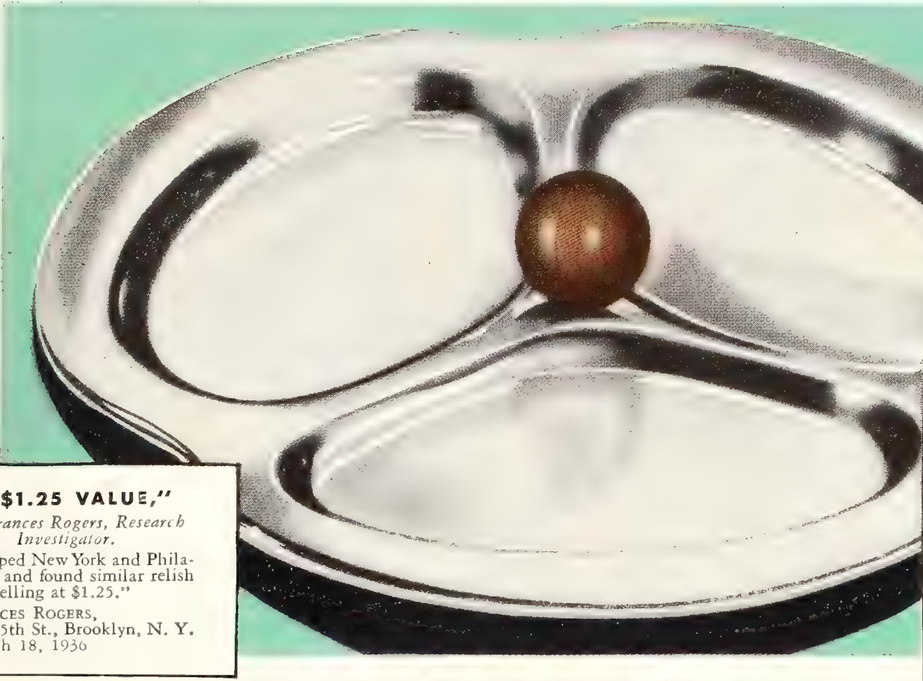

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Place ingredients in mixing bowl. Beat with rotary egg beater until mixture thickens. If thicker consistency is desired, place in refrigerator to chill. Makes 1¼ cups. Or place ingredients in pint jar in order listed. Fasten top tightly. Shake for two minutes.

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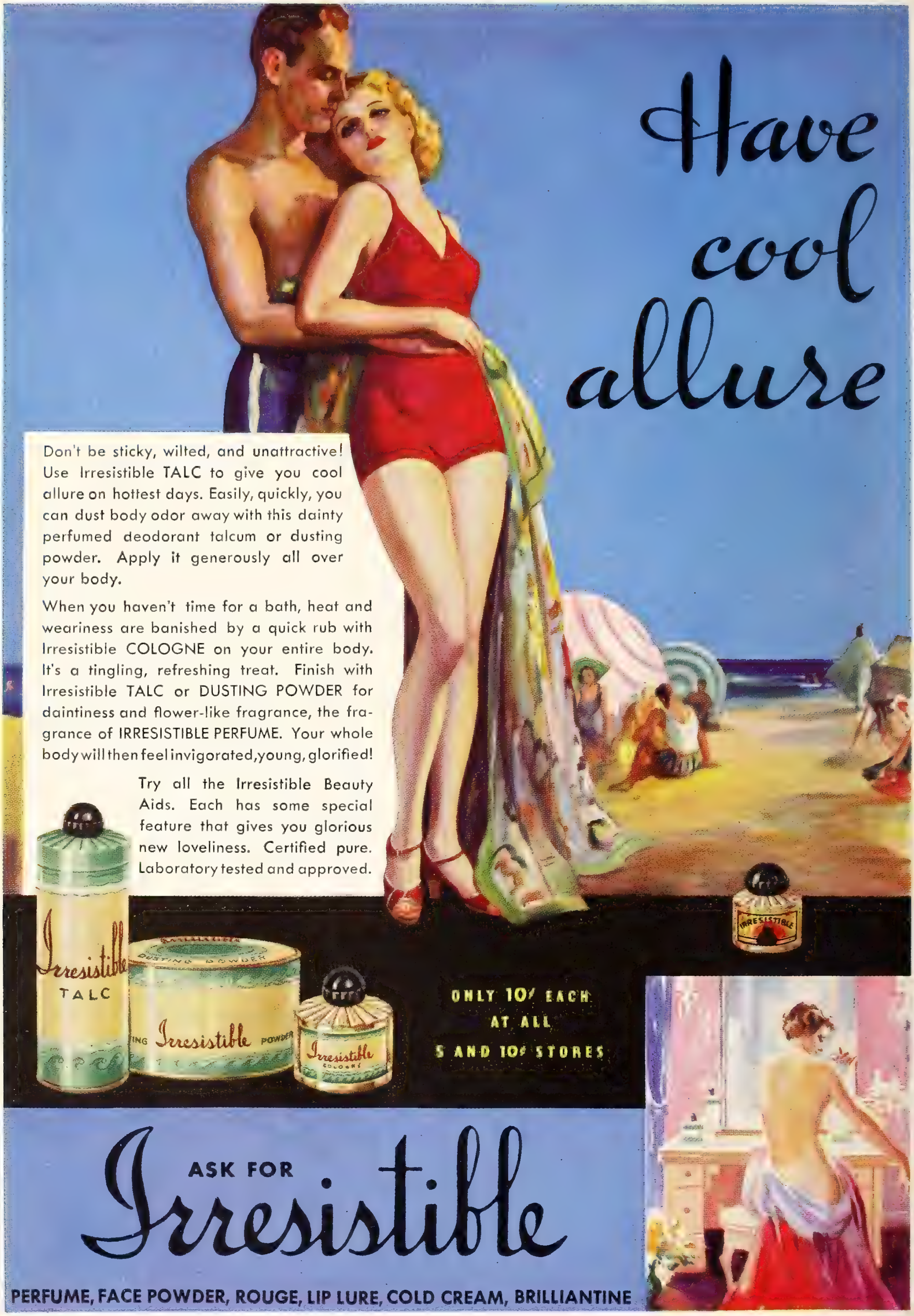

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MOVIE CLASSIC
EDITED IN HOLLYWOOD

AUGUST, 1936
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Editor

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Managing Editor

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She blushed—A few years ago when censorship came into effect, I was highly indignant to think than an individual or group should dictate what the public should or should not see.

One of our local theatres recently began showing revivals of older pictures and, wanting to see a few I had missed, I went down to see them.

Imagine my embarrassment when I actually found myself blushing and a little disgusted at some of the scenes they had managed to get away with.

I see now that censorship has at least made it possible to see a picture without leaving the theatre with a bad taste in one's mouth.—*(Mrs.) Anne Margulies, 2041½ Hightower Drive, Hollywood, California.*

$10 Prize Letter

Give Us More Realism!—Tarzan is engaged in a terrific battle with a lion. The beast apparently sinks his teeth many times into vital spots of the ape man's anatomy, mauls him and claws him but Tarzan, after overpowering the animal, gets up without a scratch—Impossible.

Warner Baxter, in "Shark Island", is escaping from prison. Eight or ten guards, supposedly crack-shots, are shooting at him as he hangs to the outer side of the prison wall. When he dives into the shark-infested moat, which surrounds the prison, a dozen or more sharks dart toward him but the volley of bullets, which is still being fired at him, either kills or frightens away the sharks and he escapes through a hole in the wall—Preposterous.

Errol Flynn, as the mighty "Captain Blood," leads his men to victory after victory. In their victorious battle with the French at Port Royal, one of the most ferocious, exciting, dramatic sea battles the screen has ever produced, he comes through without shedding a drop of blood—Ridiculous!

GIVE US MORE REALISM! Let's see some bullet wounds, cuts and blood on our fighting heroes.—*G. H. Strand, 2684 Moss Avenue, Los Angeles, Calif.*

$5 Prize Letter

The Forgotten Men—The man behind the scenes in motion pictures, the technician. Who is he? What does he do? What sort of a person is he? I, for one, would like to know.

Compare any of the modern pictures with those made ten years ago and the wonderful strides made in photography and sound are at once apparent. Compare American-made pictures with those made in foreign countries and the technical superiority of American-made pictures is vividly brought home to you.

And why? Because of the obscure technician behind the scenes, the modern miracle man. Consider the pictorial splendor of *A Midsummer Night's Dream*, of *Mutiny on the Bounty* and many others, all made possible through the unsung hero behind the scenes.

Let's hear something about him and let's give him a great big hand, he deserves it.—*Vernon Wilkinson, 1024 47th St., Oakland, Calif.*

Joan Crawford, in *The Gorgeous Hussy,* appears in period costume for one of the few times in her career. We would like to hear what you think about our most modern lady adopting the garb of the past

$1 Letters

Broadway's Movie Mad—I am convinced that Manhattan is as completely "movie struck" as a town like . . . well, Squeedunkus Falls, where legitimate drama is limited to stock company performances of *East Lynne.*

At the recent première of *The Great Ziegfeld,* it took traffic policemen afoot and on horseback to keep order in front of the Astor Theatre, where what looked like a Cecil B. De Mille mob scene had assembled to get an "in person" glimpse of stars.

Contrast with that of the première of the stage *Ziegfeld Follies* which, though a brilliant affair at the Winter Garden

[*Continued on page* 61]

MOVIE CLASSIC urges its readers to take the floor and present on this page their candid opinions of pictures and stars. Each month MOVIE CLASSIC offers these cash prizes for the best letters: (1) $15; (2) $10; (3) $5; all others published, $1 each. The editors will be the sole judges and reserve the right to publish all or part of any letter received. Write your letter now—to MOVIE CLASSIC'S Letter Editor, 7046 Hollywood Boulevard, Hollywood, California.

Ask your mirror!

"Will I Be More Popular Tonight?"

YOUR mirror tells you the truth. And here's how to make *your* mirror say, "YES!"

Lovely young women everywhere tell us they are more popular with soft lustrous hair. Radiant hair alone quickly gives them a new, lovely fresh bright appearance. Now you, too, can gain this popularity. Have sunny hair friends admire! Blonde or Brunette, rinse brilliant lustre into your hair with Marchand's Golden Hair Wash.

BLONDES—To restore natural golden beauty, to brighten *evenly* and give sunny lustre to dull, faded or streaked hair—rinse your hair with Marchand's.

BRUNETTES—Increase *your* attractiveness. Just a rinse with Marchand's gives your hair a soft, lustrous sheen. Or, using Marchand's full strength, lighten your hair gradually—secretly—to any lovely blonde shade.

BLONDES and BRUNETTES—You can make "superfluous" hair *unnoticeable.* And so keep your face, arms and legs alluringly soft and smooth! This summer use Marchand's to soften attractively and make unnoticeable the soft natural hair on face, arms and legs.

Marchand's keeps you dainty and attractive *all over!* Start *today* to use Marchand's yourself, at home. Get a bottle of Marchand's Golden Hair Wash at any drugstore.

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(Use coupon below)

A trial bottle of Marchand's Castile Shampoo—FREE—to those who send for Marchand's Golden Hair Wash. The finest health treatment you can give your hair. Marchand's Castile Shampoo makes your hair fresher and more charming. Send for a bottle today.

ASK YOUR DRUGGIST FOR MARCHAND'S TODAY, OR USE COUPON BELOW

CHARLES MARCHAND CO., 521 West 23rd Street, New York City

Please let me try for myself the SUNNY, GOLDEN effect of Marchand's Golden Hair Wash. Enclosed 50 cents (use stamps, coin, or money order as convenient) for a full sized bottle. Also send me, FREE, trial sample of Marchand's Castile Shampoo.

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Delicious Recipes

Straight from the Kitchens of Hollywood's Favorite Hostesses

MOVIE CLASSIC offers you the favorite recipes of film stars! Each celebrity has personally autographed his selection and they have been kitchen tested by a noted food expert.

The recipes are printed on a punched leaflet to fit an 8½ x 11 loose leaf notebook.

●

Just Send a Three Cent Stamp for Each Leaflet You Need!

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- Heather Angel's Salads
- Valeria Hobson's Casserole Dishes
- Mona Barrie's Favorite Soups
- Tuna Recipes from Jim Cagney
- Leftover Surprises from Sally Eilers
- Mae Clarke's Favorite Cakes
- Adrienne Ames' Apple Recipes
- Raquel Torres' Mexican Dishes
- Andy Devine's After Dinner Snacks
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- Margaret Sullavan's Tasty Puddings
- Raisin Recipes from Noah Berry, Jr.
- Pinky Tomlin's Favorite Hot Breads
- Cottage Cheese Delights from Binnie Barnes
- Savory Ham Dishes from Gloria Stuart

●

For information, write to Dorothy Dwan, Movie Classic Food Editor, 7046 Hollywood Blvd., Hollywood, California. No inquiries answered unless a STAMPED, SELF ADDRESSED ENVELOPE IS ENCLOSED!

Speaking of Sandwiches

Astrid Allwyn excels Hollywood caterers in making sandwiches. Their inviting appearance and unusual fillings make them irresistible!

By Dorothy Dwan

Astrid has many interesting hobbies—one of which is creating sandwiches that are different

DID you know that plain, everyday sandwiches, so dear to the heart of the American public, have a *royal* background? Astrid Allwyn, explained the sandwich "family tree" to me—and it surely behooves us to treat them with the utmost respect!

Many decades ago, in Ye Merrie Olde England, John Montague, Fourth Earl of Sandwich, was seated at a gaming table with a group of friends, when dinner was announced, Astrid related. His enthusiasm for the game and the pangs of hunger warred within him, and once again, necessity became the mother of invention. Demanding bread and meat, the Earl slipped a piece of meat between two slices of bread so he could eat with one hand, while playing with the other. Pleased with his brain child, Montague dubbed it a "sandwich," little dreaming he was writing a page in the history of food.

"Now—picnics, lunch boxes, tea tables, drug stores, and I are furthering the famous lineage," Astrid concluded, reaching once more for the sandwich tray.

We were seated in the patio, enjoying the tinkle of ice upon our frosty glasses and munching Astrid's sandwiches. I had arrived early to find her bustling about the kitchen while the maid looked on.

"Tyl," a [*Continued on page* 58]

Jean Muir's Cook Book

STRAWBERRY BAVARIAN CREAM

- 2 tbls. plain gelatin
- ¼ cup cold water
- ½ cup fruit juice
- 1½ cups crushed strawberries
- 1½ cups whipped cream

Soak gelatin in cold water, dissolve in hot fruit juice, and cool. Sweeten the berries to taste, depending on tartness of fruit. Add fruit to gelatin mixture and place in refrigerator cabinet to chill, stirring occasionally. When mixture begins to thicken, fold in stiffly whipped cream and turn into mold, which has been dipped in cold water. Place mold in refrigerator until mixture becomes firm. Unmold on serving plate, garnish with ripe berries and whipped cream.

Last Call for the MOVIE CLASSIC Trek to Hollywood

This is your final opportunity to join a delightful, yet inexpensive vacation party!

WITH the success of the annual movieland tours sponsored by MOVIE CLASSIC and its sister magazines proving that our readers love travel—particularly when it's a trip to Hollywood—reservations are nearly complete for the August tour.

This year two complete vacation trips to Hollywood from Chicago were organized by MOVIE CLASSIC and cooperating railroad lines. Although the actual cost of the trip per person is only $160, including fare, berths, hotels, most of the meals and all the varied banquets and entertainments planned for Hollywood, it is estimated that Classic's readers this summer will spend more than $100,000 for these two summer vacations.

And yet the Hollywood program could not be bought at any price by the casual tourist to movieland. For through this magazine it has been made possible for our guests to visit studios, dine and dance with the stars, be entertained by them at their homes, and become an intimate part of the Hollywood colony during their stay here.

From the start of the trip, August 9, when the special train pulls out of Chicago, to August 23, when the houseparty on wheels returns, every minute will be exciting. The side trips alone will be thrilling as you cross half the continent, but once in Hollywood the real thrills crowd thick and fast.

Bette Davis will be guest of honor at the annual banquet at the Blossom Room, in the Hotel Roosevelt. Harmon Nelson, bringing both his wife Bette and his famed orchestra to enchant you, will provide the music for dancing. "Ham" and Bette will greet you personally, along with many other stars planning to be present. Donald Woods, popular Warner Brothers player seen recently in *The Story of Louis Pasteur, Tale of Two Cities, Frisco Kid, Anthony Adverse* and other hits, will entertain you at his Beverly Hills home at a cocktail party, so bring kodaks and autograph books, and be prepared to meet your favorite film folk. Universal Studios will open its gates to you for a special trip through the studio to see pictures in the making. Max Factor is holding open house for you at his lovely salon, and will present mementoes to the ladies, and demonstrate how the stars attain that well groomed look. A surprise party will be held at the Brass Rail; in short, every minute will be occupied with star gazing until you won't know what to tell first when you get home filled with novel adventures to relate.

For full particulars and handsome booklet, address a card TODAY to Mr. Joe Godfrey, Jr., Movieland Tour Director, 360 No. Michigan Blvd., Chicago, Ill. The time is short, only a few reservations remain open, so send in your inquiry now!

See you in Hollywood!

Once Ignored...Now Adored!

She found the lovelier way to Avoid Offending

She bathes with this exquisite perfumed soap!

HOW appealingly feminine . . . how *desirable* you are . . . when you guard your daintiness this Cashmere Bouquet way!

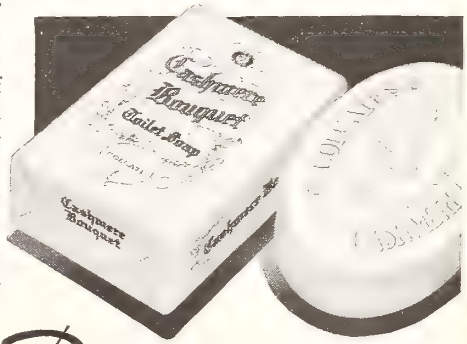
You step from your bath so sweet and clean . . . so confident that Cashmere Bouquet's rich, deep-cleansing lather has removed every trace of body odor.

You also know that for hours afterward you will be *fragrantly dainty.* For Cashmere Bouquet is not just an ordinary scented soap! Its exquisite fragrance comes from a delicate blend of 17 rare and costly perfumes . . . And only such costly perfumes will bring you such *lingering* loveliness!

Use this pure, creamy-white soap for your complexion, too! Its lather is so gentle and caressing. Yet it removes every bit of dirt and cosmetics from every pore . . . keeps your skin alluringly clear and smooth.

Cashmere Bouquet now costs only 10¢. The same long-lasting soap which for generations has been 25¢. The same size cake, scented with the same exquisite perfume. Sold at all drug, department and 10¢ stores.

NOW ONLY 10¢ — THE FORMER 25¢ SIZE



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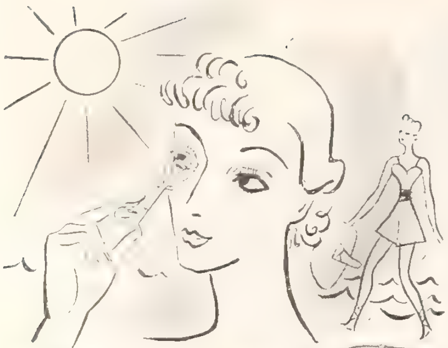
THE LOVELIER WAY TO AVOID OFFENDING



"Keep an eye on the sun"

says Jane Heath

● WATCH Old Sol especially during the summer days, because he does things to your eyes—makes them look pale and squinty when you're in glaring light, playing on the beach or winning a golf match. That's why, if you're smart, you'll outwit him with KURLASH eye make-up and bring out the natural loveliness of your eyes.

First, slip your eyelashes into KURLASH. It's a clever little instrument that curls your eyelashes in 30 seconds and requires no heat, cosmetics or practice. KURLASH is really a beauty necessity, for by curling your lashes your eyes look larger and reveal their full beauty. In the sunlight your curled lashes throw flattering, subtle shadows that make your eyes *glamourous!* Don't be without KURLASH. Buy one today, at your nearest department or drug store, for only $1.

● *Lashtint,* the perfumed liquid mascara, is ideal for swimming days because it doesn't crack, stiffen, weep or rub off. Apply it while the lashes are being curled, by touching the little glass rod to them as they are held in the rubber bows of your KURLASH. In black, brown, green and blue. . . . $1

● *Shadette,* the non-theatrical eye shadow, comes in 12 daytime and evening colors, including gold and silver shades that are grand finishing touches, to be applied alone or over your preferred color. Try *Shadette* some romantic, moonlight night. . . . 75c

● Try *Twissors*—the new tweezers with scissor-handles, curved to permit full vision. They're marvelously efficient, and only 25c.

Kurlash

Write JANE HEATH *for advice about eye beauty. Give your coloring for personal beauty plan. Address Dept. SB-8,* The Kurlash Company, Rochester, N. Y. The Kurlash Company of Canada, at Toronto, 3.

Evelyn Venable Reveals Her Beauty Secrets

Fencing is Evelyn Venable's favorite exercise. It is excellent for posture.

Practical makeup tips and habits of beauty discussed with a favorite of the screen.

by Alison Alden

IT WAS on the *David Harum* set and Evelyn Venable, young Shakespearean actress, was being introduced to her cameraman. "How do you do, Mr. Mohr," said Miss Venable.

"Do you know that you have an absolutely perfect face?" asked Hal Mohr, ignoring her conventional greeting. Miss Venable smiled graciously.

"But your makeup is terrible," he added, "Take it off at once!"

Miss Venable seethed. "How would you like to jump in the lake?" she inquired inelegantly.

Thus began Evelyn Venable's interest in correct makeup—and one of Hollywood's most perfect romances. Hal Mohr, you know, is the cameraman who won the 1935 Academy Award for Cinematography and who, far more important to him, is now Evelyn Venable's husband. He has filmed such outstanding productions as *Midsummer Night's Dream, Captain Blood* and *Green Pastures.*

Evelyn explained that by a "perfect" face Hal Mohr had meant her face was perfectly symmetrical, identical on both sides, and that she would never have to worry about camera angles.

"Then you did take off your makeup," I suggested.

Evelyn laughed that delicious low laugh which so characterizes her charm and radiant well-being. "I did *not!*" she said. "We quarreled furiously all that day and I went home burned to a crisp, vowing vengeance. I had practically grown up on the stage in Shakespearean rôles and had been in the habit of applying makeup with a heavy hand in the theatrical tradition. My lashes *were* too heavily beaded, my makeup *was* too dark for picture purposes, but I didn't want to admit it then."

To appear beautiful to the technical scrutiny of a camera-minded husband as well as to the public is certainly asking a great deal of any girl, even one so lovely as Miss Venable.

"It does keep me on my toes," she confessed. "I find it simplest to have a beauty routine—certain rites to be performed every day and others to be performed on a definite day each week. By following this schedule it not only saves precious minutes when I am working in a picture but gives me a sense of confidence in myself and in my appearance."

What a lot of well-groomed women there would be if we could all be married to cameramen! No "letting down" every now and then, no skipping a manicure or shampoo, no letting the brows grow every which way for lack of a few minutes attention.

The Use of Cosmetics

Evelyn's face grew serious as she said, "The most valuable tip I could give to girls on makeup is—EXPERIMENT! You must try many shades and discard until you have the correct harmonizing colors. For help in this, seek the advice of competent beauty authorities.

"I have a large assortment of shades in rouge, lipsticks, powder and eyeshadow—four or five completely harmonized sets. These I use according to the color dress I am wearing, governed to be sure by the time of day. At first this requires a great deal of patience and experiment but when one learns which colors blend with which makeup and which is right for day and which for evening wear, it's just as simple to apply one kind as another."

I thought this excellent advice. Too many girls struggle along with one shade of rouge, one lipstick and one shade of powder, either in the interests of economy, which is really no economy at all, or because they have never taken the time to study their makeup carefully.

"For street wear," Evelyn went on, "I use only a light coating of powder, a small amount of rouge and am careful to blend my lipstick to the natural curve of my mouth. Lipsticks with the new russet cast call for a yellowish note in powder. I use a touch of oil to my lashes and extend my brows ever so slightly with a pointed eyebrow pencil.

"In the evening I accentuate my rouge by placing it a trifle higher on my cheeks than for street wear. This tends to make the eyes more lustrous. I use a more vivid lipstick too and outline my lips with a definite stroke. Mascara is essential for evening and I also use eyeshadow of which I have four different shades. My favorite is a faint lavender which I wear with gray or rose colored gowns. The other shades are blue, gray and brown and I wear them with harmonizing colors."

Correct Bathing

The day-by-day schedule followed by Miss Venable combines beauty and health to a nicety and I give it here in her own words.

"Every night before going to bed I bathe my eyes with a good eye lotion, a drop or two in each eye to soothe and cleanse. This treatment is especially refreshing after a day at the studio working under harsh lights. Then in the morning a dash [*Continued on page 69*]

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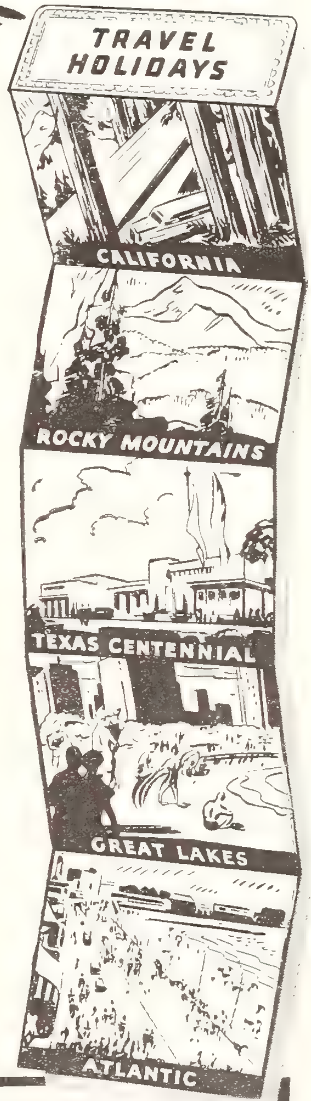

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As one Woman to another
A frank intimate chat
BY
MARY PAULINE CALLENDER
authority on feminine hygiene

Let me tell you about these personal hygiene accessories, especially welcome during hot summer months. You have my word that they warrant your complete confidence.

For Utmost Comfort
Perhaps a friend has told you about the pinless Kotex belt. It's truly a new design for living! Dainty secure clasps prevent slipping. The belt is flat and thin, adjusts to fit the figure. This gives self-balance—you can bend every-which-way without harness-like restraint, without being waist-line conscious! Yet this extra comfort and safety costs nothing extra. Your store has 2 types: Kotex Wonderform at 25c and the DeLuxe at 35c. "Cheap" belts can't compare, because inferior grades of elastic fray and wear out—make for the discomfort every woman dreads.

For Personal Daintiness
What relief, in broiling weather, to know that Quest, the *positive* deodorant powder, assures all-day-long body freshness! And being unscented it can't interfere with your perfume. You'll want Quest for under-arms, feet, and for use on sanitary napkins. It soothes—doesn't clog pores or irritate the skin. Buy Quest and you'll agree with me that 35c is indeed a small price for the personal daintiness every woman treasures.

For the Last Days
Here's something new that's gaining favor with many women. *Invisible* sanitary protection of the tampon type—and the name is Fibs. They are a product of the famous Kotex laboratories—the best recommendation I know for hygienic safety. Perhaps you'll want to try Fibs when less protection is needed. They're absolutely secure—may conveniently be carried in your purse for emergency measures. The box of 12 is 25c.

Three Gifts for You! One is a booklet by a physician, "Facts about Menstruation." The others are "Marjorie May's 12th Birthday" (for girls of 12) and "Marjorie May Learns About Life" (for girls in their teens). They give facts in a simple, motherly manner for you to tell your daughter. All are free—write me for the ones you want. Mary Pauline Callender, Room 1401, 919 N. Michigan Ave., Chicago.

Behind-the-scene news and gossip about Filmland's pictures and stars—an up-to-the-minute report of the latest happenings

Party line in Hollywood

By

ERIC ERGENBRIGHT

ANOTHER month and another deluge of news and gossip coming in over the Party Line. And among the items is one that provoked a real chuckle.

You've heard about that now time-honored fued between Joan C—— and Jean H——. Well, it seems that an unlucky chap, who had just been talking with Miss H——, made a grave mistake while chatting a few minutes later with Miss C——. Unthinkingly, he addressed her as Miss H——. And from all acounts, there was H . . . to pay!

A Profitable "Disaster"

The Party Line for the last month or so has been buzzing with figures, exclamation points and paens of triumph. And the cause of all the furor is the fact that *A Midsummer Night's Dream,* ridiculed by most of Hollywood's wise-acres as the most extravagant folly in the history of the screen, has confounded its critics and fully justified the sagacity of its producers. To date, after being road-showed in only one hundred theatres, it has already produced a gross revenue of more than $1,500,000—and that impressive amount, mind you, represents its earnings in the United States alone. In Europe, it is playing to tremendous crowds and promises to show an equal box office take. By the time it has been in general release, it is safe to predict, it will be established as one of the most profitable productions ever filmed.

Already, its success is exerting a profound influence on the production plans of every major studio. "Big" pictures, super-productions which will run for two hours or more, are the order of the day. Literary classics are in demand. Shakespeare and Dickens are the lions of the hour.

And Warners' "Folly," it appears, will turn out to be an important milestone in picture-making.

We Told You So

A couple of months ago, MOVIE CLASSIC printed an article which hinted that a second marriage was hardly an improbability for Margaret Sullavan and Henry Fonda.

And now we'd be willing to wager a small, conservative bit that said marriage will transpire by this time next year. Henry's being very, very attentive. Margaret doesn't say much—especially for publication—but her friends are all commenting on her very ecstatic appearance.

Crazy Over Horses

From its lowliest laborer to its loftiest executive, Hollywood went insane over horse-racing during the late, lamented Santa Anita season. Many stars, not content with losing their weekly paychecks on the ponies, risked their annual incomes by purchasing stables. Which is all a preamble to the statement that Patricia Ellis has just acquired a half-interest in a mystery nag named Thunder Cloud, which is rumored to be faster than greased lightning. Rumor has it that he has been clocked in breath-taking time—and Pat is busy plotting how she will spend the $100,000 purse offered for the handicap winner next winter.

Irene Dunne—like almost every star in Filmtown—has become a badminton addict

Bing's Girl Friends

There are fans and fans, but never two so devout and determined as the highschool girls who have parked in Bing Crosby's limousine every Thursday night for four years and sat enraptured listening to the Crosby voice via the radio in the Crosby car. Bing parks in a specified lot near the N.B.C. studios and turns the car keys over to the girls who invariably are waiting to keep their tryst.

Lina's Come-back

Lina Basquette—remember her torrid rhumba dancing?—has staged a screen comeback in *San Francisco Nights.* The picture, itself, is hardly to be classed as a super-colossal, but Lina gave such a swell performance that all the town's buzzing about it. And they do say that she's being tested for a long term contract by a major studio.

In-demand Irene

Irene Dunne, thanks to her magnificent work in *Show Boat,* is undoubtedly the most "in-demand" actress in the business just now. Every studio is bidding for her services and eavesdroppings from the Party Line indicate that the sums offered her would stagger the imagination of a mint worker.

On her return from New York, where she has been spending a well-earned vacation, she will star in five Class A pictures in quick succession. For Warner Brothers she will play Madame Curie in a biographical epic based on the life of the great woman scientist. For Universal, she will make one as yet untitled epic. For Columbia, she will star in *Theodora Goes Wild* and *Women Are Wise.* And for Paramount, if she approves the script, she will play the title role in the sensational *Valiant is the Word For Carrie,* the story of a courtesan.

The chances are that she will approve, for it's no secret that Irene is bored

Peter and Mrs. Lorre have just returned to Hollywood from London, where he starred in *Secret Agent*

Your Favorite Star was Once an Amateur

JOAN BENNETT
A Beautiful
Walter Wanger Star

★ HOLD·BOB'S SECOND SEARCH FOR TALENT

Offers **You** a Chance for Film Fame

We hope to discover several talented women to develop into future movie stars!! The Second "Search for Talent" sponsored by HOLD-BOBS, Walter Wanger Productions, Motion Picture and Screen Play Magazines, gives you this opportunity. There will be a winner selected every month who will receive a FREE screen test and $50.00 in cash!! At least one of these monthly winners will actually make her screen debut in a Walter Wanger Production at United Artists Studios in Hollywood!!

You may enter as often as you wish. The "Search for Talent" closes December 31, 1936. All you need do to enter is to fill out the entry blank on the back of a HOLD-BOB Card or facsimile of same (HOLD-BOB bob pins are sold everywhere)... attach your photo and send to the "Search for Talent" Headquarters.

When you are reading the full details on the back of the HOLD-BOB card notice the many outstanding features of HOLD-BOBS; the small, round, invisible heads; smooth, round, non-scratching points; flexible, tapered legs, one side crimped; and colors to match all shades of hair. Use HOLD-BOBS once and you'll understand why Hollywood uses these famous bob pins almost exclusively.

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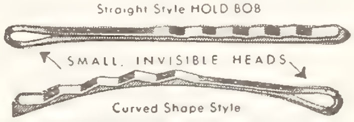
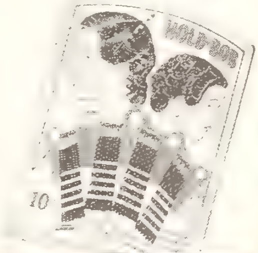
Robert Taylor dancing with Margaret Hehn, one of the recent "Search for Talent" winners, at the famous Biltmore Bowl in Los Angeles.





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The seven lovely winners of HOLD-BOB'S First "Search for Talent" being welcomed by Mary Pickford, Jesse Lasky and Nino Martini at the premier of the Pickford-Lasky Picture "One Rainy Afternoon."

Party Line in Hollywood

with the prospect of always and forever being the perfect lady in her screen characterizations.

We Doubt It

Leslie Howard, for the umpteenth time, is hinting that he is ready to retire as a screen star. He says that after completing his present contracts, he wants to star in one more picture, produced by himself, in England, and then devote all of his time to the stage and to production work.

Twinkle, Little Star

Little Sybil Jason steps into the stellar ranks with her assignment to top billing in Warner Brothers *Way For a Pirate,* which will also feature May Robson and Guy Kibbee. And her ascension to the heights gives Hollywood a full sextet of child stars, to wit: Shirley Temple, Jane Withers, Bonita Granville, Virginia Weidler, Jackie Cooper and Sybil.

But it won't be long before Jackie's budding mustaches will reduce the number by one.

Once a Star . . .

When you see Virginia Weidler's first starring picture, *Girl of the Ozarks,* note the ancient, doddering wreck of a horse that draws the rattle-trap wagon. Half-blind, creaking in every joint, he's the most pathetic nag that ever stumbled before a camera.

But, if only the truth were known, the sizzling of the studio lights and the whirring of the cameras were probably like a soul-stirring trumpet call to him.

For the horse is "Romeo," the famous companion of William S. Hart in a hundred dramas of the West. Theatre audiences everywhere loved him! He was a star in his own right!

Years ago they put him out to pasture and only sentiment brought him back before the lights for one last appearance.

In Rogers' Shoes

Over the Party Line comes word that Wallace Beery, after completing his current picture, *Old Hutch,* will star in *Timberline,* a hell-roaring newspaper drama of silver boom days in Colorado. Incidentally, *Old Hutch,* was made several years ago under the title *Honest Hutch,* with Will Rogers in the title role.

A New Team

Bette Davis called with the important announcement that she will co-star in *Another Dawn* with Errol Flynn—and what an ideal team that should be! The story deals with a feverish love triangle in the hinterland of Iraq, tucked away in a corner of the Arabian desert, and Bette will have a part to her liking.

Flynn, by the way, skyrockets higher and higher in the estimation of the studio czars. His fan mail is approaching an all time record and the Messrs. Warner are frantically trying to capitalize on his popularity. At the moment he is slated for four super-specials in such quick succession that he will have no more than a single day's freedom between any two.

Casting Office Notes

Billie Burke and Frank Morgan are to co-star in *Ada Beats the Drum* and if it clicks at the box-office Metro plans to make them a permanent comedy-team . . . . Jean Arthur, courted by every studio since her hit performance in *Mr. Deeds Goes to Town* and *The Ex-Mrs. Bradford,* will play opposite Edward Arnold in Radio's super, *The Robber Barons* . . . . Ketti Gallian, after seeing her career go into a temporary eclipse, has landed an important role in *Opera Versus Jazz,* which co-stars Gladys Swarthout, George Raft and Jack Oakie . . . . Charles Boyer is being considered for Garbo's love interest in the second picture which she will make under her new contract for Metro.

Believe it or not, Bette Davis once was a lifeguard at a Maine summer resort. She is today noted in the film colony for her exceptional ability as a swimmer and a diver. Her latest picture is *The Golden Arrow*

Betty Furness and Cesar Romero were members of a gay yachting party. Aboard the Adore, Lee Tracy's palatial schooner, they cruised to Ensenada, Mexico

Social Prerequisite

The formal opening of the new yacht harbor at Newport Beach, some forty miles from Hollywood, certainly proved that without a yacht, you just don't belong in Cinemaland society. Leading the parade of yachts which entered the harbor in the wake of the governor's official craft, were boats belonging to Lee Tracy, Preston Foster, Henry Wilcoxin, Ernest Schoedsack, Harvey Gates, Donald Crisp, Frank Morgan, John Ford, Howard Hughes, Joseph Schenck, Douglas MacLean, Cecil B. De Mille, Leo Carillo, Warren William, James Cagney, Lewis Stone and at least half a hundred other screen celebrities. Down to the sea in ships is the battle cry along the boulevard these days.

Touchdown

Poor Charlie Butterworth! How he suffered because some inebriated football fan made headlines last fall by dashing out on the playing field and trying to do or die for dear old Yale—or was it Harvard?

At any rate, in the current production, *We Went to College,* they called on Charlie to emulate that maneuver and the gridders from U. S. C., who were cavorting on the field, were so darned realistic that when Charlie emerged from the pile-up he was practically a cripple.

Connie Returns

With a train-load of trunks, a fortune in Parisian clothes, a secretary, a hair-dresser and a vast amount of determination Connie Bennett is back from England, where she has been playing in pitchurs.

And they do say that Constance, who is undoubtedly the best business lady in all these parts, has succeeded in whangling from Twentieth Century-Fox a nice fat contract that will pay her approximately $150,000 for appearing in one picture.

The girl has enemies; and the girl has friends—but be he friend or enemy the man doesn't live who can deny her ability when it comes to making a deal.

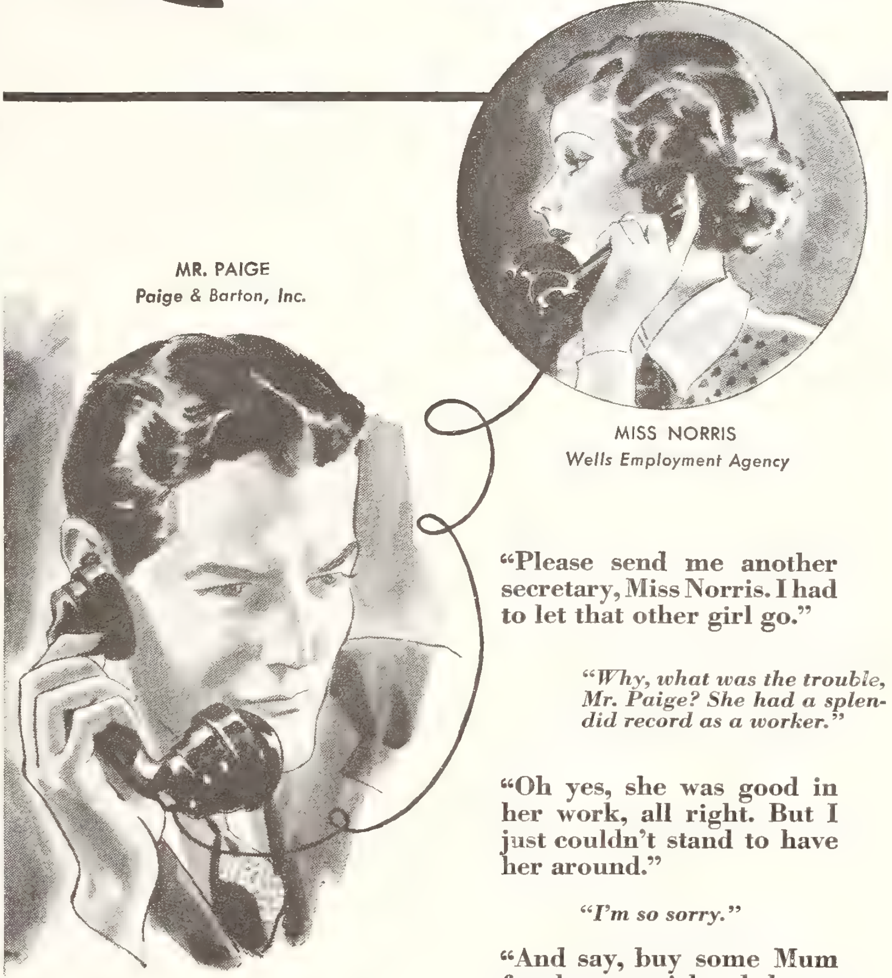
So Calm Yourselves

There was terrific excitement a few days ago in Cinemania, when Bob Taylor appeared on the set toting an assortment of diamond bracelets. Many a feminine heart, seeing that collection, did a nose dive in the belief that the very eligible Robert had at last been snared.

But Loretta Young, who played with him in *Private Number*—and gave a very elegant performance, too, by the way—tells me that all the flutterings and despair were needless. Bob was selecting a bracelet for his mother. A birthday gift.

There might be those who would call him lazy, but Gary Cooper, being practical, believes in riding a bicycle around that big Paramount lot instead of using shanks' ponies

Listen in, **GIRLS!**



"Please send me another secretary, Miss Norris. I had to let that other girl go."

"Why, what was the trouble, Mr. Paige? She had a splendid record as a worker."

"Oh yes, she was good in her work, all right. But I just couldn't stand to have her around."

"I'm so sorry."

"And say, buy some Mum for the next girl and charge it to me, will you?"

"I certainly will. Mr. Paige."

UNDERARM perspiration odor is an annoyance men will not tolerate in a girl, either in the office or in social life. And why should they, when it is so easy to avoid—with Mum!

Half a minute is all it takes to use Mum. A quick fingertipful under each arm — and you're safe for the whole busy day.

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The Show Window

Frank reviews of the latest screen offerings

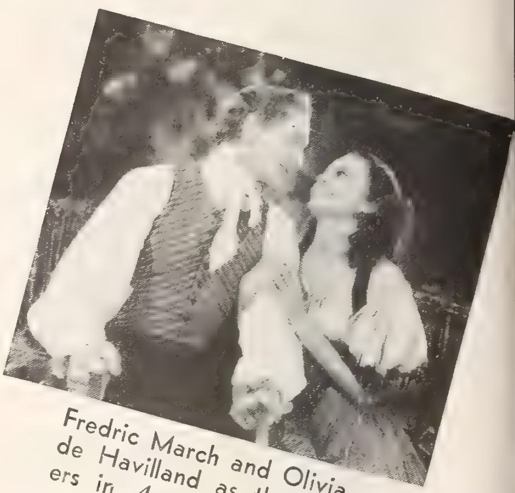
EXCEPTIONAL

THE GREEN PASTURES—Seeing—it might be more apt to say "absorbing"—this magnificent fantasy will prove one of the most memorable events in the experience of any theatre-goer. It brings to the screen Marc Connelly's great stage play, losing nothing in the process and even gaining in power and in imaginative quality because of the screen's greater scope. Based on the "down-south" negro's version of Heaven, it is at the same time comedy, drama and pathos. One of the most daring ventures ever attempted by a motion picture studio, it fully justifies the judgment of its producers. It is a triumph for all concerned!

Credit its all-negro cast with the most impressive acting—credit Marc Connelly with a masterly screen adaptation of his own play.

Rex Ingram, as "De Lawd" is superb; Oscar Polk as the "Angel Gabriel," who is never permitted to quite blow his horn, is a high note in the comedy· the Hall Johnson negro choir is great.

The Green Pastures is a theatre experience that no one should miss! *Warner Brothers.*



Fredric March and Olivia de Havilland as the lovers in *Anthony Adverse*

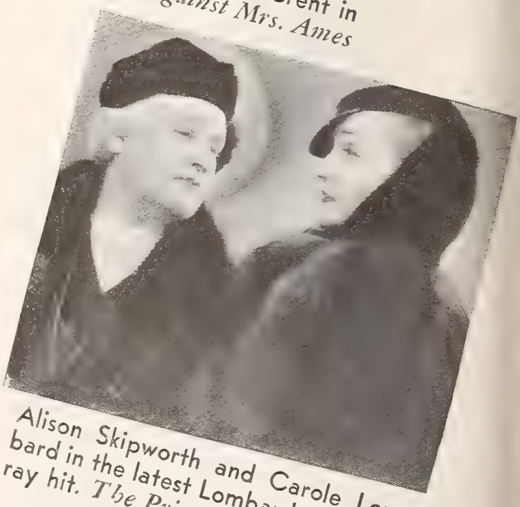
ANTHONY ADVERSE—And here is one of the greatest achievements in screen history, a masterpiece of narrative which succeeds in tracing the development of a man from babyhood to middle-age without once losing its psychological import or suffering a let-down in interest. A hazardous experiment, ridiculed by more conservative producers, it proves a tribute to the screen.

Running for seventy-eight minutes, an almost unheard of length, it carries its hero through adventure after adventure, but always builds from one minor climax to another of even greater interest.

Fredric March, as the adult Adverse, gives his greatest performance. Invariably restrained, he makes his rôle completely believable. But, despite the perfection of his work, he is forced to share honors with Anita Louise who is perfectly cast as his ethereal mother, and with Olivia de Havilland, whose "Angela" is one of the finest character studies ever contributed by a young player. *Warner Brothers.*

Madeleine Carroll, Scotty Beckett and George Brent in *The Case Against Mrs. Ames*

THE ROAD TO GLORY—A worthy successor to *The Big Parade* and *All Quiet on the Western Front*, this stirring drama of the World War will undoubtedly go down in film annals as one of the finest productions of its kind. Grim, realistic, even horrible in its more sombre sequences, it still manages to be inspirational. And much of the credit is due its cast. Warner Baxter,



Alison Skipworth and Carole Lombard in the latest Lombard-MacMurray hit. *The Princess Comes Across*

by
Eric Ergenbright

Fredric March, Lionel Barrymore and Gregory Ratoff never once are guilty of overplaying their ultra-dramatic rôles. June Lang, the only girl in the cast, handles a difficult rôle with real finesse. Beautiful and innately talented, she needs only more experience to become one of the screen's outstanding stars.

The Road to Glory is neither a preachment for war nor against war. It simply sets out to tell a moving, human story—and succeeds so well that it is an emotional thunderbolt. *Twentieth Century-Fox.*

EXCELLENT

THE KING STEPS OUT—An individual triumph for Grace Moore, whose glorious voice is now equalled by her acting ability. Deft direction, a gay and amusing—though not too plausible—story, the romantic music of Fritz Kreisler; the colorful setting of old Vienna—and what further ingredients are needed for perfect entertainment? Miss Moore songs are delightful, but in this picture they are secondary to her new-found ability as a comedienne. *Columbia.*

BULLETS OR BALLOTS—It's taken Edward G. Robinson five years to find another picture with the dramatic sock of *Little Caesar*—but this stirring tale of modern gangland has it, and more! Robinson's performance is magnificent, the best he's ever given, and most audiences will agree that the picture as a whole is the best of its type ever produced. Joan Blondell, Barton MacLane, Joseph King, Frank McHugh and Humphrey Bogart head the supporting cast. *Warner Brothers.*

FURY—With a story so powerful that it will hold every audience breathless, this grim story of mob "justice" is one of the most dramatic offerings of the film year. Perfectly enacted by a well balanced cast, headed by Spencer Tracy, Sylvia Sidney, Walter Abel and Bruce Cabot, it has rare emotional appeal. Totally lacking in comedy relief, its situations may be found too tense and too tragic for popular approval. Nevertheless, it is a screen masterpiece. *Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer.*

POOR LITTLE RICH GIRL—It's difficult to rate a Shirley Temple picture, and this one, in particular, presents a problem. The story is illogical and unconvincing—but Shirley is at her best. She sings, dances and cavorts in general so cleverly that her fans will not only overlook the picture's flaws, but acclaim it her best to date. Four of her songs are definitely in the hit class. Alice Faye, Gloria Stuart, Michael Whalen and Jack Haley head the supporting cast. The plot centers around the rivalry between two soap companies in radio advertising and Shirley's singing is addressed to a microphone. If you're a Temple fan—and who isn't?—don't miss it. *Twentieth Century-Fox.*

THE WHITE ANGEL—Based on the life of Florence Nightingale, this heroic drama of a woman's self-sacrifice to better conditions in military hospitals, is one of the most important film offerings of the month. Emotionally powerful and epic in its sweep, the story offers Kay Francis her best rôle to date—and she gives a truly

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FRANCIS LEDERER TELLS HOW TO MAKE LOVE

The Show Window

remarkable performance. Already a major star, this picture will enhance her popularity tremendously. *Warner Brothers.*

PRIVATE NUMBER—Salute one of the most appealing love teams in screen history—Robert Taylor and Loretta Young—co-starred in a re-make of *Common Clay,* the story which skyrocketed Constance Bennett to stardom some six years ago.

The story is built about the secret romance and marriage of a servant girl to the scion of wealth. Robert Taylor, improving with every performance, is excellent and Loretta Young, in a difficult rôle, does her best work to date. *Twentieth Century-Fox.*

FATAL LADY—At last, a new technique in presenting an opera star! Walter Wanger, whose trademark is rapidly becoming a guarantee of quality, has cleverly combined music and mystery in this dramatic story of a prima donna whose career is repeatedly wrecked by her seeming implication in unsolved murders. And the mystery remains a real mystery until the final fadeout.

Mary Ellis, of concert, opera and stage fame, is one of the most appealing personalities of the musical world to reach the screen to date. Startlingly beautiful, she is not only the possessor of a remarkably fine voice, but she is also a very capable actress. Unquestionably, she has a brilliant future in pictures.

Walter Pidgeon, Norman Foster, Alan Mowbray, John Halliday, Edgar Kennedy, Ruth Donnelly and Guy Bates Post are excellent in supporting rôles. *Walter Wanger—Paramount.*

DANCING PIRATE—One of the most delightful travesties in many a moon is this all-technicolor dancing-musical, which gaily tells the story of a Boston dancing master, a Spanish-Californian senorita and her would-be-stern papa. With the opening sequence, the audience in invited, in effect, to sit back, relax and prepare to chuckle. And the chuckles continue without a break until the story is told.

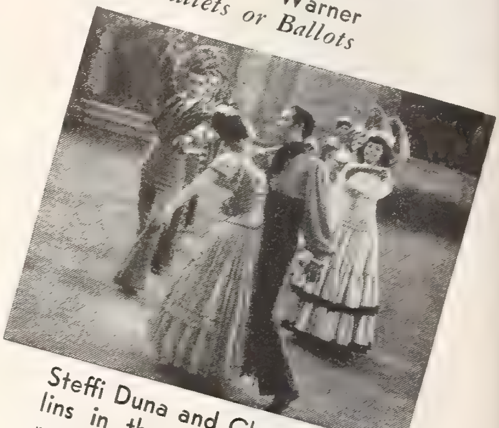
Charles Collins, a famous dancing star of the legitimate stage, makes his screen bow in the title rôle and shows rich promise. Steffi Duna is delightfully piquant as the girl and Frank Morgan as the aristocratic papa is responsible for some very delicious laughs. Don't miss this subtly appealing farce. *Radio Pictures.*

GOOD

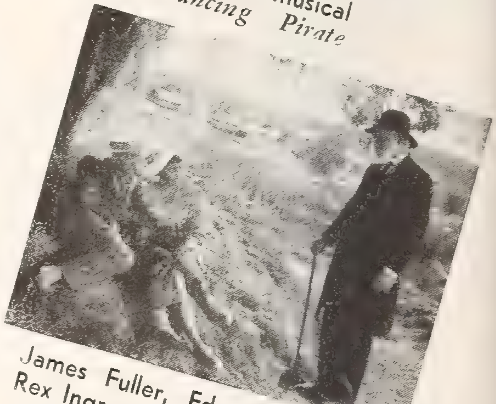
GIRL OF THE OZARKS—Virginia Weidler, the little pig-tailed girl of *Laddie* fame, makes her bow as a full-fledged star in this quaint comedy-drama of the Arkansas hinterlands, and proves her ability most unmistakably. As the little hill-billy, speak-a dialect that would stump most adult veterans, she is perfect. The situations are alternately rich in comedy and heavy with pathos. And the average audience will pronounce the picture, as a whole, fine entertainment. *Paramount.*

EARLY TO BED—An hilarious farce, tailor-made to suit the talents of Charles Ruggles, who is a riot as the sleep-walking salesman for a glass-eye factory. He takes his bride—and his profound timidity—to a sanitorium on their honeymoon, is there in-

Joan Blondell and Edward Robinson co-star in the Warner Brothers hit, *Bullets or Ballots*



Steffi Duna and Charles Collins in the all-color musical romance, *Dancing Pirate*



James Fuller, Edna Harris and Rex Ingram in *Green Pastures,* a really sensational screen triumph

Guy Bates Post and Mary Ellis in a scene from the new operatic offering, *Fatal Lady* volved in a murder—and the fun waxes fast and furious. Mary Boland is excellent as the bride. *Paramount.*

TROUBLE FOR TWO—Co-starring Robert Montgomery and Rosalind Russell, this sparkling comedy-drama is ideal summer fare. The plot centers around the adventures of a prince and a princess, who revolt against the dignity of their positions and go adventuring before their politically-arranged marriage. They meet, fall in love, and narrowly escape death at the hands of assassins. Brilliant performances, unusually clever dialogue and genuinely funny situations combine to make the whole satisfactory entertainment. *Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer.*

THE PRINCESS COMES ACROSS—It starts out to be another *Hands Across the Table,* suddenly turns into a murder mystery and ends as a decided disappointment to Lombard-MacMurray fans, who will, nevertheless, remain to praise the excellent work of its two stars.

Carole Lombard, as a bogus Swedish princess, Hollywood-bound, does an amazingly good job of saving a rather hopeless rôle and manages to extract a maximum number of laughs despite the story's incongruities. Her imitation of Garbo is a howl. MacMurray, as the musician-sleuth, deserves a better part. *Paramount.*

NOBODY'S FOOL—Edward Everett Horton at his best—this time as a small town real estater who falls victim to a gang of big city racketeers but manages to outwit them in the end. Glenda Farrell, Cesar Romero and Frank Conroy head the supporting cast. *Universal.*

FAIR

BUNKER BEAN—For the third time, Hollywood brings to the screen Harry Leon Wilson's immortal novel, this time with Owen Davis, Jr., a new personality freshly imported from the New York stage, in the title rôle. His performance is excellent. The picture is smart, sparkling comedy which will please the average audience. Louise Latimer, another newcomer, scores as the "love interest." *Radio Pictures.*

CHAMPAGNE CHARLIE—Paul Cavanagh heads the cast of this melo-dramatic offering which hinges on the efforts of a gambling ring to marry one of their number (Cavanagh) to a copper heiress. A murder aboard ship, a wild automobile race and several fight sequences enliven a story that has many incongruities. *Twentieth Century-Fox.*

HOT MONEY—The old get-rich-quick theme, brushed up and modernized. Thanks to smart dialogue and capable performances by a cast which is headed by Ross Alexander and Beverly Roberts, the result is satisfactory comedy-drama. *Warner Brothers.*

LOVE BEGINS AT TWENTY—A light, breezy comedy-drama distinguished by clever dialogue and a fast-moving plot. Hugh Herbert, Warren Hull, Patricia Ellis and Hobart Cavanaugh head the cast. *Warner Brothers.*

EDUCATING FATHER—The second of the "Jones Family" comedy-dramas, this cross-section of domestic America offers an hour of good, homely entertainment. The bickerings, affections, ambitions and frus-

[*Continued on page* 59]

THIS LETTER from a Linit enthusiast will interest every fastidious girl and woman in America:

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Hollywood Highlights

The latest gossipy gleanings from the highways and byways of Studioland. What your favorites are doing—who they're doing it with—and why. MOVIE CLASSIC'S gossip sleuth scouts all—and tells all.

by The Boulevardier

Merle Oberon and David Niven are complaining these days that anti-romance clauses in their studio contracts prevent them from yessing each other at the altar—but . . we wonder . .

MERLE OBERON (call her "Queenie," that's her pet nickname) and David Niven gave out with a bit of ripe old English spoofin' the other day, and the newspapers fell for it hard—and so did you, maybe, if you read it?—about how in love they are, and want to marry, but can't, because Sam Goldwyn has a clause in their contracts which prohibits matrimony!

Well, I'm ready to lay one of Uncle Sam's $10 bills against their British thrupenny-bit that you could fine-tooth those contracts and find no such clause. I'm winking at (and with) you, Queenie and Davie. Marry?—oh, my word!!

Marlene Entertains

After seeing what Marlene Dietrich did, the other night, I wouldn't be surprised any more even to see Garbo herself sliding down a banister in her panties! Behold Marlene going buffoon, and entertaining a crowd of people with positively murderous imitations—better call it living cartoons!—of such as Joan Crawford, Mae West, Greta Garbo, Paulette Goddard. Her maewestian slither was something the Hays office folk would have died over, and her garboesque mask, accomplished simply by face-muscle control, was the most devastating caricature of the Great One I've ever seen. And it wasn't for a private roomful of guests that Marlene put on her act—it was right out in front of fellow actors, God, a mob of extras and the usual movie-set attendants, on the back-lot set where they were shooting *Garden of Allah*.

Hollywood hails a new star in Lightning, the wonder dog which will share honors with Michael Whalen, Jean Muir and John Carradine in *White Fang*

And only a short time later, I happened to see in Marlene's dressing room that which made me ask if Marlene's unprecedented behavior isn't, perhaps, a cover-up of a great hurt. There, like a shrine, stood a photograph of John Gilbert. Before it, in an amber glass, glowed a tiny wax taper—like an altar-light. Marlene keeps it burning, always.

Irvin Cobb-isms

Had lunch with Irvin Cobb the other noon. He limped. Got it because he wouldn't fake a fanny-fall in the picture he's making with Janie Withers. All through lunch, he worried because in his next scene, he was going to be socked in the eye with a moribund tomato, and he was afraid he'd start wincing before it hit. Into his glass of beer, he wept while he told me:

"No matter how much ART they talk about in movies, the height of cinematic artistry is *still* to take a custard pie in the face without blinking first!"

Then he went back to practice a lugubrious cowboy song he's to sing with Slim Summerville. The chorus consists of coyote howl. "It ought to be swell," he told me, "because I sound and look like a coyote when I howl, but Slim—hell, Slim even *smells* like one!"

Studio Love Song

What a romantic build-up they're giving James Stewart! It's an old trick down MGM-way, to link up their he-stars with various filmland beauties. Like the romance they whispered while Bob Taylor and Janet Gaynor were co-starring. Only that one didn't jell. But the Clark Gable-Carole Lombard case, which started as a press-agent gag, is really turning into the real thing, now!

—but, to get back to Jimmy Stewart. You've been reading inspired pieces, haven't you, about how he's stepping out with Ginger Rogers, now that Ginger has finally called it quits with Lew Ayres. You can read, too, that Stewart and Wendy Barrie are going places together. Seems they'd like to have you envison Jimmy as the bone of contention between Ginger and Wendy.

BUT—don't say I didn't tip you off if it really turns out that Jimmy's got his tongue in his cheek through it all, and that the real temperature-raiser in his life turns out to be Alice Faye!

Whatsa Matta, Girls?

Have you paused, yet, to realize what a flop leap year has turned out to be, in Hollywood—of ALL places? Here's half the year gone, and of all the boy-meets-girl affairs you know about, not one has reached the halter-at-the-altar stage yet! Wouldn't you imagine, with leap year giving them full privilege, that Lillian Lamont would be Mrs. Fred McMurray by this time? Or that Jean Harlow would have popped the question to Bill Powell? Or that Mary Brian would propose to Cary Grant and make him forget that no-wife-for-five-years-yet idea of his? So what's the matter with these Hollywood beauties—too bashful?

And now I suppose that between the time this is being written and the time it goes to press and the magazine-stands, they'll make me out a liar by sliding in a whole flock of June weddings in Hollywood.

There's no accounting for the taste of some people when it comes to the selection of pets. For instance, there's Robert Young, whose inseparable pal is his pet coyote

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6. New Strength, Energy and Endurance.

NOW IS THE BEST TIME TO START KELPAMALT

If you are weak, skinny and run down—if you go around always tired, nervous, irritable, easily upset, the chances are your blood is thin, pale and watery and lacks the nourishment needed to build up your strength, endurance and the solid pounds of new flesh you need to feel right. Science has at last got right down to one of the real causes of these conditions and explains a new, quick way to correct them.

Food and medicines can't help you much. The average person usually eats enough of the right kind of food to sustain the body. The real trouble is assimilation, the body's process of converting digested food into firm flesh, pep and energy. Tiny hidden glands control this body building process—glands which require a regular ration of NATURAL IODINE (not the ordinary toxic chemical iodine, but the iodine that is found in tiny quantities, in spinach, lettuce, etc.). The simplest and quickest way to get this precious needed substance is Seedol Kelpamalt, the astonishing new mineral concentrate from the sea. Seedol Kelpamalt is 1300 times richer in iodine than oysters, hitherto considered the best source. With Seedol Kelpamalt's iodine you quickly normalize your weight and strength-building glands, promote assimilation, enrich the blood and build up a source of enduring strength. Seedol Kelpamalt, too, contains twelve other precious, vitally needed body minerals without which good digestion is impossible.

Try Seedol Kelpamalt for a single week. Notice how much better you feel, how well you sleep, how your appetite improves, color comes back into your cheeks. And if it doesn't add 5 lbs. of good solid flesh the first week, if it doesn't relieve ordinary stomach trouble, and give you calm nerves, the trial is free. Your own doctor will approve this way. 100 Jumbo size Seedol Kelpamalt Tablets—four to five times the size of ordinary tablets—cost but a few cents a day to use. Get Seedol Kelpamalt today. Seedol Kelpamalt is sold at all good drug stores. If your dealer has not yet received his supply, send $1.00 for special introductory size bottle of 65 tablets to the address below.

SEEDOL
Kelpamalt Tablets

Manufacturer's Note:—Inferior products, sold as kelp and malt preparations—in imitation of the genuine Seedol Kelpamalt are being offered as substitutes. The Kelpamalt Company will reward for information covering any case where an imitation product has been represented as the original Seedol Kelpamalt. Don't be fooled. Demand genuine Seedol Kelpamalt Tablets. They are easily assimilated do not upset stomach nor injure teeth. Results guaranteed or money back.

SPECIAL FREE OFFER
Write today for fascinating instructive 50-page book on How to Add Weight Quickly. Mineral contents of Food and their effects on the human body. New facts about NATURAL IODINE. Standard weight and measurement charts. Daily menus for weight building. Absolutely free. No obligation, Kelpamalt Co., Dept. 901, 27-33 West 20th St., New York City.

Hollywood Highlights

Bashful Bing

Sitting in the office of "Bing Crosby, Ltd., Inc." on the Paramount lot the other day were a group of visitors from Bing's home town, listening to one of Bing's recordings being played on the phonograph there.

"Too bad we missed Bing himself. We'd like to have met him," said one of them to Bing's brother, who was doing the honors. Just then, the door opened—and in walked Bing, in person.

Without ado, he strode over to the phonograph, lifted the arm, took the record off the turntable—and sent it spinning out of the office window, to shatter into a million pieces on the street outside. "Sorry," he grinned at the visitors, "but I—er—don't like that piece."

Caroline Houseman, who makes her screen debut in Columbia's *Trapped by Television,* spends every available hour at the beach

Afterward, Bing's brother told me the real reason for Bing's action.

"He's bashful—terribly bashful—about having his own records played when he's present."

Go Away, Stork

Incidentally, if you happen to hear a radio chatterer broadcast the other night that the Bing Crosby's are expecting another baby—skip it! Both Bing and Dixie (and she *ought* to know!) "say it isn't so . . .!"

It seems Bing, in an unguarded moment, mentioned in a gossiper's hearing that "we're hoping for a baby girl." The gossiper immediately mistook it to mean that the stork had a Crosby date. Truth is that Bing and Dixie, with three sons, hope their next—when and if—will be a she.

Little Mavourneen O'Brien had a birthday and commandeered her famous father as a charger in celebration of the great event

Pardon the Masks

They say you can't eat quail on toast for a fortnight running, and that too much peaches and cream makes you ill, and I suppose it's the same way with women . . .

Frances Farmer and Bing Crosby, boy and gal in *Rhythm on the Range,* go to town with the latest in cowboy ditties

Anyway, consider poor Messrs. Clark Gable and Robert Taylor, of MGM's movie factory. After making love to loveable ladies day in and day out, they just can't take 'em any more. BUT try as they may, the gals, it seems, just pursue them, no matter where they go. So what?—well—

So Clark Gable had a conference with Jack Dawn, head of MGM's make-uppery, and between them, they've worked up an "invisible" makeup for Clark. He can don it easily when he's vacationing, and it so changes certain lines of his face that he can get by, in the great majority of cases, without being recognized as the great heart-palpitator.

And Bob Taylor—? Why, he isn't going to all that trouble. Bob's already fixed it so he will take a fortnight or so to raise a thick set of whiskers before he goes traveling on his next between-pictures vacation. And if any girl recognizes him under the shrubbery, she'll have to be brave to wade thru for a stolen kiss.

They're predicting a brilliant screen future for Frank Shields, Davis Cup tennis star

Irony, Oh Irony!

Driving down Sunset Boulevard the other day, I got the week's best laugh. There was a motor cop, writing out a speed ticket for a pretty girl. I recognized her. Frances Drake. The laugh comes when I tell you that the cop tagged her for speeding to the studio to play in Paramount's anti-traffic-law-violator picture, [*Continued on page* 54]

Especially in Summer

COMFORT DEMANDS A NAPKIN THAT CAN'T CHAFE!

KOTEX CAN'T CHAFE

The sides of Kotex are cushioned in a special, soft, downy cotton to prevent chafing and irritation. Thus Wondersoft Kotex provides lasting comfort and freedom. But sides only are cushioned — the center surface is free to absorb.

KOTEX CAN'T FAIL

Kotex has a special "Equalizer" center whose channels guide moisture evenly the whole length of the pad. Gives "body" but not bulk — prevents twisting and roping. The filler of Kotex is actually 5 TIMES more absorbent than cotton.

KOTEX CAN'T SHOW

The rounded ends of Kotex are flattened and tapered to provide absolute invisibility. Even the sheerest dress, the closest-fitting gown, reveals no tell-tale wrinkles.

3 TYPES OF KOTEX
ALL AT SAME LOW PRICE

1. REGULAR — IN THE BLUE BOX — For the ordinary needs of most women.
2. JUNIOR — IN THE GREEN BOX — Somewhat narrower — when less protection is needed.
3. SUPER — IN THE BROWN BOX — Extra layers give extra protection, yet it is no longer or wider than Regular.

WONDERSOFT KOTEX A SANITARY NAPKIN *made from Cellucotton (not cotton)*

Romantic
Movie Stories
10¢
Gorgeous
HUSSY" WITH JOAN CRAWFORD
$20

10 CENTS

Read it!
Thrill to it!

"Gorgeous Hussy"

starring

JOAN CRAWFORD

with

ROBERT TAYLOR

Out in Hollywood Joan Crawford's newest picture, "Gorgeous Hussy," is being filmed.

Today you can read the complete fiction story of this romantic production, illustrated with actual scenes from the picture.

This is only one of the many coming pictures fictionized in the August issue of

ROMANTIC
Movie Stories

On sale July 10

Get your copy today at any newsstand. Read your movies first—then see them. It adds to your enjoyment!

Fred MacMurray

Fred MacMurray doesn't like to talk about himself but he responded nobly to your queries

FRED MacMURRAY squirmed uncomfortably as he regarded the mountainous stack of questions which had been conveyed to his dressing room by your "Inquiring Reporter." For nearly a month they had poured in like flakes of snow in an Alaskan blizzard. And Fred MacMurray, of all the stars in Hollywood, has the most profound dislike for questions which intrude upon his privacy. He's no Garbo, mind you, but any display of public interest simply makes him uncomfortable. In other words, he is an honest victim of modesty. So rapid and bewildering has been his rise to stardom that he still cannot realize the fact that he is a personality of great interest.

Together we weeded out those questions which duplicated one another—and there were many—discarded a meagre handful which violated studio bans, and with a sigh of resignation Fred mounted the witness stand. And here are the answers to your queries. Your questions are printed in italics; his answers will be found in bold face type.

Q. Do you ever intend to sing in any of your pictures?

A. Since I used to sing when I was playing with an orchestra, I have had a secret ambition to sing on the screen. As a matter of fact I sang one song in *The Princess Comes Across.*

Q. What is your hobby?

A. Trying my darndest to stay aboard a horse.

Q. Which one of your pictures did you enjoy the most?

A. *Hands Across The Table,* I think. I particularly enjoyed making that hysterical scene in which Carole Lombard called my fiancee and imitated the voice of a long-distance telephone operator. Maybe you thought we were acting when we laughed so hard. We were'nt.

Q. Is it true that you intend to marry Lillian Lamont?

A. Yes. We are engaged.

Q. Do you expect to retire soon?

A. Not as long as Hollywood has a market for my services.

Q. Who is your favorite leading woman? Which actress in Hollywood do you admire the most?

A. Say, you're trying to put me on the spot. After all, I have to *live* in this town.

Answers

You asked him—and Fred's telling you! Here are many facts you never knew before about that MacMurray lad

by

The Inquiring Reporter

Q. What is your favorite rôle?

A. I have liked most of my screen rôles. If I have a preference it is for the rôle I played in *Trail of the Lonesome Pine.*

Q. What is your favorite dish?

A. A full dish. I have one of those appetites that runs to quantity rather than quality.

Q. How long have you known Lillian Lamont?

A. A little more than three years.

Q. Do you live with your parents?

A. With my mother.

Q. Have you ever been married before?

A. Neither before nor now.

Q. When and where were you born?

A. I was born in Beaver Dam, Wisconsin. (I'll bet you never heard of that one.) In 1907.

Q. Do you enjoy acting or do you cherish a secret ambition to become a director or scenario writer?

A. I really enjoy acting but I know that the professional life of any actor is brief. When I am no longer in demand as an actor I hope to direct.

Q. Do you dance?

A. If you mean ball-room dancing, yes. But I'm no Fred Astaire.

Q. How long have you been in pictures?

A. A little less than two years as a featured player but before that at various times I tried my luck at playing extra.

Q. What will be your next picture?

A. I am working in *Texas Ranger* now. After that is completed I am scheduled to play opposite Gladys Swarthout in *Champagne Waltz.*

Q. Will you ever play opposite Katharine Hepburn again, or Ann Sothern?

A. I can't say. They are both under contract to another studio and there would seem to be very little prospect of such an assignment.

Q. How did you get into pictures?

A. I saxophoned my way in.

Q. Do you consider working in pictures hard work or fun?

A. Acting is a job—a little more pleasant probably than some kinds of work, but a job nevertheless. And sometimes a very tiresome job.

Q. What [*Continued on page 62*]

A TRUE *Mystery* STORY

THE *Case* OF THE

Anxious Bride

"Do me this favor" *she besought the best man . . .* "but HE mustn't know . . ."

"I LOVE him so," she pleaded. "I don't want *anything* to spoil our happiness. Please, *please* tell him . . ."

"I did as she asked," the best man relates. "Tactfully I pointed out that even a hint of 'B. O.' may spoil the companionship of wedded life. I gave him my cake of Lifebuoy to try and I saw that Lifebuoy went in his suit case for their honeymoon.

"Later they both wrote me. 'Thank you,' said her letter—and under the words she had drawn a tiny cake of Lifebuoy. It spoke volumes. I *knew* then he was taking no chances with 'B.O.' "

Letters by the thousands

These are real people. This incident actually happened. And it is just one of *thousands* of letters that have come to the makers of Lifebuoy telling True "B.O." Experiences.

How plainly these letters show that "B.O." (*body odor*) spares no one! *No one* can afford to take chances, especially now when the weather is hot and muggy . . . when we're perspiring more freely. Bathe regularly with Lifebuoy—you'll be fresh, refreshed and *safe!*

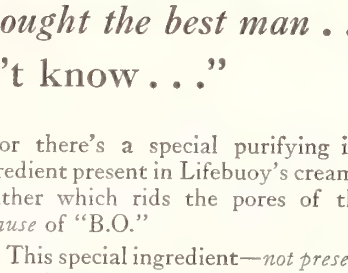
For there's a special purifying ingredient present in Lifebuoy's creamy lather which rids the pores of the *cause* of "B.O."

This special ingredient—*not present in ordinary toilet soap*—is also responsible for Lifebuoy's super-mild, extra-gentle action on the skin.

Beautifies complexions, too!

This smooth, caressing lather does wonders for your complexion . . . gives it that fresh, healthy radiance men adore. "Patch" tests on the skins of hundreds of women show Lifebuoy is actually more than 20 per cent milder than many so-called "beauty soaps."

Lifebuoy lathers richly in hardest water—its clean scent rinses away.



Millions say, "it agrees with my skin"

Win a Telephone Call *from* Ginger Rogers

Here's the most novel of contests and the chance of a lifetime to chat personally with one of the screen's most glamourous stars

EARLY in September, some lucky fan is going to receive a long distance telephone call from Ginger Rogers!

The exact day and hour for that call will be arranged by the editor of MOVIE CLASSIC, to suit the mutual convenience of Ginger and the winner of this most unusual contest.

The toll charge will be paid by MOVIE CLASSIC.

Ginger, herself, will choose the winner! And here's how:

Just ask Ginger Rogers a question. Write it on the coupon which you will find on this page—or, if you prefer, type it on a separate sheet of paper. In either case mail it, PROMPTLY, to The Inquiring Reporter, Fawcett Publications, 7046 Hollywood Boulevard, Hollywood, California.

All of your queries will be relayed to Ginger Rogers and the winner of this contest will be that person, who, in *her* opinion, submits the *most interesting* question. The long distance telephone call from Ginger is the one and only prize offered.

Please note:

Your questions must be received by The Inquiring Reporter not later than July 20th, 1936. Any queries received later than that date will automatically be discarded.

Your questions must not violate the bounds of good taste. Any which violate studio bans will be discarded. Do not "put Ginger on the spot" by asking her to name her "favorite leading man" or her "favorite star" or the actor or actress whom she considers the most talented. Such questions, answered publicly, jeopardize friendships and cause embarassment. There are thousands of other queries much more interesting.

The answers to all queries will be published in October MOVIE CLASSIC.

So, act promptly. Send in your question now—and stand by for a long distance call from Ginger Rogers!

The Inquiring Reporter,
Movie Classic Magazine,
7046 Hollywood Blvd.,
Hollywood, Calif.

Please ask Ginger Rogers the following questions, answers to which will appear in the October issue of Movie Classic.

____

____

____

____

____

Your name ________________________________

"THE BEST PICTURES I EVER TOOK . . . AND I PAY ONLY 10¢ FOR A ROLL OF FILM!"

YOU, TOO, CAN SAVE MORE THAN ½ YOUR FILM COST... AND NOW GET BIGGER AND BETTER PICTURES!

Univex is taking the country by storm. Last year more Univex Cameras were sold than any other make! Now they will be more popular than ever... because now you can get beautiful, sharp, clear 3" x 4" pictures (exactly the same size as shown here) with Univex 10¢ film *at approximately the same cost as other 3" x 4" quality prints.*

3" x 4" Photos

Why spend 25¢ or more for film . . . why carry around a bulky camera . . . when these compact, easy-to-carry, lightweight Univex Cameras and the superior ultrachrome Univex 10¢ film give you such perfect, big pictures—better pictures than you ever took before! So be smart... be thrifty... be modern! Get your Univex today and join the fun. At all good drug, department, and stationery stores. Universal Camera Corp.—New York City. ● When you have your Univex Film developed be sure to order 3" x 4" prints.

NEW FOLDING UNIVEX

Streamlined to fit pocket or handbag . . . 12 new features to take better pictures than ever before—and non-breakable, lightweight body. The world's most sensational camera value complete with attractive, handy "Karry-Kase" and backed by a bona fide written guarantee **$1.50**

(Below is the 3"x4" size photo)

ANYBODY CAN NOW TAKE PERFECT PICTURES WITH... Univex

Univex
ULTRACHROME
N°00 Film Roll
For Models "A" and "AF" UNIVEX CAMERAS

10¢ A ROLL

Now.. SAVE ½ YOUR FILM COST!

The *Girl* Bob Taylor *Can't Forget!*

They met in college . . . their romance ended when he gave up his plans for a screen career . . . but her memory has survived in spite of every distraction

"IF I WEREN'T in the movies—if I were in any other profession—I'd probably be married now," confessed Robert Taylor, thoughtfully tapping the ashes off his cigarette. "I'm the type who would ordinarily marry young. I'm that impulsive . . . As it was, I nearly married, even before I was through college."

Robert Taylor, Bachelor No. 1 of Hollywood, who appears so self-possessed, emotionally—who doesn't seem to have lost his heart to a single glamour queen—who doesn't act, off the screen, the least bit marriage-minded . . . was not always thus.

"At Pomona College," he added, with a half-ironic grin, "I became interested in dramatics—and a girl. I married the dramatics instead of the girl. But that wasn't my fault."

He will not tell the name of the girl who broke down all of his defenses—as no movie beauty has been able to do. The girl who could have said that he was completely hers. The girl he cannot forget.

His refusal to reveal her name is understandable. Put yourself in Robert Taylor's place. You, too, if you had wistful memories of a broken romance—if you still thought highly of the girl—would not want to risk causing her embarrassment now.

Likewise, he will not reveal if she was blonde, brunette or redhead. The color of her hair was not important to *him;* why should it be important to anyone else? Human nature being

4

1. **Loretta Young and Bob Taylor in *Private Number.***
2. **Eleanor Powell and Bob in *Broadway Melody of 1936.***
3. **Bob and June Knight in *Broadway Melody of 1936,* and, 4. Bob and Janet Gaynor in *Small Town Girl***

by James Reid

what it is, people might leap to unfair conclusions if he ever showed interest in a girl with hair of a similar shade.

However, she *was* one of the prettiest girls he had ever met—and her attractiveness was not artificial, superficial, manufactured. A color-camera would have been kind to her. It would have approved of her naturalness, as Bob did.

She was intelligent, with an eager mind. She had no talent for gossip, for small talk. (Neither did Bob—and he has not acquired any liking for it since.) She had too many other interests, worthwhile interests.

She was slight, but athletic, with inclinations toward swimming and tennis. (Bob's own favorite sports).

She had a quick sense of humor—and a laugh, not a giggle.

She read constantly, as he did. (And does). She liked psychology, one of his own major interests. (He still has that interest, along with Hollywood's largest library of books on psychology.)

She shared his love for music—which had led, indirectly, to his finding her.

She liked him for what he was. Certainly he had no reputation then—and little money. ("I still don't have much," he told me, with a smile, "but in those days I was living on exactly seven-fifty a week from home.")

Being a dreamer herself, she could understand *him.* ("I'm still building air castles. Right now, I have a yen to see France and Italy, the sunny Riviera, the blue Mediterranean. And I'll get there yet.")

They would take long walks together under the California moon, talking about life and love and beauty and happiness; talking about the things they wanted to do, the places they wanted to see. Sometimes, there would be long, vibrant silences between them—silences vibrant with happiness, because they could share each other's thoughts even without words.

Always, they were trying to be by themselves. If they went to the movies, they made it a party of two. If they went to a dance, they begrudged dances forfeited to others. When his funds would permit a dinner together, they sought out a quiet corner of some quiet restaurant.

Every mood that Bob had, seemed to be her mood, too. "We're in love—we *must* be in love," he told himself.

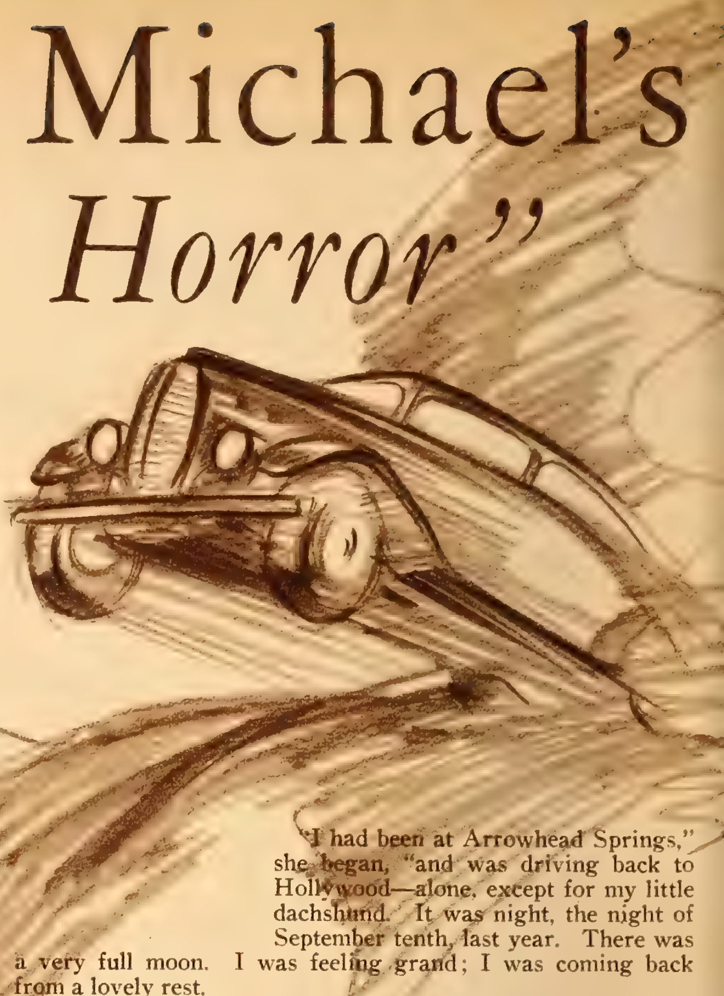
There was only one fly in the balm of living. He had a rival for her affections. He liked the chap—as much as it was possible to like him under the circum-

[*Continued on page* 81]

Gertrude Michael's "Hour of Horror"

Given up for dead, her face seemingly marred forever by hideous scars, she fought her way to health and stardom

by James Parr



TODAY, Gertrude Michael is one of the most alive, most alert, most promising young stars on the screen. And thereby hangs one of Hollywood's most dramatic, amazing true stories. For, less than a year ago, after one horrible moment, her career seemed over. Her very life seemed over. She was lying beside a crumpled car, her broken body and blood-smeared face hidden under a merciful covering, given up for dead!

On the set of her fourth picture since then—*The Return of Sophie Lang*—she told me the story. Calmly. Simply. As if she were chatting about some everyday occurrence.

"I had been at Arrowhead Springs," she began, "and was driving back to Hollywood—alone, except for my little dachshund. It was night, the night of September tenth, last year. There was a very full moon. I was feeling grand; I was coming back from a lovely rest.

"I knew that I should go through San Bernardino on Fifth Street, and I wasn't sure that I was on the right street. I was looking for a street sign. I had just crossed some railroad tracks, when—not more than ten feet in front of me—a small truck loomed up, without any tail-light. Sitting in the back of the truck, wrapped in blankets, was a small child. I had only a flash of the child, but the flash chilled me. I would kill that baby if I ever struck the truck.

"My car was going somewhere between thirty and thirty-five; no more than that. But the truck was barely moving. With every bit of strength in my body, I pulled the wheel to the left, jammed on the brakes. The brakes locked, catapulted the car into a massive tree at the side of the street.

"I didn't think, in that moment, of the highlights of my life—as, they say, people who face death always do. I didn't have time even to think, 'I'm going to be killed.' I didn't have time to think of anything. It all happened too quickly. In the flutter of an eyelid.

"Luckily, the impact broke both doors open. I was thrown out of one, my dog out of the other. My head must have struck the curb.

"It happened in the foreign quarter of San Bernardino. Nice people, those foreigners. They took my white coat and covered me up for dead. Then they stole everything they could lay their hands on. But I still insist that they were nice people," she added, with an ironic smile. "They came to the hospital later and prayed for me."

Perhaps she needed their prayers. Because:

"I was there at the side of the road, my face and body covered with the white coat, for forty minutes—before the ambulance came. Nobody could tell who I was; I was covered with blood, and my pocketbook, with possible identification cards in it, was missing. But the ambulance doctor discovered that, whoever I was, I still had a faintly beating pulse.

"At the hospital, I heard later, they threw me on a bed, and said, 'Well, she'll die.' I had a fractured skull, I had a broken leg. I had bruises all over my body. I still don't understand how I got them all. I had no internal

[*Continued on page 79*]

Even blasé Hollywood is getting feverish about Francis Lederer who is most decidedly something new and different in screen Romeos. And here are all the answers

by

John Lawton

Checking Up On the Romantic Czech

Francis Lederer and Ida Lupino, in *One Rainy Afternoon*, a love comedy, are a popular new love team

DOORBELLS rang, all over Hollywood. In stars' homes, in extras' little apartments, in the bungalows of studio electricians, press agents, writers. . . . .

People hurried to answer. Stars' butlers and maids, wives of the humble workers. Outside, in each case, stood a messenger, with a huge bag. The messenger delivered the bag, hurried off.

Scores of puzzled folk hesitated, then opened the bags. Inside lurked one, or two, or maybe even three huge heads of cabbage!

"But I didn't order cabbage!" one or two of them called after the departing messenger. Then they looked again, and saw a printed message on the bag. It was a long message. Its purport was brief. It set forth that the sender, having too, too many heads of cabbage on his hands, had decided the best thing to do with them would be to distribute them among friends, so that they could all enjoy them, rather than waste them. And the message was signed:

"—FRANCIS LEDERER."

Well, by the next morning, Hollywood thought Lederer had pulled a swell publicity gag. At the Paramount lot, where he's making *The Count of Arizona,* his fellow workers and actors—each of whom had gotten one of his cabbage-crammed bags—hailed him with congratulations on his clever "stunt." I was there, and saw Lederer's reaction—

First a look of astonishment and surprise. Then a hurt look; deeply hurt.

"Gag? Stunt?" he echoed. "But it was not a gag, not a stunt. I really meant it. You see, on the property I have bought in San Fernando Valley, many cabbages grew, and I did not know what to do with them. I did not want to waste them. So why not, thought I, let my friends eat of them. And so I sent them to my friends. Soon I shall have apricots, walnuts, other things growing there. I shall send them, too. But it will not be a gag, or a stunt. No."

"Why," asked an indefatigable wisecracker, "didn't you send some corned beef along with the cabbages?"

Lederer looked bewildered.

"Beef? Beef?—but I 'ave no stock farm, you know."

So they gave up, and went to work shooting the picture. And that whole incident is so very, very typical of Francis Lederer—the man in whose lexicon there is no such word as *play*.

He does not understand play. He has no inclination for it. He says so, frankly. Life, to him, is intensely serious. In it the two most important things, to Francis Lederer, are: 1—to help others and to do what he can to better the world, and, 2—to constantly improve, physically and mentally, Francis Lederer.

Any other activities are merely time-wasting. And, to him, criminally so.

"Why," he told me, in that rapt, half-breathless, but carefully-plotted and well-measured manner of talking of his, "if I should ever, through any mischance, sit still for a half-hour, doing nothing constructive, nothing to better myself either in mind or body, I would feel that—that I had committed a crime!"

You don't see Lederer in [*Continued on page 76*]

The Evolution of

childhood

Asleep in the arms of her nurse, one-month-old Harlean Carpenter was anything but camera conscious

An old snap-shot, taken some twenty years ago in Kansas City, shows what was being worn by young ladies out for a stroll in the park

The future Jean Harlow at six, with her mother, whose features are startlingly like those of Jean, today

Renamed Jean Harlow, she launched her screen career as a member of the famous Hal Roach beauty brigade. Her comedy training was to stand her in good stead when she received her opportunity in bigger rôles

As the heartless siren, playing opposite Ben Lyon in *Hell's Angels* she suddenly soared to screen fame

After her success in *Dinner at Eight* her name was inscribed in the forecourt of Grauman's Chinese Theatre

Another photographic biography, tracing the dramatic rise of one of Hollywood's most popular stars

Jean Harlow

The days of struggle were over and she built a palatial home. Then, opposite Clark Gable in *Red Dust,* she sky-rocketed to even greater heights

In the title rôle of *Suzy,* a war-time spy story, she has one of her best rôles

romances

Newspapers printed special editions when the "Platinum Blonde" and Paul Bern applied for a marriage license

A year later Paul Bern died by his own hand. Jean is glimpsed here at the funeral services

Jean and Hal Rosson, (in circle) astounded Hollywood by their sudden romance and marriage. Now, divorced from Rosson, she is rumored to be engaged to marry William Powell

Circus Daze

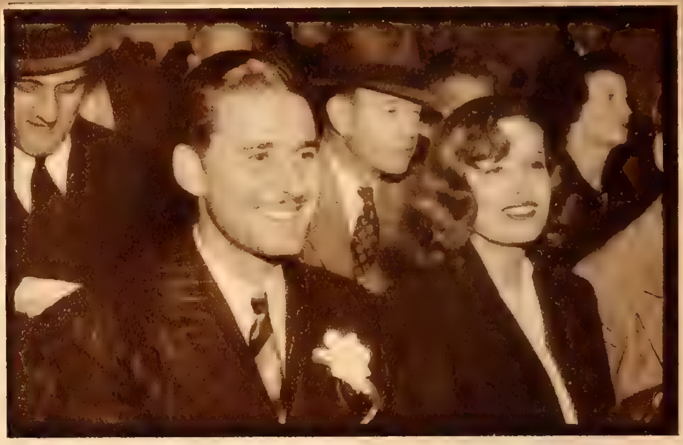
When the Big Top comes to town, the stars of Cinemaland declare a holiday, for they can't resist the lure of the sawdust arenas

IF YOU are in Hollywood when a circus is in town, that's the best place to see an array of screen stars. At every performance there's a blazing of flashbulbs as press photographers catch Cinemaland's famous entranced by the excitement of the sawdust rings. They love it!

The fact that many stars got their start under the big tops, and the fact that numerous circus performers and animals have parts in various pictures combine to knit the fellowship between the stars of the screen and the stars of the sawdust arena very closely.

Screen celebrities and circus artists alike greatly prize the informal snapshots taken together in the canvas-fenced enclosure behind the big tent. Most of our Hollywoodites are like children in their intense admiration for the circus performers, and often you see an arenic champion nearly forget his routine while he slackens his pace to stare at a film star "in person."

Ken Maynard, Edith Fellows and Marian Marsh visit the commissary of Ken's Diamond K Wild West Show



Errol Flynn and Lili Damita, his wife, are among Hollywood's most ardent circus fans

"Oh look, there's Wally Beery!" people were saying when I attended the Al. G. Barnes Circus in Hollywood.

Sure enough, there was Wallace Beery sitting with his little adopted daughter, Carol Ann, down in a first row seat, where they wouldn't miss a thing.

When I drifted out into the circus backyard after the show, there was Wally again fooling with the elephant herd. No wonder Wally loves "bulls," as show people call elephants, no matter what sex they may be, for one of his first jobs was being hand-maiden to a couple of elephants with a circus.

Many of the elephants in the herd, Wally has worked in pictures. Remember two of Beery's best films, *The Mighty Barnum* and *O'Shaughnessy's Boy,* with Jackie Cooper. Several of the pachyderms he worked in those films are in the Barnes herd this year. When the big Ringling Circus came to Hollywood two summers ago he had a grand time renewing acquaintance with several of the older elephants he had handled as a youngster.

For many years the studios have used the Al. G. Barnes Circus, which winters at Baldwin Park, near Hollywood, as the background for all the circus pictures. You've just seen Warner Oland in his latest, *Charlie Chan at the Circus.* Twentieth Century-Fox finished making it before the show started its 1936 tour, with many of the circus people playing extra parts.

"Handling that ten ton chorus in *The Big Broadcast of 1936* was about the hardest job I ever did with elephants," Walter

Wally Beery, who launched his career as a "bull man" with the circus introduces Carol Ann to the leader of the Barnes herd of performing elephants

in Hollywood

by Philip K. Bailey

McLain, boss elephant man for the Barnes aggregation, told me. He had to stand fifty feet away, behind the cameras, and direct the huge creatures with a stick.

Another of McLain's feats was stampeding his whole elephant herd, which was weighted down with various armor and trappings, in *Clive of India*. Remember the old elephant in *Tarzan* that emerged from the swamp and hobbled on three legs through the waterfalls before it died? That was "Ruth," his pet pachyderm, which heads the herd this season.

Just as you enjoy seeing an excellent picture several times, so some of the stars attend a circus again and again. Wallace Beery saw the circus open in San Diego, again in Los Angeles, and the third time, as I've mentioned, in Hollywood. Dick Cromwell is another two-timer. First he escorted Rochelle Hudson to the Los Angeles showing. A few days later Dick was spotted with Ida Lupino seeing the same circus again in Hollywood.

"We feel like adopting Charley Murray, he is around so much," one of the circus bosses jokingly told me. Murray, comedian of *Cohen and Kelly* fame, is a pal of many of the sawdust fraternity and just about lives around circuses during their Hollywood presentations.

You know the old gag about the adult taking the kids to the circus to have an excuse to go himself. It holds good in Hollywood, too. Often, if the celebrities haven't any children of their own, they adopt a friend's for the annual circus outing.

Of course, the ones who get the biggest kick out of the sawdust glamour are the child stars. Little Jane Withers was so excited trying to see what was going on in every ring that she could hardly keep her seat. After the last act, she went out in the circus "backyard" and had the time of her life meeting all the performers and being photographed with them. And her thrill of thrills came when she was allowed to don a clown suit and grease-paint and actually be a circus performer when the Barnes show gave its final performance here.

An American circus is a great treat for Freddie Bartholomew. He says it is so much larger and more thrilling than the small one-ring circuses in England. Jackie Searl was another leading juvenile star I saw enjoying the colossal exhibit.

An added thrill for spectators was seeing little Shirley Temple, the films' leading player, accompanied by her father and mother, walking along the hippodrome track to their seats. You saw golden-haired Shirley in *Our Little Girl*. Part of the Barnes circus was used to make those scenes in which Shirley had so much fun with the jolly clowns. She's a great favorite with the folk of the big top.

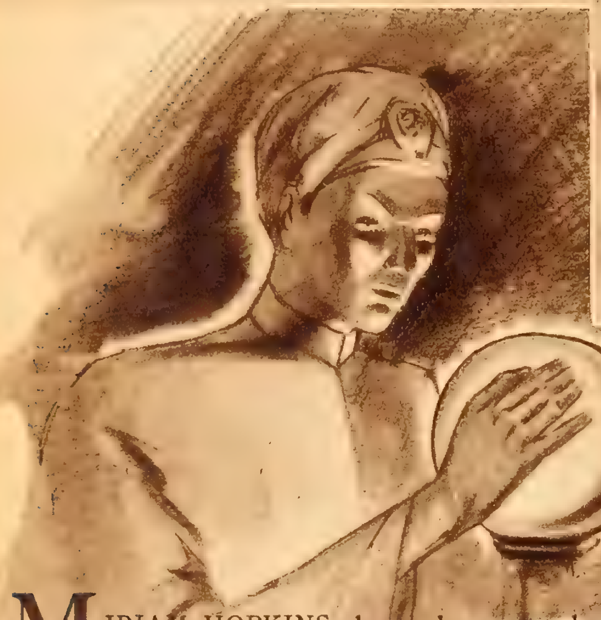
Dick Cromwell and Rochelle Hudson meet Joe, the chimpanzee star of the Al G. Barnes Circus

Going to the circus wouldn't be complete, says Gloria Stuart, without feeding the elephants peanuts

THE circus was one stopping point for a smart progressive Easter celebration which Anita Louise, Jeanette MacDonald, Gene Raymond, Robert Marlowe, Helen Ferguson, and the Johnny Mack Browns held. From Anita Louise's home on Easter eve the party went to the circus. Following the performance, they returned to Anita's house for a midnight buffet supper. Leaving there they attended the sunrise services in the Hollywood Bowl. To Jeanette MacDonald's for breakfast was the next move. Swimming and tennis [*Continued on page* 74]

Jane Withers was the envy of every Hollywood youngster when she was invited to don a clown's costume and perform with the circus troupe

The Fortunes of Hopkins Inc.



In which is analyzed one of the most amazing personalities of the screen

by John L. Haddon

MIRIAM HOPKINS shrugged a pretty shoulder in nonchalant defiance at her thirty-third birthday last October, and why not?—because she looks like such a kid that she couldn't even get her favorite drink (which is a long, tall, cool, ginny Tom Collins) at Santa Barbara the other day! She'd been running up and down the beach in shorts, and stepped into a cocktail bar for the cooler.

"Whatsa big i-DEA?" yowled the bartender. "Y'know we don't sell drinks to *kids* in here. Get outta here!"

But she's only five-feet-two, weighs 102, and outside of a tiny dab of powder and some "natural" lipstick, she doesn't wear offscreen makeup, so it's no wonder the bartender was fooled.

That time she laughed. The bartender was lucky. You never can tell whether Miriam's going to laugh at something that's happened to her, or raise particular blazes. She's been called a hellcat—and even shorter words—in Hollywood, because when she doesn't like something, she ups and says so. She has definite ideas of how and what she wants to play on the screen, and if those ideas are crossed, she tells 'em off, from the director right up to the producer. She's what's known as a "tough baby" about things. There's the yarn about the writer-friend of hers who called her up long distance over 3,000 miles from coast to coast one night, just to tell her he'd sold his first play. It was his tough luck that he happened to wake Miriam up with the call. After he'd burbled his glee at her over the 3,000 miles of wire, she calmly asked, "Well, why bother *me* about it?" and hung up.

But that's only *half* the picture. The gal's not as tough as that seems. Because, just the other day, she worked straight through a forty-eight-hour stretch of shooting! And why? Because that way, her picture would be finished in time for her crew of cameramen, grips, electricians, technicians and so on could go into another picture at once, whereas if she hadn't, they'd have faced a several weeks long layoff.

So you've got to amend that "hard-hearted Hannah" stuff by admitting that she's the softest-hearted hard-heart in Hollywood.

Heart? Hers has been cracked twice. Brandon Peters was the first husband. The second was Austin Parker, the writer who likes to wear a cloak and opera hat so that he looks like Dracula. When they married, they both admitted it was gonna be tough, because each confessed to being hard to get along with. So they tried living in separate homes. It didn't work. They divorced, and now they're swell friends. Such good friends that Miriam's always having Austin and his current gal friend over to dinner.

Is that sophistication? Don't tell Miriam so. She hates the word, because it's so loosely over-used. Yet Miriam is one of the most sophisticated women in movies. Honestly so, not just a pose. She speaks French and Spanish like a native of each country, loves to travel abroad when work permits, makes a specialty of serving champagne to interviewers in her dressing room—and just dotes on fortune-tellers like any yokel's sweetheart at a county fair.

[*Continued on page 72*]

Why George Brent Shuns Romance

by Harry Lang

Women consider him the most eligible bachelor in Hollywood—but they have no place in his present scheme of life

GEORGE BRENT wants no romance!! Not now, thank you . . .

Six years from now, maybe. But between now and 1942, at the earliest, he wants to remain a bachelor. Militantly. And so, today, he's living in a hide-out home somewhere in the San Fernando Valley, ten miles or more from Hollywood. Few people know his address; fewer, even, know his telephone number.

He never goes out with women or girls—blondes, brunettes, red-heads, platinum blondes, it makes no difference. His home is staffed and operated by men servants.

Once in a while, he plays tennis with a woman—but she's an ex-champion, and merely his tennis instructor.

At the studio, he's pleasant, polite to the girls he works with and meets during the day's work. When the script requires, he makes love to his leading lady, and kisses her most acceptably and convincingly—as long as the camera is trained on them. The rest of the time, he ignores them—not boorishly, mind you, but definitely.

And, at the end of the day's work, he hurries off to his womanless hideaway and disappears from Hollywood's ken and vision until the next morning when he reports for work again.

"Romance? I don't want any of it, now," he says, frankly. "It has no place whatsoever in my scheme of things. I have no time for it. I have no inclination for it. I'm perfectly happy this way.

"Besides, I haven't met a girl who has carried even the hint of romance to me, for years. I don't think there's a girl in movies who *could* have that appeal for me . . .!

"There are so, so many women in Hollywood who are simply empty-headed little dolls. They're pretty; they're fun—if you like that kind of fun. But they don't know anything, they can't talk intelligently about anything except gossip or the latest swing number and I'm not interested in either. There are intelligent women in Hollywood—many intelligent women—but they're either married or too intent on their careers to leave room for love.

"Hollywood's full of women for a man to take out—if he wants them. But for me, it'd have to be a gesture of sheer desperation to take them—and I'm not desperate. I can wait. I have gotten along without 'em long enough to know I can keep on doing it."

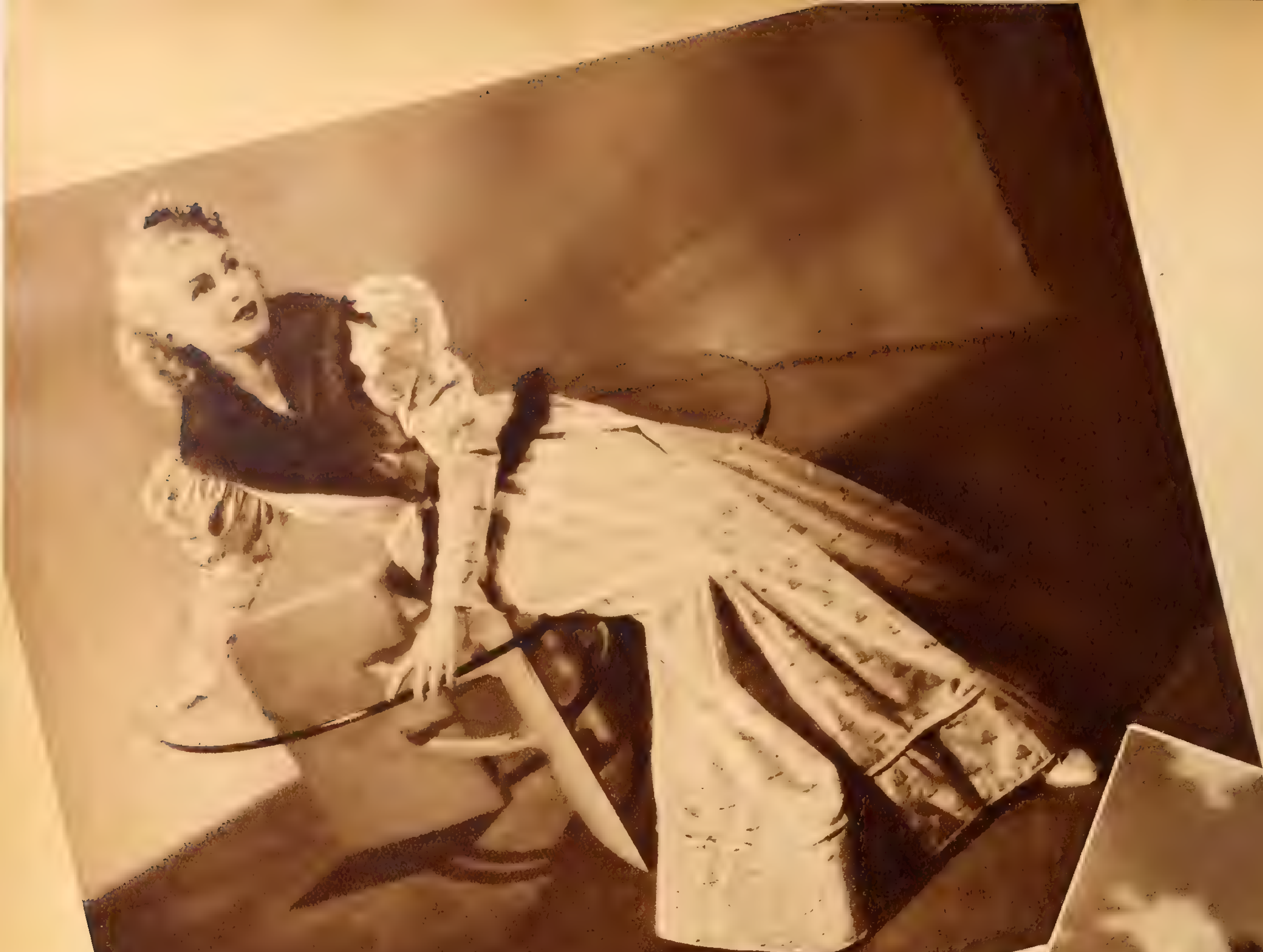
Now, all this stuff probably makes George sound and look like a sour-pussed old curmudgeon; a mysogynist, a woman-hater of the most revolting order. Maybe it makes him sound conceited, too.

But neither of those assumptions are true. Listen—

Let me put you straight on George. It's been my good fortune to know the fellow fairly well. It's been my privilege to hear Brent discuss, frankly and openly, those subjects concerning which he shouts a consistent "NO!" to all interviewers—women, romance and his love-life.

I think I understand George and his attitude, because he has opened up to me about it. He talks of love, in the first person, with an unconcealed distaste. For two reasons: In the first place, he has been pestered to death by interviewers who ask him the most impudent questions about it; in the second place, he thinks his own love-life, when and if

[*Continued on page* 70]



4 STAR DRESSES

by

sally martin

whys and wherefores

1 - Gather ye shirrings while ye may—the strawberries are all right too, be they printed on fabric, or artificial bunches for bosoms, waistline or shoulders. But the shirring is very important, particularly with the original use of heavy cording that defines the romantic bodice, the diaphanous and quaint sleeves, the neckline skillfully draped with measured fullness both back and front and the padded edge of the voluminous skirt of the Second Empire dress sponsored by Claire Trevor, 20th Century-Fox actress. Leg o'mutton (Continued on page 64)

3

A. L. Schafer

4

2

A. L. Schafer

5

A. L. Schafer

In Quest

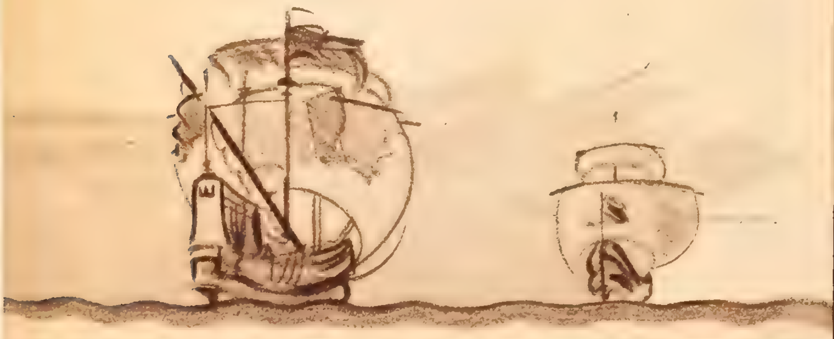
Concluding the dramatic life story of Errol Flynn, South Seas Adventurer, screen sensation and gambler with Fate

FOREWORD: *Having run away from home, in Australia, to seek adventure and romance in the untamed wilds of Papua, little known island of cannibals and gold, Errol Flynn was, successively, prospector, member of the constabulary, pearl diver and labor recruiter. Time after time, he narrowly escaped death in the uncharted jungles. Once he was tried for murder but proved that he had killed the dope crazed native to save his life and the lives of his servants. It was on one of his expeditions into the far interior, to recruit native laborers for the English plantations that his raft overturned and he found himself swimming for his life in a crocodile-infested river.*

HIS stomach was like a cake of ice.

Terror, unashamed, retching fear, assailed him as Errol Flynn fought his way through the river water, his flesh crawling in anticipation of the ragged teeth of a crocodile. . . . A horrid way to die, to be pulled under water, jammed beneath a slimy log and there left to decay until soft enough to make easy food for the gigantic reptiles. He'd faced death a thousand times in the last few jungle years, but always on his feet, fighting, ready to die, if he must, but ready to die like a man.

Within a few yards of shore he became conscious of the wild screams and excited leaping of his boys. He hadn't time to rationalize—all he wanted was to make shore beside them and ask questions later. He still wishes he'd paid heed. . . . For a moment later his knee thrust against what felt like the rough



# of Romance

In the stellar rôle of *Charge of the Light Brigade,* a colorful saga of the Crimean War, Errol Flynn has one of the most spectacular parts in screen history

by

Wm. Ulman, Jr.

bark of a tree—except that it, too, was moving with unbelievable speed. He threw himself wildly, anyhow, head-over-heels, felt a sharp, raking pain down his leg and, simultaneously, the grateful grasp of willing hands hauling him ashore.

Unconscious for the moment of the blood streaming down his leg, he seized his light .30-.30, the nearest gun at hand, swung and began pumping lead into the water in an effort to cover the frantic approach of his swimming boys. He bagged two crocs and wounded two more, one a big bull whose roars of pain were like thunder and set the whole jungle to screaming in an answering chorus. . . . But even over such a concerted pandemonium could be heard the soul piercing shriek of the faithful Gonai, his gun bearer. It ended abruptly as his brown hand, fingers stiff and clawing, disappeared beneath the waters.

Flynn's last conscious thought before he pitched over on his face from loss of blood was that his boys all needed a tot of rum and quinine.

The monsoon season was nearly over when he became himself again. He was in bed, snug and cool beneath white mosquito netting, not yet conscious that he looked like a yellowed skeleton from weeks of delirious fever. He didn't know that Maru had taken command, led his safari and labor boys on to the plantation, carried him, raving and cursing in his madness, as tenderly as a sick child and had refused to leave his side during the painful weeks that followed. The jungle makes deep enemies—and friends that pass all understanding.

Weeks later Flynn was in a doctor's office in Port Moresby, gaunt and worn, his smart whites hanging on him like burlap and only his eyes showed that the man within was fighting.

"No more jungle for you, my lad," was the kindly dictum, "at least for some months to come. Matter of fact you've got no right to be alive at all, you know. I understand from N— that you've about four hundred banked from the last trip. My advice to you is to buy a small trading schooner and keep to sea until you build up a bit."

Thus it was that the Maski II came into being. Small and snug, well powered and stoutly masted with trim lines and little draft, she was ideal for island trading, skimming gently over shark-toothed reefs. His crew was half kanaka, half bush-boy as he and Maru put to sea in search of whatever the Southern Seas might offer.

He coasted along among the islands, carefree, following the winds. The islands knew him as far east as Bora Bora in the Societies and up to Namoi in the Carolines, but always he came back to his first love, Papua. He'd fished for pearl and beche de mer, he'd carried copra and cane and traded shrewdly with a hundred villages, and the sun and sea had given back his strength.

It was during a stop at Dampier Island that he ran across Yapanee, an ancient chief so old that he had already become legend. Yapanee was rumored to have great wealth and a fine collection of uncut stones garnered from some secret place deep in the island.

The village didn't appear friendly at first, but when Errol presented the old man with a squealing sucking pig he suddenly remembered his manners and his pidgin English. As he lead the young Irishman toward the Laki-Laki house, communal home and club of the men, Errol was pleased to note that the women were slowly returning from their bush hiding places. In front of the house stood an imposing group of forbidding warriors. Two were glowering, one holding a knife; the other a spear; still another was holding high a smoking brand from the cooking fire; the fourth a green branch of palm. A man used to the islands and the savage sign language read it easily: "It is death for you to enter the Laki-Laki house." (Knife and spear.) "But you are our guest and have brought us food." (Brand from the cooking fire.) "Therefore we are at peace." (Green branch; the sign of peace the world over.)

A DAY of feasting followed and Errol was careful not to mention trading, even over the roast suckling which he and the Chief were greedily consuming. The prospects for lucrative trade were excellent when an unexpected interruption occurred.

It was the arrival of three whites and a large party of motion picture travelogue makers. The men were surrounded by a very angry looking group of

[*Continued on page* 67]

Small Wonder!

Jane Withers earns $1000 a week as a nine-year-old screen sensation!

by Donald P. Sheldon

Jane Withers in action as Gen- tle Julia, the title character of her latest film

JANE WITHERS is a nine-year-old bundle of dynamite, who has just had her screen salary upped from $150 a week to a reported $1,000 for every seven days' work. She is a born actress, who can show many of the older players the fine points of the art. She can play *Juliet* with the finesse of a Jane Cowl, and can, on demand, outdo a Jackie Searl in being a screen "meanie." She can imitate to perfection the voice, posture and facial expression of many prominent stars of stage, screen and radio. She can rattle off five pages of dialogue without ever missing a word. She can do anything from the hula to the Bill Robinson *up-the-stairs* dance or the *Dying Swan* ballet of Pavlowa. She is as graceful as Ginger Rogers on her feet.

Her mother, like the mother of little David Holt, had always wanted to be an actress—and was frustrated in her hope. So when she and her tire salesman-husband had a small daughter, she transferred her hope to her little girl. Even in her bassinet, the child showed signs of being a talented mimic. When the signs increased to the point where total strangers noticed them, mother and daughter packed up and headed west from Atlanta, Georgia. They were in Hollywood three years before the studios would give Jane a break, but when they did, she went over with a bang. As dynamite should.

In *Bright Eyes,* she was called upon to torment Shirley Temple. She did such an excellent job that the studio decided that it could have two child stars where it had had only one before. She did such an excellent job that she still gets letters of protest about the way she treated the nation's idol. The two little girls—despite the three-year difference in their ages—are good friends. Why not? There is room on the screen for both of them.

Jane and her mother put up a brave front in Hollywood for two years before Mr. Withers could arrange a transfer from Atlanta to Los Angeles with the tire company. Now, even though Jane is in the star class, they live most modestly in a bungalow near the Twentieth Century-Fox Studio. On the roof of their garage, Jane has a playhouse—big enough so that she can stand up in it. She has an amazing collection of bird and animal pets.

"We have two rabbits, some carrier pigeons, a dog, a cat, some chickens, and now I want a monkey," she told me.

She has not the slightest interest in seeing herself on the screen. When the studio called to tell her mother that her own first starring picture, *Ginger*, was having an unannounced preview in a Glendale theatre after the regular show, Jane cried, "Oh, let's go early and see the other picture. That would be fun!"

For my personal benefit and without the least embarrassment, she went through her imitation of ZaSu Pitts, complete with fluttery hands and dithery voice. She showed me impersonations of Baby Le Roy, Ed Wynn, Bing Crosby, Shirley Temple singing *The Good Ship Lollypop,* Garbo and Kate Smith.

[*Continued on page* 60]

In her latest picture, *Pepper,* Jane Withers shares comedy honors with Slim Summerville and Irvin S. Cobb. The picture deals with the laughable adventures of Jane and Slim who are victimized by a bogus nobleman. About to be jailed for fraud, they are rescued by Cobb and receive a reward instead of a jail sentence.

Jane Withers in private—an unspoiled little girl

Madeleine Carroll
and
Gary Cooper

Teamed in *Chinese Gold,* they are the screen's newest lovers. Gary, ex-cowboy, off-screen rancher and big game hunter, is one of the most romantic figures on the American screen. Madeliene, ex-schoolteacher, and English star, is a European favorite

Drama *in the* Desert

Never has Marlene Dietrich, woman and mother, been so completely revealed as in this amazing article

MARLENE DIETRICH felt slightly faint as she stood up and stepped out of the meagre shelter of the sun-umbrella. She started across the deep, hot, desert sand toward "the honeymoon tent," only a few yards distant. The short walk was an effort for her, but she struggled on, trying to smile, trying to let no one know how she felt. Everyone else probably felt the same way, in this blazing heat. Some of the men had been working under the direct rays of the sun for hours. And no one was complaining . . .

Walking in deep, shifting sand is not easy at any time. Her faltering unsteadiness, therefore, attracted no attention. The Technicolor make-up is very pale, all of one tone. Her own paleness escaped detection.

She reached the wide doorway of the large tent, resisted the temptation to grasp the canvas for support. Waves of heat, coming from the interior of the tent, struck her face. Powerful arc-lights, necessary for photographing this interior scene, were adding their torment to the sun's torture. Her old friend, Charles Boyer, with whom she was to make the scene, warned her, with a smile, that this "take" would be an endurance contest. She tried to smile in return, as she took her place before the camera. She had a flash of pity for Charles, in his heavy suit.

There were crazy black dots gyrating before her eyes; then, concentric circles of red, revolving dizzily. Unconsciously, she brushed the back of her left hand across her eyes and forehead. Director Richard Boleslawski, quick in his perceptions, asked, "Do you feel all right, Marlainah?"

She nodded—and then, suddenly, limply, she dropped. Marlene, for all her will power, had fainted.

Five minutes later, the company doctor had revived her. She had had a slight sunstroke, he told her. She could not work any more today. They must carry her to her car. She must go back to the hotel in Yuma, relax, rest. She tried to protest. She wanted to continue, didn't want to "spoil the whole day's work." They wouldn't listen to her.

When they arrived back at the location camp, a small, neat city of well-screened wooden "tents" on a level expanse of ground a mile away, one of the workers looked at a thermometer. 138 degrees! God only knows what it had been out on the dunes. One of the publicity men at the camp commandeered a company car, raced to nearby Sidewinder, teletyped the story to his boss in Hollywood. The next morning, a Sunday, every newspaper in the country carried the item that Marlene Dietrich had collapsed on the sand dunes near Yuma, while at work on the Technicolor picture, *The Garden of Allah.*

But not one newspaper carried the inside story of her determined effort to fight off faintness, her demonstration that she was a trouper.

I happened to be at *The Garden of Allah* location the next day. On every side, I heard the story. From Boleslawski,

Filmed entirely in natural color, with the great sand dunes of the Colorado desert as background, *The Garden Of Allah* will for the first time bring Marlene Dietrich's true beauty to the screen. Charles Boyer is co-starred with her and plays a role which will undoubtedly confirm his already established popularity

by

James Reid

from Marlene's stand-in, from cameramen, from prop men. The story was no hoax. It had happened.

After I went out on the dunes, to the setting of the honeymoon tent and an imitation ruin of an old castle nearby, I wondered why they all had not collapsed; why Marlene was the only victim. As far as the eye could reach, there was nothing but sand, white sand, great wind-rippled hills and dales of sand. The sun, almost overhead, was merciless in its brightness, in its heat. The workers were commenting that it was even hotter than the previous day. And there was no shelter anywhere, except under one lone sun-umbrella. That was Dietrich's.

At a little after two, Marlene appeared, dressed in ankle-length gray chiffon, set off with a filmy orange scarf and a blue cape—her costume for the first scene of the afternoon. A beautiful woman, serenely poised. Her glamor is not something that the camera has given her; it is as natural as the candor of her blue eyes. You will see its reality for the first time in *The Garden of Allah,* filmed in natural color.

With Marlene was her daughter, Maria, dressed in a sports suit of light blue. She was almost as tall as Marlene, a young husky, exuberantly healthy. Rounder of face than Marlene, and freckled, but with the same blue eyes, the same light brown hair, the same lovely mouth.

All those on terms of any intimacy with Marlene—and they ranged from Boleslawski, the director, to Irving Sindler, chief prop man—asked her how she felt. "I'm not going to faint today," she told them.

The publicity man showed her the clipping from the Sunday paper, asked her if she had seen it. She had. "I don't know why they sent that out," she said. "It frightened everybody at home. Maria came down on the train last night, with her governess, just to make sure I was all right. She wouldn't take my word over the telephone."

Someone told her the sequel to her fainting spell, intending to amuse her. It seems that Joseph Schildkraut, also working in the picture, has a weak heart. To ease the physical strain from the brutal heat, he had been carrying an ice-bag around with him, keeping it pressed over his heart between scenes. When Marlene collapsed, he was the first one at her side—with his ice-bag, which he placed on her wrists. The company doctor rushed up, raised her to a sitting position, put a bottle of smelling salts under her nostrils. Suddenly, Schildkraut reached over, grasped the bottle and whiffed it himself.

Marlene did not laugh at the story, as others present did. She said, "He has a weak heart, you know. If I had been in his place, I probably would have done the same thing. I know I've often felt as if I, too, were fainting, seeing other people faint."

SHE had been expected to laugh; she had not even smiled. She had responded with sympathy, instead. That was, to me, a hint of Dietrich's humanity. I was to see much more of it during the course of the long, sun-baked afternoon. From two o'clock until ten minutes of five, the company waited for the sun to put the desired shadows on the dunes for the "confession scene" that Marlene and Boyer were about to make. For me, it was an afternoon of getting acquainted with Marlene Dietrich—actress, woman and mother.

The Garden of Allah is being produced by David O. Selznick for Selznick International Pictures. It is the first picture that she has made for any company other than Paramount since her arrival in America six years ago. She is also the first "glamor queen" to dare an appearance in a color picture. What impelled her to take the rôle of *Domini?*

"The color, prin-

[*Continued on page* 56]

[illegible] O'Brien, for years the biggest money maker at Fox is still "packing them in"

Saddle Leather

Seldom publicized—forgotten by the industry they created—the cowboy stars of the screen ride on to glory and profits

THE daily deluge of news stories and publicity broadsides from Hollywood carries little mention of the screen's cowboy stars. The critics seldom review their pictures. The manufacturers of men's toggery never name their latest style creations in their honor. No one "raves" about their sex-appeal. They are "forgotten men" in an industry which they played a major rôle in creating.

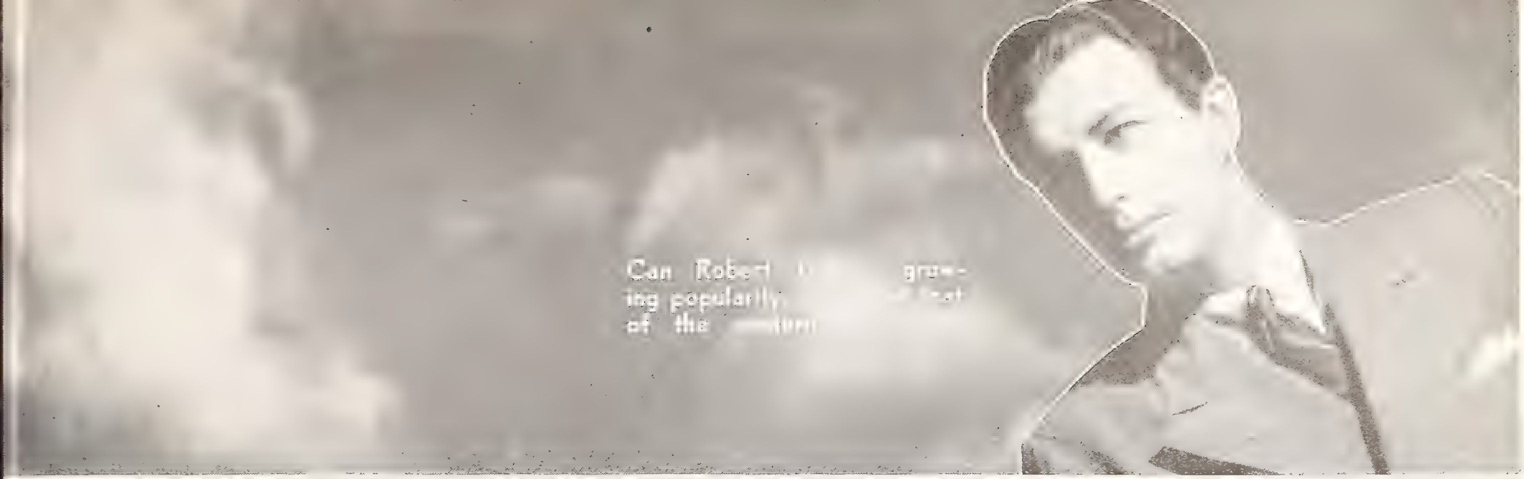
But—please—no sympathy. They don't need it. The screen's buckaroos are still riding the cinematic trail to glory and wealth—and they carry in their saddle bags a goodly measure of every producer's financial security.

Westerns—Hollywood's highbrows call them "horse-operas"—built the industry. For years they carried the industry when sophisticated dramas were dripping red ink on the studio ledgers. And they're still the backbone of almost every producer's production schedule.

In fact, westerns are undergoing a phenomenal revival at this writing. Most of the major studios—probably impressed by the always-satisfactory profits of the cheaper westerns—are featuring outdoor melodrama on their summer and fall production schedules.

Gary Cooper—whose popularity was founded on his cowboy roles—is to be starred in not one, but three, western epics. Fred MacMurray is starring in *The Texas Ranger.* Cecil B. DeMille is about to start production on *The Plainsmen*—without a bath tub. Selznick International is planning two all-technicolor westerns. In short, Hollywood is definitely sombrero-minded.

Fred MacMurray, in *The Texas Ranger,* is having his fling at western melodrama which has made more big stars than any type of picture



Can Robert [illegible] growing popularity [illegible] of the [illegible]

vs. Sex Appeal

Colonel Tim McCoy, perennial star of Columbia westerns, is a box office favorite, yet big city movie-goers rarely see his pictures

by

Eric L. Ergenbright

That the old-line cowboy stars should have been neglected while Hollywood sings the wonders of its sex-appeal heroes is IRONY!

The first motion picture fortunes were created by the production of open air, action pictures—Westerns, for the most part. Bronco Billy Anderson rode Hell-for-leather through every theatre box office and lassoed millions. William Farnum rose to fame as a western star and made the industry's cash registers ring a paen of joy. He received ten thousand a week, every week in the year, and *earned* it. His brother, "Dusty" Farnum, swung into the saddle and saved more than one studio from bankruptcy. William S. Hart, one of the most widely famed and universally beloved stars in screen history, drew his trusty six-guns and shot gold nuggets into one of the worst depressions in Paramount's hectic life. He was known from Timbuctoo to Walla-Walla and every kind of coin from Japanese yen to English shillings poured into Hollywood as a tribute to his popularity.

WESTERNS!

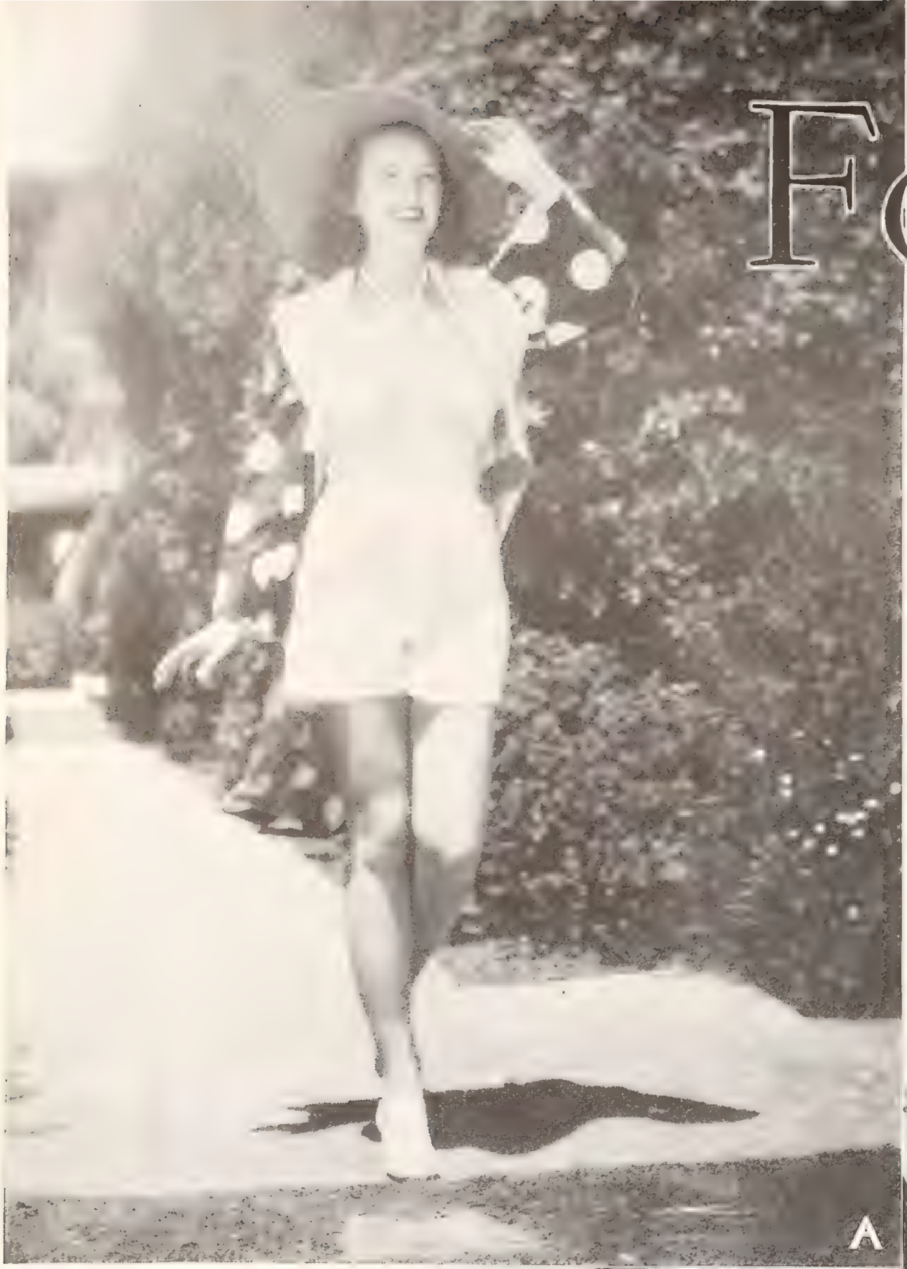
What a debt—in gratitude and hard cash—the studios owe to the cowboy stars, past and present.

The sex-appeal pictures, the sophisticated dramas, and the super-colossals cost fortunes and are gigantic gambles. The good old "horse-operas" cost a tenth as much and are so much profit in the bank.

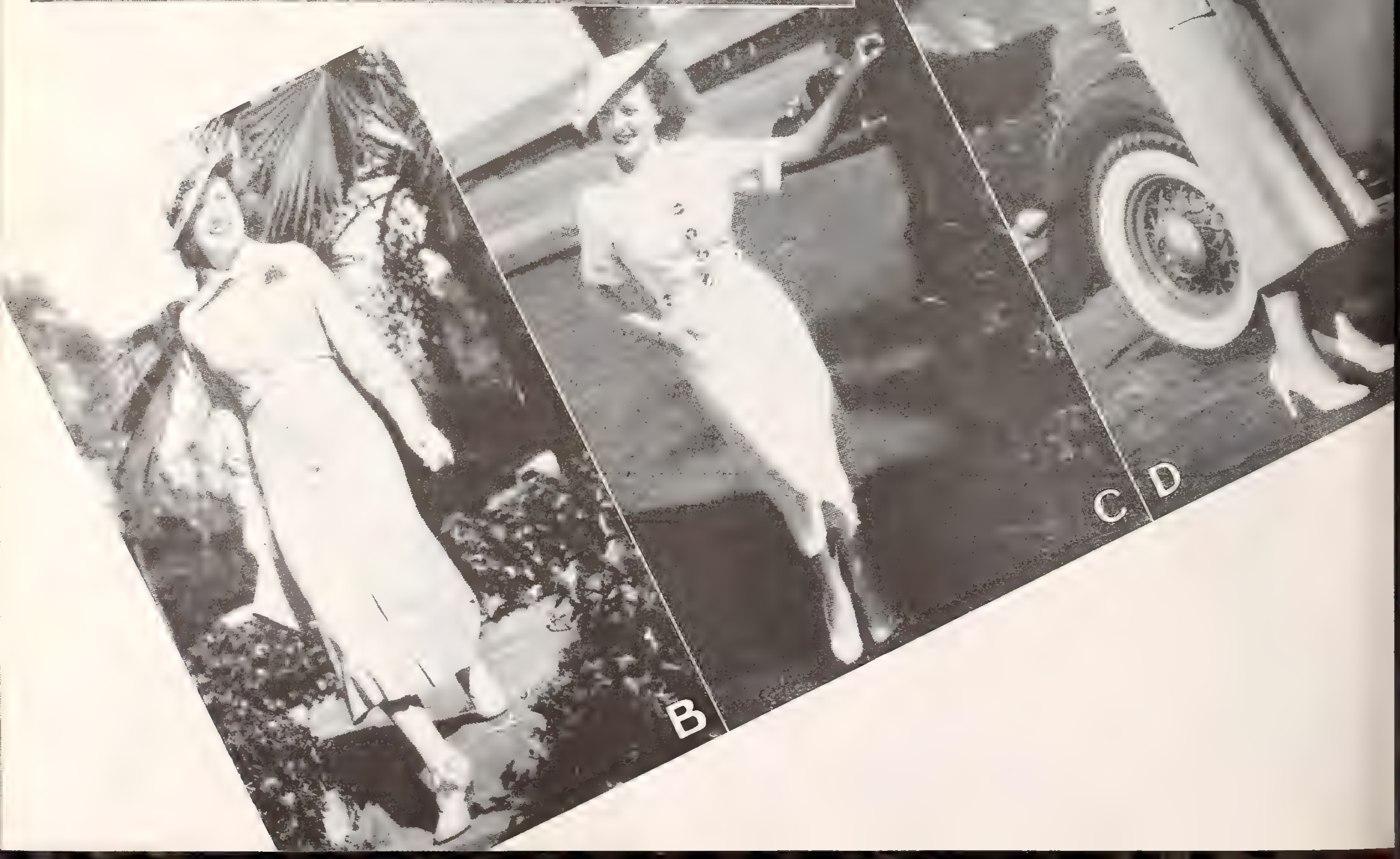
At Fox, they called Tom Mix "the mortgage lifter." His pictures, eight a year, coined money. And they saved Fox from the wolves just as neatly as Tom saved his golden-haired heroines from the stubble-

[*Continued on page* 78]

For the



(A) Over her white linen play suit Jane Hamilton, RKO player, wears a smart, practical beach coat of henna color linen with over-sized coin dots. (B) A striking color combination is used in Louise Latimer's sports frock of seda loma cloth. Powder blue hat and dress trimmed in magenta crepe dotted with white. (C) As cool as a Pacific breeze is this white frock featuring interesting burnt orange wood buttons worn by the RKO star Louise Lati-

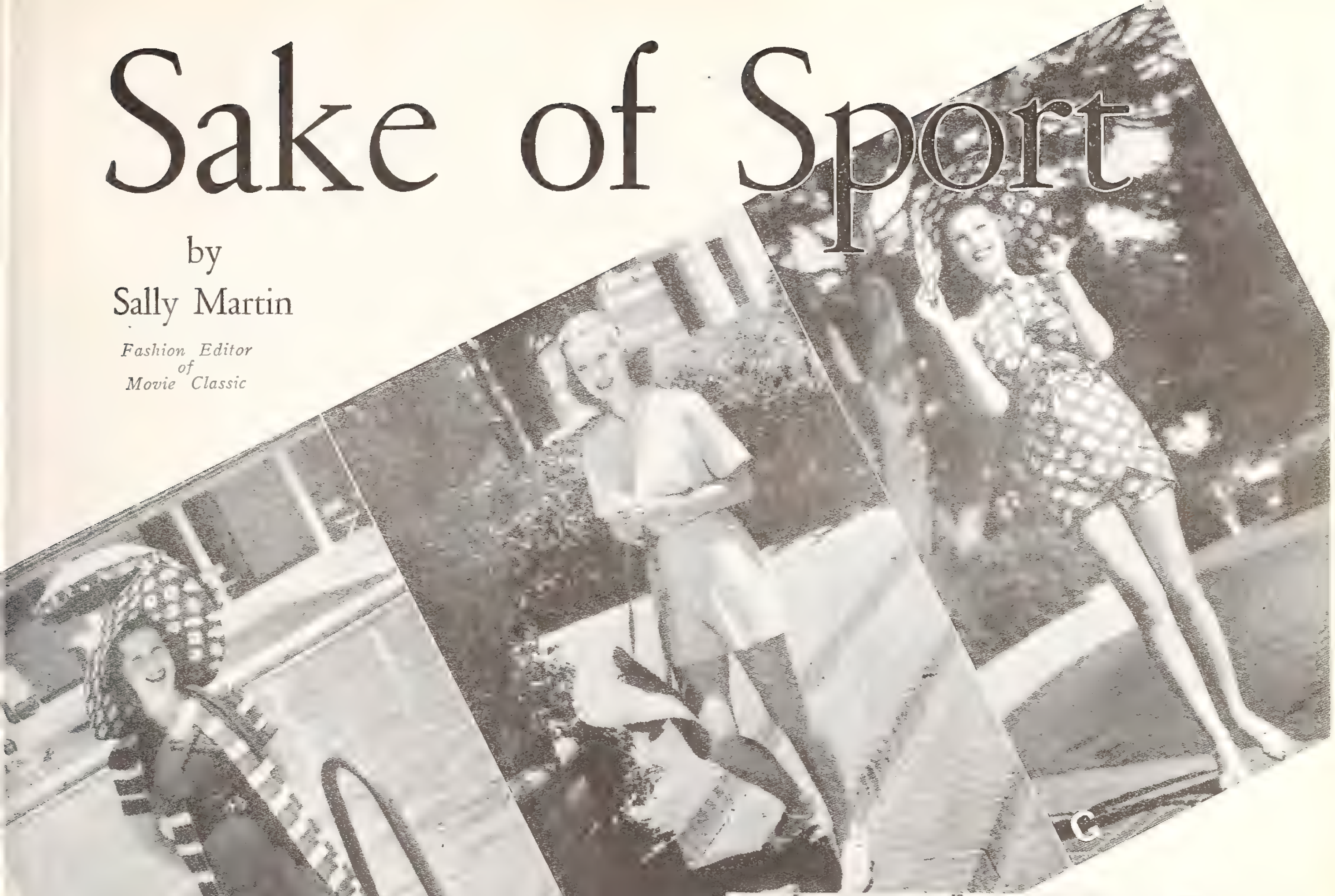


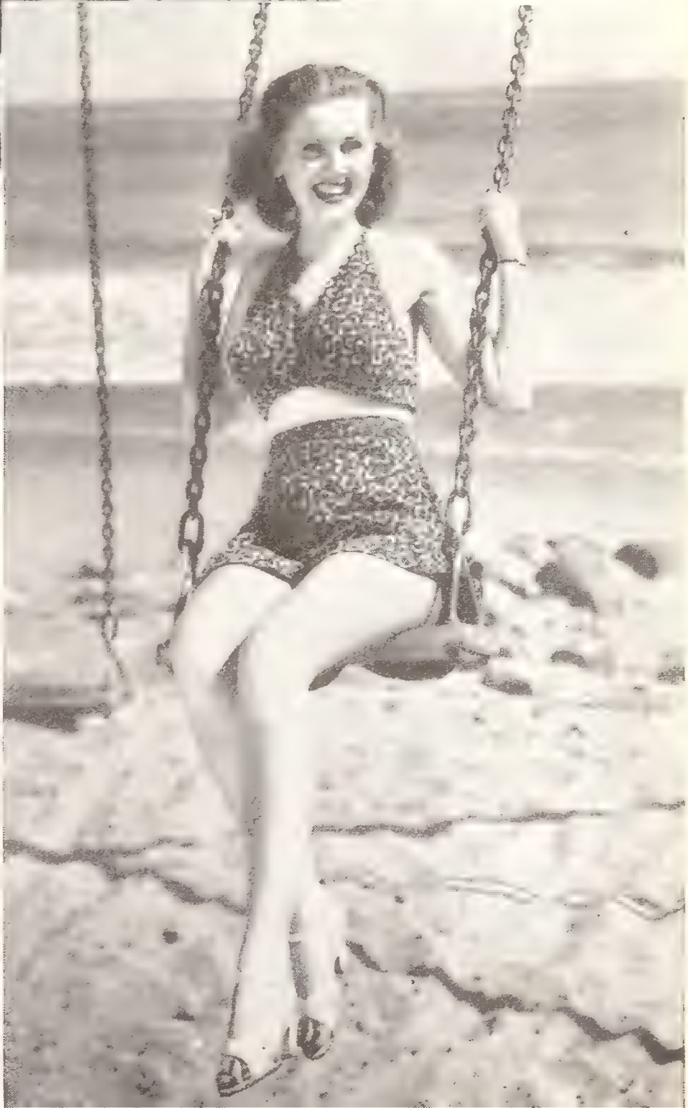
Sake of Sport

by

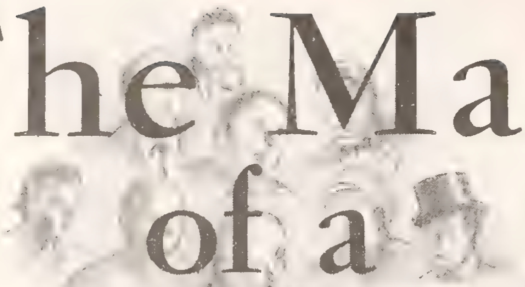
Sally Martin

Fashion Editor of Movie Classic





mer. (D) Anita Colby who makes her screen debut in RKO's *Mary of Scotland* wears brown linen with leather belt and printed scarf. (E) A gay splash of red and white constitutes Louise Latimer's beach costume. The short sleeved coat is a new note. (F) Jane Hamilton's yellow silsutta cloth play suit offers tailored lines and an exaggerated tab collar. Yellow linen sandals and a beach hat of natural straw complete the picture. (G) The purpose of Jane Hamilton's perky linen outfit is not for active swimming but to make a highly picturesque and decorative note under a beach umbrella. (H) This flattering two piece sea suit of jersey in geranium red and white is worn by charming Jane Hamilton.



The Man of a Thousand Faces

Edward Arnold runs the gamut of world-famous biographical roles—but none is more interesting than his own life story

by Scoop Conlon

From the squalor of an East side tenement, Arnold has risen to fame and wealth

WHO AM I?

Edward Arnold might have some difficulty in answering that question in the popular "guessing game" because he is the man of a thousand characters.

Who am I?

Well, you are clever, jovial and popular; but you are also dominating, ruthless and feared.

You're big and powerful, mentally, physically and financially.

To correctly answer this one, Arnold would have to figure out whether he is Nero Wolfe or Pinkerton, Diamond Jim Brady or Canfield, Sutter or Jubilee Jim Fiske, Barney Glasgow or Alexandre Dumas. Certainly, he is all of these characters.

Arnold could quite easily be Death Valley Scotty, Falstaff, Cortez, J. Pierpont Morgan or "Bet-A-Million" Gates as well. He is our most versatile "biographical actor" on the motion picture screen today.

Of powerful physique, although inclined to the robustness that so often goes with success and dominance, he is ideally suited for the roles of scores of famous men.

In Hollywood among his fellow actors, directors and producers, Arnold is noted for his genuine love of hard work. He has need of this rare asset because he will have created the above-mentioned EIGHT biographical characters within the space of one year.

To B. P. Schulberg, the astute producer who developed and brought to screen stardom such talent as Gary Cooper, Sylvia Sidney, Ruth Chatterton, William Powell, Kay Francis, Carole Lombard, Fredric March, Jack Oakie, George Bancroft, Nancy Carroll and Clara Bow, goes the credit for actually "discovering" Edward Arnold. Schulberg has always had uncanny foresight in picking potential picture personalities.

Touring in a successful stage play, *Whistling In The Dark*, Arnold attracted the attention of the producer, who signed him to a personal contract immediately. That was in December, 1932. And, it turned out to be a very lucrative Christmas present for both the party of the first part and the party of the second part.

Arnold promptly scored a sensational hit with Joan Crawford in *Sadie McKee*, and was catapulted to screen fame overnight. However, it was the birth of "screen biographies" as box-office pictures that really brought Arnold into his own.

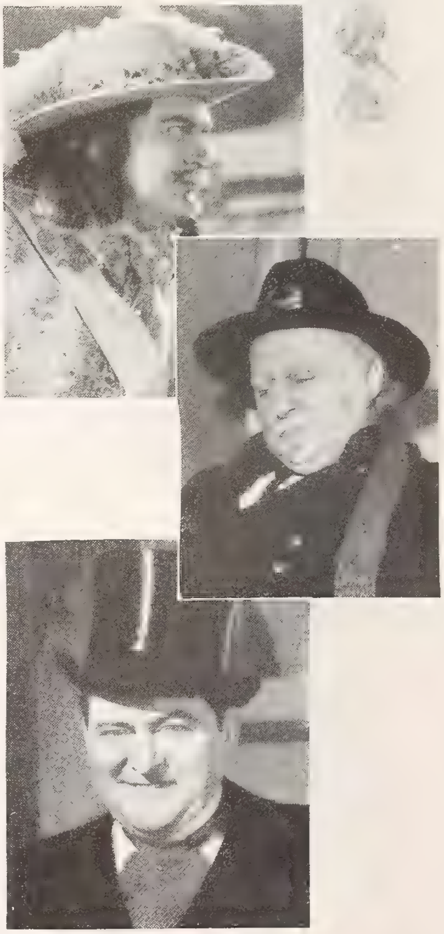
Playing so many widely diversified characters, one would imagine the actor to be a rather complex personality in real life, as are his contemporaries, Charles Laughton and the older George Arliss. On the contrary, over a long period of friendship, this writer has found Edward Arnold to be that rara avis, an artist whose life and career move along straightforward lines.

He is an amazingly honest fellow, almost devoid of inhibitions and complexes. If he has a complex, it is a yen for good beer. Arnold insists upon good beer which he consumes in prodigious quantities. After all, why not?

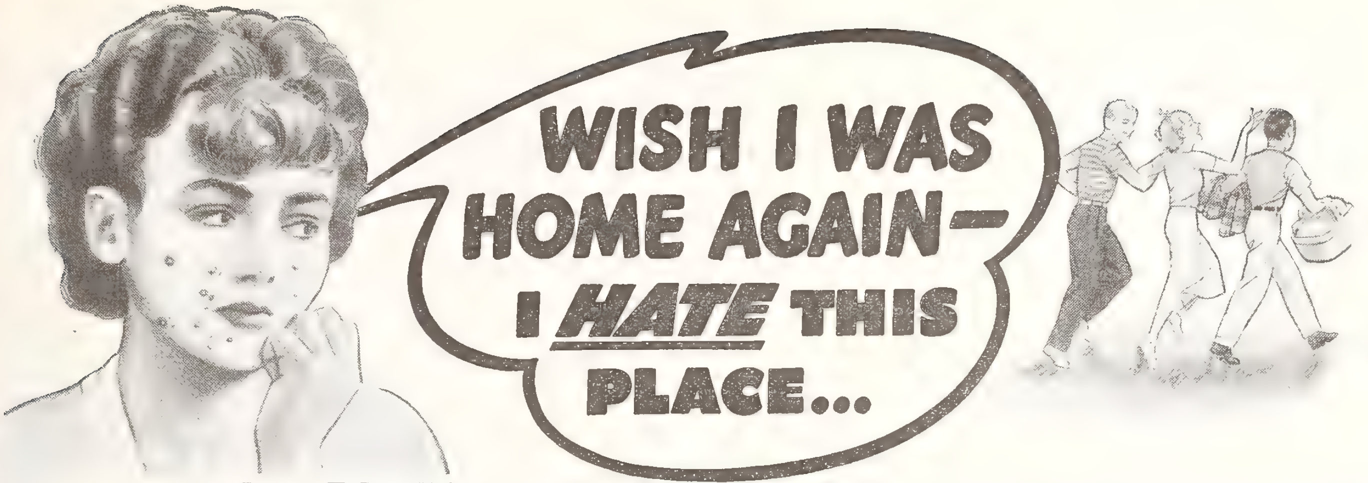
As a character star, he doesn't have to worry about his waist line or his weight. His "biographies" are of successful men, robust fellows all, thus bearing out the old saying about "carrying your successes in front of you."

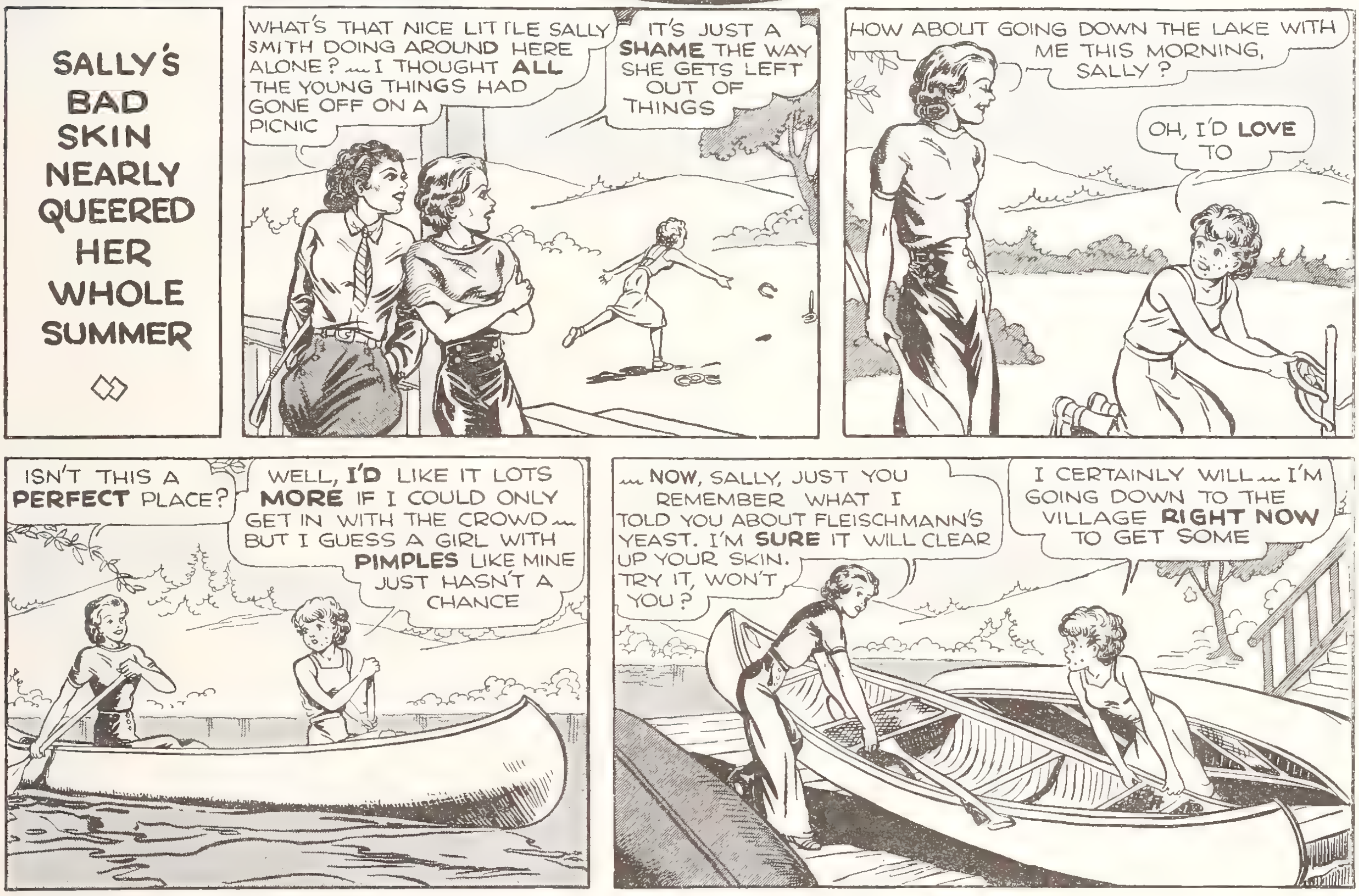
Arnold has just finished playing the title role in *Meet Nero Wolfe,* which incidentally is the only fictional role in the above-mentioned group. But, what a character! Nero Wolfe is an even more eccentric detective than Philo Vance. He loathes any form of exercise or physical exertion, directs all his

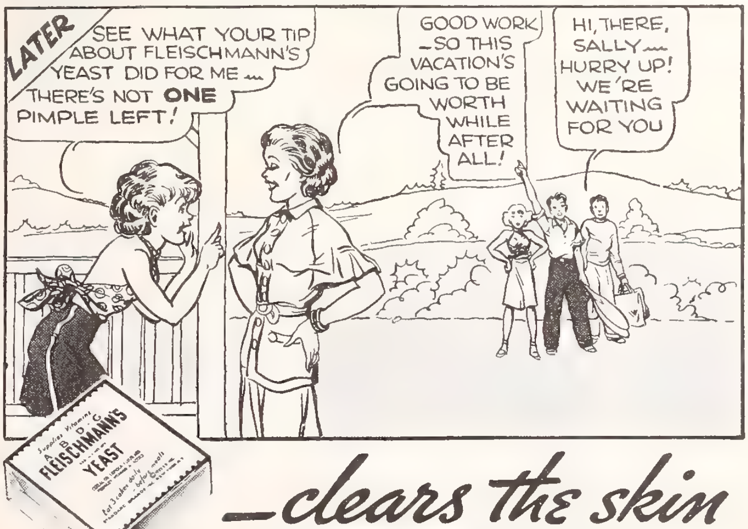
[*Continued on page* 75]



Noted as one of the screen's greatest character stars, Arnold has played in swift succession King Louis the Fifteenth of France, General John Sutter and Diamond Jim Brady. This year he will play eight remarkably divergent characters


WISH I WAS HOME AGAIN— I HATE THIS PLACE...


SALLY'S BAD SKIN NEARLY QUEERED HER WHOLE SUMMER
WHAT'S THAT NICE LITTLE SALLY SMITH DOING AROUND HERE ALONE? ... I THOUGHT ALL THE YOUNG THINGS HAD GONE OFF ON A PICNIC
IT'S JUST A SHAME THE WAY SHE GETS LEFT OUT OF THINGS
HOW ABOUT GOING DOWN THE LAKE WITH ME THIS MORNING, SALLY?
OH, I'D LOVE TO
ISN'T THIS A PERFECT PLACE?
WELL, I'D LIKE IT LOTS MORE IF I COULD ONLY GET IN WITH THE CROWD... BUT I GUESS A GIRL WITH PIMPLES LIKE MINE JUST HASN'T A CHANCE
... NOW, SALLY, JUST YOU REMEMBER WHAT I TOLD YOU ABOUT FLEISCHMANN'S YEAST. I'M SURE IT WILL CLEAR UP YOUR SKIN. TRY IT, WON'T YOU?
I CERTAINLY WILL... I'M GOING DOWN TO THE VILLAGE RIGHT NOW TO GET SOME


LATER
SEE WHAT YOUR TIP ABOUT FLEISCHMANN'S YEAST DID FOR ME... THERE'S NOT ONE PIMPLE LEFT!
GOOD WORK —SO THIS VACATION'S GOING TO BE WORTH WHILE AFTER ALL!
HI, THERE, SALLY... HURRY UP! WE'RE WAITING FOR YOU
Supplies Vitamins A B D G
FLEISCHMANN'S YEAST
—clears the skin

by clearing skin irritants out of the blood

Copyright, 1936, Standard Brands Incorporated

Don't let adolescent pimples keep YOU from making friends

GOOD TIMES can be sadly hampered by a pimply skin. Yet many young people have to fight this trouble after the start of adolescence —from about 13 to 25, or even longer.

During this period, important glands develop and final growth takes place. The entire system is disturbed. The skin, in particular, gets extremely sensitive. Waste poisons in the blood irritate this sensitive skin and unsightly pimples break out.

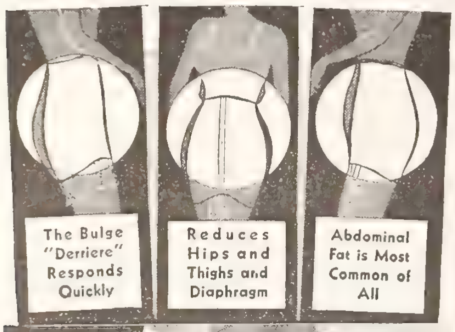
But these adolescent pimples can be corrected. Fleischmann's fresh Yeast clears the skin irritants out of the blood. Then, the pimples go!

Eat 3 cakes of Fleischmann's Yeast *daily*—one cake about ½ hour before each meal. Eat it plain, or dissolved in a little water until your skin clears. Start today!

. . . REDUCE . . .
YOUR WAIST AND HIPS
3 INCHES IN 10 DAYS
. . . or no cost!

"REDUCED 9 INCHES" writes Miss Healy

QUICKLY CORRECT THESE FIGURE FAULTS


The Bulge "Derriere" Responds Quickly
Reduces Hips and Thighs and Diaphragm
Abdominal Fat is Most Common of All

SUMMER is the IDEAL TIME TO REDUCE

Perfolastic Not Only Confines..it REMOVES *Ugly Bulges!*

Thousands of women today owe their youthful slim figures to the sure, safe way of reduction — Perfolastic. "Reduced my hips 9 inches", states Miss Healy; "Massages like magic", says Miss Carroll; "Reduced from 43 to 34½ inches", writes Miss Brian. Test the Perfolastic Girdle and Brassiere at our expense and prove it will do as much for *you!*

APPEAR INCHES SLIMMER AT ONCE

■ You do not risk one penny . . . simply try the girdle for 10 days without cost. You will be thrilled with the results . . . as are *all* Perfolastic wearers! You *appear* inches smaller at once, and yet are so comfortable you can scarcely realize that every minute you wear the Perfolastic garments you are *actually reducing* . . . and at *just the spots* where surplus fat accumulates.

NO DIET, DRUGS OR EXERCISES!

■ You do not have to risk your health or change your comfortable mode of living. You will not only reduce, but will have more pep and energy. It is done simply by the massage-like action of this wonderful "live" material.

Tiny perforations allow the skin to breathe and the soft, silky inner surface makes the Perfolastic cool and comfortable.

We want YOU to TEST the PERFOLASTIC GIRDLE and BRASSIERE ...at our expense!

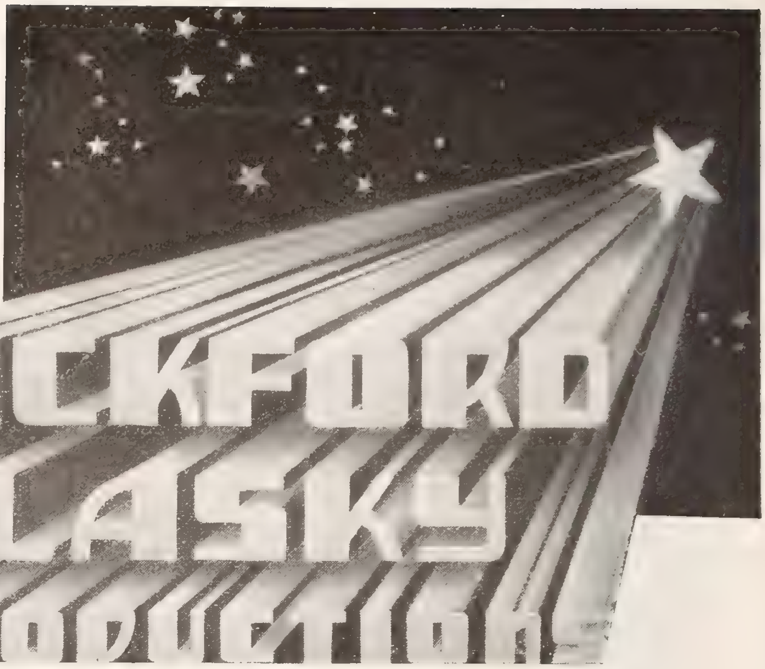
Send for FREE sample of the fabric and illustrated booklet. Read about the amazing experiences of others.

SEND FOR TEN DAY FREE TRIAL OFFER!

PERFOLASTIC, Inc.
Dept. 78, 41 EAST 42nd ST., New York, N.Y.

Please send me FREE BOOKLET describing and illustrating the new Perfolastic Girdle and Brassiere, also sample of perforated rubber and particulars of your 10-DAY FREE TRIAL OFFER!

*Name*________
*Address*________
*City*________ *State*________
Use Coupon or Send Name and Address on Post Card



The Winner

AT LAST! Here is the announcement which you have been awaiting with eagerness. Here are the prize awards in the Pickford-Lasky Trademark Contest.

Reed Williams, of Glendale, California, wins the grand prize of $500 as well as Motion Picture Magazine's first prize of $100. His winning design, reproduced above, will be seen on the screen wherever and whenever Pickford-Lasky productions are exhibited. Modern in theme, the new trademark is perfectly adapted to motion.

Congratulations, Mr. Williams!

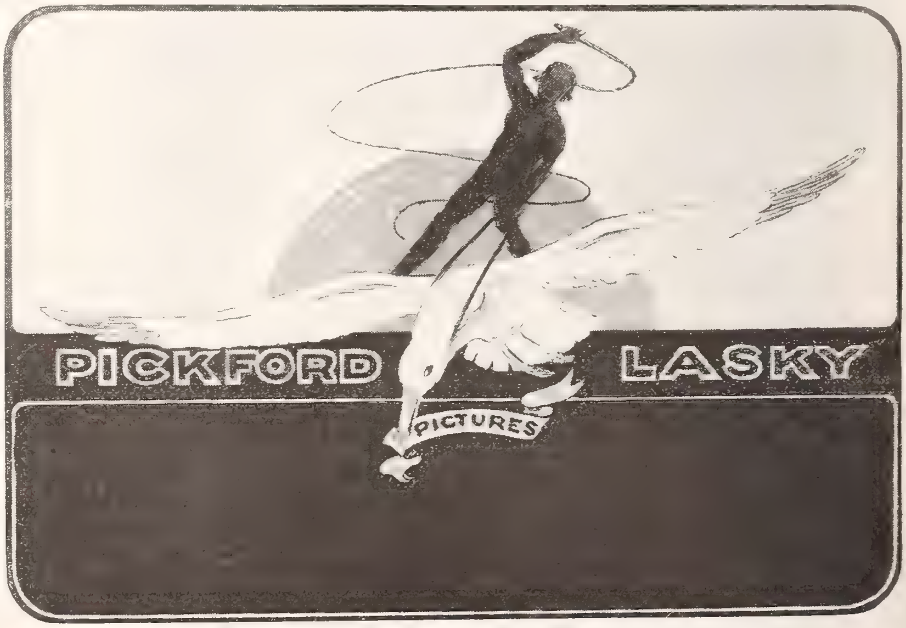
Edward Crane Denton of Boston, Massachusetts, author of the design reproduced at the bottom of this page, wins Movie Classic's first prize, a cash award of $100.

Again, congratulations!

Winners of the cash first prizes offered by the other magazines of MOTION PICTURE PUBLICATIONS and FAWCETT PUBLICATIONS group will be announced in those respective magazines.

In addition to the cash awards, designs submitted by the following persons have been given honorable mention:

Maurice Anthoni, Hollywood, California.
Theodore Braasch, North Hollywood, California.
Edward Czarnecki, Detroit, Michigan.



The above design, submitted by Edward Crane Denton, wins MOVIE CLASSIC'S first prize, an award of $100 cash

Here are the results of the Pickford-Lasky Trademark Contest . . . and our hearty congratulations!

Jesse L. Lasky and Mary Pickford scanning the many entries

Pauline Gale, Hollywood, California.
Ruth Keller, Salt Lake City, Utah.
M. M. McGowan, Hamilton, Ontario, Canada.
Julius Pardi, Schenectady, New York.
Ralph E. Patten, Hollywood, California.
C. Reinhardt, Jr., Sheboygan, Wisconsin.
King Richardson, Los Angeles, California.
Eldon Dunbar Skolil, San Pedro, California.
Sam S. Tigner, Sausalito, California.
Alicia Alma Will, North Troy, New York.
Minetta Wilson, Los Angeles, California.

Edward Crane Denton, of Boston, winner of MOVIE CLASSIC'S award

In all, more than twenty thousand entries were received. They represented every country in Europe, several countries in Asia, and all of the South and Central American republics.

All received careful appraisal by Jesse L. Lasky and Mary Pickford, who were delighted by the tremendous number of entries. Miss Pickford repeatedly expressed surprise and pleasure at the unusual degree of thought and skill represented by the great majority of entries.

It is the hope of the new corporation that they will be able to have the newly adopted trademark animated in sufficient time to use it on *The Gay Desperado,* costarring Nino Martini, Ida Lupino and Leo Carillo, which is now nearly ready for release.

IT WAS JUST A
Radio Romance—
UNTIL...
GOOD THING YOUR RADIO AUDIENCE CAN'T SEE HOW YOUR "SWEETHEART" TREATS YOU OFF THE AIR!
DON'T I KNOW IT! YOU'D THINK I HAD BAD BREATH OR SOMETHING!
WELL, BAD BREATH'S NO JOKE. IF YOU'LL TAKE A FRIENDLY TIP, HUGH, YOU'LL SEE YOUR DENTIST.
SO THAT IS WHY SHIRLEY ALWAYS DOES SUCH A QUICK FADE-OUT AFTER THE SHOW!
HUGH TAKES THE TIP
MOST BAD BREATH IS DUE TO DECAYING FOOD DEPOSITS BETWEEN THE TEETH. I ADVISE COLGATE DENTAL CREAM. ITS SPECIAL PENETRATING FOAM REMOVES THESE ODOR-BREEDING DEPOSITS.
O.K. DOCTOR...I'M SIGNING UP WITH COLGATE'S!
AFTER THEIR NEXT BROADCAST
WHY DON'T YOU COME UP TO MY HOUSE TO REHEARSE NEXT WEEK'S SONGS, HUGH?
GOOD IDEA!
AND WHAT A GOOD IDEA THAT SWITCH TO COLGATE'S WAS!
NO OTHER TOOTHPASTE EVER MADE MY TEETH SO BRIGHT AND CLEAN!
Now—NO BAD BREATH behind his SPARKLING SMILE!
COLGATE RIBBON DENTAL CREAM
20¢ LARGE SIZE
Giant Size, over twice as much, 35¢
Good Housekeeping Bureau

Most Bad Breath Begins with the Teeth!

WHY let bad breath interfere with happiness? It's easy to be safe when you realize the most common cause . . . *improperly cleaned teeth!*

Authorities say decaying food and acid deposits, in hidden crevices between teeth, are the source of most unpleasant mouth odors—of dull dingy teeth—and of much tooth decay.

Use Colgate Dental Cream. Its special *penetrating* foam removes these odor-breeding deposits that ordinary cleaning methods fail to reach—while a soft, safe polishing agent cleans and brightens enamel. So brush teeth, gums, and tongue with Colgate's at least twice daily. Get a tube today!

CLEAR YOUR SKIN WITH

MILK

ANN RUTHERFORD WHO PLAYS THE FEMININE LEADING ROLE IN REPUBLIC'S "THE HARVESTER"

Amazing results from new type beauty creme made from fresh dairy MILK

Gone are your worries about coarse pores, blackheads, lines and blemishes, once you start using Creme of Milk. In less than 90 days more than 100,000 women have changed from ordinary creams... started using Creme of Milk and are amazed at the speed with which this entirely new-type creme clears the skin and brings back that soft delicate flush of child-like freshness.

Forget all you know about ordinary creams, for Creme of Milk is the first and only beauty creme in the world made from fresh dairy milk. Milk contains a certain fine, penetrating and nourishing oil that does things for your skin no other cream can possibly do. A trial will convince you. You'll see improvement in your skin the very first day. Send now for your trial jar . . . enough to last a whole week for only 10 cents. Use the coupon.

DUART'S
creme of milk

SEND 10c FOR FULL 20c SIZE JAR
SEND 50c OR $1 FOR LARGER RETAIL SIZES

DUART, 984 Folsom Street, San Francisco, Calif.
I enclose (10c) (50c) ($1.00) for which please send me one jar of Creme of Milk at once.

Name..
Address..
City...State......................8

Hollywood Highlights

[*Continued from page 23*]

And Sudden Death!, which promises to be a sensational preachment against speeding.

The Hollywood Gauntlet

I'd hate to have been Lady Sylvia Ashley of London, heading for Hollywood as Mrs. Douglas Fairbanks! Hollywood's a queer town—it'll fall all over itself to kowtow to titled foreigners and visitors at one moment, and the very next, it'll turn down an important personage with a set of frigid shoulders. Lady Sylvia didn't know what hers would be—and it didn't make it any easier to realize that most of Hollywood *does* thoroughly love Mary Pickford.

And so the new Mrs. Doug was palpably nervous, ill at ease, even frightened, when she arrived. News reporters who met her told me she was "difficult," when they tried to talk to her. Without delay, Doug whisked her off to their beach house.

Almost at once, visitors arrived—Norma Shearer and Merle Oberon and David Niven, the Fred Astaires, Marion Davies. These constitute the style-setters in movieland, these and the others who visited. And so, the leaders having given the signal, Lady Sylvia is already the social lioness of the town. And the nervous aloofness has gone, and Doug's much-publicized bride is overjoyed at Hollywood's reception.

But still the Hollywood Branch of the Wonder-What'll-Happen-When Society is waiting to see what'll happen when and if Mrs. Fairbanks and Mary Pickford meet at some function or other.

Incidentally, Hollywood's already arguing about Sylvia. One group insists she looks and acts like Joan Bennett; the other group that she's a second Garbo in type. Oddly, nobody admits she's just Sylvia Ashley, ex-actress from London.

Taylor's Hazard

The bets are even, from what I hear, about whether or not Garbo will do her usual trick with Bob Taylor, this time. By "her usual trick" I mean her predilection for making a fuss over some particular male in her current picture—usually her leading man. You all know about John Gilbert. And there wasn't much secrecy, thanks to newshounds' busybodiness, about how Garbo and Director Rouben Mamoulian used to take auto rides together. And even the garbo-like George Brent, woman-shrugger-offer, rather went for Garbo himself when she exerted her appeal during the making of *Painted Veil*.

Now—it looks like Bob Taylor's number is up. Bob is Garbo's leading man in *Camille*.

Guileful John

Wonder if John Boles, who looks and talks like such a mild and craftless chap, didn't put a fast one over on the very crafty Darryl Zanuck, explosive boss of 20th Century-Fox? You see, John had been getting a fair salary at Fox, but no time for making personal appearance tours and no permission to radio-broadcast songs. It wasn't in the contract.

John went to Zanuck and wondered what could be done about it. He told Zanuck, with tears in his voice, how deeply he longed to get in closer touch with his fans, by making personal appearances. Zanuck, with an eye to business, realized such tours would increase John's popularity still further. So Zanucky abrogated the old Boles contract.

BUT—within a fortnight and before his new 20th Century deal was completed, Boles signed a new contract. Only the catch is this: it was with Paramount, and not Darryl Zanuck's 20th Century-Fox. By the Paramount deal, John gets $50,000 a picture (more than he got at Fox, in the average) *plus* all the time and freedom he wants for personal appearances and radio!

And Zanuck, hailed as one of Hollywood's smartest dealers, is wondering about John.

Ginger's *Bon Mot*

You should have been at that Sunset Boulevard night club the other evening, when Ginger Rogers pulled a fast one on Betty Furness. Betty was wearing one of these funny new hats with the carrots and mushrooms and things on it.

Ginger danced by and got one look at the hat. Suddenly, in one of those momentary pauses of music and chatter, so that you could hear it tables and tables away, Ginger called to Betty:

"Stick around, Betty!—I'll order a steak and be right over!"

Note from London

Got a letter from a certain Hollywood starlet now in London, the other day. Tells me that the Strand and Piccadilly Circus look like Hollywood Boulevard, with all the Hollywoodsmen and women making English films. "But," she adds, "we all feel we're just being tolerated here. Not that the British aren't cordial and friendly and all, but there's that indefinable feeling that we're on the outside, and that as soon as they've learned all we can teach them, they'll be jolly well glad to get along without us!"

Talking of letters from London reminds me of the one Virginia Bruce got from Jobyna Ralston (Mrs. Dick Arlen, you know) who's in England. With her is Richard Arlen, Jr.—three years old. "Ricky hasn't yet acquired an English accent," Joby wrote, "but you should see him go for his ahfternoon tea!" And that, I suppose, is the British idea of getting square with us "Uhmeddicans" for ruining the King's English, as they complain. They take it out on our *children!!*

Tea! my word!!—

The Parting of the Ways

Something like an epilogue to the final break between Ginger Rogers and Lew Ayres came a few days after the separation announcement. It was just an unobtrusive little gesture—an agreement between Lew and Columbia whereby the studio released him from his long-term acting contract. Hereafter, Lew will not appear again before the camera. He intends to devote himself to directing.

Back of it is the persistent understanding in Hollywood that the fundamental difficulty in all of Lew's trouble has been his inability to achieve the acting heights he dreamed of, after his great one-picture success in *All Quiet on the Western Front*. Somehow, despite his unquestioned ability and charm, Lew never reached that peak of success again. They say it preyed on his mind. They say his unhappiness over it was one of the factors that didn't help make for happiness in his home life either.

It Couldn't Take It

These voice-recording machines so many

of the stars have in their homes nowadays can take so much—but too much is TOO MUCH!—and so Nelson Eddy's recorder is *kaput!* It happened at the party Nelse threw the other night for a mob of his friends—including Tenor Richard Crooks.

"We had sandwiches and cake and beer. Lots of beer," Eddy told me next morning. "And we had fun. We all began talking and singing into the voice-recording machine for a gag. It went swell—it took everying I could give it, and it took everything Crooks could give it. BUT—when we gave it a duet, out blew a tube!"

"Suppose," I supposed, "you'd had Larry Tibbett there, too . . .?"

"Then," said Nelse, "we'd have probably blown the walls down."

When In June

It's a hundred-to-one cinch that by the time you read this, Myrna Loy will be Mrs. Arthur Hornblow, Jr. Hornblow is one of the Paramount's producers, and for many months he and Myrna have been waiting for the day when they could do the altar act, and move into the house Arthur has built on a Hollywood hilltop. In the way stood Mrs. Hornblow. The other day, however, Mrs. Hornblow got her final decree at Reno—and everybody knows that there'll be a plain circlet any day beside the huge engagement ring Myrna's been wearing.

Enough's Enough!

Jaawn Barrymore has had, it appears, just about enough of this "Caliban-and-Ariel" stuff. Either that or he's getting thin-skinned.

Well, anyway—after months of taking it from all the newspaper ribbers, columnists and wisecrackers about his Caliban-Ariel romance with Elaine Barrie, Jawn has just snorted a challenge at 20th Century-Fox. In letters from his lawyer, the studio and Alice Faye and Adolphe Menjou have been warned that if they go through with a certain scene in *Sing, Baby, Sing,* Barrymore will sue for libel or slander or something. Jawn, the lawyer says, believes the scene is a burlesque on his interlude with Elaine.

The studio, via headsman Darryl Zanuck, sticks a figurative tongue in cheek and replies that by no means did they have Mr. Barrymore and Miss Barrie in mind when the scene was prepared. By NO means . . . !

The Exception

Just to prove that some folks can—and DO—stay happy though married in Hollywood, one of the oldest old-timers of 'em all had a gang of friends in, the other night, for his thirtieth wedding anniversary.

It was Charlie Murray, the "Kelly" of that once-famous *Cohens and Kellys* series Universal made. Among the guests was George Sidney, who played the Cohen.

Charlie and his wife Beatrice have been married longer than Charlie's been in pictures. And that's a record that some of the newest newcomers in films can't boast!

No Appreciation

Fred MacMurray confessed to me the other day that he still has the battered old saxophone he used to play in that college jazz band. He has it up at the little apartment in which he and his mother live.

"Y'ever play it any more?" I asked him.

"Naw," said Fred.

"Forget how?" I asked.

"Naw. Tried it once. But the neighbors banged on the walls," he said.

Which shows that Hollywood, surfeited with fame and genius, just ain't got no appreciation, no how!

LET'S TALK SENSE
about Permanent Waves . . . . . .

RIGHT down to facts, a successful permanent wave requires three things: the expert hairdresser, the waving solution that gently softens the hair, and *heat properly controlled and applied.* Too much heat makes frizzy ends, dried out hair and a kinky wave.

Because the Duart method provides a thermostat in *each heater*—each curl receives *exactly* the amount of heat required to form a perfect wave. Small curls along the sides and back of the head receive the least heating while the larger curls along the top of the head receive more. Nothing is left to guesswork or judgment. Each heater *automatically* shuts itself off when its curl is perfectly waved.

Because of its exact heat control—Duart is the only wave that is endorsed by the Motion Picture Hairstylists Guild—the organization responsible for the beautiful hair of *every* lovely star you see on the screen. Choose your next permanent just as though you were a Hollywood Star—ask for a genuine Duart wave . . . look for your individual *sealed package* of waving pads.

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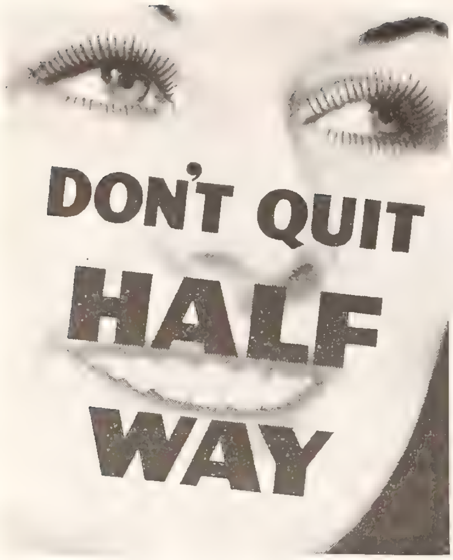

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Drama in the Desert

[*Continued from page* 45]

cipally. Color interests me. Naturalness interests me. And I enjoy experimenting—trying something new. I tried comedy in *Desire,* and liked it. Now I am trying color—and I like this, too."

Boleslawski told me that Marlene has a phenomenal sense of color and color harmonies. The night before, recovered from her fainting spell, she had stayed up until one o'clock, making today's costume, with the help of a wardrobe woman.

What new experiment will she try next? "As soon as I finish *The Garden of Allah,* I'm leaving for England to make a picture for Alexander Korda, perhaps with Robert Donat as my co-star, if he is available." To show the world that Dietrich still can be Dietrich without Hollywood? "No, there is no challenge in it. I simply feel that everyone should have a change of scenery, go away for a new perspective, every so often. I haven't been abroad for two years.

"And when I come back this time, in September," she added, with a wistful smile toward her daughter, "I won't have Maria"—she pronounces it *Mar*-ya—"with me. She will be going to school in England." Maria likes the prospect of school in England but dislikes the prospect of "being so far from Mother."

The attachment of the two is eloquent in every glance, every gesture, every word. I wondered if the coming separation, which will be difficult for Marlene to endure for long, might be a signal that she has plans for returning to Europe permanently before long. Maria promptly interjected that she wants to go to college *here.* She likes America, its informality and freedom. It isn't old and stuffy.

Marlene smiled at her thoroughly Americanized daughter. "I have two more pictures to make for Paramount. The first will be a musical, directed by Ernst Lubitsch. Something airy and gay, with a Viennese mood. I don't know what the second will be. Perhaps something else new for me. And after that—well, I'll let 'after that' take care of itself when the time comes."

Despite the heat, despite her collapse of the day before, she was enjoying the sand dunes, their beauty and fascination—enjoying them so much that she agreed that the setting cried for something new in trailers for the picture. Why not shots of the camp, of the crew at work, of Boleslawski in a directorial pose, of Boyer and herself preparing for scenes? (P. S. Selznick is making such a trailer!)

She has one worry about *The Garden of Allah.* "I wonder if I'm not in too many scenes? In *Shanghai Express*—everybody liked that—I was in very few scenes. Everything built up to them . . . I think I was in too many scenes in *Desire,* even though nobody else has said so yet. I don't want so much of the camera. I don't want them to become tired of seeing me."

AS SHE had been talking, she had been watching the sky. "Where's the camera?" she asked suddenly. She was referring to her own small movie camera, ever-present with her. Maria handed it to her. Expertly, Marlene loaded it with film, set the aperture at the correct gauge, stood up, walked away a few feet, "shooting" some colorful extras, dressed as Arabs; Boleslawski, with her orange scarf around his neck "to give him some color"; Jedaan, once Valentino's favorite mount, which she and Boyer ride in the picture. Then she pointed the lens at Marie.

"Do your imitation of Joan Crawford, Maria."

The child, for a moment, was self-conscious before the strangers. Then she thought better of it. She tilted her head sideways at an exotic angle, raising a languid hand to her face, brushing away an imaginary lock of hair, slowly turning full-face toward the camera, with exaggerated intensity in her eyes. The mimicry, tellingly faithful, was Maria's own.

Maria has potential dramatic talent. But no acting ambitions. "Sometime," she told me, "I'd like to play Mother as a child in some picture, as I did in *Scarlet Empress.* But that's all. That would be fun. Even though I don't look awfully much as Mother did at my age. She was slighter."

Marlene denied that she was making any attempt to influence Maria's future. Maria will become what Maria wants to become.

"Right now," the child confided, "I think I want to write short stories. I've written some already. I see stories in everything, everybody I know. I wouldn't let anybody but Mother see them, though. They aren't good enough."

Marlene interrupted to protest, "They're very good, Maria. Especially the one about the lame princess and the four princes who wanted to marry her." Maria smiled, as if to say, "You don't have to believe her if you don't want to. She's my mother," and continued, "So far I've written in German. When I write in English, I have to stop to think how to spell words, and that spoils the flow of the story."

I asked Marlene how old Maria was. "Eleven. She looks at least fourteen, doesn't she—my great big girl? Sometimes I feel like the little red hen that hatched a little duckling, and kept wondering if it was

Clark Gable and his favorite hunting dog, companions on many a shooting jaunt, go for a stroll along one of Beverly Hills' bridle paths. Clark has just completed work in *San Francisco* hers, particularly when it ran into the brook and started swimming by itself." She smiled at the mental image.

Marlene had been on location for nearly three weeks. She had not seen Maria during that time. In the interim, Maria had tried a little experimenting on her hair—a rinse of some sort. She has missed some spots in back, which Marlene discovered. "I wonder what your father will say when he sees it?" Marlene teased, in mock severity. "I'll ask him to comb it more gently than you do," Maria teased back.

A reunion with husband-and-father Rudolph Sieber, a film director abroad, is another reason for ardent anticipation of the trip to Europe. Maria, one suspects, wishes that the three of them could be together in California for the rest of their lives. "I like it, all that I've seen of it."

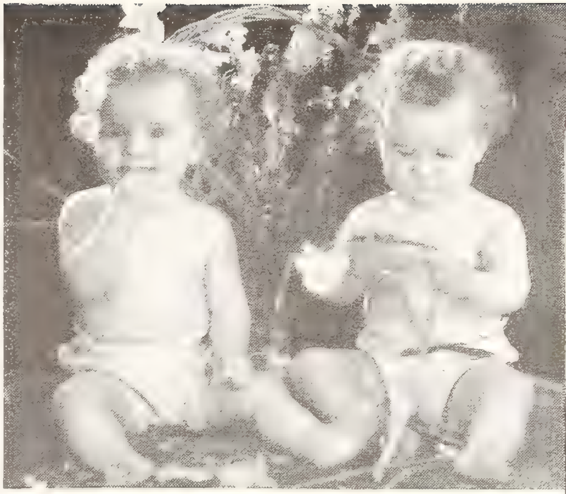
"We *haven't* seen much of the world, or America, or even California, have we, darling?" Marlene asked her. "The only two cities we've seen in America are New York and Los Angeles. In between, we've seen only railroad stations. We've been to Palm Springs and Arrowhead. But we're going away again without seeing Yosemite, or Del Monte, or San Francisco. Though we *have* seen the sand dunes of Yuma."

Marlene was thirsty; Marie ran to bring her a drink. Marlene took a cigarette; before she could light it, Maria had a match ready for her. Marlene commented on the attentiveness; with amusement, asked the explanation. Maria, it developed, was supposed to learn eight pages of a lesson by heart over the week-end; if Marlene allowed her to remain one more day, Maria could postpone the memorizing a few more hours. (Marlene later acquiesced.) . . . That, Maria thought, might be another reason why she had no acting ambitions: she didn't like to memorize. Except music. She is studying the piano with a teacher recommended to Marlene by a famous concert pianist. And Maria is enjoying it, particularly the playing of "some of Chopin's nocturnes." (As for Marlene, she confessed that she has given up playing.) Another interest of Maria's at the moment is Basil Rathbone, also in the cast of *The Garden of Allah*. She chided her mother with not getting a promised autographed photo from him yet.

THE shadows on the dunes were lengthening. The company went into action. Marlene repaired her inconspicuous Technicolor make-up, which had dried in the heat of the afternoon, started again toward the honeymoon tent. This time Boyer was to rush out of the tent, followed by Marlene a few moments later, in search of him. She was to find him on a hillock of sand, gazing moodily toward the East. She was to make a confession to him, then walk away slowly, sorrowfully, through the sand—toward the camera . . . The scene went perfectly except for the walk toward the camera. The sand slithered underfoot, treacherously. Marlene felt that the walk could be more graceful, even though everyone else was satisfied with the scene. She went through it three times, until she herself was satisfied.

She played one more brief scene, greeting a French officer near the castle ruin, silhouetted against the setting sun. The light was fast fading from the sky as the scene was finished. Marlene went into the small, stuffy dressing-tent on the sand, changed into powder-blue silk slacks for the ride back to Yuma. Boleslawski decided that the cloud-effect in the sky was just right for one more "dusk" shot. Marlene, with make-up off and clothes changed and her day's work over, said instantly, "I'll be ready in a moment."

That—in desert country, or any other country—is called trouping.



● *"Come on—stop chewing petals and get busy! Imagine finding flowers on the living-room floor—we'll pick the loveliest bouquet for Mother! We'll tear off all these old leaves and break the stems good and short..."*

● *"Aw—brace up! Picking flowers isn't such hard work. Show some of the old ginger! I know it's 95 in the shade today and we're both sticky as yesterday's bib... but just keep going and you won't notice the heat!"*

● *"Say—wait aminute! Your shoulder's prickly and red! Nope—kissing doesn't make it well... We'd better ask Mother to give us a sprinkle of Johnson's Baby Powder. That soft, downy powder'll make a new baby of you!"*

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Loretta Young and Don Ameche as Ramona and Alessandro in the new Twentieth Century-Fox production of Helen Hunt Jackson's famous novel. A startling change has been wrought in Loretta's personality by the black wig she wears

Speaking of Sandwiches!

[*Continued from page* 8]

Schnauzer given to the actress by Warner Oland, had been run over a few hours before and the accident resulted in two broken legs for the pet. Astrid had just returned from the hospital, pale and visibly distressed, yet she *must* personally make her famous tid-bits! "Gretchen," Astrid's other Schnauzer, raced from one end of the kitchen to the other, sliding to a stop before stray crumbs—and barked furiously from pure joy. Undaunted, Astrid is now seeking a third dog of the same breed!

Astrid's dainty sandwiches are a far cry from their ancestors. They are truly works of art. "Choose bread not too fresh, so it will slice easily," she advised, "and the butter will spread more readily if it is creamed. Then, let your imagination run riot as to sandwich fillings and shapes."

For your next luncheon or tea, Astrid suggests this CHEESE SANDWICH LOAF.

Remove crust from a small loaf of sandwich bread. Trim loaf and slice bread lengthwise, in five long slices, one inch thick. Butter on both sides, except the top and bottom slices. Suggested fillings are made as follows.

RED FILLING—Mix together, four slices of ham, chopped fine, three slices crisp, broiled bacon, cut fine, and one chopped pimento.

YELLOW FILLING—Mash the yolks of three hard cooked eggs, and season with salt, pepper, and ½ tsp. vinegar.

WHITE FILLING—Soften ½ package of white cream cheese with ½ grated cucumber.

GREEN FILLING—Mix four small sweet pickles, chopped fine, and six sprigs of chopped watercress or parsley.

Each filling should be mixed with a little mayonnaise to make it spread easily.

Spread bread slices with fillings in order given. Soften three packages of cream cheese with cream and "ice" the outside of loaf as you would a cake. Garnish with almonds or pecans, sliced stuffed olives, cherries, or slices of avocado. Wrap in damp cloth and keep in refrigerator several hours before serving.

Astrid gave me the recipes for two of her fillings that will help make summer picnics a success.

CREOLE FILLING

Cream 8 tbls. butter, and add 1 tsp. finely minced onion, 1 cup finely flaked canned shrimp, 2 tsp. lemon juice, and a bit of grated lemon rind, 1 tsp. prepared mustard and 4 tbls. finely chopped, stoned green olives. Salt to taste.

EGG WHIPS

4 hard cooked eggs, chopped fine
2 pimentoes, chopped fine
6 sweet pickles, chopped fine
salt
1 tsp. dry mustard, folded into tart mayonnaise.

Mix all together well, allow to stand about two hours to become firm before spreading. Spread on thin slices of various breads, cut in unusual shapes.

I secured this information to the tunes of *O Promise Me* and Shubert's *Serenade!* You see, beside Schnauzers and sandwiches, Astrid has another hobby—collecting old fashioned music boxes. The latest addition to the collection had just arrived from the East, and what a treasure! Seventy-five years old, the box tinkled merrily through the Gilbert and Sullivan operas while Astrid explained the mysteries of roulettes, ribbon and rolled sandwiches to me—they always look so intricate. Follow Astrid's instructions, and you'll never again rely on a caterer.

RIBBON SANDWICHES

Cut six thin slices of bread. Spread the first with butter, the second with cream cheese that has been tinted yellow with vegetable coloring, the third with cream cheese tinted green, and the next slice with orange cheese. The fifth slice is buttered and topped with the sixth slice. Wrap in wax paper and chill for thirty minutes. Cut crosswise in thin slices. Other fillings may be substituted.

ROLLED TOASTED SANDWICHES

After cutting loaf in thin slices, pile together again, and wrap tightly in a damp cloth. Let stand in refrigerator several hours, spread with any desired mixture, and roll up each slice tightly. Toast under broiler heat.

ROULETTE SANDWICHES

Remove the crusts from a loaf of bread. Spread the top surface with butter and then with tinted cream cheese. Cut off in a long thin slice and roll up like a jelly roll. Wrap in a damp cloth and chill. Cut in thin, round slices.

The Show Window

[*Continued from page* 19]

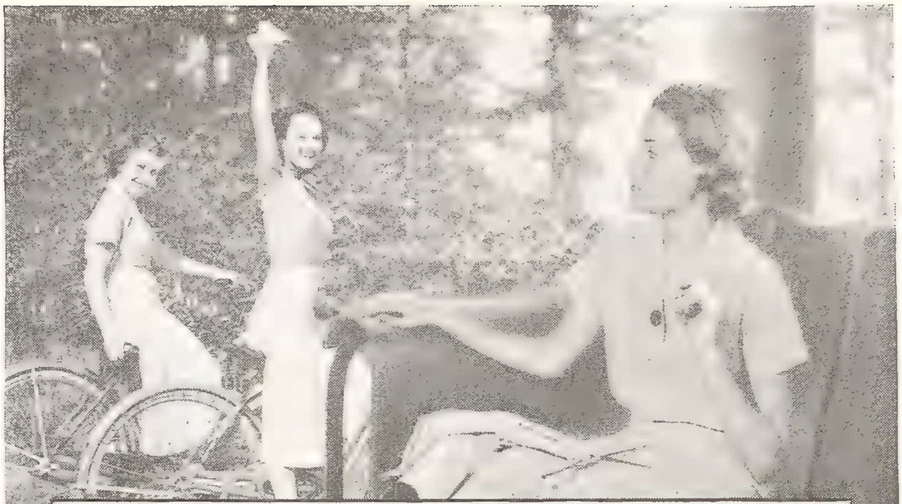
trations of the average family are combined in a plausible, human-interest story and inter-larded with a goodly quota of laughs. Jed Prouty, Shirley Deane, Dixie Dunbar and Spring Byington head the cast. *Twentieth Century-Fox.*

CASE OF THE VELVET CLAWS—Another of the Perry Mason "whodunits", with Warren William again playing the debonair lawyer-sleuth. Handicapped by the most illogical, unconvincing plot that ever reached the screen, it still manages to entertain, largely through the personality of its star. Claire Dodd handles the love interest in satisfactory style. *Warner Brothers.*

TWO AGAINST THE WORLD—Grim, laughless drama, based on the ruin of two lives by the newsmongering of a sensational radio broadcaster. Too tragic to be entertaining, too much a preachment to be quite believable, it can hardly be recommended for audience favor. Humphrey Bogart makes the most of his rôle and Henry O'Neill, Linda Perry, Helen MacKellar and Beverly Roberts are satisfactory in the cast. *Warner Brothers.*

For the complete fiction stories of next month's movies see the magazine, ROMANTIC MOVIE STORIES, on sale July 10.

This magazine prints the complete fiction stories of motion pictures before they are shown in any theatre. The current issue contains fictionizations of "The Gorgeous Hussy," featuring Joan Crawford, Robert Taylor; "Two In A Crowd," with Joel McCrea and Joan Bennett; "The Bride Walks Out," with Gene Raymond and Barbara Stanwyck; "Girls' Dormitory," with Herbert Marshall, Ruth Chatterton and Simone Simon—and many more coming movies. This magazine is at all newsstands and sells for ten cents.



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Hailed as a new discovery of unusual brilliance, Jane Wyatt comes to the screen as Ronald Colman's leading lady in *Lost Horizon.* Frank Capra, the noted director, selected her "because she doesn't look like a Hollywood actress."

Small Wonder!

[*Continued from page* 42]

"I could keep you here all day, with more," she told me, "but let's go have our pictures taken together, shall we?"

So we did. She arranged the sitting, paying no attention whatsoever to the suggestions of the cameraman.

"Jane," gently scolded her mother, "can't you ever walk without skipping?"

Her reply was quick: "Not when I'm always happy like this, Mother!"

She refuses to say lines just as the author wrote them, preferring her own interpretation, and the director always agrees that Jane's slant is much more natural for her. When she walks on the set in the morning, the dialogue director always says, "Well Jane, I know you've learned your lines, so I'll just work with the grown-ups." And, of course, that delights her!

SHE speaks Spanish and French with the fluency of a native, and does pieces in Scotch dialect that would shame Harry Lauder. She is an expert swimmer, horseback rider and ice skater—and I mean *expert.* She has had considerable radio experience but likes pictures best. Her penchant for mischief caused her to be starred over KFWB for a year-and-a-half as "The Pest." She has more pep than a Mexican jumping bean on a hot day. She has a collection of one hundred and seventeen dolls of various kinds, sizes and costumes. She loves to slide down banisters—and the longer, the slicker and the more winding they are, the better!

She is the sweetheart of every man, woman and child at the studio. And even if she sees a person ten times a day, her greeting is just as cheerful the tenth time as the first. Gatekeepers, prop men, electricians and carpenters worship her, and she reciprocates the affection. She shows no more favor to Darryl Zanuck, the production chief, than to the studio policeman. She is no respecter of important personages, but has a great file of autographed photos of the stars in her bedroom. The wall is practically papered with them.

Her first picture bit was with David Butler, director of *Handle With Care.* More bits followed, and then the studios again closed their doors on her. She returned to radio and was selected from five hundred children to play in KFWB's *Juvenile Revue* as "the Pest." Her mother heard that David Butler was to direct a Shirley Temple picture, and took Jane to the Fox lot. They could not find Mr. Butler. But the casting director came along, and without waiting for his permission Jane began her impersonation of various Fox stars. He was so impressed that he gave her a contract on the spot, and she also got the rôle with Shirley—that of the spoiled little rich girl in *Bright Eyes.*

"Jane was never rich and never spoiled," her mother told me, "but she feels things instinctively and seemed to know, without being told, just what a spoiled little rich girl would do."

She has a great gang of youngsters of the neighborhood constantly at her playhouse, and their favorite game is enacting the characters of the Sunday funny papers. Jane always prefers to be the hero and not the heroine. The children also have a regular Saturday afternoon debating society. All this, believes her mother, keeps Jane natural.

An unspoiled, unaffected child, slightly large for her age, and gifted with an unusual combination of talents, Jane will go far in her screen career. Twentieth Century-Fox could loan her scores of times for rôles in other studios but prefers to keep her on the home lot.

Just as we were leaving Jane, she spied Marshall Neilan, who directed her in her "tomboy" picture, *This Is the Life.* With a leap, she landed on his somewhat prominent stomach, and his resultant grunt could have been heard for a block.

"Better take bending," Jane told him, "and get young in the middle. I have that trouble, too, but I bend!"

You will see her next as the star of *Gentle Julia,* which has just been finished at Twentieth Century-Fox. Studio reports hail it as her best to date.

And Jane's best is excellent, indeed.

Now You're Talking

[*Continued from page* 6]

Theatre, created not one tenth of the attention paid the cinematic hit.

When William Shakespeare visits Broadway stages, sometimes he gets a warm welcome . . . more often lukewarm. But when a long, rather dull movie version of his *Midsummer Night's Dream* opened in Manhattan, the whole town SIZZLED!

I happened to be taken to that première by a prosperous gentleman I know. That was my first experience at a moving picture "première", and even though I was sitting within whistling distance of such celebrities as Joan Crawford, Franchot Tone, Will Hayes and Edward G. Robinson, all evening my economical soul was aching with the thought that my escort had plunked down $7.50 per seat for—*a moving picture!* And some of the seats, I understand, sold for as much as $11.50. With not an empty seat in the house!

When we left the theatre, we were almost thrown through the glass windows of the restaurant next-door to the theatre by enthusiastic autograph-hunters who closed in to demand signatures from the stars . . .

Could any Broadway stage production of Shakespeare create that frenzy? Could stage stars arouse such adoration in the hearts of fans? The answer must be: Broadway is an "also-ran." Hollywood's the *winn-ah!—Eleanor F. Levy, 255 W. 84th St., New York City.*

Down with Double Bills—I am glad to see road-show pictures coming back. It speaks well for the artistic and commercial progress of the movie industry.

After seeing *The Great Ziegfeld,* I am more than ever convinced that such pictures should be road-showed. Three hours full of top-notch entertainment, combined with breathtaking extravaganza, perfection in every detail and genuinely human story, is worth all the double bills laid end to end.

After all, there will always be a demand for good pictures, whether they be road-showed or not, and I, as an ardent supporter of better pictures, will continue to see such pictures.—*Chas. Mersich, 1708 Filbert St., San Francisco, Calif.*

Alma Mater Hollywood—Ask any youngster if he knows what Louis Pasteur contributed to the world and he will fire a barrage of authentic details at you.

Is our school system responsible for this diffusion of knowledge? Perhaps. But the motion picture industry is in the van of the march of intellect.

Taking only a cursory inventory of the educational value of the movies, one finds available a varied educational program far more pleasant to digest than the fabricated wisdom pills.

News reels provide colorful accounts of current history.

Vivid historical dramas furnish an intelligent supplement to printed material.

Frank Buck and Martin Johnson's epics of the wilds offer living details of animal life. Pictures of travel variety are certainly more inviting than geographical tomes and easily as informative.

A Tale of Two Cities and *Little Lord Fauntleroy* stimulate our interest in good fiction.

So don't be skeptical if one refers to the theatre as his alma mater. Even our college faculty is giving the flickers their well-earned laurels.—*Lewis Martin, 4731 California St., San Francisco, Calif.*

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Fred MacMurray Answers

[*Continued from page 25*]

kind of books do you like?

A. Action stories principally.

Q. Please describe yourself, height, coloring, etc.

A. I am 6' 2" tall, weight 185 lbs., have grey eyes and black hair.

Q. Are you and Henry Fonda friends.

A. Yes.

Q. Did you appear at the American theatre with the show, Roberta?

A. I played in *Roberta* only in New York and was not with the company on the road.

Q. How did you meet your fiancee, Lillian Lamont?

A. She was a show girl in the New York production of *Roberta.*

Q. When do you intend to visit New York?

A. As soon as I have a vacation, probably some time next fall.

Q. Why haven't you married before?

A. For a number of reasons, the most important one being that I didn't have the price.

Q. When did you first come to Hollywood and how long did you stay?

A. I first came here when I was thirteen and left about seven years later.

Q. Are you Irish?

A. Scotch-Irish.

Q. Are you going to dance in your next picture with Carole Lombard?

A. We danced together in *The Princess Comes Across*—just an ordinary dance though.

Q. Is Miss Lillian Lamont a model?

A. Yes, she models for Howard Greer, one of Hollywood's best known designers.

Q. Do you hope to play in another color film soon?

A. Yes, I do. I think that color will be in universal use before long.

Q. Is Bing Crosby a friend of yours?

A. Yes, we are friends.

Q. Do you have a double for any parts you play?

A. I have a double for certain scenes in almost every picture.

Q. Who is your stand-in, if any?

A. Mr. Henry Wise.

Q. Do you pilot a plane? Have you a license?

A. No.

Q. Do you autograph your pictures to fans personally?

A. Yes.

Q. What nite spots in Hollywood do you enjoy visiting most?

A. I don't spend a great deal of time in nite clubs but I enjoy occasional visits to the Trocadero, The Hangover, The Cafe Lamaze and the Cinegrill among others.

Q. Can you sail a boat?

A. No.

Q. Do you enjoy the beach?

A. Yes.

Q. Can you cook?

A. I have the usual male ability to open a tin can.

Q. Do you drive your own car or have a chauffeur?

A. I drive my own.

Q. Do you apply your own make-up or have it put on by a make-up man?

A. I put on my own make-up.

Q. Do you attend the previews of your pictures?

A. Yes, whenever work in another production doesn't interfere.

Q. Are you preparing for the future by investing in outside interests or do you bank your money?

A. I haven't reached the investment stage yet, but I try to bank a certain percentage of my earnings.

Q. If you had a choice, how many pictures would you prefer making a year.

A. Just as many as I could. I like my work.

Q. Do you enjoy being under contract or would you rather freelance?

A. I am very well satisfied to be a contract player.

Q. Are you superstitious? If so, in what way?

A. I am not superstitious—I just think it's safer not to walk under ladders, whistle in dressing rooms, or let black cats walk across my path.

Q. Have you any special director you like working with?

A. I've enjoyed especially working with Henry Hathaway.

Q. Do you prefer he-man rôles to parlor parts?

A. I don't think I am particularly well cut-out for parlor parts. You know the old saying about a bull in a china shop!

Q. Are you a racing fan?

A. In a mild way only.

Q. Do you prefer blondes or brunettes?

A. I have no preference. You can't get me on that one.

Q. What is your real name?

A. Fred MacMurray.

Q. What are your favorite sports?

A. Tennis, swimming, and horseback riding.

Q. What is your pet "peeve"?

A. Being asked questions about Lillian Lamont.

Q. Do you prefer the movies to any other career?

A. Yes, I do. I think that motion picture work—any branch of it is much more interesting than the average job because there are new problems to be faced every day and consequently it never becomes monotonous.

Q. Where can I obtain stills from the pictures you have played in?

A. The best way is to contact your local Paramount Exchange.

Q. Would you want the girl you had chosen for a wife to smoke?

A. Frankly I'd rather she wouldn't but I don't think that smoking is a major issue.

Q. Is it true that you were once bashful?

A. I still am.

Q. Are you ever going to play the saxophone in a picture?

A. Not if I can help it. I'd like to stay in pictures for awhile.

Q. Will Lillian Lamont ever appear in a picture with you?

A. She is not an actress and has no ambition for a screen career.

Q. Are you going to make a personal appearance in Chicago?

A. I don't know. I have no plans at present for a personal appearance tour.

Q. What is your version of the ideal girl?

A. Lillian Lamont.

Q. Do you answer your fan mail personally?

A. I try to read all of my fan mail for occasionally it carries helpful criticisms. I answer as many of the letters, personally, as my time will permit.

Q. What do you do for relaxation when you are not working on a picture?

A. A lot of good sound sleeping.

Q. What do you think of the new Technicolor?

A. While undoubtedly it can be still further improved I think it is a very important step forward in the filming of motion pictures.

Q. Has your hair always been wavy?

A. Yes.

Q. How many pictures have you made?

A. Seven.

Q. Do you consider living your part in a picture necessary to a successful portrayal of the character?

A. No.

Q. Was your first picture, The Gilded Lily?

A. That was the first picture in which I had a featured rôle.

Q. To what do you attribute your sudden rise to fame—hard work or choice rôles?

A. To a combination of good luck and choice rôles. The "breaks" came first and the hard work afterwards.

Q. Who in your opinion is the "Grade A" lover?

A. How would *I* know?

Q. Do you like pets? If so, what kind do you own.

A. I am fond of dogs. I have a Pointer.

Q. Do you like Hollywood?

A. Yes, I like it here. It is an ideal spot to live and work in.

Q. Do you ever go to see your own pictures?

A. Yes, when they are previewed if possible; if not, I try to catch them later on.

Q. Is it true that when a man is tall he has a better chance for movie leads?

A. Yes, I think that is true, but simply because a tall man is easier to cast since he can play opposite almost any feminine star without making her seem taller by comparison.

Q. Do the lights used on a set hurt your eyes?

A. No. The old kleig lights which were responsible for so much suffering in the days of silent pictures have been superseded by lights which do not affect the player's eyes.

Q. About how long does it take to complete a picture?

A. That depends somewhat upon the nature of the production. The average shooting time for a grade "A" picture is approximately six weeks.

Q. With what band were you playing when you were discovered?

A. With the "California Collegians."

Q. What make and type of car do you drive?

A. I drive a Chrysler sport coupe.

Q. Did you really play the concertina in The Princess Comes Across?

A. Yes, I really did. S'prised?

And there you have Fred's answers to your queries. They reveal an amazing number of facts about his likes and dislikes.

Next month, remember, Robert Taylor takes the witness stand—and already the questions are storming in by the hundreds. Watch for his answers in September MOVIE CLASSIC.

WIN A TELEPHONE CALL FROM LORETTA YOUNG

Watch for the announcement of this unusual contest in

September MOVIE CLASSIC

---

9 out of 10 girls should make this "Armhole Odor" Test

Tonight, when you take off your dress, smell the fabric at the armhole—that is the way you smell to others!

THE most scrupulous care cannot protect you, charming as you are, from the daily unpleasantness of perspiration odor *if you deodorize only.* You can test it quite easily for yourself tonight. When you take off your dress, simply smell the fabric under the arm.

If you have been deodorizing only, the chances are 9 out of 10 that you'll discover a musty, stale "armhole odor" in your dress. That odor is what other people notice when you are near them!

It is easy to explain. Unless you keep your underarm *dry,* as well as sweet, it is inevitable that some perspiration will collect and dry on the armhole of your dress.

This need happen only once, yet every time you put that dress on, the warmth of your body will bring out the odor of stale perspiration. Fastidiously fresh though *you* are, that unpleasant "armhole odor" gives the impression of unforgivable carelessness!

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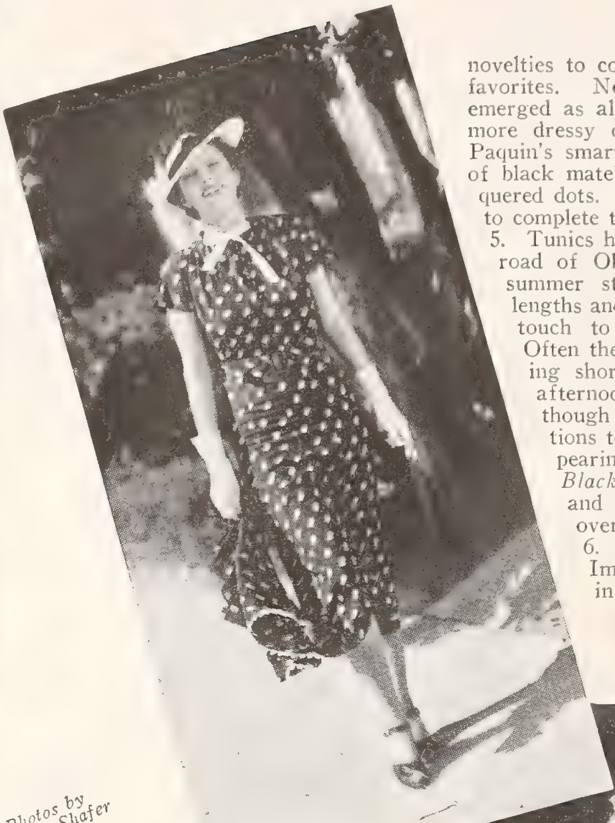
4 STAR DRESSES

(Continued from page 39)



Photos by A. L. Shafer

sleeves bigger and braver than we've had them before, even when grandma was here, are a feature of Claire's brief basque jacket.

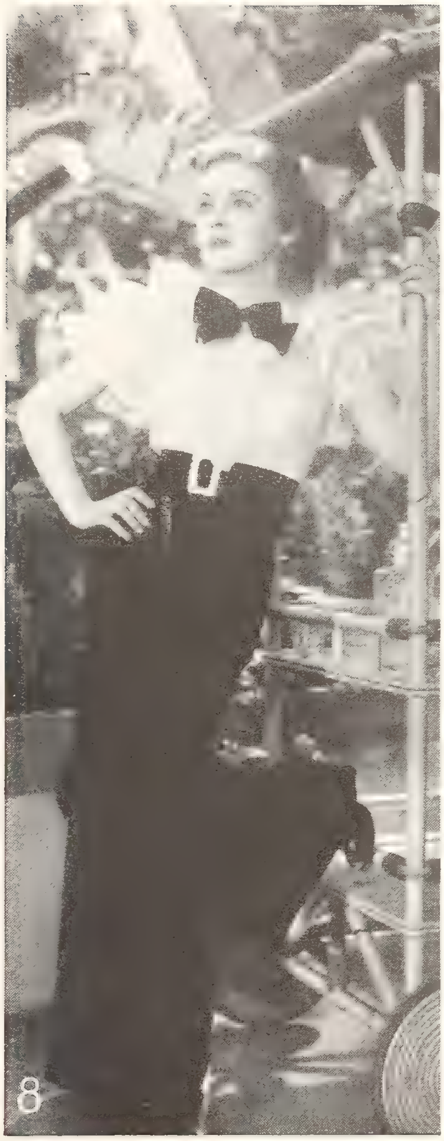
2. Something new for the year 'round is this smart suede dress worn by Joan Perry appearing in the Columbia production *Meet Nero Wolfe* and designed by Voris of Hollywood. Suede is cool for summer and keeps one warm when winter winds are blowing. This all suede outfit is in a lovely faun shade trimmed with brown leather belt, buttons and bag studded with silver. The crown of her chic beret is of matching leather.

3. Marcel Rochas, Parisian couturier and designer of this dress, is a disciple of Nicolas Chauvin of Rochefort, celebrated soldier of the First Republic and Empire of France. He is a courageous campaigner on the Fashion battlefields. Despite the foudroyant details of his summer collection, Rochas is a kindly commander, for he has not forgotten the working woman. He has reflected admirable strategy in making clothes which stand up under the bombardment of a workaday world. Conscious of practical requirements Rochas refuses to permit us to entirely lose our sense of humor. He has created this practical and dignified black dress trimmed with white pique only to let out our alter idem with bright silver crowns used as buttons marching down the front! Simone Simon who makes her American debut in the 20th Century-Fox film, *Girl's Dormitory* is the happy soldier in this scene.

4. Prints have had such inalienable popularity for so many summer seasons that it would seem impossible for any rival novelties to compete with such established favorites. Nevertheless, taffetas have emerged as alternatives for prints for the more dressy occasion. Joan Perry wears Paquin's smart two-piece cocktail costume of black matelasse taffeta with white lacquered dots. She wears Agnes's glass hat to complete the outfit.

5. Tunics have turned the corner on the road of Oblivion into the spotlight of summer styles. They are out in all lengths and fabrics ready to give a 1936 touch to costumes for every hour. Often they lengthen with the day, being short for morning, medium for afternoon and longer for night, though there are numerous exceptions to the rule. Drue Leyton appearing in the Columbia production *Blackmailer* wears a smart black and white checked taffeta tunic over a slim black crepe skirt.

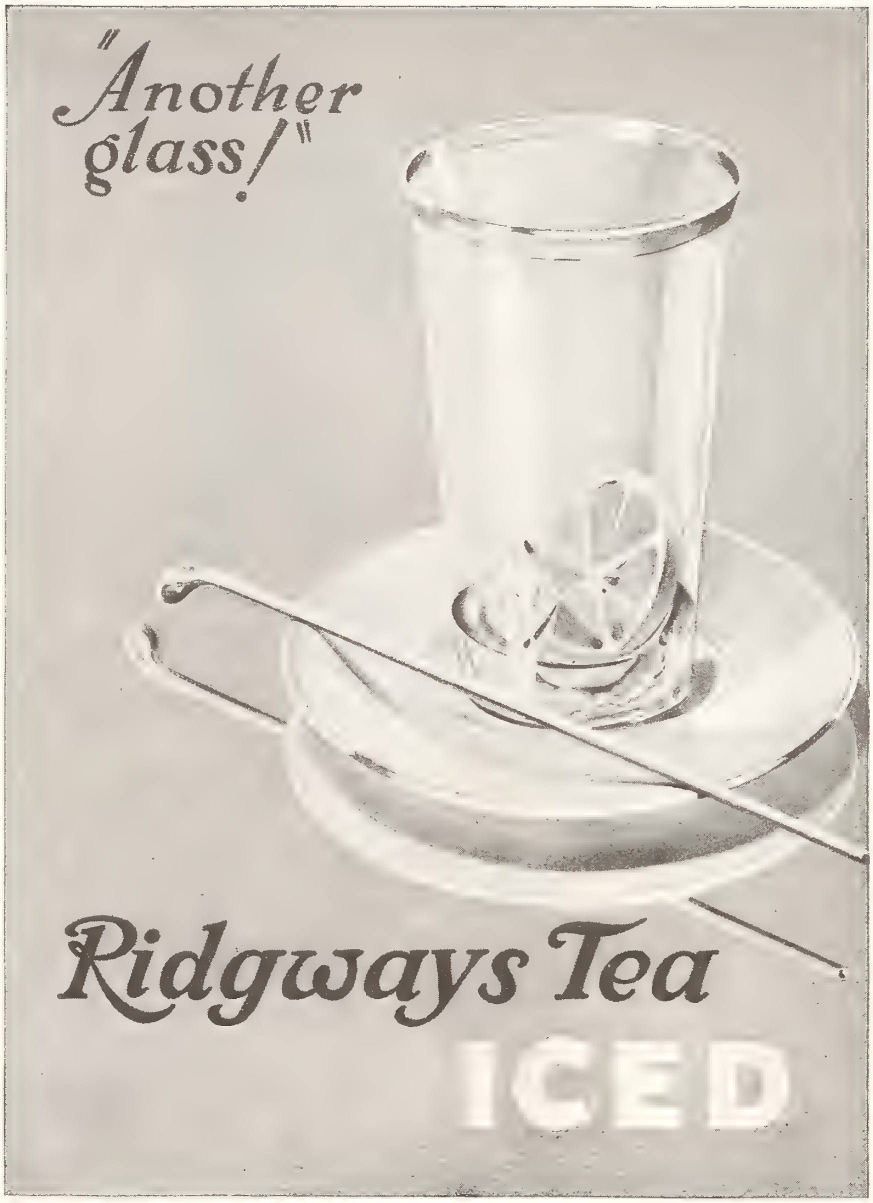
6. Being amusing in print! Imagination has been released in the prints of patterned fab-


8

rics this season—imagination that has produced beautiful designs and others that are amusing. Apropos of the amusing ones is the tambourine print worn by Marguerite Churchill appearing in the Columbia production *San Francisco Nights*. White pique in loops trim the collar and short jacket of this navy and white print dress. Following this season's fashion dictate, the sleeves are full.

7. Lace, like jewels, is considered in the heirloom class provided it is real. As such it is one of the precious elements of feminine attire. French and Brussles points have been transmitted from generation to generation in aristocratic families and Joan Perry proves its enduring charm and smartness. Joan wears this ethereal gown of shell pink lace with a pattern of hibiscus and roses.

8. An irresistible pyjama is this one Ida Lupino is wearing in the Paramount film *Yours For the Asking*. Black velvet trousers with a fitted hipline are attached to a frilly white net blouse with short ruffled sleeves and a bow of black satin ribbon accenting the neckline. It is the type of costume every girl loves to have for leisure hours when friends may call or one may lounge luxuriously about at home.



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Marion Vallé

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Here are the Knitting Champions

Prize awards in the motion picture publications-Bernhard Ulmann Knitting Company contest have been decided. Final judging of the hand-knitted garments entered was conducted at a luncheon meeting of the judges on Monday, May 11th in the Hotel Waldorf-Astoria in New York. Among the well-known people present was the Grand Duchess Marie, Mrs. Winifred J. Oviatte, Mrs. William H. Hoppins, and Mrs. Gaynor Maddox. The following prizes were awarded:

1. One railroad trip with all expenses paid, to Hollywood and return: Mrs. C. R. Goudie, 1400-8th Avenue North, Great Falls, Montana.

2. One airplane trip from New York to Hollywood, or Hollywood to New York, value $288: Miss Sylvia M. Abel, 203 Liberty Avenue, Fairmont, West Virginia.

3. Mendoza beaver coat, value $100.00; Mrs. Elizabeth Taylor, Box 48, Woodlawn, Maryland.

4. Ta-Van Wrist Watch, value $100.00: Miss Ella E. Heydt, 953 Cedar Street, Allentown, Pa.

5. One Year's supply of shoes (A. C. Lawrence), $75.00 value: Miss Louise Hawkins, 346 Albermarle Avenue, Richmond, Va.

6. One hand-hooked rug (Fleisher), value $75.00: Miss Hazel Calbaugh, 303 West Mexico Avenue, Denver, Colorado.

7. One hand-made Afghan (Bernhard-Ulmann Co.), value $75.00: Miss Grace Warren Abbett, 3444 North Pennsylvania St., Apt. 11, Indianapolis, Ind.

8. One year's supply of Mojud Clari-Phane silk stockings, value $54.00: Dr. Anna Reznikon, 360 Kresge Building, Minneapolis, Minn.

9. One year's supply of Mojud Clari-Phane silk stockings, value $54.00: Miss Elizabeth S. Young, 2107 Boulevard, Wilmington, Delaware.

10. One year's supply of Lentheric Perfume and Cosmetic, value $50.00: Miss Eve Furginelle, 1005 Bedford St., Fall River, Mass.

11. Evening ensemble of Coro Pearls (Cohn Rosenberg) consisting of necklace and bracelet to match, value $50.00: Miss Margaret Wright, Box. 118, Pittsburgh, Pa.

12. One year's supply of Maiden Form braissieres and girdles, value $50.00: Miss Agnes Sherer, 87-22 Jamaica Avenue, Woodhaven, New York.

13. One Gruen Wrist Watch, value $50.00: Mr. David Sanderson, Winona, Mississippi.

14. One year's supply of Corday perfume (Voyage a Paris), value $50.00: Mrs. Fred Neilson, 1709-8th Street, Tuscaloosa, Alabama.

In Quest of Romance

[*Continued from page* 41]

villagers to whom they were trying to explain their friendly intent to no avail. Ergen, the leader, saw Flynn in the Laki-Laki house and advanced quickly, eager for help. . . . A thrown spear just missed him as he made for the threshold. Goldberg and Williams, the camera-men, began to feel nervously for their guns. Flynn, sensing trouble, leapt to his feet with a barked command, and, from nowhere, was suddenly surrounded by a ring of menacing spears. Obviously the natives suspected treachery and no amount of explaining would do any good. Even old Yapanee was viewing him with suspicion. It was a time for quick thinking, not action.

"How so, my father?" asked Errol of Yapanee in a pained voice. "Am I an enemy who brings no gifts to be treated so?"

Yapanee stared back impassively, his friendly eyes inscrutably cloaked as the younger men watched him for a signal.

"Ytray oòtay ackbay uppay. Ontday ouchtay ungays!" Flynn said conversationally to Ergen hoping that he knew pig-latin. He was relieved to see that he did as Yapanee harked suspiciously. "I have just told my white brothers to have no fear of so great and kind a Chief. They mean no harm and will leave with me in peace as we go to the home of the 'Govamin' to tell of Yapanee's kindness." This latter was a shot in the dark, but it seemed to work. Yapanee still remembered "Govamin's" last punitive trip in.

As the white men left with Flynn he cautioned them to make no hurried or sudden moves, told them that the innocent brush was alive with menacing, unseen spears.

"We saw your boat and thought that it would be okay," complained Ergen. He and his man had stayed quiet and calm despite their greenness and Errol admired him for it.

"It is 'okay'—if you know the jungle!" he commented not unkindly.

"You seem to know the natives all right! How about joining us? We need a boat like yours—and a man like you."

"Got a permit?"

Ergen displayed credentials from everybody in Australia and New Guinea and offered marvelous charter terms. A moment's consideration, a hand-shake followed by a drink aboard the Maski, and Errol Flynn had entered the motion picture business. They made their plans that night, turned the boat about and headed for the mouth of the Sepik River on the perilous North Coast.

The Sepik was an old story to Errol, until they made land at the last outpost, Ambunti. That night they put up with District Commissioner Waugh. At dinner the latter okayed their credentials reluctantly. He'd just returned, by the skin of his teeth, from the interior. He'd led a punitive expedition against the rampaging natives only to be ambushed and lose three-fourths of his men. He begged them not to go on as the tribes would be expecting another expedition—and would be waiting!

THE Sepik in-country is the nearest spot to hell on earth. The natives are wild and blood-thirsty, the jungle lies in the appalling damp heat of the actual equator and the denizens of the jungle are as incredibly fatal as they are beautiful. Despite all this the Americans insisted on going in—and Flynn led them.

They came to a village and Errol wisely led them far around the outskirts as no living being was in sight. Along the trail they passed a dead pig—an evil omen. A little further they came upon dozens of rotting, headless native bodies, horribly mutilated. Even Flynn owned to a sickish feeling as they passed doggedly on into a vast, dry plain of cane-brakes, eight to ten feet high.

Dawn and a light breeze brought the fearful smell of smoke. The others were calm, but Errol went cold in every joint. He knew what it meant . . . Cane-fire! With Maru's help he got his head above the tall cane. Ahead of them, still mercifully distant, was a vast, unending semicircle of roaring flame! There was but one answer. The savages had circled them in the night, set the cane on fire.

He cracked out orders. Instead of back-tracking the easy way where they'd already cut the painful path, he cut off at an angle—but demanded of the willing, fearful natives such speed as they themselves never thought possible. All that day they struggled on, leaving everything behind but the guns and cameras, the flames gaining on them every second. When they reached the border of the wet, green jungle they were a scarce hundred yards ahead of a burning death, their backs scorched by the terrific heat. . . . But they'd made it and were several miles west of the main party of the cannibals!

Late the next day, however, as they forced their way toward the river and the Maski II, the air was suddenly filled with arrows and spears. Ambush! They scattered like quail for every possible point of cover but still four boys were killed—and Flynn felt the touch of hell in his left leg! A spear had transfixed his ankle. Face drawn with pain, he snapped the long pole, jerked the short end through his ankle. It was a question of do or die, not ju-ju, this time!

When you're in a jam like that you fight like hell. . .!

The battle was brief and Flynn was everywhere, a gun spitting death in each hand—a man crazed, fighting, unconquerable. Even Williams, his camera still going, photographing everything with the height of optimism, had his left hand going on a pistol. A breathing space and Errol whirled about to take stock. Over where he'd been when the attack started was Ergen, crouched behind a rock, loading his gun. Just above him and behind, crouched a huge, devil-masked savage, spear poised for the thrust through Ergen's back. Flynn shot with a prayer. . . . The spear missed Ergen's shoulder by less than an inch as the savage toppled, dead.

A wail from the hidden head-hunters rose and a great scrambling was heard in the brush as they turned tail and ran. Flynn had killed their supposedly immune devil-doctor!

THAT was the end of photographing head-hunters as far as that troupe was concerned! They'd learned that the savages really *do* still hunt heads! But as they parted from the grinning, limping young Irishman at Port Moresby neither of them

[*Continued on page* 68]

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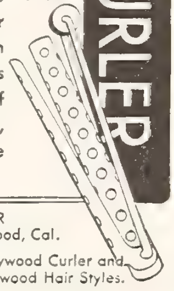

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In Quest of Romance

[*Continued from page 67*]

realized what the aftermath would be of that little trip and ambush!

Nearly a year passed and Errol was prospecting for gold far up near Mount Julien when the cable overtook him.

"YOUR WORK IN TRAVELOGUE MAGNIFICENT. WILLIAMS PHOTOGRAPHED WHOLE SCENES WITH YOU. YOU ARE A NATURAL. HAVE THREE OFFERS NOW. COME AT ONCE. AM SENDING FARE PORT MORESBY. ERGEN."

But Errol thought someone was crazy. He wasn't any actor! He paid no attention until after he'd made a lucky strike, sold his claim for a good profit and wandered back to Port Moresby. And there was the fare waiting for him—and another cable.

"DON'T COME YET. ENGLISH COMPANY EN ROUTE PAPUA TO SHOOT MUTINY ON BOUNTY. UNDERSTAND YOU ARE DIRECT DESCENDANT FLETCHER CHRISTIAN LEADER OF REAL MUTINY. SWELL PUBLICITY TIE-UP. YOU CAST FOR PART. CONTRACT FOLLOWS. DO NOTHING UNTIL I GET THERE. ERGEN."

Even when he was actually playing that part in the little known British picture Errol didn't believe it was all so. Not that he wanted to be an actor! Heaven forbid! But the money was surprisingly good, the work easy. A pleasant interlude in a life of action. . . .

To-day, in Hollywood, Errol is frank to say that the job wasn't so good—after all, it was the first time he'd even thought of acting and the whole thing was very new and strange. In any event he was good enough for the company to bring him to England where he tried a couple of more pictures that weren't conspicuous successes.

It wasn't long before he was picked up by a couple of play producers and that added to a very gay summer of stock in the provinces taught this surprisingly quick young man the rudiments of his new profession. He was still far from feeling that it was anything but a pleasant and inconsequential little adventure when he was called by his friend, Irving Asher, the headman of Warner Brothers in England.

They had a very pleasant little dinner with Asher's wife, Laura La Plante, but throughout the evening Flynn was vaguely wondering what it was all about. Intuitively he knew something was in the wind and was sure of it when Laura excused herself to leave the men with brandy and cigars.

"Irving, my lad—out with it! Something on the mind. . . . I can see the brain fairly oozing with thought!"

"Right, Errol! Just been trying to soften you up. . . . How about going to the States? We can let you have a decent contract with a good future to it. Now don't be hasty in deciding . . ."

"Hasty? Don't be silly! Do you actually think you have to 'soften me up' for a deal like that? Where's the contract! Quick, boys—the pen! The ink! Hats—coats—luggage. . . . Cal-i-forn-ia here I co-o-ome!"

ANOTHER gorgeous adventure was presenting itself to this amazing man of fortune out of the East. It was in that devil-may-care, take-life-as-it-comes spirit that Errol boarded the boat for New York in the next few days. He still doesn't take it all seriously—and for that reason will get far further along than most. He refuses to worry, refuses to be put in the spot of most actors who have worked their lives away trying to get where he is right now.

Why? Errol has his own answer.

"In the first place, almost everyone seems to have been saddled by civilization with a Purpose. A Purpose with a capital 'P'. Rot! You immediately start to worrying. First about getting a job to achieve that Purpose, later your worry about keeping it. Life's not worth it. You can move about with the winds and always have food if you're smart enough to get it for yourself rather than whimpering because it's not on a silver spoon. The important thing in life is to laugh, and happiness is all I want out of it. There isn't a single spot of ground on earth that I want when it ceases to mean happiness to me."

But we seem to be getting ahead of ourselves. Everyone knows of the whirlwind romance that started on the high seas when the Flynn met Lily Damita. It started on the high seas and ended on the high mountains above Hollywood where they have a house overlooking the world's loveliest view. Strangely enough the gorgeously happy Mr. and Mrs. Flynn can *actually* see Catalina on a clear day from their home. . . .

And, on that high hill, remote from the moiling falsity of so much of our so-called "civilized society" is a small section of peace —a peace that is within themselves because they are smart enough not to let that peace depend upon any man, woman or business outside of themselves.

With his strange Irish forethought Errol had brought with him from Papua a glorious unset diamond, securely wrapped in tropical leaves. He had put it in his pocket against the time when he might marry and then the diamond, being Papuan, would help to bring the then unknown girl back to the islands with him again when his blood might yearn for the warmth, the beauty and the eternal freedom of brilliant southern skies, unbelievably colored isles and the soft caress of the trade winds over a phosphorescent sea far "down under" in dangerous, mystic Papua. . . .

And, if I may foretell a bit of future, that is where you'll hear of the Flynns one of these roaming days. After the acclaim of years and pictures like *Captain Blood* and *The Charge of The Light Brigade* have begun to lose their savor to young Mr. Flynn—for he'll always be young —he will quietly pack up his things and leave Hollywood and contracts and celluloid life and return to his real job in life which is creating romance out of the raw material of living—living gaily and may the devil himself take the hindermost. . . .

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Evelyn Venable Reveals Her Beauty Secrets

[*Continued from page* 11]

of cold water is all I need to open my eyes with a sparkle.

"I take my 'luxury' bath at night, a warm tub with delicately fragrant bath salts, a long handled bath brush, and plenty of soapsuds. I am a great believer in the merits of soap and water and I use lots of both. In the morning a quick shower, tepid at first and then cold. It takes courage to take a cold shower but the resultant glow is well worth the first icy downpour.

"I give my hair a good brushing every day and wash it every ten days. About once a month, or every third shampoo, I have a hot oil treatment to keep my scalp in condition." She touched the lustrous braids coiled into a graceful flat knot at the nape of her neck. "My hair has always been long. I have wanted to cut it but Hal thinks long hair is right for me."

Hot oil treatments should be included in every girl's beauty routine during the summer months when too much exposure to wind and sun is apt to leave the hair brittle and dry.

Two manicures and one pedicure each week are also on Miss Venable's schedule.

"When I have been out in the evening and must appear bright and early at the studio," Evelyn said, "I rub a small piece of ice lightly over my face upon arising. This brings the blood rushing to the surface and erases any tired lines that might have lingered overnight. On these 'off' mornings—and this sounds odd—I get up extra early and go for a horseback ride. That does wake me up! And I feel thoroughly exhilarated when I return."

Diet and Exercise

"I like tennis and riding, but fencing is my pet diversion," she said. "I don't take any kind of calisthenics but fencing sets me up like nothing else and it's the most fun. I first started fencing while attending Vassar and have kept it up ever since. It is excellent for posture which I consider one of the greatest assets to beauty."

I knew Evelyn was a vegetarian but had never been told whether it was a health measure or a matter of principle.

"It's both," Evelyn explained. "My father was a vegetarian and of course I was brought up that way. I have never tasted beast, fish or fowl. After we were married, my husband became interested in my diet and he, too, is a vegetarian now. Yes, and our baby is a vegetarian.

"Being a vegetarian family is a bit inconvenient at times and for that reason we seldom dine out. I eat everything I want, vegetables and fruit mostly. We use such proteins as cheese dishes, nut loaf and eggs.

"Besides the vegetarian diet, I drink about two gallons of water every day." She smiled at my look of amazement. "I know that sounds incredible, but I have counted the glasses of water I drink for weeks at a stretch and the average is from twenty-five to thirty glasses every day."

Drinking large quantities of water has long been extolled by physicians as a health and beauty measure and looking at the flawless perfection of Miss Venable's skin would be an incentive to every girl to increase the amount of water which she consumes.

"So your husband accepted your theories and became a vegetarian but you wouldn't change your makeup to please him," I chided.

"I didn't let him *know* I did; I just went about it gradually."

"Please tell me the rest of the story," I begged, "How long did it take you to become friends?"

"I'd love to tell you," she confided. "The next day after we had the terrific battle I went over and held his hand very firmly, much to his embarrassment and the amusement of everyone else on the set. The third day I ignored him . . . "

"And the fourth day," I prompted.

"The fourth day we went on location out at Riverside. That night he asked me to go for a drive with him. I did—and he proposed!"

It was no surprise to learn that Evelyn Venable's romance had gone hand in hand with beauty—it so often does. Proper diet and exercise both play important parts in giving the foundation for good looks, but it is in makeup and careful grooming that the average girl can successfully compete with her more fortunate sisters. Many of the makeup tricks of the most glamorous stars of the screen can be adapted to your own use and in later articles I shall tell you more about the arts of beauty employed by your favorite stars.

What are your problems of beauty and makeup? Would you like to know the brand names of cosmetics used by the stars? Your questions will be answered promptly if you will drop me a letter—and be sure to enclose a stamped, self-addressed envelope for reply. Address your inquiry to Alison Alden, Movie Classic, 1501 Broadway, New York City.

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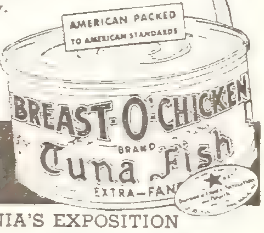

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George Brent Shuns Romance

[*Continued from page 37*]

there is any, is his own. And so let me tell you the truth about a lot of things concerning which George has been thoroughly misrepresented heretofore.

First of all, George is NOT a woman-hater, despite all the symptoms. "On the contrary," he told me. "After all, I'm male, quite normal, with all human appetites and reactions. I'm thirty-three years old. I admire women, realize the utter incompleteness of a man's life without a woman—or rather, *the* woman."

"Then why," I wanted to know, "do you dodge 'em?"

"I've just answered that," he said. "I said 'THE woman,' didn't I? And frankly, I haven't run across THE woman, yet. Until I do—*nothing doing!*"

BUT—George *can* be had! In fact, despite his emphatic assertions that there's no place for romance in his life for at least six years, I'll bet plenty that long before 1942 is here, George will be head over heels in love with some woman. It's illogical, unreasonable, impossible to believe that this hot-blooded, handsome young Irishman can go through more than half a decade without some woman knocking all his notions cock-eyed.

Already, it has happened to him—in Hollywood. But that's an old story—the Ruth Chatterton romance, marriage, divorce. It's not improbable that the disillusion that came with that has influenced George's beliefs tremendously—that that broken romance inspired his belief that love can't survive the studio life, for one thing.

BUT get this—the collapse of the Chatterton love has not soured George on the idea of marriage. George is not "agin' marryin'." But he doesn't want or expect to do it until after 1942.

"Of course," he admits—and there's a sort of worried apprehension in his admission—"I know that it's not unlikely that tonight, or tomorrow or next week or next month, a girl will suddenly come along and there'll be romance. I don't believe it will happen to me, but I'm not such a damned fool, as to say it *can't* happen to me.

Leslie Howard and his eleven-year-old daughter, Leslie Ruth are the best of pals. They are also a new radio team for Leslie Ruth frequently appears on her famous dad's program

"If it comes—if romance barges into my life that way, despite my wish and hope that it won't, well then, all right. I'll take it, and gladly. But I don't think there's a girl in Hollywood, or whom I'm likely to meet in this profession, who can do it to me; that's all."

I asked the good old stand-by question: "Is there, George, some 'ideal woman' for you?"

He laughed. For just an instant. Then his face straightened, and his lip curled ever so slightly, and he said, simply:

"Where can you find *any* sort of ideal today?"

But that didn't kid me. I do believe George has an ideal woman, even if he's not consciously aware of it himself. He thought that Chatterton was that ideal. It was not until the stress of professional work rubbed the illusion off and bared the reality that both found different.

I think what George wants—and eventually will find—is a girl who has and is these things: first of all and most important, a pal. A girl who'll go travelling with him when he wants to; who'll hop into a plane and take a fool trip with him on a moment's notice when he's in the mood for flying; who'll sit at home with him, probably silent and unspeaking for hours, when that's his whim. A girl who will subordinate herself utterly and completely to being Mrs. George Brent—I don't mean to the extent of slavery, and certainly not unwillingly on her part—but a girl who'll do it because she loves him, and because that love is to her the most important thing in her life. A girl who has or wants no career of her own, to interfere with the essential one-ness of married life. A girl whose social aspirations are not embodied in giving whoopee parties, or having half the producers and stars in Hollywood at their home every other night.

Those are some of the things I'm sure George Brent wants in the ideal woman that lurks in the subconscious of every man's mind.

But the specifications—read 'em over—explain why George doesn't think he'll find THE girl in Hollywood. Those requirements don't fit anybody you know in films, do they?

George told me the simple reason behind his "six-year-clause" against romance. It's because he's under contract until 1942, and that, to him, is tantamont to being in prison.

"I'm too damned busy for romance, for one thing. I've been in more films in a few years than any other star or leading man. It looks as though it'll keep up that way. I've even had to sell my plane, although I'm nuts about flying, simply because I had no time left to fly. Same with women. How in Hades, in sheer justice, could I ask a girl to give herself all to me, when I couldn't return it?

"So, wiping out romance for six years, I've substituted my own Six-Year Plan. I'm going to work. If I'm in prison, I'll make it pay me off. I'll give the studio all they've contracted for, and more. BUT—in 1942, I'll kiss it all good bye! I'll

Frances Langford's inseparable companion is her pup, "Melody," which received its name in honor of *Broadway Melody of 1936,* Frances' first great screen-musical hit. Her current picture is *Palm Springs,* which was recently released

have plenty of money and time then. I'll do what I'd like to do right now, sometimes—tell 'em all to go to h——, get on a boat, and go where and do what I please, from then on. And then I'll have all the time for romance. I'll be barely forty. I won't run around chasing 'em—and I won't want 'em to chase me. But I won't turn my back on love; I'll welcome it. When THE girl comes along.

"That's that."

HE'LL be a mighty young forty, will George. He's handsome as a maiden's dream right now—handsomer than ever before in his picture career. Something has added a strength, a dignity, an added poise to the Brent there was before. No use kidding ourselves—while he was Ruth Chatterton's husband, he was in the unenviable position of being Mr. Chatterton. Now he's a definite entity—and a forceful one.

Physically, he's more mature, more solid. Lately, he's grown a moustache. It does amazing things to him; makes him ever so much more good looking. The "front office"—the Warner Brothers big shots—are crazy about it. They've told him—or rather ordered him—not to shave it off.

George has lived already, even though he feels he's in prison now. You all know, by now, the story of his death-defying adventuring in the Irish revolution. You've heard of his trips abroad. I met him first in Spain, at a training ranch for the bulls they raise for the bull fights. George himself got into the ring, made a few passes at some vicious young bulls, laughed when their lethal horns grazed his side. I remember what the owner of the ranch—an old, white-goateed grandee who knows bulls and men, said: "Thees Señor Brent ees wan of the mos' brave, the mos' fine, the mos' interesting, the mos' exciting men I 'ave ever met. He has what you call the *gots* . . . "

Just at present, some of the Hollywood keyhole-lookers-inners and the door-listeners-atters are tuning eyes and ears on Greta Garbo, now that she's back.

They anticipate that maybe George Brent will resume the campaign he seemed to be waging for the affections of the Great Garbo just before she left for Sweden, months ago. It was an open secret then, that there was warm air there. George stunted in his plane over Garbo's locations, and Garbo clasped hands, admired his aerial Romeoing, and said "Ahhh . . . !"

But neither she nor he would discuss things. When it came to being shut-lipped, George proved he could match Garbo at her best. But his intimates knew that he was interested—and more—in Garbo. And then she wanted to be alone; she said "Ay t'ink Ay go home," and off she went to Sweden.

George sank back into the monotone that is his daily life. No more public appearances in the rôle of lovemaker. Garbo stayed away. As far as anyone knows, there was no communication between her and Brent during her absence.

But that absence didn't make the heart grow fonder, as the old adage has it. Garbo's back now—been back for days. George hasn't made a pass. George stays at his home between studio days. From all outward appearances, the Garbo-Brent romance is as dead as yesterday's fish. Garbo has exactly the same place on George's amorous blacklist as the other Hollywood dolls he mentioned in his talk with me. She can wait until 1942, as far as George is concerned.

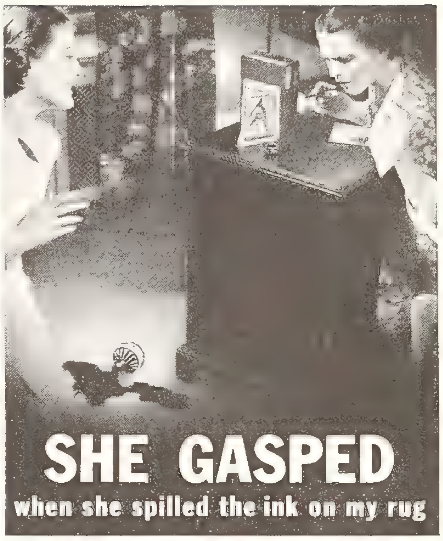
And so it goes.

He's happier right now, in his Hollywood contract prison, than he is most of the rest of the time. That's because he's working with Kay Francis, in *Sweet Aloes.* It's about the fifth or sixth picture he's played in, opposite Kay. There's never been a hint or whisper or breath of romance between them. But they're the swellest two friends in Hollywood. As far as George is concerned, Kay could be a man—because in their friendship, there's exactly zero of sex. That's why he's 100 percent happy (as happy as possible for him in Hollywood, I mean) working with Kay.

At night, it's home to his womanless Eden, and his books, and his tennis, and his swimming pool and his dogs. Every morning, it's back to the studio. And so, day after day, week after week, month after month, and year after year, he runs along in his little squirrel cage.

Until 1942. Then he'll be forty.

And for George Brent. Life Will RE-Begin at Forty.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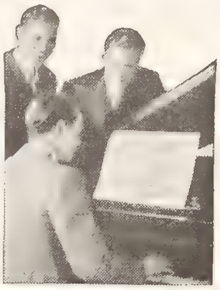

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The Fortunes of Hopkins, Inc.

[*Continued from page 36*]

She has them visit her on the set and tell fortunes with cards, crystals, tea-leaves, palm-reading, astrology and just plain guessing, in her dressing room between scenes. Nights, she hunts out new ones to have them tell her fortune. She says she doesn't believe a word they tell her! She even had a physiognomist and phrenologist feel her head-bumps and look at her facial contours. He told her her low-ridged nose with its thick lower end denoted the desire to please, plus the knowing-how and consideration for others; that her high and wide forehead showed capacity for thought and ideas, and that her broad jaws denoted strength of ambition. He must have been a screen magazine reader.

One thing in which she differs from most other screen stars—she doesn't imagine she's beautiful. She doesn't even care to play beautiful roles. In Sam Goldwyn's *These Three,* she wears her hair plastered back, and dons horn-rimmed specs as a school-teacher, and what's more, she doesn't get her man, and what other big-shot star would go for *that?* I'm tired of being bee-oo-tiful and glamorous on the screen," she says, and she thinks audiences are a bit fed up with seeing heroines swim raging torrents and come out with perfect make-up and marcels, or tramp through north-woods ices and snows in fur clothes and then appear in a dog-tent wearing lace negligees!

SHE doesn't even stand for that final patting-up most stars get from the set makeup man just before facing the camera. "I'd rather feel natural with a hair out of place," she explains.

Oh, yes—that hair. It really *is* blond. More than that—it's silver-grey. And it's her own and she can prove it, because she still has the blonde curls they cut off when she had her hair bobbed when she was eleven. She's freckled, too. And her eyes, if you must know, are blue—but they grow blacker than a killer's heart when she's mad.

Most amazing thing about her, if you ask her friends what impresses them most, is her tremendous vitality. She looks like a fragile, weak thing, but she can go at top speed throughout a day that'd drag the life out of a day-laborer. She's got secrets for that, but everybody knows them. One is her trick of relaxing at will. She can fall asleep between "takes" in her chair on the set, and rip off ten or fifteen minutes of shut-eye, so she's refreshed when she wakes. Another is that hot-water-and-sherry-and-cold-water combination of hers:

She fills the bathtub with hot water, and gets in. Then she fills a glass with sherry, and puts that inside of herself. Then she lies in the hot water for fifteen minutes. Then she turns on the cold water, and when she begins to shiver, she climbs out and puts a rough towel to work. Less than a half-hour spent in all and she feels like a new woman. Says it's better than a facial or a massage.

Yet she often has a masseuse come into her dressing room. Not to give her a complete once-over, but to work out on her feet. She loves to have her feet kneaded and twisted and massaged, frequently. They are, by the way, the tiniest feet in Hollywood. Her shoes are size two-and-a-half. Her pals call them "junior garboes." Her pals call her "Happy" Hopkins, too. That's her nickname.

Socially, she's a hit. She has two and a half homes. One is the house she owns in New York's exclusive Sutton Place district. The other is Sam Goldwyn's beach house at Santa Monica, fifteen miles from the studio, which she rents. The "half" is her studio suite of foyer, drawing room, kitchen, dining room, dressing room and bath. One could live in it, it's that complete. She supervised the decoration herself. The color motif is white. But her favorite color is yellow. She says if city dwellers would use more yellow and green in their homes, they'd be happier, because color controls one's emotions. Nervous people ought to decorate their bedrooms in blue, too, she says, because blue soothes. Ho, hummmmmmmm.

June Travis, born June Grabiner, is skyrocketing to fame these days in Warner Brothers pictures. She created a Hollywood sensation by refusing a contract several years ago and only recently was persuaded to reconsider

She's choosy about her friends. What she wants is someone she can talk with. She'd rather chin with a bus-driver who can converse intelligently, than with a millionaire who's a mental dud. Once she was out on a yachting week-end with a group of rich people. They bored her so that she calmly went to the owner of the yacht, made him turn the boat back and set her ashore!

She's got the knack of making people feel at home. One of her tricks is to let her men-friends do the cooking for those late after-theater suppers in her house. She knows every man thinks he's a great cook. But she always has her own cook on hand, just in case.

Her dinners are famous. She's southern. (She has tried for years, with voice-and-diction teachers, to shake off the southern drawl that was born into her in Georgia, but, despite all her efforts, she still goes into it, especially when she's excited.) Her cook's southern, too. There are no eatier dinner parties in Hollywood than the Sunday-night fried-chicken, baked-ham, corn-bread and biscuits, hominy, sweet-potato-pie dinners she throws. But her cook is headed for a nervous breakdown, because Miriam's pet trick is to invite twenty or twenty-five people to dinner at her house in the late afternoon, unexpectedly!

Incidentally, she always has dinner at eight. Always. She thinks dinner earlier than that isn't civilized. Breakfast at ten—except when she's in production, and then it's seven. Diet?—no, because no matter what she eats, her weight stays at 102 or 103. Lucky gal!

She's got a guiding motto. It's the same as Hitler's—"Live Dangerously!" Or is it Mussolini's, instead of Hitler's? Anyway, it's Miriam's. She's broken both ankles, an arm, a collar bone and wrenched her back seriously, living up to her code. Wants to live even more dangerously. Wants to travel, alone, to strange places. Particularly Pekin and Timbuctoo, because the names fascinate her.

With all her—ahem!—sophistication, idiotically simple pleasures delight her. She has lots of fun at the concessions on amusement piers near Hollywood. Once she outbid a whole roomful of people at one of those Jap fake-auction joints on a beach, for an armful of Jap kimonos. "My Gawd, Miriam," squalled a friend with her; "you wouldn't wear *those* things, would you?" Answered Miriam: "But I just *had* to outbid those other people, didn't I?" Then she took the kimonos home and gave them to her colored cook. Another pet game of hers is "Didja." It's childish. The guests and Miriam all sit around and say things like "Didja ever see a horse fly?—or a college dance?—or a stocking run?" Things like that, *imagine!*

Her biggest offscreen interest is Michael. Michael is four years old. She adopted him from a foundling home when he was two months old. She calls him "son," but he calls her "Miriam," and when he visits on the set, the director knows it's no use expecting any work from her until he's gone. Michael looks very much like Miriam. She won't talk about him because (a) she doesn't like kidnapers and (b) she thinks it isn't fair to him to be discussed as a star's child, because it'd interfere with his normal growing-up.

She doesn't play bridge or golf, because, she says, she can't afford the time both require for practice, to be good, and she won't do things half way. Yet she's such a good tennis player that they call her the Helen Wills of the screen. She swims and plays the piano and is an expert at touch typewriter. Wherever she travels, she always takes a portable typewriter with her. Also a portable phonograph.

On the set, she always wears tennis shoes, except when it's a long shot that'll show her feet. She often tells the director how she's going to do a scene, instead of vice versa. She's usually right. She studies her lines in complete privacy, and gets peeved when anyone intrudes. On the set, she does it behind the locked door and drawn shades of her portable dressing room. Offset, she does her "homework" script studying in her auto, while her chauffeur drives her between her beach place and the studio.

She likes parties, but doesn't like the guy who's the "life of the party." She doesn't like showoffs of any sort.

SHE'S such a stickler for punctuality that she apologizes profusely when she's as little as two minutes late for an appointment. And yet she thinks nothing of breaking an appointment if and when she thinks she has a good reason for it. But she always breaks it ahead of time—even if only five minutes ahead of time. That is, she's not the sort who'll stand a person up without letting him know.

Her ambition is to become the greatest of all movie stars. She formed it when she was in Europe years ago (a comparative unknown, although she had done some stage work) and watched the casino at Monte Carlo go into a dither of excitement when Constance Bennett walked in. "Humph!" she told herself; "I can do that, too."

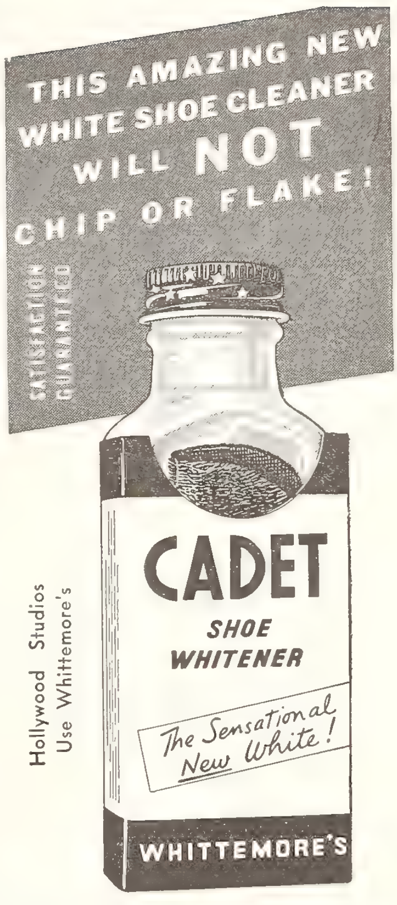
Yet she admits movie-making is sometimes a very funny business. The story she best likes to tell to illustrate it is about Clark Gable. Metro was going to co-star her and Gable, so they called her for some pre-production picture-taking. "Miss Hopkins, this is Mr. Gable; Mr. Gable, Miss Hopkins," the director introduced them. Without more ado, they went into a series of the most torridly passionate love-clinches the Hays office has ever been asked to censor. After an hour of kissing, gooing, clinching and blazing, the director told 'em it was all. "Good bye, Miss Hopkins; glad to've met you," bowed Gable, formally. "Good bye, Mr. Gable," she replied. They've never met since.

She likes chow mein. She hates gossip. She likes dogs. She hates to play the piano even though she does it well. She likes classical music and wants to play the violin but can't find time to learn. At her parties, she often shows movies, but never one in which she herself appears. She's never seen Shirley Temple on the screen. When she's about the house, she wears pajamas. When she's asleep, she doesn't wear anything at all. She hates to be tickled. She has a mole twelve inches below her chin.

Professionally, Miriam is not an individual. She's a corporation. Actually. That's because she has legally incorporated herself, and her mother and lawyer are officers in the corporation.

Privately, she's a decided individual, with beliefs of her own. After two marriages that didn't jell, she doesn't believe in love at first sight. After two broken marriages, she believes heart break should be nothing more serious than a stepping-stone to a new experience.

At present, she's waiting for the new experience.



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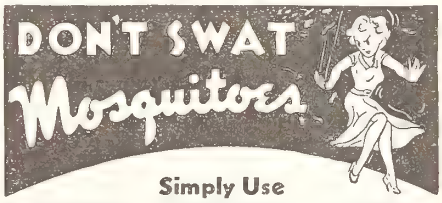

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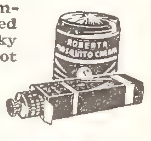

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Circus Daze in Hollywood

[*Continued from page* 35]

filled the schedule till lunch was served at Gene Raymond's home. The twenty-four-hour festivity ended at the John Mack Brown's with an Easter egg hunt and dinner.

After one of the matinees the circus management held a gala dinner in the dining tent, with Mr. and Mrs. Fred Stone, Mr. and Mrs. Irvin Cobb, and Joe E. Brown and family as guests. It was more than a dinner for Fred Stone. It was a grand reunion with his old friend George Tipton, cookhouse steward, whom he hadn't seen for forty-five years. As boys, they trouped together in the *Uncle Tom's Cabin* road show.

Fred Stone was quite an acrobat when he was a small boy. When he was only nine years old a circus stopped in his Kansas town. The circus owner saw how skilful he was and invited him to travel with them as a tight-rope walker. That was Fred's start in the amusement field. Later he was a clown with the old Forepaugh-Sells outfit.

Joe E. Brown loves to tell how he started to earn his living as an acrobat with a circus when he was only ten. "I didn't run away," Joe says. "I just went." His parents didn't object to Joe leaving his Toledo, Ohio, home for the summers, but made him go to school the other three seasons of the year till he finished the eighth grade. Joe's first wages were $1.50 a week and his keep with the show.

The act Joe took part in was billed as *The Five Marvelous Ashetons.* He and two other boys were tossed back and forth, forty feet in the air, by two men.

BEFORE Joe and the family had dinner in the cook tent he climbed up in the howdah on the back of a pleasant old pachyderm, with one of his very young daughters, Mary Elizabeth Ann, while newspaper photographers snapped their picture. Brown appeared in a movie called *The Circus Clown* not so long ago and made friendships with many of the Barnes animal troupers.

Perhaps you've seen the Tom Mix Circus during its annual trek around North America. Tom's show winters in Compton, California, which is only a few miles from Hollywood. It is the largest circus traveling by motor transportation in the United States.

Mix holds the distinction of being the world's highest paid performer. Back in 1929 he received $10,000 a week with the old Sells-Floto circus.

The Tom Mix Circus is another pet of the movie colony. This year, when his outfit played Santa Monica, he had a "straw house," which in circus jargon means that they had sold so many tickets that some of the customers had to sit on straw placed around the hippodrome track.

No wonder folks wanted to get into Tom Mix's big top so fast. The audience was liberally sprinkled with cinema celebrities. The crowd got an extra thrill when Tom took the mike to introduce and rib Irvin Cobb, Clark Gable, Leo Carrillo, Charley Murray, Barbara Stanwyck, Harold Lloyd, Ken Maynard and Fred Stone.

If you are fortunate enough to be on one of MOVIE CLASSIC's Movieland Tours this summer the first thing you'll attend, after arriving in Hollywood, is Ken Maynard's Diamond K Wild West Circus and Indian Congress at Van Nuys, a few miles from the movie capital.

I attended the preview of his Wild West Show recently. Before the preview he had a real buffalo barbecue lunch for all his guests.

All of the Hollywoodites have been making week end pilgrimages to Maynard's ranch. Ken's film contracts to make several Westerns for Columbia made it impossible for him to take his new show on the road this season. However, next summer it is going out on forty railroad cars to tour North America. Perhaps you'll see him then.

KEN started his career as a cowboy with Ringling Bros. Circus. For ten years or so he has been a leading cowboy of the screen. Dozens of Indians, gauchos, zouaves, Russian cossacks and cowboys take part in his show. Besides the usual elephants, the menagerie also includes a sizeable herd of buffalo. Ken appears in person with his wonder horse, "Tarzan," at the afternoon and evening performances, every Saturday and Sunday, this summer.

Maynard has hired Charles B. Murphy, veteran trainer, to manage his many wild beasts. Charles Bickford, virile-"he-man" of the cinema, probably owes his life to Murphy who, with an axe handle and shouts, scared off "Tarzan," a 400-pound lion, that attacked Bickford in that memorable scene in *East of Java.* Murphy has helped direct scores of animal pictures and has played minor parts in the recent *Sutter's Gold* and other films.

In the future several studios are planning to use Ken Maynard's Diamond K Ranch Show as a background for western and circus films.

Another of the screen's great Western stars, Col. Tim McCoy, is personally heading his thrilling congress of rough riders and Indians with the Ringling Bros.-Barnum & Bailey Circus for the second summer. Tim finished making *Border Caballero* and *Lightnin' Bill Carson* with Lois January before he joined the Big Show this summer.

Clyde Beatty, the world-famed wild animal trainer, made the serial *Darkest Africa* for Republic pictures, before he started touring this season with the show whose title bears his name—Cole Bros. & Clyde Beatty Circus.

And then there's Jimmie Durante who has such a great time comparing his snozzle with the trunk of Big Rosie, a fifty-four-year-old elephant, in *Jumbo,* the circus-musical that made such a hit in the New York Hippodrome and on the air. Jimmie says the spell of the sawdust ring has him. Now he is down at the Frontier Centennial Exposition in Fort Worth, Texas, with the *Jumbo* show. There is much talk around Hollywood about bringing the show here to make it into a picture. Before long you may see it on the screen. Donald Novis and Paul Whiteman and his band also take a leading part in the great *Jumbo.*

This article wouldn't be complete without mentioning what a great circus fan the beloved Will Rogers was. In Hollywood, circus folk missed his visits around their big tops this year. He, too, was once a circus trouper when he did a rope act with Wirth's circus in 1904.

The Man of a Thousand Faces

[*Continued from page* 50]

operations from an apartment where he raises orchids, and which he hasn't stepped foot out of in seven years—but he always gets his man.

Nero Wolfe has one weakness, beer. Home brew beer, at that.

But, as Arnold also loves his beer, he made the company supply the finest Pilsener in the land.

If you haven't guessed by this time that Edward Arnold is of Germanic heritage, you're no detective. He was born Guenther Schneider in New York City, February 18, 1890. He was born amidst almost incredible poverty and privation, in an east side tenement.

Today, we find him one of Hollywood's most famous and highest salaried stars. Dub him "the happy warrior!"

Sustained by an indomitable spirit in those formative boyhood years of bitter poverty, and driven forward by an inflexible will to succeed, young Guenther Schneider was, above all, a happy warrior. He was endowed with a cheerful nature that enabled him to plug along, constantly looking for silver linings.

He was a working man at eleven, helping to support four brothers and sisters. His invalid father had died, leaving a broken-spirited little mother who followed into the great beyond when the boy was fifteen. Newsboy, errand boy, bell hop—but perhaps we had better draw a charitable curtain over the hardships endured by this little German-American lad in these golden years when kids have a right to be happy-go-lucky.

Edward Arnold, boy and man, has never known the meaning of self-pity. If he is stout of body, he is also stout of heart.

To him, those years were important milestones along a rough but worth-while road. He learned to work, and to *like* hard work. He learned the value of money. And he learned the joy of living.

Herbert Marshall, climbing to even greater popularity by virtue of one outstanding performance after another, makes his home in the luxurious Beverly Hills Hotel. He plans a trip to England in the near future

Always, he believed in himself. In various New York settlement houses the poor boy discovered that he liked to act. The directors staged little shows for the kids, and by the time he was well in his 'teens the future Edward Arnold had landed a job as a "bit" player with no less a stage figure than Ben Greet, whose Shakespearean repertoire companies were ever popular on the road. He got twenty-five dollars weekly and some invaluable experience. During the next season he was a juvenile actor and an assistant stage manager with Maxine Elliott. That position brought him fifty dollars weekly.

Believe it or not, Edward Arnold made his motion picture debut twenty years ago, but he would be willing to skip that experience. (However, if he does biographies, the writer can do likewise.)

He was a leading man for the old Essanay company in Chicago, and he was featured in a serial called *Is Marriage Sacred?* (I don't blame him for wanting to forget it.)

Discouraged with the old silent pictures of Chicago vintage, Arnold returned to the stage. The virile role of "Buss" Winton in *The Storm*, with Helen MacKeller, brought him Broadway fame. He stayed with it until Ben Schulberg re-discovered him for pictures thirteen years later.

Fame and fortune hasn't changed Arnold's character one whit. He may not wear the same size belt, but he does wear the same size hat.

Weighing approximately 220 pounds, he doesn't go in for tennis, golf and other athletic diversions. He likes horses too well to ride, he admits with a rueful glance at his bulk.

He might go fishing, if strongly urged, but that would be the limit of his physical exertion. He prefers to sit around home and talk with his family and friends. He is a conversationalist with a decided flair for philosophy.

He is a man of simple, wholesome tastes, despite the command of luxuries that success has brought him. Love of family and home is deep-rooted in his life.

He is devoted to his second wife, whom he married in 1928, and to his own three children. They are Elizabeth, seventeen; Bill, fifteen; and Margaret, eleven. They're his pals.

He is too worldly-wise to spoil them, but there is no doubt that the greatest kick he gets out of life is to be able to give them the advantages and good times that he never enjoyed as a boy. In a sense, he is now living his own boyhood.

I'll venture to say that Edward Arnold gets more genuine enjoyment out of life than any other actor in Hollywood.

The harder he works, the jollier he becomes.

His hearty laugh echoes throughout the studio stages. When everyone else on the set is worn out and cross, Arnold is still jovial, still capable of playing his scenes with vim, vigor and enthusiasm.

If, in some future generation some actor were to portray a "screen biography" of Edward Arnold, it wouldn't be a bad idea.

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The Romantic Czech

[*Continued from page* 31]

Hollywood's night clubs, ever. You don't see him at the beaches, swimming or getting a chocolate coat of tan. You don't see him on the tennis courts, or on the bridle paths. You don't see him at Hollywood's whoopee parties—and you'll never see a whoopee party at his own house. You don't see him out with Hollywood's beauties, night after night—either the same one, or different ones. . . .

But you *will* see him and hear him, many nights of the week, lecturing on his great passion—the promotion of world peace. At the universities, at women's clubs and at men's clubs, before gatherings of various kinds, Lederer will talk on that subject. He has financed and has a staff of employes operating a Peace League that is his own child.

He believes the world's troubles can be simply remedied, if a few selfish individuals will consent to certain sociological changes. Hollywood knows that Lederer will "get on a soap box" on that subject at the drop of a hat.

That sort of thing is Lederer's play. Of how the rest of Hollywood plays, he is as ignorant as any person who has never been outside of the confines of Kansas, or Minnesota, or Timbuctoo. Yet, he is fascinated by the tales he hears of it.

"I love to read," he told me, "of how Hollywood's stars live, what they do, the parties they give, the night-club affairs, their sports, their play. . . .

"But for myself, I do not wish any part of that life. It is not a pose with me. I am driven by an innate force that will not permit me to do anything except the things I believe are worth while. I devote my every waking moment to—to—well, it seems too big a term for it, but I cannot help but say 'to improving myself'—both mentally and physically."

"I do not play any games—of any kind," he went on. "I do not go to night clubs. I leave tennis and swimming and such to those who play at them. . . ."

I looked at the man. I noted the lean, greyhound lines of his body. Underneath, there were muscles of steel; you couldn't mistake that. Physically, the man is a marvel.

"How," I asked, "do you stay in trim, then?"

"Exercise," he told me.

"But you just said you don't tennis, or golf, or ride. . . ."

"I work at my exercise. I do not play at it," he said.

HE TOLD me that in his childhood, he belonged to a youth movement whose aims included extreme physical fitness. Today, he has in his home a set of gymnasium equipment. He works on that.

"Sometimes, when I am not working, I spend a whole day exercising. I do not mean steadily. I do not believe an hour's work—in a gymnasium or a tennis court—means exercise. I will work with the dumbells or the bars for fifteen minutes. Then I quit and read for a half hour or so. Then I go back to the dumbbells. I keep that up all day. It is like a day's work. . . .

"I study people. Mentally and physically. I have watched men of all kinds, and I have noticed that the most splendid physical specimens are the laborers—men who dig ditches. I watch them and envy them. And when I exercise, I try to do it as they do—make a day's work of it, instead of play."

He carries his exercise with him. When he travels, he carries bars, weights, clubs along. Week-end hosts and hostesses stare in surprise when Francis Lederer accepts their bids, because when he unpacks his week-end luggage from his car, out comes a set of dumbbells, weights, Indian clubs, or handbars. A corner of his room or part of the suite they have given him becomes a miniature gymnasium. While other guests tennis or swim, Lederer lifts his weights and his dumbbells.

"I never travel without dumbbells," he said. "And I don't mean blondes."

That switched us, naturally, onto the subject of women. To women, Lederer is one of Hollywood's most fascinating men. Yet Lederer is no "woman's man," as the term is generally known. You don't hear of him with this beauty, that charmer. You don't see him linked in the gossip columns with various Hollywood lovelies.

"Why is it?" I asked him. "Is it that you don't have time for women?"

He winked.

"For women, I always can find time," he said. "Women are a necessary part of a man's life. But of women, I may offer one criticism. . . .

"They do not seem to understand that men want them to love, and at the same time, to *worship*. Man, by his nature, requires that women remain to him a sublime ideal, a something to adore, to—let me repeat—worship.

"Now it is equally true that all women want to be loved, of course. BUT—they have forgotten, it seems, that they must make themselves lovable. Today, too many women accept it as a matter of course that merely because they are women, men will love them. They seem to take it as a natural sequence, and they do not realize that they must make themselves worthy of being loved, adored, even worshipped."

To women, Lederer offscreen is as charming—even more so, I can say from personal observation—than in his most romantic screen rôles. Never does he meet a woman or greet one he already knows without that continental straightening up, heel-clicking, bowing from the waist—and then, inevitably, the gently-lifted hand and the touch of that hand to the lips.

Why, even the publicity girl that took me onto the set of *The Count of Arizona* to talk to Lederer was greeted in this fashion!—He bowed to her, deeply, and kissed her hand, and she blushed like a schoolgirl. And she doesn't blush when the other ninety-nine out of a hundred male stars hail her with a "Hiya, keed?" or a rough-and-ready Hollywood bit of Rabelaisianism.

And I have a friend who throws these Sunday "breakfasts"—at noontime—for friends. Now and then, Lederer is one of the guests. And, says my friend—

"—I've seen Lederer, even that early on a Sunday, in broad daylight, with no moon or no music or no other romantic aids, take a seat on a couch. And in a moment, there'll be a lovely woman on one side of him, another on the other side, and three or four others sitting worshipping him on the rug before the couch. And does he *love* it . . .!"

"Love it? But of course I do," Lederer

Marilyn Knowlden and Bradley Metcalfe, child screen stars, set up their portable "Fox Blox" gynasium on the beach. Marilyn appeared as "Kim" in *Showboat* and as Florence Udney in *Anthony Adverse.* Bradley Metcalfe has the title role in *The Millionaire Kid.*

confesses, naively. "Women are charming, utterly charming."

"In theory, you mean?" I suggested.

"In practice, too," he protested.

"Then why don't you have the reputation of being Hollywood's greatest Lothario?" I demanded.

"But I do not go out to night clubs, or dances, or parties, or affairs. Sometimes I go to the theater—usually to study the screen or the stage, and the other players, that I may better myself. I am only too glad to take a girl with me then, if she wants to go."

At his home, there are never "parties." Sometimes dinners—but never more than five guests. And he prefers to have guests like great scientists—astronomers, professors of chemistry, sociologists, explorers.

"FROM men like that, when they talk, one can learn more than from many books. One can improve oneself," he explains. "One has mental intercourse with such people that is worthy of the time spent. How can one have advantageous mental intercourse at a party where there are twenty or thirty people milling about, drinking, dancing, singing?"

His home is an artistic show place in Hollywood. "It is artistic not through my doing but because the man who built it came from Italy, and he transplanted a bit of Italy. To step into its garden is to step into a bit of old *Fiorenze,*" exulted Lederer, telling me about it. He has added to its charm a collection of antiques—Italian and Spanish. Of these, he is a collector. They represent beauty to him.

Soon he will move. He is building a house of his own, on that property whence came the cabbages, whence will come the apricots and walnuts. When the house is done, he will transfer to it his staff—his cook and his negro man-of-all-work, combination butler and valet and even secretary.

Eating is not especially important to him, but he has the cook because his other man cannot cook, and neither can he. "I can not cook even an egg," he says.

For relaxation and amusement, he does things that he believes will better the world, and the lot of others less fortunate.

"When you have lived as long as I have under conditions where others might have but did not help, you realize how fine and how worth while it is to help others," he says. He was referring, of course, to his own childhood—when, as son of a poor leather dealer in Prague, Czecho-Slovakia, he lived in crowded tenements, knew deprivation and poverty, and want.

"Don't mistake," he begs. "It's not affectation on my part. It's not just being humane or altruistic. It's honest and sincere. I want to better others' lot; I want to better the world, if I can."

I couldn't help asking how, in view of his intensity in that direction, and his "driving force" that makes him want to ever improve himself, he found contentment in being a movie actor, rather than devoting himself and his time to more serious, constructive work.

Again, the indulgent smile—as of a patient teacher with a very obtuse pupil.

"Does not the screen do much to better others' lots?" he asked. "Well—let us consider Greta Garbo. . . .

"Garbo has a divinity, a super-earthly soul-beauty, that is a tremendous inspiration to millions of women. They see her on the screen. They say to themselves: 'We read of such creatures in fiction and in fairy tales, and we dream of such creatures. And when we become hopeless and say to ourselves that such creatures cannot truly be, then we see Greta Garbo, and we know that such persons can be, for there she is.' And so those millions of women derive hope, happiness from Greta Garbo, and they aim to be more like her, and so their own lives are bettered.

"I remember myself, in my blackest hours of poverty, that when I could see Douglas Fairbanks, or Maurice Chevalier, it would lift my life high. I would get from them a joy of living, a happiness of hope, that brightened and inspired and encouraged me for days. How can you ask, then, why I find happiness in being 'just a screen actor'?"

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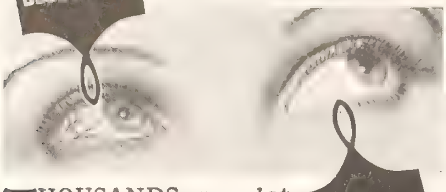

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Saddle Leather vs. Sex Appeal

[*Continued from page 47*]

bearded villains. Tom's salary was one of the highest ever paid to any motion picture actor; his pictures were used as "whips" to induce exhibitors to book the studio's other, and much more publicized, offerings. The theatre owners were so eager to satisfy the public demand for Mix pictures that they were reluctantly willing to book society dramas in order to get them.

Mix lasted as a top-notcher for years—while suave purveyors of sex-appeal came and went—and then Fox built George O'Brien to take his place. O'Brien starred in western after western, in the Zane Grey stories, in originals scribbled by studio unknowns on wrapping paper, and his pictures poured new millions into Hollywood's coffers. For years, he was the biggest money earner on the Fox lot, bigger than Janet Gaynor, bigger than Warner Baxter. He received very little publicity. His pictures were never given formal openings at the Chinese or the other world-famous show places, but they *made money.* And the Fox fan mail department was literally buried under the storm of adulatory letters which poured in to praise a Western star.

The late Fred Thompson was one of the greatest western heroes. Every Saturday afternoon, the theatres were packed with children, there to see his pictures.

Richard Arlen, starring in a long succession of somewhat glorified "horse-operas" for Paramount, was the biggest and most dependable money earner on a lot which prided itself on its sophisticated pictures. Tom Keene—probably many of you never heard of him—was the biggest asset of Radio Pictures, notwithstanding the fact that his westerns were overlooked by the publicity scribes who were busy boosting the stock of Connie Bennett, Katherine Hepburn and Irene Dunne.

GARY COOPER became a famous star because he "clicked" in a series of inexpensive westerns for Paramount, and one of his greatest triumphs since, *Lives of a Bengal Lancer,* follows the old western formula in every respect. Warner Baxter, then on the skids, scored his greatest success in the first western talkie, *In Old Arizona.* Richard Dix's one smash hit of recent years, *Cimarron,* was merely a glorification of the cheaper Westerns that had been the foundation of his stardom.

And the westerners, booted, spurred and sombreroed, ride on . . . and on . . . right into this ultra-sophisticated year of 1936. And the exhibitors are just as glad as ever to hear the thunder of their mustangs' hoofs, even if it isn't accompanied by the publicity departments' brass bands.

Amazingly, a survey this month—or any month—of exhibitors reports as published in the theatre trade journal, shows that Buck Jones' and Ken Maynard's westerns have played to "big business" in many houses which gave the more sophisticated offerings a very cold shoulder.

The great western sextet of all time is Tom Mix, Bill Hart, Fred Thompson, Hoot Gibson, Buck Jones and Ken Maynard. Tom is still "packin' 'em in" for the circus. Bill Hart is retired. Fred Thompson is dead. But Gibson, Jones and Maynard, seemingly as imperishable as so many Rocks of Gibraltar, are still three of the outstanding stars in Hollywood.

True, Hoot Gibson fell on hard times for a few years. But his troubles were due to poor investments rather to any loss of screen popularity. He's back at work again, "forkin'" outlaw horses, rescuing fair range maidens and thwarting two-gun rustlers—and the exhibitors, driven by public demand, will soon be clamoring for his pictures.

Buck Jones has been a star, continuously and without a break, for *a little more than seventeen years.* Only one other star in screen history, Dick Barthelmess, can equal that truly amazing record. And Barthelmess, having waned decidedly, is not receiving *five thousand dollars a week.* Buck Jones is!

You don't hear much about him and if you live in a major city and patronize only the first-run theatres, the big "down-town" houses, you probably never see his pictures. But he is not being paid such a staggering salary for nothing. Get this: Buck Jones receives approximately twice as much salary as the average, celebrated, internationally publicized, sex-appeal star. According to the most authentic records, he earns more than Gable, more than Montgomery, more than Fred Astaire, more than Dick Powell. He earns more than five times as much as most of the younger sophisticated favorites who are being ballyhooed as the Gables of tomorrow.

Of the many fan clubs in America, *his* is by far the largest. Children idolize him. The "Buck Jones Rangers" number more than SIX MILLION!

And his pictures cost less to produce than the average studio program picture!

"We're out this year to put westerns—good westerns—into the first-run theatres," he challenges. "Because westerns are universally popular, we know that the public wants them in the big theatres. It is the motion picture industry itself which is prejudiced. Strangely so, for any producer knows that the lowly 'horse-opera' is the one sure-fire money maker. Westerns are built of the basic story ingredients—action, adventure and courage. The industry—I mean Hollywood—has come to look down on westerns because of the great flood of maudlin imitations produced by penny-ante fly-by-night producers on 'Poverty Row.' The real western picture has a hold on the public—and especially on children—that can never be broken. The old West offers the most colorful, adventurous and romantic background that any picture can have."

Ken Maynard, the last of the sextet, has been a star for fourteen consecutive years—and he is still a very, very big star. Like Buck Jones, he receives little publicity and lots of salary—far more salary than most of the ultra-publicized stars in Hollywood. His pictures—eight every year—coin money, and coin it with never a "flop." Like Buck Jones, he lays no claim to sex-appeal or acting genius—but Ken Maynard receives approximately *four thousand fan mail letters every week!* Four thousand a month is considered phenomenal.

And both Buck Jones and Ken Maynard, who have outlived, professionally, the combined lives of three or four drawing room favorites, predict that 1937, themed by a return to clean, wholesome screen entertainment, will be the greatest year in Western history!

Tour the Middle West, and the second-run theatres of every section, and the deep South, and ask the theatre owners to verify that prediction and they will ask in amazement how 1937, or any other year, can bring greater popularity to pictures which already play to packed houses.

Apparently Hollywood, itself, is the only community which forgets its cowboy stars.

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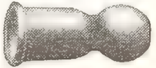

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DID YOU KNOW THAT Olivia de Havilland cares so much what her fans think about her that she keeps a scrapbook of all the constructive criticisms she gets in her letters—and studies them regularly?

THEN—In the early summer of 1910, Colonel Seelig conceived an idea for a picture of the west and he sent a camera crew to Oklahoma to make pictures of frontier life. A United States Marshal, sitting on his horse, watched the proceedings and was intrigued with the idea of pictures. He asked: "Is this a private round-up, or can I get in it?" He not only got in it, but he starred in it. The picture was called *Ranch Life in the Great Southwest.* After it was made, the Marshal turned in his badge and became an actor. Tom Mix was the name. More than twenty years in pictures in 1925, his contract with William Fox netted him seventeen thousand dollars per week.

NOW—Mix is owner and star of a wagon show, traveling the country, and he appears in his riding, shooting and stunt-stuff at every performance.

Gertrude Michael's Hour of Horror

[*Continued from page* 30]

injuries, except the skull fracture. I would have had, if I had not been thrown clear of the car. I would have been killed outright. They later picked the car up in pieces and carried them to a junk pile.

"They took eight stitches in my forehead—here." She drew back her hair, showed me an almost imperceptible scar a couple of inches long, crescent-shaped, at the top of the right side of her forehead. "I didn't wake up when they sewed up the fracture. But my sub-conscious was plenty active, apparently. I knew a little something about surgery; I knew in the case of facial injuries, wounds should be sewed with black thread or thin wire, not with catgut. I kept crying, deliriously, 'You're sewing me up with catgut—you're sewing me up with catgut.'

"They didn't set my leg until the next day. Didn't think it would be any use. That's how much they thought my chances were. When they set the leg, I had a flash of consciousness. The pain nearly killed me. I let out one howl, begged them to let me die. Then I lapsed into unconsciousness, and didn't wake up until four days later.

"I had the cutest hair—matted with blood. (It took me four months to get all the blood out.) While I was still unconscious, one of the nurses decided she would do something about it. She started to shave my head. She got about this far"—Gertrude indicated a point a half-inch above her hairline—"when another nurse stopped her. 'You can't do that,' she told her. 'She's in pictures.'"

I ASKED her about her hours of horror. I asked her if her first thought, on regaining consciousness, was that her career was probably over.

"It must have been a slow awakening," she said. "I didn't think, 'Where am I? My beautiful face! My glorious career'!" There was a tinge of ironic amusement in the adjectives she used. "I was too conscious of pain. Terrific pain. And, strangely enough, what bothered me most was my neck. I couldn't move it. I thought of suicide, of jumping out of the window just to end the pain."

No, she did not have any bitter reflections about the value of an unmarred face to an actress, no matter what her talents. "For one thing," she explained, "my face was not bandaged, except across my forehead and over my right eye. I asked how far the scar went, and 'Is anything wrong with my eye?' They assured me that my eye was all right, and I knew that my hair, with bangs, would cover the scar. So I didn't concentrate on worrying; I concentrated on getting well.

"I didn't think anything about my broken leg. I had broken my arm three times, and my leg once, several years before—so that didn't worry me. Yet it caused me the greatest trouble of all.

"A week after they brought me to the hospital, they transferred me by ambulance to a Hollywood hospital. They gave me a huge shot of morphine just before the trip. I joked with the nurses, the ambulance boys (that's one thing—I never lost my sense of humor); I was even sitting up; I felt marvelous, as if I'd be walking in a week. Nobody else seemed to realize how good I felt. They could see how green I was—which I couldn't. They had given me the morphine at four in the afternoon; about

[*Continued on page* 80]

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Star of "Forbidden Heaven"

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For the low down on the stars' goings and comings, etc., see "Party Line in Hollywood," on page 12.

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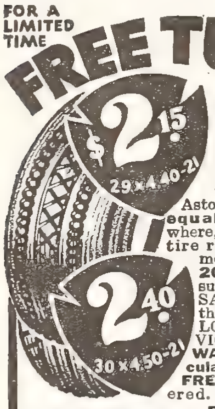

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29x5.00-19	2.85	1.05
30x5.00-20	2.85	1.05
5.25-17	2.90	1.15
28x5.25-18	2.90	1.15
29x5.25-19	2.95	1.15
30x5.25-20	2.95	1.15
31x5.25-21	3.25	1.15
5.50-17	3.35	1.15
28x5.50-18	3.35	1.15
29x5.50-19	3.35	1.15
6.00-17	3.40	1.15
30x6.00-18	3.40	1.15
31x6.00-19	3.40	1.15
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33x4	2.95	.85	33x5	3.75	1.45
34x4	3.25	.85	35x5	3.95	1.55
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Gertrude Michael's Hour of Horror

[*Continued from page 79*]

ten minutes of nine that night, the thought finally pierced my muddled brain that the morphine, and the morphine alone, explained my high spirits. In a panic, I called a nurse, asked her, 'How long does the effect of morphine last?' She told me, 'About five hours.' She was right. That night, and the next day, I felt worse than I had ever felt before.

"I was in that hospital a week before I felt strong enough to be taken home, where I wanted to be. I had my bed moved downstairs, where I wouldn't feel so much like a shut-in. Finally, I was able to sit in a wheel-chair. I could even play the piano a little, by reaching over the side of the chair. For days, weeks, life was wheel-chair, wheel-chair, wheel-chair. I tried crutches just one day, and couldn't stand them.

"After two months, I had myself driven to my doctor's office for an X-ray of my leg. I was very, very enthusiastic, getting out in the world again. 'I can be walking in two weeks,' I told myself. The doctor shook his head over the X-ray. The broken bones had not knitted. I had to have them reset, had to wear a new cast—for another month and a half."

I still was curious about her reaction to the injury to her face. "One day they'd take out one stitch," she told me, "and the next day another, or maybe two—until they all were out. I didn't have any emotions about the procedure. The scar didn't seem important. The important thing was that I was alive. I don't have the petite type of beauty that can't be marred. I always wear bangs and never feel self-conscious about the scar. In the hospital, I joked about it, telling people that it had a romantic history—that it was a sabre wound I had received in the Spanish-American War.

"The funniest angle of all is that I'm thankful it happened. It may be a sophomoric attitude, but I feel that everything happens for the best."

I asked her to explain.

"The strangest reaction came when I got home," she continued. "I relaxed, relaxed completely—for the first time since I had been in Hollywood. Nearly four years. I read books that I hadn't found time to read before. I listened by the hour to music I had always wanted to study. Stranger still, I *thought*. It's amazing, how little people think. One in a thousand ever sits down and thinks . . . Hollywood is a very funny place, like a lovely island, remote from the rest of the world, where people get in the habit of taking everything for granted, and grow very inactive, physically and mentally.

"What did I think about? People, beauty, life. I decided that life was pretty swell. . . . In the most inactive time of my whole life, I was, in imagination, the most active. I started playing a game with myself. I pictured dreamily everything I should like to do, from seven in the morning till the time I went to sleep. In imagination, I would do everything from cutting flowers with the morning dew still fresh upon them to going to the matinee of a play in New York that I had ached to see. At night I would pretend that I was dressing for a Toscanini symphony concert. And every day, every hour, I dreamed of doing things completely different. Believe me, it was the most interesting life I've ever had . . .

"My first picture after my accident? *Woman Trap.* I told the studio that I could do it. I couldn't even walk. People carried

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me around, and I still had to use canes. But I wanted to do it, to force myself to get well. In my first scene, I had to walk up some steps, smiling, on the arms of two men. I held their arms so tightly that my fingernails must have dug into them; by the time I reached the top, I was crying my heart out. I was beaten. The pain was too great. Everybody told me I couldn't continue . . . But if anybody tells me I can't do something, that's the one thing I'm going to do. It was torture, but I stood it until I finished the picture!"

SINCE then, she has made two pictures, both with Herbert Marshall—*Till We Meet Again* and *Forgotten Faces,* in the latter of which, in an unsympathetic rôle, she gives one of the most remarkable performances of the year. In *The Return of Sophie Lang,* with Ray Milland and Sir Guy Standing, she is repeating an earlier characterization that she made famous. ("But she's not the same *Sophie*. She's reformed, I'm afraid," Gertrude told me.)

Keep your eyes on this dramatic Miss Michael, of the light brown hair, frank blue eyes, and soft Southern accent. She will do surprising things. Things as dramatic as coming back from the dead to reclaim her career.

She was born in Talladega, Alabama, on a June first about twenty-five years ago. At fifteen she had graduated from school, valedictorian of her class, and was embarked on the study of law. ("It was the actress in me, wanting to be the modern *Portia.")* Music crowded law out of her thoughts, and she went to the Cincinnati Conservatory, there winning a five-year scholarship in Italy. She never went to Europe. The stage crowded music into the background. First with the Stuart Walker Stock Company, then on Broadway, she made a reputation for herself. A film company offered to pay all of her expenses to and from Hollywood for a screen test. She never used the return ticket.

Despite her nearly-tragic accident, she still drives—and drives fast. She has given up flying, however, to please her mother, who lives with her. Her father is dead. She dots her conversation with "Honey" and other Southernisms, but refuses to give them up, or "to exchange soft r's for hard r's." She has two older brothers, Arnold and Alan, who once told her she wouldn't be knock-kneed if she learned how to swim. Swimming today is her favorite sport; after that, bicycling. She dabbles in water colors and thinks she is pretty hopeless, "though it took Van Gogh eight years to paint a picture that would sell." She also harbors ambitions to write short stories. She can't bear long, stodgy books.

Her chief ambition now? "To be happy. Perhaps that sounds naïve. But I'm not saying, 'I want to be a great motion picture star, or nothing at all' or 'I want to go back to the stage' or 'I want to be rich.' I have been broke, very broke, and I have had happier times, much finer times, than I have ever had since. I haven't the slightest idea where I'll find happiness. Whether on the screen, on the stage, in marriage, in the face of a baby. It is the most elusive thing in the world. To me, it is a combination of peace of mind . . . fresh air . . . sunshine . . . music . . . books . . . people who have something I want, and to whom I can give something.

"I'm thinking right now of a new house. Maybe I'll build. Everything's maybe. Maybe I'll be in another accident—who knows? Anyway, I'll have a lot of fun planning."

The Girl Bob Taylor Can't Forget

[*Continued from page 29*]

stances. He could see the other chap's possible attractions. And a small inner voice told him that the prize was not yet won—even though another small and argumentative voice tried to tell him that *his* love for her far outmeasured any emotion that the other chap could feel, and that *his* love must inspire equal love in her.

"About that time," Bob revealed, "I decided that life just wouldn't be worth the living, without her. And I didn't hide that belief from her. I couldn't. . . . We became practically engaged. For a while, we were even talking secret marriage."

(A fine chance he would have, today, of marrying secretly—with columnists hovering over him like hawks!)

Then what happened—?

"I went crazy about acting, received the bid from M-G-M, and was rushing back and forth between Pomona and Hollywood. And, somewhere en route, I lost her. . . . She married the other fellow."

He isn't saying whether he considers himself lucky to be single, or whether he wishes that he were married. He just states, as a simple fact, that when the movies found him, he lost a girl whom he cannot forget. . . .

He hasn't been engaged since his college days (three years ago). And he isn't sure that he has been in love since then. Perhaps he wasn't in love *then.* He wouldn't know. He is just a young fellow, learning a business. The business of acting. That doesn't make him an authority on love.

Perhaps he would have lost the girl, even if the movies *hadn't* changed his whole plan of life. There is always that possibility to consider—even though, on the screen, he always seems to be a winner. Also, there is the possibility that he would have found someone else before he was twenty-four.

Bob wasn't kidding when he told me that if he were in any other profession, he would "probably be married now."

"BEATRICE, Nebraska, is one of the smallest towns in America, I imagine," he told me—and then had to take time out to convince his pal and stand-in, Don Miloe, that *his* home-town (Shawnee, Oklahoma) couldn't be any smaller than Beatrice. "But that's where I'd be today, if my original plans had worked out," Bob continued.

"My father, S. A. Brugh, was a doctor there, and we both decided that I should be a doctor, too—follow in his footsteps. I went to college with that idea in mind. If I had followed through—let's see, I would be in the third year of medical school now. I'd be out in another year; then I'd have a year as an interne. Two years from now, I'd start practising. And it's a cinch that I would be married—long before I was ready to hang out my shingle as Arlington Brugh, M.D.

"A medical education demands a sacrifice of nine years of a man's life. He isn't ready even to attempt to make a living until he is nearly thirty. If he stays single all of that time, the chances are that he'll

[*Continued on page 82*]

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The Girl Bob Taylor Can't Forget

[*Continued from page* 81]

stay single for years after he starts practising. He wouldn't have the nerve to ask a girl to starve with him while he suffered his early struggles. But I wouldn't have had that handicap, if everything had worked out as planned. I would have stepped into a ready-made practice. And, with that prospect ahead of me, I don't see what would have kept me from marrying."

Music, he had intimated, had led indirectly to his meeting the girl he had wanted to marry. How did that happen?

"Well, it led me to California, for one thing," he explained. "I went to Doane College at Doane, Nebraska, first—and if I hadn't been interested in the 'cello there by a great prof—and if he hadn't transferred to Pomona College at the end of my Freshman year, I might never have come to California. I followed him out to Pomona, you see. If I hadn't, I never would have met the girl—never seen Hollywood, either."

He was taking a pre-med course, still planning to become a doctor, like his father—until the spring of his Senior year. That was when his college romance reached its zenith. But even that did not alter his ambition. He saw no reason why they could not be secretly married—no reason why he could not continue to study medicine.

What happened was that the stage bug took a large bite out of him. He developed a high fever for the footlights.

Such a fever that he won the rôle of *Capt. Stanhope* in a campus production of *Journey's End.* An M-G-M talent scout saw him, arranged a screen test. Out of the test came a contract—to start upon his graduation in June, with a session in the M-G-M training school.

Two months later, his father died, leaving only a small estate. To twenty-one-year-old Arlington Brugh, his movie venture under the name of Robert Taylor was no longer just a pleasant experiment; it was a means of earning a living. It was a job—the only one in sight. He didn't stand much chance of finding anything better. The depression wasn't over yet. And, to the world at large, he was just another college graduate, without any special training of any kind.

So he went to work—at the business of becoming an actor. At a salary of thirty-five dollars a week.

"When I was in college, and getting seven-fifty a week from home, and had no prospects of any income for years—I had marrying ideas," he pointed out, ironically. "The folly of youth, maybe."

Now that he was out of college, and had responsibilities, he couldn't afford even to *think* of marriage. Not on thirty-five dollars a week.

When film companies start student actors at small salaries, they unconsciously persuade the boys to remain "eligible bachelors"—first out of necessity, then out of sheer habit. At least, that was what happened to Robert Taylor.

Besides, he had lost the one girl he had wanted to marry—and he was in no mood to search for a substitute.

Oh, there was one girl to whom he was briefly attracted, on the rebound. A young beginner, like himself. A dancer. Then she went off to New York—to stay for two years. Time and distance did their destructive business. When she finally returned, he felt nothing but a vast, emotionless calm. They could find nothing to talk about.

For months Hollywood was a-jitter about the reported engagement of Robert Taylor and Irene Hervey. Now they are no longer seen together and Dame Rumor has bestowed on each of them another romance

Then he played his first important part—the title rôle of *Society Doctor.* Overnight, the fan mail started rolling in, warning the studio that here was a coming star. He made *Broadway Melody of 1936*—and the letters became a white deluge. About the same time, the press-agents and the columnists reported that Robert Taylor and Irene Hervey, young M-G-M actress, were romancing.

THE reports continued for months. Then, suddenly, they "broke up." Just as suddenly, Irene started going with someone else—belying any rumors that she needed sympathy. Bob's name began to be linked with several prominent feminine names.

All of which leads to the suspicion, perhaps unjustified, that the Robert Taylor-Irene Hervey "romance" was inspired by advisers. It would surround the new romantic hero with a harmless aura of the young lover; it would save him from a barrage of rumors, which might be annoying to him, his sponsors and his fans.

Anyway, with the end of the Taylor-Hervey alignment, Bob and Janet Gaynor were rumored "interested" in each other. (They happened to be making *Small Town Girl* together.) Then he was seen with Virginia Bruce at the Academy dinner. (On the strength of that one appearance together, one columnist jumped the gun and announced that they were engaged.) Now, as we race to press, he is escorting Barbara Stanwyck to premieres, parties and public dining spots.

At the starry premiere of *The Great Ziegfeld,* the only time that the horde of sidewalk spectators got out of hand was when Robert Taylor (who was not in the picture) entered the theatre. To the Hollywood fans, Bob still was a highly eligible bachelor. Perhaps they had heard, and believed, the opinion of Barbara's friends that, though parted from him, she still loves Frank Fay—who is making a big name for himself again, this time in radio.

Bob told me that he thought the world of Barbara Stanwyck. Beyond that, he would not commit himself.

At the moment, he is co-starring with Loretta Young in *Private Number* (the new version of Constance Bennett's one-time hit, *Common Clay*). There won't be any new romance rumors in that direction, with Loretta making no secret of her interest in Director Eddie Sutherland. As soon as he finishes, Bob is scheduled to be with Joan Crawford, the brand-new Mrs. Franchot Tone, in *The Gorgeous Hussy.*

He isn't going to have the time to devote to any serious off-screen romancing, for a while.

Also, just between you and me, he will have little *inclination* for any serious off-screen romancing—until he meets the girl who can erase the memory of the girl he can't forget. . . .

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